OUTING AND THE WHEELMAN.

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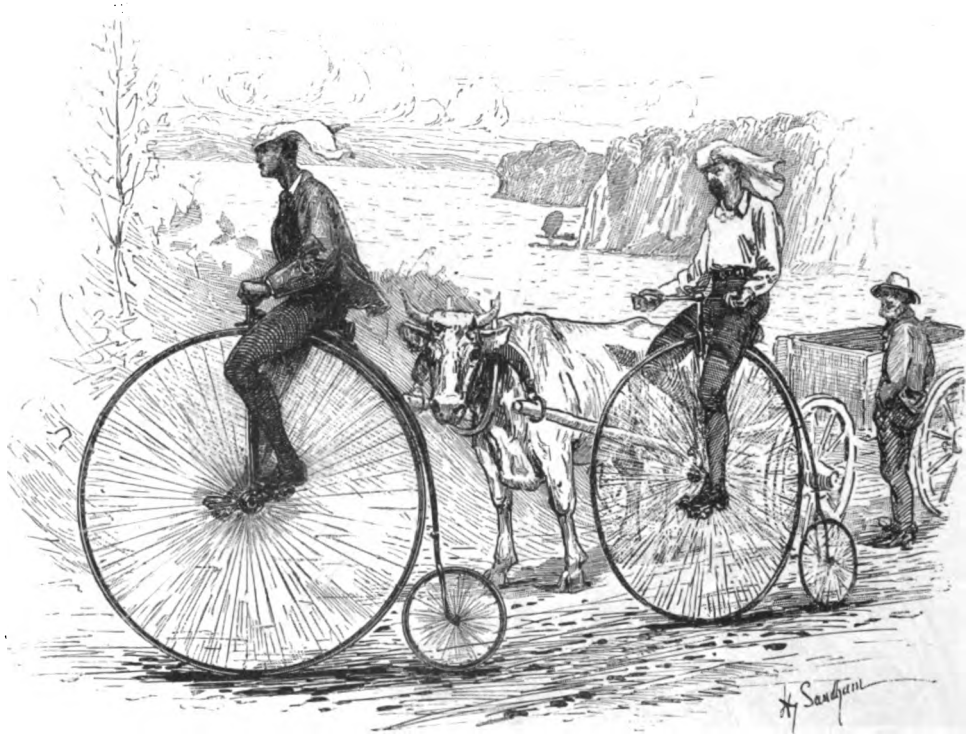
A-WHEELING IN NORAMBEGA.

PART I.

THE MERRY WHEELERS.

If we ask the geographers of to-day where and what Norambega is, they cannot tell us. Their maps and gazetteers show no such name. We must question those of another time. Old Peter Heylin, cosmographer, will tell us, though this same Peter, whilom a man of parts for his day, has slept for over two centuries in peace and quiet, untroubled by such curious and prying questions: "Canada containeth in it the several regions of — quartereth on Norambega." The old Spanish and French sailors indefinitely designated all the coast of New England and Nova Scotia as Norambega; but Heylin here defines it. It was the region between the mouths of the Penobscot and the St. Croix rivers, in what is now the State of Maine.

This land is famous of old in history. Norambega was included in the Vinland — the Good of the Icelanders. Here



ANCIENT AND MODERN.

1st, Nova Franca, specially so called; 2d, Nova Scotia; 3d, Norambega; 4th, the Isles adjoining. Norambega hath on the north-east Nova Scotia, and on the south-west Virginia. . . . Nova Scotia containeth that part of the country of Canada which the French call Acadie, with so much of the main land as lieth between the river Canada (St. Lawrence?) and the large Bay Françoise (Fundy), from the river of St. Croix upon the west to the Isle of Assumption upon the east. . . . Virginia, in the full latitude thereof, extendeth from the 34th degree, where it joins Florida, to the 44th degree, where it touched the dragon-prowed ships of the Northmen. Along these coasts Thorhold, the hunter, the son of Eric the Red, sailed in 1008 to explore the land; and when he came not back, having been driven far out to sea by a storm, Thorfinn, who had settled in South Vinland (Massachusetts or Rhode Island), came in search of him, and he called the region "the country of the One foots," thinking the natives to be monstrous savages, having but one foot. Almost five centuries after the last of the old Viking roamers had left this land, Sebastian Cabot, in 1498, after wandering among the icebergs of Labrador, touched

here as he sailed southward. The Portuguese fishermen, who sought the Banks of Newfoundland, explored the coast. In 1525 Esteran Gomez made a chart of it, which Robero used in the construction of his map of the world. These maps are curious old drawings, giving to the coast-line of America all sorts of shapes, and sprinkling the seas with figures of horrible monsters and the shores with armed savages. During the 16th century Norambega was often visited by the adventurous navigators. The first settlement was made upon an island in the St. Croix river, in 1604, four years previous to that of Jamestown. For two hundred years following this Eastern Maine was the scene of many interesting and exciting events. Colonies were planted; wars waged with the Indians; battles fought and settlements besieged by the pioneers of various nations, who claimed the land. Those were the wild times of the freebooters and buccaneers, who sometimes approached this northern shore. After such troublous years Norambega finally came into the hands of the English; and no longer was known by that name, but was included in the Province of Maine.

OVER HILL AND DALE.

Into the eastern part of this region, full of reminiscences of by-gone times, not yet outgrown its traditions, quaint from its very remoteness from the centres of commerce and life, burst a company of merry wheelmen, who for a few days scoured the

WHAT THE EAGLE SAW.

land on their winged steeds, and were gone like a shadow.

At the close of a day in June, not long passed by, this party sat upon the hurricane deck of the steamer "Falmouth," as it steamed out of Portland harbor, bound for Eastport, — the most eastern point of land within the boundaries of the United States. The sun sank down in a bank of clouds far away over Cape Elizabeth as the boat ran down between Peak's and Hog Islands,— the latter now more euphoniously and agreeably named Diamond Island, — and passed out to the sea. There they sat and talked in the waning light, in that free and sympathetic companionship which exists among wheelmen. It is a wholly unique fellowship, depending for its existence upon no artificial interests. There is no extraordinary handshake, no mystic ritual of questions and answers, no cabalistic signs, by which members of this fraternity are recognized. The only condition of admission is the ability to ride a bicycle; the only requirement, enjoyment of the sport. This is the common ground upon which wheelmen meet. When one meets another he knows and feels that there is something in common, — that he is making the acquaintance of a man who takes pleasure in healthy, invigorating exercise, and delights in glorious out-of-door life. The party on the steamer fairly represented this noble fraternity, which embraces a larger membership than the 'Cyclists' Touring Club, or the League of American Wheelmen. There was the Manager, a bustling little fellow, through whose enthusiastic efforts the excursion had been planned and the party brought together; the President, a careful, tireless rider, destined soon after to experience his first fall in six thousand miles of riding; the Doctor, whose inevitable good-nature and perennial smile made him seem like an old friend to every one; the Chief Consul, peering sedately and judicially through his spectacles; the Lawyer, whose dark, handsome face subsequently proved to be "irresistible"; the Parson, able to climb a stiff grade and take a wild coast as well as preach a sermon; Old Joker, of whom no further description is necessary; the Mosquito, an aider and abettor of O. J.; the Artist, large-hearted, frank, a capital story-teller, and a sympathetic admirer of out-door recreations; the Old Tar, who, though not "old," had been around the Cape of Good Hope before the mast; the Agent, representing a peculiar machine, and never forgetful of the fact; the Governor, who cramped his legs under the handle-bar of a 54-inch; Tom, whom you naturally called by his first name, strong as an ox, unlimited in endurance, a brawny, athletic Englishman. But I must only name a few of the remainder, — the singing Lieutenant, the levying Treasurer, the Reporter, the Editor, the Dutchman, the Invalid; but to name and describe all would of itself require the space of an article. These men represented all professions. And, as an illustration of the

fact that bicyclers are not boys, it might be mentioned that the average age of the party was 29.7 years, the oldest being forty-five and the youngest twenty.

In the twilight we sat on the forward deck, smoking and chatting. "The man who smokes thinks like a sage and acts like a Samaritan," Bulwer says. We were

WHAT THE CRICKET SAW.

fairly out of the cover of the land, and a stiff breeze was blowing. Soon the for'ard lanterns were hung out, and in the lingering light they rose and fell as the boat took the swell. This fact did not go long undiscovered, and occasionally one of the group would throw away his half-smoked cigarette and go below to "get his overcoat." But after a few had slipped off it was not so easy to escape; there was a scramble across the deck, followed by jesting remarks and good-humoredly mocking laughter. At last, however, only three or four little points of fire could be seen in the darkness, and a few muffled voices heard. Shortly these were gone, and the watch, pacing across the bow, was alone with the dark sky overhead and the dark ocean beneath; all was silent save the monotonous, unceasing beat of the engines.

The morning of the next day was half gone when the steamer moved down the narrows between Lubec and the island of Campobello, crossed the entrance to Cobscook Bay, and came to rest at her wharf in Eastport. "Stand by your wheels" was the word that passed along, and down each dived to the lower deck and sought from the glittering mass of thirty-five bicycles his own, and rolled it slowly

LOWERING THE BICYCLES FROM THE WHARVES AT EASTPORT.

up to the hotel. Bags, valises, and overcoats were tossed into wagons, pedals adjusted, the wrappings taken from wheels, and we stood impatient to mount and whirl off up the steep hill, along the side of which the village lies. Above were dull, inexpressive, incomprehensible clouds; they did not threaten; they gave

no hope; they preserved a mysterious incommunicativeness, apparently "declining to answer until they had consulted their counsel." But we cared little for them. We were in the "mood to be pleased," to enjoy everything. At last the bugle sounds the "mount," and the procession glides down the village street, where had assembled the entire population, even the school-boys, dismissed for the occasion.

We climbed up Fort Hill, back of the town, crowned by several old redoubts, thrown up during the War of 1812, where formerly a garrison was stationed. Beyond this is a level stretch along the highlands, and then the road winds a crook, up hill and down. John Burroughs, the keen lover of nature, writes: "The youth of the world is but a few days distant. Indeed, I know persons who think they have walked back to that fresh aforetime of a single bright Sunday in autumn or spring. Before noon they felt its airs upon their cheeks, and by nightfall, on the banks of some quiet stream, or along some path in the woods, or on some hill-top, they have heard the voices and felt the wonder and the mystery that so enchanted the early races of men." We had travelled but a night, and even while we slept we were nearing this "aforetime," though we knew it not. In the saddle we again felt at home. The wheels beneath us seemed fellow-creatures, and the inclination was strong to pat them and speak encouraging words, as we toiled step by step up the hill. Ah, wheelmen only know this strange community between the steel steed and the manly heart! The pulses thrilled, the blood leaped along the arteries. In the saddle once more, it was a joy to live, to breathe in the fresh sea-breeze, to whirl along the hard, smooth road, to pant up the steep hill, winning a glorious prospect. A broad semicircle stretched out before us. At the right, over the top of the hill, Eastport light was visible in the bay; then came the broad Passamaquoddy, with its islands, and the New Brunswick shore beyond; in front the rolling land of Moose Island, upon which we were riding, a grove on the opposite hill shutting out further view in that direction; at the left lay Cobscook Bay, and on the other side of it the woods and hills of Maine. The signal call, "Slow up for hill," rang out; the line stretched out longer and longer, like a monster snake slowly dragging itself along the sinuous road. One by one the wheels rolled down the long winding hill leading to the lower part of the island. A few remained some distance behind and took the hill with legs over handles. What a wild, delicious coast that was! Slow at first, then faster; the fences and trees whizzed by, the smooth road rolled itself up under our wheels. "Look out there," shouted the Editor, as he suddenly veered to the right, avoiding a piece of timber at one end raised several inches above the road; on we went, so fast that it was necessary to apply the brake very gently, — a strong pressure would have thrown one in an instant, — sweeping down the long grade, darting down a sudden dip, whirling around a curve in the road, then running along on the level for a long distance. But, before we had fairly slowed up, there came repeated whistle-calls from the rear to dismount. We turned and ran back. The Invalid, who from this incident received the sobriquet, had not seen the plank across the road down the hill. Coasting down without a thought of danger, his wheel struck the board; a moment's flight, a tumbling bicycle, and a rider lying in the dust.

"Yea, and even yet remember heedfully,
How this, my wheel, a motion hath so fleet
That in an eyelid's beat
Him whom it raised it maketh low and vile."

We brushed the dust from his clothes, while the Doctor put some plaster on his scratches. This incident occurred immediately in front of a little, unpainted house. We were about to go up to it for a drink of water when the driver of a wagon, that had come up behind, called out good-naturedly, "Wouldn't milk go better?" "We're all M.D.'s, — milk-drinkers," was the reply of the ready Doctor. Refreshed we whirled down the road after the rest of the party, who had not heard the dismount call. We fairly flew along, and caught them just entering a deep, dark cut along a hill-side. On one side arose the hill, covered with dark, thick furs and stunted pines, which shadowed the road; on the other side the land ran down to a ravine, the slope covered also with trees. It was like the "dark wood" of Dante. A little light struggled through the long, narrow opening overhead. The road was smooth as a floor, hard and damp. A hush came upon us as we entered the shadowed avenue. The tattoo of a woodpecker fell upon the silence with a rattle, but seemed to strike only the outside, — sound was

hollow, single and lonely. The silence of the woods is impenetrable. It contains the accretions of ages of solitude. Our voices fell off from it as water from a roof. There was the silence still, large, undiminished, unquenchable. The low soughing of the wind among the pine branches, the dripping and trickling of the water from a spring below the road, our voices, — all were audible; but around all, and enwrapping all, was the unseen spirit of the wood.

Dashing out of the woods again, we soon descended the last hill of the island, and rolled across the long toll-bridge before the keeper was aware of our presence. "Them velocipede fellows is too quick for me," he remarked to the Artist, from whom he attempted to extract toll for the whole party, — unsuccessfully, however. After crossing the bridge a little chapel was visible through the trees at the right. It belongs to the Passamaquoddy Indians. The remnant of the tribe, numbering three hundred, dwell on Pleasant Point. They live by fishing, hunting, and making baskets, which, during the summer, they sell at summer resorts as far down as Mt. Desert. The Inooddies, as they are called, are strict Catholics. A priest from Eastport conducts services at the chapel, and schools are carried on by the Sisters of Charity. Every year they elect a governor, upon which occasion scenes take place which show that wild blood still flows in their veins.

The country on the borders of Maine has a strange, mixed atmosphere of wildness and civilization. One could not forget that this region had been inhabited for centuries, — that it was old. But now and then we would run into a wild spot: rocks scattered about, ledges cropping out from the ground, among which we had to pick our way; a straggling underbrush close to the road, and beyond it the woods. Again the road lay along fields, pastures, and meadow-lands. After an hour or more we ran through Perry, a metropolis consisting of a factory, several houses, and a blacksmith-shop, which stood at a sharp turn of the road. Quite a crowd had collected, waiting for our coming. Never before had a bicycle been seen in that country, and, with eyes agog in wonder, they watched the procession of silent wheels. One of the oldest inhabitants could not understand the ease with which the machines were propelled, and called out to the Artist, who, being in a carriage, was more accessible than the others, "Mister, do them things wind up?" Another, to whom the object of the trip was not apparent, inquired of the same long-suffering personage, "How much do they make a day?" No explanation could make it clear to his mind that it was a pleasure-trip. "Don't they get paid nothing?" was his last question, in a rather disgusted tone. The country people have a sort of conservative look — as if they lived just as their ancestors before them. They have neither the shrewdness nor the gawkishness of the Hoosiers of Indiana, or the country people of Iowa and Illinois.

After leaving Perry the road winds in and out along the shore of the St. Croix. For a few moments we saw St. Andrews, across the water, on a point of land jutting far out into St. Andrews Bay, as the widened river is called. Beyond arose the Chamcook mountains against the dull, gray sky. But soon the road turned and the hills shut out the river. All that Tuesday morning we rode through valleys, over hills, along the river shore, in and out of the woods, past farm-houses and orchards, through thickets and among rocks. The variety was endless.

Before we had fairly sighted Robbinston the clouds assumed a more positive air. Dull and gray, they settled down till an artificial twilight surrounded us. Then we raced with the rain; we flew up hill and down again, through little strips of wood that crossed the road. While we were racing with the rain, the President and the Lieutenant, between whom there was a little rivalry, raced with one another. They were whizzing along, the President a few feet ahead, when the Lieutenant spurted, his wheel struck a stone, and over he went. His bicycle, as if it had some grudge against him, immediately took advantage of the circumstance, and assumed an obverse position, with its head upon the Lieutenant's back and the little wheel thumping his head. As the Artist afterwards sententiously said, "When a wheel has a man down, it takes a fiendish delight in getting on top of him." But soon he was up and away, the rebellious wheel as docile as a lamb. As we swung from our saddles before the Brewer House, the first few drops fell, puffing up the dust into tiny clouds. The breeze died down. The drops slowly became more numerous, as if the clouds were gradually melting into rain; the lightning now

"Is tangled in tremulous skeins of rain."

At last, strong and straight, the full-voiced shower sought the earth, pattering, splashing, and dripping through the trees and from the house-eaves. Hour after hour it splashed against the panes, shutting out from view the woods and river. Gentle, but determined, it fell till the gutters ran full, and on the road were many little pools. But, after our bicycles had been carefully stowed away in the barn, we were content. We never thought of complaint. But how different this dark, rainy, moist weather from the large-hearted June we had left behind! We must have passed her on the way, beaten back by the nor'easter, through which we came the night before on the way from Portland. But what is man that he should be mindful of the weather? From the overflowing good-fellowship we projected a June upon this dark land, and it lost its chill. The oppressive witchery of the foggy, dark weather melted away before such bannings and exorcisms. We were impregnable, and it gave up the assault.

Emerson said, "The nonchalance of a boy sure of his dinner is the healthy attitude of humanity." But we had held that "healthy attitude" all the morning, and at two o'clock "the nonchalance" became something more serious and authoritative.

Nowhere else in these United States are to be found such salmon as are pulled from the Maguerrewock Lakes. I leave that statement standing by itself with all that it implies. A salmon dinner "away down" on the borders of Maine, served by a bright, pretty little maid, would suit tastes more epicurean than ours were after that eighteen-mile ride along the St. Croix. Without, the rain beat down incessantly. The question was whether we should try to get to Calais. A complicated discussion of this subject arose, in which all took part simultaneously. Above the hubbub, Old Joker, taking advantage of the anglicized pronunciation of Calais, as he did of everything else, shouted, "I'm a Calais young man." "Telephone for herdics," was the suggestion of the Member from Boston. "We'll have headaches in Calais if we try to ride," put in the Mosquito. K. K. stood manfully up for riding, and, putting the question, it was carried by a majority of one, he being the only voter. It was impossible to stay in Robbinston over night, with any comfort, in the tiny hotel. But the landlord said, "I'll fix that all right." And going to a hitherto unnoticed box, fastened to the wall in the corner of the office, he turned a little crank, followed by the familiar ting-a-ling.

"Hello!"

"Connect me with American House — Dan Gardner."

"No telephone? Can you send a message to him, or bring him to the office?"

"All right."

Even in this back country, where there are no railroads, the villages far apart, and acres of the land as wild as when, almost three centuries ago, Captain John Smith explored the region; still, here was found the all-powerful, the "cloud-compelling" telephone. The landlord soon announced from the telephone, "Dan'll come over from Calais for you with a couple of barges."

We gathered in the office and comfortable little parlor, with its stiff, prim furniture and geometric arrangement of pictures and ornaments. But on that particular day, when the dark, pouring rain shut us in, the little room, with its bright, blazing grate fire, did not seem stiff or uncomfortable. Some played whist, more passed the time in pleasant talk; while the Doctor and Old Joker practised bugle duets. Those few hours crept by unnoticed. Almost before we realized it we were rumbling along in the dark-curtained barge on the road to Calais. Through the mud and rain, up hill and down, the barge rumbled. On the down grade the driver would put down the brakes so tight that the great wagon was for the time being a sled; down we went, slipping and sliding, until near the bottom, when the brakes were suddenly released, and the horses pushed into a gallop, to keep ahead of the heavy wagon, and get a good start on the hill beyond. The President related wonderful tales of wheeling adventures; the Lawyer told of riding upon one occasion six miles without a dismount. This statement was received in silence; no one dared to contradict it, and yet all knew its utter impossibility. We felt sorry that the Lawyer had thus ruthlessly shocked our faith in his truthfulness. Many a song, "The Old Oaken Bucket," "John Brown's Body," "On my B I bi," etc., were sung in chorus. At nightfall the rain ceased, and soon after we sat down to supper in the American House. In the office that evening we waited for the rest of the party, who were to come in a coach, with a "spike team." It was a small, bare room, decorated with colored

show-bills; a little wooden desk stood at one corner, and an immense stove at the other. Around this we sat and talked, while, in the cloud of smoke, K. K., resplendent in an immaculate duck suit and a shirt with a white pine bosom, rubbed and petted his dainty "forty-six," gently polishing it here and there, then standing off and surveying it; when his eagle eye detected any spot he pounced upon it again. At last the little wheel shone like silver; the last load had arrived; the Artist had finished his sketching; the first day, with its varied experiences, was finished.

Our wheels still remained at Robbinston. We resolved ourselves into a committee of the whole to bring them up. A pert little steam-tug was chartered to take us down the river. It was a gray morning. The wind still blew strong from the direction of Grand Menan, where there is said to be a fog and cloud factory, something like that on the summit of Ktaahdn, of which Thoreau says, "The wind turned off down from the cool bare rocks." The boat was a tiny affair, and when we sailed into a shower, the pilot-house, the engine-room, and the microscopic cabin, would hardly contain us all. A few miles below Calais is The Ledge, — rocks, running out half across the river, covered at high tide. In going down we ran safely above them, but on our return the tide had gone out, so as to leave two or three great rocks sticking up out of the water at the very point we first passed. In the centre of the river, at The Ledge, is the Bug Light. All along the New Brunswick shore are little light-houses, called by the river-men "English Matches." Below The Ledge two great jutting headlands reach out from either side, — Raven's Head on the English side, Devil's Head opposite; high rocks, so steep that the pine and birch trees seem to lie right against the face of the heads. The river flows dark, narrow, and deep between. Under this bold, rocky Devil's Head Captain Kidd is vulgarly reported to have buried his treasures; the same which the old villain interred in fifty other places along the Atlantic coast. Though it is not so stated, there is not the slightest doubt in my mind that an Indian maiden, forsaken by her lover, jumped from the top. Why, it stands to reason! — the place bears all the distinctive features of a "Lover's Leap." There is the beetling top, the steep and awful descent, and the dark, silent water below. The Indian maiden, who wished for a speedy trip to the happy hunting-grounds, would have been very foolish not to have chosen this place. I base my conclusions upon the good taste of the sex. Just below Raven's Head the river widens into a large bay, running far back among the hills. Through the headlands were seen the Chamcook mountains, dim in the distance, from whose tops the clouds were just rolling away. On either side the shores swept back into lofty hills. Farm-houses and fields were seen on the Maine side, while opposite the scene was wilder, the country more broken and uneven, with dark forests of pine and birch among the hills. The misty atmosphere softened the distant hills and mountains so that they seemed to run into the gray sky interminably; the wind brought from the woods the scent of the evergreen trees. We passed Dochet Island, where, in 1604, De Monts made a settlement. He sailed up the river with two vessels, piloted by the explorer Champlain. At that time the island was much larger, and covered with trees; now it is but a bit of land on which a light-house stands. Here De Monts built a chapel and fort. "Hoary snow father being come," as the old historian L'Escarbot writes, "they were forced to keep much within doors." Wood and water were scarce, and thirty-six out of the seventy died during the winter. In the spring De Monts was compelled to withdraw, and at last made a settlement at Port Royal.

The little tug puffed along down the St. Croix, the wooded hills giving back its shrieks as it whistled to passing crafts. Several fishing-boats were slowly working their way up against the outgoing tide, by taking the eddies along the winding shores. White-winged coots flew about, dipping down to the water occasionally. Around the bend in the river the wharf of Robbinston presently came in sight.

The little boat presented a strange appearance on the return. It was completely covered with bicycles of all sizes, and in all positions; a row encircled the cabin and pilot-house; fore and aft they were piled thick, while the cabin roof was coated with wheels, some lying down, others standing against the smoke-stack; even the small boats swung above the cabin contained several. Slowly the little boat ploughed its way back to Calais, "stemming a four-knot current," as the captain

phrased it. The difference between ebb and high tide at Calais, thirty-five miles up the river, is twenty feet, and the tide runs out strong. The clouds, as we landed at Calais, still looked threatening. "No chance for clear weather till the wind comes off," the captain told us, meaning that the wind must change so as to blow off the land; for as long as it came in from the sea there would be clouds and fog. If lack of space did not prevent I could tell of the ball that occurred that night; how Old Joker "iled up his knee bearings" preparatory to the event; of the gay young ladies, and the gallant youths in knickerbockers; how Tom, Æolus, and Fearnaught exhibited feats of fancy riding; how the audience were held breathless and wonder-struck by the "stand-still" of Fearnaught and the one-wheel riding of Tom; of the merry quadrilles, waltzes, and polkas, in which even the gray-headed Mosquito and the antiquated Old Joker took part; of the badges, ribbons, etc., which were transferred from the jackets of gallant wheelmen to the breasts of fair maidens; how the Yachtsman flirted desperately, and the Lawyer tried, with apparently good success, to surpass him; of all these things, and more unmentioned, I shall have to say to the reader, in the words of the chorus of the old play, "Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts."

The rain had made the roads so soft and slippery that we were compelled to give up the idea of riding back to Lubec by way of Dennisville. All but Tom, Kanuck, the Member from Boston, and K. K., board the tug again the morning after the ball. They started to wheel it back to Robbinston. The tug swung slowly out into the river with a lumber lighter attached, to be towed below the Ledge. As we floated away from the town Doctor and Old Joker poured forth their most melodious tones from the bugles; a chorus of "Good-by, ladies," was sent back to the little party on the wharf, who had come down to see us off; handkerchiefs were waved from the rigging of the tow, where the men climbed to catch a fleeting glimpse of those little cambrics fluttering from the fast-receding wharf; the Artist strained his eyes through a glass to catch the features of those left behind, that he "might present a sketch to the bereaved." At length Calais, and St. Stephens, which lies close to it on the opposite side of the river, grew faint in the misty air, and finally disappeared as the boat rounded a bend in the St. Croix. The fog came down thick and heavy, shutting out the beautiful wooded, hilly shores. We floated along, as on the ocean, nothing visible but the water and the wheel-loaded boat. At Robbinston a serious question presented itself. The captain said that we would strike rough weather in the open Passamaquoddy. The boat was heavily loaded with bicycles; they would have to suffer, and, if very rough, possibly, some of the riders.

As a result of the deliberations about half of the party were landed and on the road to Lubec, in a thick mist, so dense that it collected in drops on our clothing as we wheeled along. Shut in by this thin, yet impenetrable barrier, ever yielding, yet ever there before, behind, and on either side, we wheeled along, splashing through little pools of water, and picking our way blindly along the rock-strewn road. The trees beyond the clearings looked like banks of shadows, dark, formless, unreal. Stopping a moment, I saw the Parson in front disappear in a twinkling in the ocean of mist, while those behind came plunging out of the unseen, were visible a moment, and were gone out of sight. It was a weird, phantom-like effect, that gave one a sense of loneliness. But soon I catch up with the party. In a thick fog, with no companion, one is completely alone. The woods, fields, sky, waters, —all those aspects of nature that continually delight, and often make solitude seem more real and enjoyable than companionship, — are shut out. There you are in a prison; do what you will you cannot escape.

Occasionally we ran into thinner zones of fog, where we caught a few glimpses of ghostly trees and haze-like hills; but soon we again dipped into the thick, enveloping flood. How we startled a countryman, who was driving a yoke of oxen along the road, as we suddenly ran by him, without a warning cry, and were out of sight again! Often the dismount call came floating out of the invisible. Down we dropped to find ourselves at the top of a hill, that led into what seemed a bottomless valley. It was an unique, memorable ride. As I write I fancy myself once more there in the thick mist, riding beside the Manager, who every few minutes removed his glasses and wiped them, a well-chosen expletive giving in a word or two his precise state of mind, and conveying a distinct idea of his opinion of mist in general. On we pushed; it was like a new country to us, though we had passed over this very road but a few days

before. Thoreau has given, in a few words, a most subtle description of mist: —

"Low-anchored cloud,
Newfoundland air,
Fountain head and source of rivers,
Dew cloth, dream drapery,
And napkin spread by fays;
Drifting meadow of the air,
Where bloom the daisied banks and violets,
And in whose ferny labyrinths
The bittern booms and heron wades;
Spirit of lakes and seas and river, —
Bear only perfumes and the scent
Of healthy herbs to just men's fields."

When at length we crossed the bridge which leads to Moose Island, we increased the gait, for Eastport was but a few miles away. Light-hearted we sped along, around the hill above the bridge, through the dark pines; down into the open country; then up the long hill on which the Invalid had taken his initiative header; a mile across the highlands, from which the glorious views of the Passamaquoddy and Cobscook were shut out by the inevitable fog; step by step in orderly line down the long slope into the town, where we were greeted by the "Evening" call from the Doctor's bugle. The tug was waiting to take us across to Lubec. We rode out upon the high pier, under which the boat lay thirty feet or more from the top. It would have been easy to judge of the solicitude which the bicycler has for his beloved wheel could you have heard the cries of "Take care there!" "Be careful!" "Let her down easy!" which involuntarily came forth, while the machines were being lowered by a rope into the tug. In a few minutes the boat ran across the entrance to Cobscook Bay, and we were scrambling and creeping up the slimy, sloping wharf at Lubec.

John S. Phillips.

A WINTER BOUQUET.

"FROM the hearth to the field is a great distance," says Thoreau, and as the snow deepens it becomes greater. If, however, we are wise we will undertake the journey. Winter is not the blank we are apt to imagine it; if the observer goes forth in receptive mood there will be no limit to his good fortune.

The spell may be woven from simpler elements than in summer or autumn; the potent enchantress who casts it is largely independent of accessories; a few dead weeds, a copse of brightly-colored shoots, or a company of goldfinches harvesting red-root seed, may form its basis in default of more elaborate properties, but its effects are much the same; the sympathetic observer knows he never can go amiss. These fertile spikes of the ostrich fern, standing above the snow so delicate and graceful and so exquisitely sculptured, some still loaded with their countless spores, others expanded and empty, and showing the light through their edges, all drawn so clearly and strongly upon the pure, smooth background of the snow, are they not a new creation proper to the season, brought to light by the frosts which have cut down the crowded weeds and the snow, which contrast so finely with their dark umber tint?

Looking upon them this winter day I do not care to be reminded of summer when they would have been far less striking and significant; their beauty belongs to this snowy landscape, over which the winds will strew their spores all winter long. Now that the deciduous trees are naked the coniferæ become more conspicuous; but, however beautiful and graceful, — the boughs of the strong young pines along the edge of the forest, flattened and straightened under the weight of last night's snow, are great fronds, beautiful, perhaps, as those of the best tree-fern of the tropics, under the blue sky and sparkling sunlight of this morning, — the eye that has learned to see does not value them much above their deciduous comrades unless from a distance. Oaks and maples are more pleasant and companionable in winter than pines or hemlocks; a grove of evergreens at this season is a reservoir of cold. In the shelter of oaks or beeches, whose russet leaves, varnished by the sunlight, almost resume their autumnal tints, I feel the genial warmth of the sun; to enter the evergreen shade is to be conscious of an instant chill. I have penetrated the very retreat of winter. After a snowy season the utmost efforts of the south wind (the sun having little direct influence) must be put forth

to clear the ground of snow in such places, the last remnants often turning to ice like young glaciers. The operator of "a hemlock sugar bush" finds, however fair and thrifty the maples mingled with the evergreens, the cold shade keeps the ground frozen and his buckets empty day after day while the best of the season passes.

As you wade through the woods after a heavy snowfall, and see where thick young pines or hemlocks have intercepted the snow, leaving the ground bare beneath them, you wonder why all the wild creatures do not come to warm their snow-chilled feet amongst the dry leaves and shelter themselves under the drooping branches; but the grouse's trail goes straight by, leading toward the thick, deciduous brushwood; you seldom see where a rabbit or a squirrel has crossed them, even upon the run. It is the still intensity of the frost within these snug-looking retreats that causes them to be thus avoided; all the diurnal "snow-walkers" prefer more open places, where the sun can reach them. The squirrels track the snow in all directions along the sheltered sunny border of the woods, or lie extended upon a horizontal branch, close to the warm side of some large trunk of maple; if cold and stormy, they disappear altogether, doubtless sleeping away the cold spells, partly or wholly torpid, I suspect. Along the pathway, where the bird-like pods of the milkweed cluster upon their withered stems, I pause to release their feathered seeds, which go hurrying away as if eager to plant themselves; and where the elders and red-raspberry stems are thickest, and the rabbits' tracks cover the snow, I perceive they have been eking out their winter fare by eating the milkweed seeds. Here one has sat upright to reach a cluster of pods above his head; there a pod just beneath the light snow has been dug up; and now I come upon a heap of down from which the seeds have been nibbled, their tips still adhering to it. These seeds seem to contain some oil, and are, doubtless, a rich food, though rather bitter to my taste. So it is not for nothing that the mikweed retains some unopen pods! These rabbits show by their small tracks that this is their first winter, and they have had some lively frolics by moonlight hereabout, judging from the appearance of the snow. The rabbit seems to be changing his habits somewhat in this region, frequenting the open fields more than formerly. Numbers are apparently born and brought up in the low coppice that borders so many of our meadows and roadsides. I see them stealing through the dusk across the field, or sitting beside the way waiting until I am close upon them before running to the cover of briars and brushwood. The white-footed wood-mouse (*Hespromys leucopus*) seems to have a great liking for moonlight also, and is very active in light nights, whatever their temperature. Here, apparently, a whole regiment of mice has crossed the path, or the same one has raced back and forth a good many times, it being hardly possible to tell in dry snow which way the tracks run.

The wood-mouse can carry his long tail in the air, and often does so when alarmed and putting his best foot foremost; but commonly it drags in the snow, leaving a conspicuous trail, with the foot-marks at equal distances beside it, a regular pattern embroidered on the smooth, white surface. He is not a sordid, dirty creature, like the exotic house-mouse, nor a heavy, lumpish animal, like the field-mouse or "meadow mole"; but is clean and agile, and elegant as any squirrel, climbing, with equal ease and boldness, a delicate, sylvan species, yellowish above (if fully grown), and pure white beneath. I have had no adequate experience of the eyes of the gazelle. If they are brighter than the great eyes of the wood-mouse they must be bright, indeed. No such eyes look out from the countenance of any other animal of my acquaintance, so large, and soft, and luminous; a cat's whiskers would be greatly longer than they are if in proportion to those of the mouse; and his whole action and aspect shows the finest and acutest senses. He has become a field as well as a wood mouse in this section; a house-mouse also; the young are reared in grass-nests, under stones, etc., far from the forest, and he has learned to harvest all the exotic grains grown by the farmer.

Mr. John Burroughs, in a late essay, speaking of the wood-mice, says: "Why they should gad about so much, having a well-filled larder and a warm nest at home, is a mystery." But whoever ploughs or picks up stones in the fall may find a partial key to it in the numerous deposits of hulled buckwheat, or any other grain the vicinity affords, stored under stones or buried in the earth, a spoonful or two in a place; many journeys must be made to look up all these stores, and transport them (if they are transported) to the home nest.

The wood-mouse is a most industrious

animal, but his judgment as to what constitutes a good store-house is very defective. Apparently in too much of a hurry to carry his stores to a secure place, he dumps them into any chance receptacle, and goes on to gather more.

I had a patch of potatoes overgrown with "summer grass" (*setearia vividis*). When I came to dig them I found almost every hill had been hollowed out by the mice, and the entire heads of the grass packed in like hay in a mow, here and there, in large quantity, but a handful or two in a place for the most part. A prodigious amount of labor had been done in digging the holes and harvesting the grass, and all for nothing; the first heavy rain would have filled the shallow burrows, and, lost in mud and locked up by the frost, most of the grain would have perished.

It seemed that finding the soft, dry earth so easy to dig, and such a great crop of grass ready for the harvest, a mild speculation in summer grass-seed had sprung up; perhaps they hoped to "corner" it. One of the subtle indications of the coming of spring, though the snow may still be deep, is the worn-out nests, beechnut shells, rottenwood, etc., which strew the snow round the trees which contain their nests, these enterprising beings having begun their annual house-cleaning many weeks in advance of their human neighbors.

No squirrel of any species, except the chipmunk, lays up much of a store for winter; but their sagacity in finding nuts and acorns under the snow stands them in good stead. How can they tell just where to dig?

Here is the track of a squirrel, who came straight along at his ordinary pace until over the spot where a large red-oak acorn lay, when, apparently without the least hesitation, he dug through the snow and got it out; the shells and refuse scattered beneath this dry stick show where he sat to eat it. If he placed it here last fall, it seems impossible that he could have remembered all these months just where it was; it is equally incredible that he can smell an acorn through a foot of solid snow. However, his instinct operates; whether keenness of scent, or strength of memory, it appears to be infallible. He never circles about over the snow, like a fox, snuffing after mice, but goes straight to the mark, as if he saw his acorn from the first in plain sight.

It exemplifies the sly and secretive character of the bluejay, that, while every one suspects him of laying up a store for winter, there is so little positive evidence of the fact. The jay keeps almost as closely to the creeks in this section as the kingfishers do; summer or winter they are seldom seen except near streams or swamps. One day, late in the fall, as I lingered in the pleasant woodland near a brook, I saw a pair of jays passing back and forth between an old beech stub, which had evidently held the nests of many generations of woodpeckers, and the hill-side woods at some distance. From the character of the old tree, all honeycombed with woodpeckers' holes, and the silent secrecy and regularity of their journeys, I thought them engaged in carrying their stores; so I crept cautiously forward, hoping to see what they were bringing, if anything; but, when they discovered my presence, — which was very soon, — their labors were instantly suspended, and the woods rang with their screaming over my intrusion. The old stub was too shaky to be safely climbed, so I failed to verify the matter; however, I have little doubt that nuts or acorns might have been found there in some of the old nests, had I made an examination of them.

E. S. Gilbert.

HOLIDAY ART.

THE cheapest holiday luxury of the present time — of the to-day we are living in — comes to us through art. Happy for those who have not the wherewithal, or the opportunities, to avail themselves of those other forms of it which are among the costliest luxuries!

Ever since the world began, the human race has delighted in the pictorial. In the beginning, in a rude state of society, the forms it took were grotesque. Hieroglyphics that were full of meaning and beauty to the eyes of the primitive man would be hideous caricatures to ours. Still, the primal element was there — the love of scenic effect, the effort in form and color — to appeal to the senses. It was childish ignorance, but to be recognized as a child's searching out for something beautiful. Those crude attempts symbolized some passion, or even embodied some aspiration, even blindly expressed devout feeling towards the mysterious beings whom they worshipped.

The child-instinct remains — we are all lovers of the picturesque, children together; art appeals to us, touches, moves us, as music does. We are picture-worshippers; some in ignorance, but still rapturous if undiscriminating; others with a fine natural instinct that of itself seeks the best; a fortunate, enviable few with the insight of genius and all the advantage of the trained eye, the cultivated artistic sense, and high favor of opportunity.

From that early day what a long way of

THE GOLDEN WOOD.

slow development! With what gaps and dark ages in the history of art, these revivals, and sudden, swift flashing out of genius to the glorious work of the masters!

And what a history might be written of purely illustrative art, since, in the seclusion of the cloister, the monk sat day after day, year in and year out, with pages of vellum before him, and patiently ornamented those missals, many of which have survived the sacking of the monasteries and the ravages of time! The monks attained to the highest perfection of coloring; the mechanism, when new inventions, when processes which never entered into the minds of those mediæval craftsmen to conceive of, have come to the aid of art; when people move on in such a whirl of business and amusement that no man can spare the time, even if he had the skill, for that slow handiwork.

Those were the gift-books of the time, even if not in any strict sense for the holiday Christmas-tide. Many of them were made for kings and queens, and were worth a king's ransom. The best years of

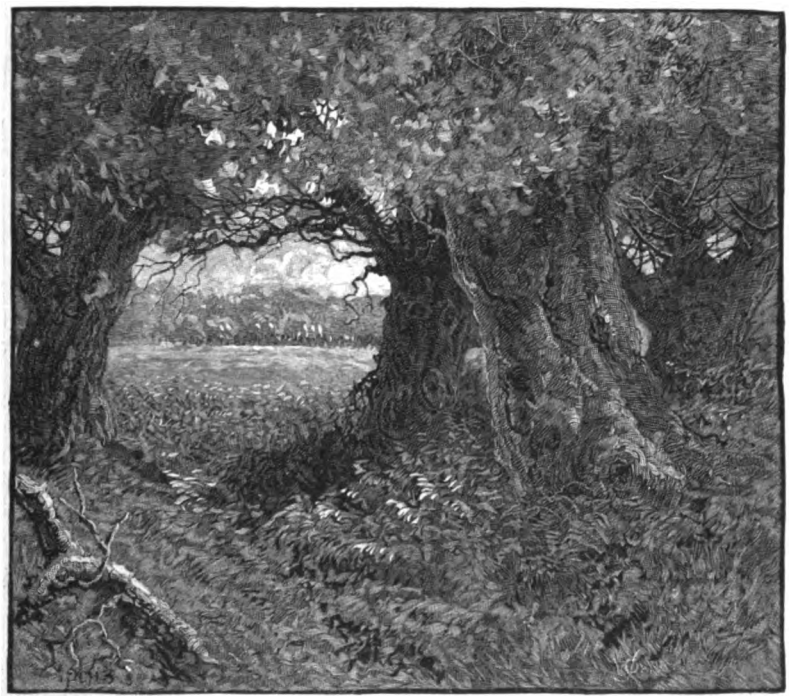
"WHEN DAMES AND HEROINES OF THE GOLDEN YEAR
SHALL STRIP A HUNDRED HOLLOWS BARE OF SPRING."

pigments they made use of rank with the otherwise incomparable colors in the old stained glass, the secret of which is a lost art. Those intense blues of the blueness of precious stones, those vivid carmines and vermilions and shades of red for which we have no name, are, to all appearance, as fresh now in some of those centuries-old missals as they were the day they were put on. The gold is untarnished, and the colors seem imperishable. Some of our great public and university libraries, and a few private ones, have sumptuous specimens, on finest vellum, among their chief treasures. They are, and rightly, the joy of collectors. Just such work could not possibly be done now, in the changed condition of things, when the appliances of a man's life went into the work; the costliest material known was used; when finished, the marvellous lettering and ornamentation in shining gold and superb colors, and the strong, black script, were absolutely without flaw. The binding was made to last a thousand years; often costly clasps were secured to the covers, a rim of gems set around, and the royal arms emblazoned in gold.

But, whatever the monks knew about color and nicety of workmanship, their ideas of form and perspective were crude. They could give a twist to the features so that a Judas or a Joseph should look in keeping with his character. Their sense of the ludicrous was keen, and sometimes mercilessly indulged in, at the expense even

of king and patron; but of nature they were as those born blind. You will observe in all those superb wonders of missals and the "Book of the Hours," such as royal personages owned, what limitations hedged them in. A landscape is represented by a flat meadow, perhaps of an impossible green, on which walks abroad an individual of the same stature as the remarkable tree that grows there, holding in his hand a rose the size of his own head. There is no foreground, no background; or what appears may be either, — there certainly cannot be both. Though objects are not quite so badly out of place as in Hogarth's caricature of perspective, the walk of the man will surely take him over the roof of that distant abbey, if he keeps on, and straight into the blue sky.

The ability to draw a landscape was almost unknown among them, as the same thing in the furnishers of book illustration was to a later period. Must we, therefore, arrive at the logical conclusion that the educated people of those times were generally without appreciation of natural beauty; of what, for lack of a better word, we call Nature? Is it not safe to say that a large number of writers, poets, novelists, dramatists, wrote as if no such thing existed? Only in vague and general terms, often in stilted, stereotyped phrases, really meaning nothing, did this great, lovely world of out-of-doors find expression. It almost seems, in view of this fact, as if, after the days of Virgil and such rare lovers of the country as he, landscape had for a while been lost to sight, to be discovered in comparatively modern times; and one asks, in amazement, where the eyes of men were, of many of the writers and artists, and why they could not have discerned what Chaucer and Shakspeare, what the coming landscape painters did?



"BENEATH HUGE TREES, A THOUSAND SONGS OF SPRING IN EVERY BOLE, A SONG ON EVERY SPRAY."

Take up almost any set of English illustrated books in a choice old library, and with some unusual exceptions,— as in the case of the first illustrated Shakspeare, no matter whether it be a Froissart with pictures from a "MS. of the 15th century," Pope's Odyssey, or a Don Quixote of a hundred years ago,— there is the same fact to be noticed. The figures are, perhaps, strikingly good, the action spirited, the interiors faithful pictures, the knights in armor, munitions of war, costumes, castles,

are equally true to the age; the whole realistic, and engraving, perhaps, admirable; but landscape as a feature is conspicuous by its absence. A tree is a tree, and a mountain is a mountain, the same whether Homer's heroes are walking abroad in Greece, or Don Quixote and Sancho Panza pursue their adventures in Spain; the same whether it be where olives grow or in the land of English oak and yew.

thirteen artists, each of whom is presumed to have followed his or her own bent in selecting the lines to illustrate; to say nothing of the tail-pieces and merely ornamental ones, there are in the book eighteen purely landscape pictures, while there are many others, showing a garden or other scene out of doors,

"bathed
In the green gloam of dewy-tasselled trees,"

—"AND INWARD RACED THE SCOUTS,
WITH RUMOR OF PRINCE ARAC HARD AT HAND."

Nothing in all the changes and progress of illustrated art is more noteworthy than the prominence given to landscape in recent books. Take, for instance, this superb new holiday volume, "The Princess,"[1] one of the daintiest, most luxurious things which has ever appeared in this country, with its original drawings to the number of nearly one hundred and twenty, — "The Princess" of Tennyson, in which the drawings are by the hands of no less than

or the picture for which the line stands could never have been made; nor, without knowledge, that called "The Prince and Princess in the Wood"; nor "The Golden Wood." One must have followed up

"The river as it narrowed to the hills";

and seen such sheets of lovely water set in trees as that where

"Now folds the lily all her sweetness up,
And slips into the bosom of the lake."

There is something very enticing about

[1] This magnificent volume is published by J. R. Osgood & Company, Boston. The accompanying engravings are taken from "The Princess," by permission of the publishers.

"The Golden Wood." Another illustration by the same artist, on the lines,

> "Beneath huge trees, a thousand songs of spring
> In every bole, a song on every spray,"

gives us a most deliciously cool, bright, woodland scene. Nor is the interest lent by human figures lacking.

> "When dames and heroines of the golden year
> Shall strip a hundred hollows bare of spring."

Mailed warriors, knights, camps, the intense activities and paraphernalia of war,

> "And inward raced the scouts,
> With rumor of Prince Arac hard at hand."

It is not as technical work that the majority of even cultivated persons look at and admire and enjoy such illustrations as these. They are not critical; it does not enter into their hearts to be; neither do they consider what may be their adaptedness to the text; while, as for thorough appreciation of the merits of the engraving, that same majority is not yet educated for it, but in the marvellous opportunities that publishers and book-makers are giving, they will, mayhap, come to it presently. The love of art in the class alluded to is just love, pure and simple, with more or less enlightenment and discrimination, like that for the kind of music which reaches to something within them. They understand and feel the sweetness and pathos of "Auld Robin Grey" and "Annie Laurie," though passages in some opera that connoisseurs and critics applaud is beyond them.

This lovely masterpiece of the poet-laureate is wonderfully adapted for variety in illustration. A choice subject for choice treatment at all hands it has proved, and from the elaborate cover-design, suggestive of the guarded street of the princess and her court to the finial bit of landscape, it is a thing for all concerned to be proud of.

In the range of subjects there are opportunities for the exercise of artistic skill rarely found in a single poem of its length. Dramatic situations, mediæval costumes and architecture, kings in ermine and girls at school, fair women and armed men, "the blowing bosks of wilderness," the city "thick with towers," the land-leagues away at the North, the "summer palace" at the South, camp and field and cataract.

The vagueness in the poem, which has always left many readers in doubt as to whether Tennyson was more in mockery or earnest, has given latitude to the artists, who have thus been able to interpret at pleasure the architecture and mediæval scenes contributing richly to the make-up of this tempting book.

Entirely different in character, scope, and treatment is another volume, the text and illustrations of which are on a plan which has advantages of its own, and is one by no means uncommon at the present time, where the writer and artist are one and the same person; in this case, Howard Pyle; and the book is in fine setting, with an antique mellowness in its outward coloring, with edges of a tawny yellow red, old style title-page in red and black lettering, with a design in the border. It has a unique, rich, old English sort of look, recalling some Book of Ballads from out some oaken book-case in the recess by an oriel window. And why should it not? It is Robin Hood. The subject is a bonny one. It is a story of life in the greenwood.

It is "The Merry Adventures of Robin Hood, of great renown in Nottinghamshire,"[1] retold in quaint prose, in parts and chapters, with little side-titles, with prologue and epilogue, table of contents, and illustrations fully set forth in black ink and red, each detail carefully attended to, and everything in perfect fitness from beginning to end; the paper luxurious, the margins broad, type and spaces open, clear, and all on a generous scale; a wonder of costly book-making and munificent outlay even at this period when each year brings around something finer than the last in the way of holiday art and workmanship.

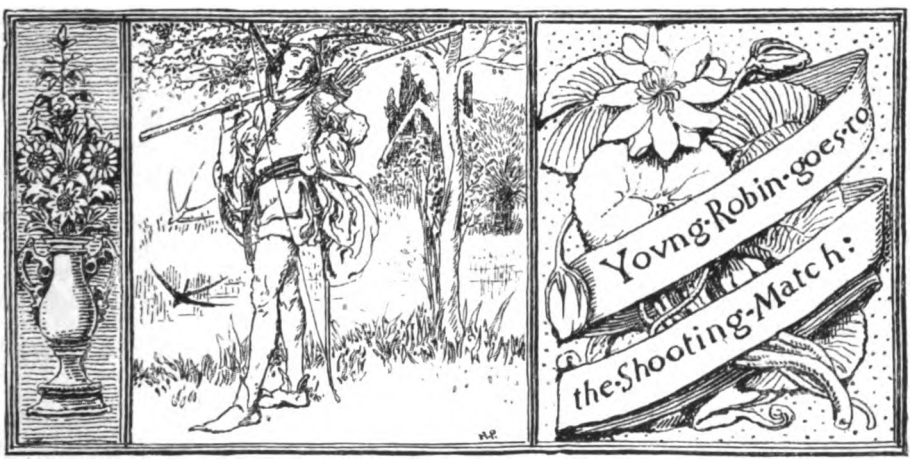
[1] From the house of Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, to whom we are indebted for the succeeding illustrations.

Besides twenty-three full-page pictures are the many ornamental letters and head and tail pieces. Mr. Pyle has a special genius for olden-time kind of work; and it was

an impulse we are glad of that turned his thoughts to the bold outlaw of Sherwood Forest, — that prince of freebooters and good fellows. The adventures have been many a time told, both in story and ballad; but as long as the world lasts, and has young hearts in it, it will never grow stale. It carries older folks back to youth again; it makes the young ones wild for a life in the greenwood. The spring is in it, that sets all one's veins a-tingling. We, too, once started off with Robin, on a morning in spring — was it from Locksley Town? — through Sherwood Forest.

"It was at the dawn of day in the merry May-time, when hedge-rows are green and flowers bedeck the meadows; daisies, pied and yellow cuckoo buds, and fair primroses all along the briery hedges; when apple-buds blossom and sweet birds sing, the lark at dawn of day, the throstle-cock and cuckoo; when wives spread their linen to bleach upon the green grass."

And washed our faces and hands "in the cold, brown brook that leaped laughing from stone to stone," and went into the depths of the woodland, where Robin and his men had built "huts of bark and branches of trees, and made couches of sweet rushes spread over with skins of fallow deer," where they were "wont to sit at feast," after they had made great



fires and "roasted the does, and broached a barrel of humming ale."

We know, too, the Blue Boar Inn.

"No sweeter inn could be found in all Nottinghamshire than that of the Blue Boar. None had such lovely trees standing around, or was so covered with trailing clematis and sweet woodbine; none had such good beer and such humming ale; nor, in winter time, when the north wind howled, and snow drifted around the hedges, was there to be found elsewhere such a roaring fire as blazed upon the hearth of the Blue Boar. At such times might be found a goodly company of yeomen or country folk, seated around the blazing hearth, bandying merry jests, while roasted crabs (small sour apples) bobbed in bowls of ale upon the hearth-stone."

Moreover, we know Allan A. Dale, and Will Scarlet, and Will Stutely, and Little John, with that great leal heart of his. We have strolled through the forest and on the skirts of Sherwood with them all, smelling "the tender fragrance of the purple violets and wild thyme"; listening to "the drowsy drone of the bumble-bee burrowing in the clover-blossoms that grew in the sun;" made cups of the palms of our hands, and drank at the fountain of water that was "as cold as ice"; startled the dun deer in the glades, and heard the birds sing "in a great tumult of song."

It was a lawless life, that of Robin Hood and his merry men, but he righted many wrongs, while himself wronging the law; for, while despoiling all oppressors, to the poor folks they lent a helping hand, and, besides this, "they swore never to harm a child, nor to wrong a woman, be she maid, wife, or widow." Writers who ought to know, call him "a generous foe and a faithful friend," and "a true Englishman in look, in word, and in deed," and say that the national character of old is represented in the ballad of his life.

Let that be as it may, Mr. Pyle has brought the veritable archer back again, — Robin "redivived," as Bishop Hall hath it. It must have been a labor of good-fellowship with him. The breath of the forest is in it, the shimmer and shade, archery and adventure, and we breathe the genuine old England air, when times were different there from now.

For vigorous treatment, where every line is made to tell, — no waste of power, no vagueness, — what a page is that where Robin turns butcher, where Little John

overcomes Eric o' Lincoln, where Robin steps betwixt Sir Stephen and his bride, where Little John stops three lasses! Each accessory is a study, and each face. It could easily be shown that some of the artist's best work has gone into faces. Notice the difference of disgust on the countenances of the three women who witness the kiss in the first-named, the expression of young David of Doncaster hearing news of the palmer, and the Oscar Wilde air of the stranger in scarlet.

If Robin Hood, thus written, carries us back to another day, Robin Hood, thus pictured, calls to mind some of the old Albert Durer spirit and his bold strokes.

But what a half-view, or one-sided view, would that be of holiday art which should take into account only such superb forms of it as are furnished by the two examples given! There are degrees, and degrees, in bewildering variety and kind. Great indeed is the change since forty, fifty years ago, when people looked to the coming out of the "Annual," as *the* gift-book of the season, edited by some well-known literary person, and illustrated in mezzotint and otherwise. You can find copies of "The Token," "The Keep-sake," "The Forget-me-not," perhaps, in some old-fashioned houses; and, seeing them, you will rejoice more than before over the lavish provision on the booksellers' counters to-day.

You will appreciate the forethought, inventiveness, skill in printing, binding, and all technical matters, apart from the merely artistic, and be glad that it has been made desirable for artists to do choice work for children's books, calendars, leaflets; and, above all, for Christmas cards, seeing that it is through these last that the great unnumbered multitudes find a thing beautiful within their reach.

That none are so ignorant, so crude, or coarse, as not to be fond of the decorative and the lovely, needs no words of proof. You have only to stand by the windows of the picture-stores, and see how the street-sweepers and little beggars and rough women from those dreadful back alleys and courts jostle and elbow the fine lady in their eagerness to see. And, as Christmas approaches, many is the small hoard of money that is turned over, looked at, reckoned up again and again in the calculation about buying some gayly painted thing in picture form, suited to the glad festival time. It is the pathetic, homely side to this world of pictures; but still to those buyers it is elevating, — to them it is art and an educator.

As was said in the beginning of this paper, though the sumptuous gift-books are among costly luxuries, there is no luxury cheaper than comes through art.

Amanda B. Harris.

CASTLE TRUNDLE.

III.

RAINS and I sprang from our hammocks as the car rolled over. Through the crashing of branches and his bride's screams I could not hear a single exclamation from June, and her hammock hung on what was now the uppermost side of the car. It flashed through me how many sharp projections there were for bruising temples, and how truly fate would be fulfilling its every-day decrees if she were killed by the explosion within the reach of my arm.

The light and reports ceased as suddenly as they had begun, leaving our heads ringing and our eyes blinded. Rains and I groped in the forward room, neither of us daring to strike a match for fear of starting another explosion. The shattered frame and glass of the skylight crunched under our feet. The floor of the car was bulged like an inward swollen canvas when I steadied myself against it with my right hand.

The girls were near the oblong opening which had been a door, and here they waited to know if we were safe. I climbed outside to receive them, and Rains remained behind to help them over the long threshold. I pushed the foliage aside, and we all walked rapidly from the car. A reek of powder hung thickly around us; and before we had gone many steps, Mrs. Rains slipped to the ground, and went into a state of unconsciousness.

"She's injured!" exclaimed her husband. "My tricks will be the death of both these girls."

"I don't feel hurt," assured June. "And Des. is only frightened, dear. Don't blame yourself. *You* didn't blow up the car."

We now struck some matches, which I held, one after the other until they dwindled out, while June and her brother worked with Mrs. Rains. She lay against her husband's knee, bluish-white by match-light, and it required several minutes and several dashes from wet leaves to restore her to the use of her voice. But when her voice did return it was with the vehemence of an incoming tide. She demanded to know who had done it, and why it had been done, and what Will Rains proposed to say to ma in explanation. She wept awhile, and was sure it was dynamite, though June said it smelt like gunpowder. She did not expect to be blown up like a Russian while taking her wedding-trip, and there we all stood, just near enough for the car to blow us to pieces by a second explosion.

"I suppose this is what was meant by the warning I found pinned to the wall," said Rains. "And I would like to have a light to examine the thing and see how it was done."

"You shall not go an inch nearer to it," protested Mrs. Rains. "It may be fixed like one of these Roman candles that pops off regularly, and I never heard such an awful jingling of glass as when we rolled over on that skylight. I am ten years older since I waked up. My hair is absolutely white."

"It was before," insinuated Rains.

"I do believe you enjoy it!" exclaimed the bride.

"I enjoy thinking how I could punish the one who did it."

"If I could have *imagined* such a thing, June and I would never have let you come. And she is just as excited as I am, if she does keep quiet. Feel her hand, Will Rains. Feel her hand, Mr. Rogers, do. And all our wraps and things are in that cannon's mouth!"

"I can get them," said I, remembering the locker where June's shawl lay.

But both voices were against me. June said she was too warm, and the bride said Will Rains might take off his vest and wrap around her, and it would serve him just right. She had always heard there was ague in the Indiana woods, and she would be delighted to know what he meant to do now.

"We must move on," said Rains, "if you utterly reject the idea of camping among the ruins."

Mrs. Rains said she had married him, but she had not absolutely pledged herself to surrender her life as a plaything for him.

"And broken glass doesn't make the best kind of flooring," said Rains. "We'll leave the ship and man the boats. Rogers, you stay by the girls, while I go after them, will you?"

I said I would, and inquired whether the boats were seaworthy.

"Nothing's blown *them* up," he replied; "that is, I *think* there were no fuses attached to them. But it's a time of calamity. They may be as full of glass as a cathedral window."

Before he returned, leading the sorrowful horses by their straps, I went to the car, in spite of remonstrance, and fished some clothing from the locker. Mrs. Rains was afraid I would set the thing to exploding again by the merest shake or touch, but it bore a brief exploration. She was glad to wrap something around her shoulders, though she exclaimed to June,—

"As sure as you live, June Rains, it's one of Will's lace-up camp shirts."

"Now," said my late host, "you shall have the long-boat, Rogers; that's Wheezy. And I'll take t'other boat, the Blind-eye. And we'll put the women and children on board, and paddle our craft to the nearest tavern or haven which is to be found in Kokomo. For a paddle I shall select a piece of maple limb. To-morrow we can return to the scene of the wreck and save the cargo."

"You better take the big horse for yourself and Mrs. Rains," said I. "Miss June and I can manage with the other. I found my wheel as I got out of the car the second time. It was shot up on a limb, and hanging there in a graceful teeter, like a gift from the gods, waiting for my hand to pluck it off. I don't think even the lamp's broke."

"That's a nice tale to tell," said Rains. "But you're in luck. Hitch the bicycle to the old horse's fore-legs and you can shoot past us like a long-tailed meteor."

"How are we to ride these horses without saddles, or anything?" exclaimed the bride, in despair. "June can sit on them; but I can't. I shall slide off as if I were on the edge of a precipice. They are just as straight up and down as that. Then they may fall with us."

"I'll ride before and you behind," said Rains.

"Oh, *do* you think the horse is strong enough in his back for that?" pleaded the bride. "Both these horses sway down in the middle, and because they could pull a car hitched to their heels, it does not follow that they could carry it on their backs."

"Of course it doesn't," said her husband; "that's very sensible, like all your observations, my dear. But we must pin our faith to the old horse's strength of backbone. It is our best hold under the circumstances."

"And Miss June and I will show you how reliable these gentle beasts are," said I, "if she will let me ride before her. I can leave my wheel in the tree, and get it early in the morning."

"No," said June, "please ride it. It may stimulate the rest of the procession."

"It will scare them to death," said Mrs. Rains. "You know these dreadfully sad old hacks are always the ones that break people's necks, and do unexpected things. I scarcely expect to see you again, June, if you are going to ride ahead that way. We may as well bid each other good-by."

"I will bet you anything you can name against your solitaire ring," said her husband, "that we reach port all right."

"I should think," she responded, "that you had seen enough of the coarseness and dreadfulness and inconvenience of betting, Will Rains."

I gave one arm to June, and when we had all reached the roadside, padded her horse's back with a portion of her shawl before lifting her to the seat. She had nothing but a halter with which to guide or quiet the creature.

"Let me take this over my arm," I entreated. "If he plunges any you will have all you can do to hold on."

"Don't imagine I want to see you and your wheel making a halo around my head in such a case," said June, laughing. "I always like to manage the sail when I am in a boat, and a horse's mouth when I am on his back."

"But you have no saddle, though that's an advantage if there is good reason for jumping off."

"I don't want to jump off, and a saddle is a convenience I can easily do without. To restore peace to your mind, I will confess I can stand upon a horse's back when he is in motion; that the exercise known as 'breaking colts' has been a joy to me, and that if this dejected beast could show any spirit he would rise, in my opinion, the instant he rebelled. You see I am as venturesome as my brother."

"I knew you were fearless. I had proof of that last summer."

"Poor Castle Trundle!" said June, looking toward the woods.

"Heaven bless it!" said I, "though the towers lie low. I'll never look at a photographic car again without remembering this night."

"It has been an ordinary night," said

June. "The moon's obscure, but we have plenty of starlight."

She struck the old horse with the strap. I was already in my saddle, and he started off at a trot. The road was hard and clear, except where an occasional puddle had gathered in some carved rut. We could not see very far into the humid night, bush and forest outline making dim blurs against the shifting sky or background of soaked land.

Mrs. Rains' voice, still at the place of mounting, could be heard in squalls of remonstrance or disgust, varied by the sound of her husband's coaxing and laughter.

I felt as if June and I were isolated from all the world in that pleasant haze. I had her to myself. If she had let me lead the horse it would have been better.

On a sudden his left eye, unassisted by his blind right one, became aware of some silent machine moving by his very hoofs. He plunged quite into a fence corner, and I leaped off and ran to him.

"Ride ahead," said June, laughing, "and then come to meet me. Circle quite around him. Give a blind horse a chance. The poor fellow has travelled under restrictions, and his surprise overcomes him when he sees an object moving as freely as that bicycle."

"But he may hurt you."

"I don't think I was born to die of a horse that has dragged a photographic car."

Thus, induced, I whirled some distance beyond, and came back at full speed, sounding the warning. The horse plunged out from his retreat, and it seemed scarcely a moment before he was cantering amicably beside his strange companion, glancing at it with a youthful snort or two, but quite reconciled to its presence. It was easier for me to keep pace with him thus than when he jogged, but it seemed a world's pity we should put this experience so rapidly beneath our feet, that trees, standing like undefined giants ahead of us, should, one after the other, spread arms of benediction over us, and let us pass. We ran down a hollow and whisked over a bridge. We mounted the opposite swell, and glided around a curve.

"He feels the occasion," said June.

"Yes; rather too keenly," said I. "We needn't be in such a hurry. I fancy I can see lights off there. We may be near the town."

"But the lights would be out this time in the morning. These may be farmhouse lights, where people are ill, poor souls!"

"Do you think anybody can be ill in this blessed country? I love the State," said I. "I shall love this road as long as life remains to me; unless you blast it for me, like you did that mountain road we used to be so fond of."

"Some unknown person has taken the blasting in hand this time," said June. "Who could have served us so, and how did they manage it, and I wonder were they lurking around when we blew up?"

"What does it signify since nobody was hurt? I am happy. You are happier than you were, June?"

"Yes. I ride smiling along, thinking what a wonderful pair we are, mounted so! We might be a modern kind of outriders for Titania. What do you think is around us in these woods? And what are the cicada forever saying? Does the same band of musicians sing night and day? Smell the good grass. Who could believe night was so audaciously sweet away outdoors in the small hours? What is the dim glow that spreads over there so far?"

"Ripe wheat."

"Say me a song about ripe wheat, songmaker."

"If I did it would be of the threshing and torment it has to endure when it is cut away from its beloved land."

"I don't want that kind of a song. Something steadying and restful to the nerves ought to flow from a field of wheat."

"I can say you an unrhymed fancy, if that will do."

"Of course it will do. Give me the unrhymed fancy."

"Give me your hand to hold then, to help me remember."

"If you need a help to your memory," said June, "you'll never get it from me."

"Very good," said I. "I'll bind you to me even with a wisp of wheat, here in the strange dusk, so that you will never see another yellow field without recalling this, and recalling what I said to you first. Beloved,—

"Nature, the brown and brawny, sat her down,
And lifted up a mighty field of wheat
Full ripe and honey-colored, flowing-topped,
With three black feet of loam below its roots.
And that whole field she tossed aloft for joy,
Then caught it on stretched palms and finger-joints,
And smoothed it back into its place with care.
Resting her chin thereafter on her fist,
She smiled an amber light through all the woods,
And a quick radiance over meadow lands,
And mused upon it. This was good to see."

"I should imagine so, indeed," said June. "I wish I could surprise Nature in some such mood. But it's impossible. She's too elusive."

"Not more elusive than a woman," said I. "You will talk of everything on earth except your own conduct. But we'll come to the point now."

In my earnestness, I rode so close to her that the wheel grazed the horse's leg, and he shied. June laughed with hearty enjoyment.

"I wish the darkness ahead would turn into a huge looking-glass, so we could see ourselves come riding up, a wheelman and a hack-mounted maid. It must look funny. The experience is delicious!"

"Were you trifling, June? I thought so; but since I have seen you again, it seems impossible. You may laugh, but I understand,— I am a man."

"So certain of his own charms!"

"Don't be flippant. It is not like you. There was something worked against me all at once. Won't you tell me what it was? Your sister did not dislike me. Or if she did, and the whole family cast me out, how could your brother prevail on himself to take me into the ark?"

"Oh, Will has lived in Cincinnati several years. He never even heard your name."

"What's in my name — or myself, that I should be treated so? Don't you remember the glen? Don't you remember the waltzes?"

"Don't you remember running your wheel a thread line from the edge of the precipice?" exclaimed June. "I was so terrified! And it would have provoked me so to see a man kill himself in that foolhardy fashion."

"I must have been making a nuisance of myself all the time I thought I was riding into your good graces."

"Oh, no," said June, "not at all."

"See how nonchalant she can be! Was it a caprice, or had you any reason for snubbing me and turning your back on me, and dropping me all of a sudden? I've suffered a year. *You* haven't given it a second thought."

"Light a match," said June.

Her voice sounded hard; I felt in my vest-pocket, and scraped a match, sheltering its flame with the palm of my hand.

"Here it is," I said.

She leaned across her horse's neck and held her left palm under the light. It was a flushed palm, indented with youthful lines, and the fingers branching from it were supple and firm. I noticed these things merely as a background to numberless points of blood, around which white rings were settled. Her hand looked as if it had been stung through and through.

The match burned out while I stared, and I dropped the charred end.

"What did that?"

"I did it."

"Why?" I asked, stupidly.

"To help me bear it, before I understood, — before you made your explanation to-night."

"June, you don't mean it was anything about my sister's little boy?"

"The whole hotel rang with it. Your wife was an invalid who never left home, and you spoke openly to me about — the other. The story came from people who professed to know you well. I was your victim. They all pitied me. My sister heard the whole thing, and felt that she had failed as a chaperon. But of all poses in the world I despised most that of victim. I redeemed myself from the suspicion of being one, didn't I?"

"Yes, you did," I replied, after a pause of speechless indignation. "I would like to know who told that story! For the manufacture of immense lies give me a summer hotel!"

"You speak with force."

"I feel with force. I would like to have the car explode again."

"Have mercy upon poor Des. I hear her squalling just around the bend."

"June," I exclaimed in some haste, "what did you do to your hand?"

"Thrust my needle into it when you were talking, before supper. And kept thrusting it in. It was a great help, and kept me quiet. I am a woman who does not feel," she added, her voice shaking; "but it relieved me to press the needle into my flesh."

"Oh, my dear!" I whispered, trembling through every atom. "My own! My wife!"

In the dimness I took her left hand and kissed its palm, and breathed a prayer upon it.

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We heard her brother and Mrs. Rains cantering their horse around the bend. So I added aloud,—

"And bless Castle Trundle! And bless the faithful wheel that brought me to Castle Trundle!"

"Yes," added June, "and bless the

man, storm-pelted and worn, who found the maiden all forlorn, who blew him up before the morn, that saw them fly with the faithful wheel away from Castle Trundle."

I may add that Rains and I visited the car early next day taking a wagon-maker with us. As far as we could determine, the explosion appeared to have been caused by slowly working fusees fastened against the bottom, and placed there by the former owner, and the result might have been much worse had not the storm damped the powder.

Rains drew his car in on time and won the wager; but when his friends heard of the risks he had taken, and with whom he had divided them, they stood looking at him in rueful amazement.

We saw Castle Trundle from the parlor-car when we were all seated in the northward-bound train. The poor thing looked twisted, and its sky tint was powder blackened, but June and I went out on the platform and watched it out of sight.

M. H. Catherwood.

BALLADS OF THE WHEEL.

THROUGH the winding lanes where willows lean,
And the stately elms their shadows throw,
Past the woodland bowers of sunlit green,
Where the dusky brave, with bended bow,
In the haloed time of the long ago,
Would soft, like a stealthy panther, steal,
We fling dark care to the winds that blow,
And spin away on the whirling wheel.

By the highways broad, where, fair, is seen
The bloom of the alder, white as snow,
Down hillsides steep on the road between
The vineyards wide with their vines a-row,
Nigh meads where the murmuring brooklets flow
And rushes tall in the breezes reel,
We fling dark care to the winds that blow,
And spin away on the whirling wheel.

On days when spring is a verdant queen
And bright-eyed buttercups, gleam and glow,
'Mid hours when the forest's emerald sheen
Is scorched by suns that the tropics know,
In autumn-tide, ere the winter's woe,
Whether bells of morn or eve outpeal,
We fling dark care to the winds that blow,
And spin away on the whirling wheel.

ENVOY.

Come, riders all, be ye swift or slow,
And join in the praise of the steed of steel!—
We fling dark care to the winds that blow,
And spin away on the whirling wheel.

Clinton Scollard.

THE CROWN OF WILD OLIVE.

A CLERGYMAN of Springfield, Massachusetts, in commenting on the tournament recently held in that city, remarked that he knew of nothing so nearly resembling the old Olympic games as a modern bicycling tournament. In view of this resemblance, which certainly exists, it may be pleasant to inquire into the origin of these games, their character and mode of conduction, the kind of persons who contended in them, the honors they strove to win, and the charms of poetry and art that invested their strife. We will learn something of the tendencies of the games and of the advantages they brought to the people. Perhaps there may be some lessons for us in our modern tournaments. We may, perhaps, gain some hints of high and beautiful motives with which to invest our innocent and healthful recreations.

If we inquire into the beginning of the Olympic games we shall find them adorned with many a tradition of god-given origin and miraculous sanction from heaven. The Eleans claimed that they were founded by the Idæan Hercules, who also brought to Olympia and planted there the wild olive-tree, from the foliage of which were woven the crowns of the victors.

Not content with a heroic origin, the Eleans have named, as authors of their games, the gods Jupiter and Saturn, who wrestled with each other for supremacy over the world on the very spot where the festival was afterward celebrated. Others affirm that it was instituted by Jupiter, in honor of his victory over the Titans.

These games were originally celebrated irregularly, and for the honor of some special occasion. They were often made the ornament of a triumph over an enemy. Hercules is said to have instituted this festival to Jupiter on occasion of completing one of the most difficult of his labors. Games usually made up the larger part of the ceremonies at the funeral of every person of importance. Homer, in the twenty-third book of the Iliad, describes the games at the funeral of Patroclus, presided over by his friend Achilles. Virgil also describes games celebrated in honor of the deceased father of Æneas.

To the one or the other of these customs is properly due the origin of the games at Olympia, as well as of those celebrated at the Isthmus of Corinth, at Nemea, Delphi, and, indeed, in all the important towns of Greece. They were all of venerable and ancient foundation; several of them dedicated to the Olympian Jupiter, and one was in the beginning probably not more esteemed than another. The Olympic games, like the others, were at first celebrated at unequal intervals of time, on private and special occasions, and rather in compliance with custom than in obedience to any divine ordinance.

The occasion of the establishment of the Olympic games as a religious festival, to be observed at stated intervals, and taking precedence of all others in glory and honor, is as follows: —

Iphitus, King of Elis, and a descendant of Hercules, seeing with sorrow the calamities of his country, then torn in pieces by war and wasted by pestilence, consulted the oracle at Delphi for a remedy. The Pythoness told him that the indignation of Jupiter, to whom the Olympian games were dedicated, and of Hercules, the hero who had instituted them, was drawn down on the people by their non-observance of the festival. The safety of Greece depended on the immediate reëstablishment of the games. She ordered the king, in union with the Eleans, his subjects, to restore the celebration of the festival, and to proclaim a truce to all cities desirous of taking part in it. She also commanded the other tribes of Greece to submit thenceforth to the directions and authority of the Eleans in establishing and ordering the games. All this took place seven hundred and seventy-six years before the birth of Christ. They were bidden to perform the games "in accordance with three things," which they interpreted to mean, in accordance with days, months, and years. They at once set about dividing time into years and months, and arranged the interval of celebration, called the Olympiad, as once in five years.

Pausanias, in his travels through Greece, describes the temples, statues, groves, etc., consecrated to Jupiter at Olympia. The temple of the god was of the Doric order, built of beautiful marble, on a consecrated area, set apart and dedicated to Jupiter by Hercules himself. The roof, pediments,

and cornice were richly adorned with all manner of gilded vases, golden shields, complicated pieces of sculpture, representing chariot-races, battles between Centaurs and Lapithæ, the labors of Hercules, besides single figures of Victory, Hercules, and Jupiter. Within the brazen gates of the temple stand statues of King Iphitus and his wife. But the most magnificent feature of the temple was the famous statue of the Olympian Jove himself, composed of gold and ivory,—the matchless work of Phidias. The god is seated on a throne, with a crown of wild olive on his head. In his right hand he bears a crowned statue of Victory, and in his left a sceptre of exquisite workmanship, bearing an eagle perched on it. The sandals and robe of the god are of gold, and the robe is wrought with all sorts of animals and flowers, especially lilies. The throne is beautified with gold and precious stones, ivory and ebony, paintings of animals, and many sculptured figures, dancing Victories, and other appropriate subjects. The walls enclosing the throne are in part stained sky-blue, and in part painted with heroic and mythological scenes. There is lack of space for describing the wonderful beauty of the surroundings of this statue. Quintilian said that the artist seemed to have added reverence to religion itself, so nearly did the majesty of his work approach to that of the Divinity. The Eleans tell us that, when Phidias had completed his work, he begged of Jupiter himself to give some token of his approbation, if he was pleased with the statue, and that immediately the pavement was struck with a thunderbolt from the god. A brazen urn, set on that spot of the pavement as a memorial, was still there at the time of the visit of Pausanias.

Before this temple is the grove of wild olives which encloses the Olympic Stadium, — the scene of the sacred games. By the temple flows the river Alpheus. An oracle of Olympian Jupiter once spoke from this temple. It owed much of its wealth and magnificence to the celebration of the games, and, consequently, to the offerings and donations brought thither from all parts of Greece. There were at Olympia many temples of other deities, also, and buildings called Treasuries, erected by the various States, for the reception of presents they had vowed to Jupiter, as well as for the storing of the money which was to defray the expense of the solemn sacrifices paid at the time of the games. Pausanias gives a very long list of statues of gods and heroes, of Olympic conquerors, emperors, and kings, even of horses and chariots that had won in the race, that were standing at the time of his visit in the sacred enclosure about the temple, and in the grove of wild olives. Their number was countless, and their value inestimable. They were made of the richest materials, and by artists that have never since been equalled. It is very difficult, at the present day, to form any just idea of the magnificence of Olympia, of the pomp and splendor of the sacred games, which reflected their august and revered character upon those who won the crowns at the festival, and of the liberality and devotion of the Greeks in what related to their national glory and the worship of their gods.

The candidates for admission to these games were obliged to undergo a long and severe training in their gymnasiums at home, and afterward at Elis. The judges at home addressed an exhortation to those who were departing for Elis. They bade the candidates, if they had exercised themselves in a manner suitable to the dignity of the contest toward which they were looking, and were conscious of no action that could betray a slothful, cowardly, and ungenerous disposition, to proceed boldly; but, if not, to depart.

After their arrival in Olympia, at the opening of the games, a herald publicly proclaimed the names of all the candidates, with the exact number of competitors in each exercise. For a candidate to decline the combat after having declared himself a competitor, and having in that public manner defied his antagonists, was considered a kind of desertion worthy of disgrace and punishment.

Immediately after the herald had thus named over the candidates, who appeared and answered to their names, they were obliged to undergo an examination, consisting of the following questions: Were they freemen? Were they Grecians? Were their characters free from all infamous and immoral stains?

They judged that the fact of being a freeman ought to preserve those who valued such an estate from incurring, by any unworthy action, the punishment due to slaves. All irregular, corrupt, or fraudulent practices were deemed the fruit of servile minds.

On the point of nationality the Eleans were very scrupulous. Alexander the

Great entered himself as a candidate for the Olympian crown, but was objected to as being a Macedonian. No one was admitted who could not declare his father and mother, or on whose lineage rested the suspicion of a taint. Hence was derived the law requiring the candidates to enter, together with their own names, those of their fathers and their countries.

The last of the three questions we have mentioned was asked in the following manner: A herald, having proclaimed silence, laid his hand on the head of the candidate, and, leading him in that manner into the Stadium, demanded, in a loud voice, of the whole assembly, "Is there any one who can accuse this man of any crime? Is he a robber or a slave? Is he wicked or depraved in his life or morals?"

The candidate, having passed with honor this public inquiry into his life and character, was led to the altar of Jupiter, to swear that he would not be guilty of any fraud or indirect action, or any breach of the laws of the games. He swore, also, that during the past ten months he had performed all that was required to prepare himself to contend for the Olympic crown.

The candidate was led from the altar of his oath to the Stadium by his parents, countrymen, and masters of the gymnasium at home. His friends would not fail to encourage him to the combat by an earnest exhortation.

In the Stadium he was left entirely to himself, to stand or fall by his own merit. The hopes, fears, and excitement, however, of his relatives and friends, who sympathized eagerly with him in every turn and change of the combat, were allowed to break out into exhortations or applause. Whoever lost the crown had the consolation of having been judged worthy to contend for it. The honor of having striven for the victory abundantly outweighed the disgrace of losing it.

The conqueror's first reward, which was also the pledge of many following honors and privileges, was the crown of branches of wild olive.

To enhance the value of these chaplets, and render them worthy of these holy games, the Eleans claimed that the tree from which they were always taken had been brought to Olympia by Hercules, from the country of the Hyperboreans, — a people unknown to geographers, ancient or modern. As there were many plants of the same kind growing within the area sacred to Jupiter at Olympia, any one of which might lay claim to being the one brought thither by Hercules, all doubts had been obviated by the oracle, which had indicated to King Iphitus the veritable tree of Hercules. This tree was immediately enclosed by a wall, and was henceforth distinguished by the name of Calli-Stephanos, the Tree of the Crowns of Glory. It was put under the protection of certain nymphs, and an altar was erected to them, near the consecrated plant.

The crowns and branches of palm which the conquerors received with the crowns, and carried as emblems of the unconquerable vigor of their minds and bodies, were exposed to view upon a tripod, and were set before the contestants to excite their emulation.

Many pleasing testimonials from friends and spectators attended the victories, and were received before the award of the crown. Such were the acclamations and applause of the vast assembly, the warm congratulations of friends, and even the extorted salutations of the opponents and conquered. These broke out immediately upon the victory, and were as balm to their wounds and cordial to their toils, and enabled them to wait with patience, — perhaps many an hour, — after a hardly won battle, standing in the Stadium naked and exposed to the rays of the sun, before receiving the crown.

For, although they were entitled to receive the crown and palm at once, they were supposed to have waited till noon for the award, or, if they had won after the rest and refreshment taken at noon, their crowns were not received till evening.

The giving of the crown was attended with a great deal of solemn ceremony. The conquerors marched in order to the Tribunal of Judges, where a herald, taking the crowns of olive from the tripod, placed one on the head of each of the conquerors, and, giving into their hands branches of palm, led them, thus adorned, along the Stadium, preceded by trumpets, proclaiming also, with a loud voice, their names, the names of their fathers and their countries, and the exercise in which each had gained the victory. As they passed along the Stadium they were again saluted with acclamations, and with a shower of herbs and flowers poured on them from every side.

The last duty performed by the conqueror at Olympia was the payment of sacrifice to the twelve gods, and especially

to Olympian Jupiter. The sacrifices were performed with so much magnificence as frequently to feast the whole assembled multitude. The conquerors were also sometimes feasted by their friends, or by the Eleans themselves, who had a banqueting hall for that purpose in Olympia. At these entertainments were sung by a chorus, accompanied with musical instruments and alternate dancing, odes composed for the occasion in honor of the hero. Every conqueror, however, was not so fortunate as to count a poet among his friends; nor had every one the means of buying an ode, upon which the poets set a very high price. There is a story that the friends of Pytheas, a conqueror, came to Pindar, desiring him to compose an ode upon the occasion. But the poet demanded so large a sum of money that they told him they preferred for that sum to erect a statue of brass to their friend, rather than to purchase a copy of verses; and they left the poet. But they soon changed their opinion, and, returning to Pindar, paid him his price. Pindar began his ode by setting forth that he was no sculptor, no maker of images which could not stir from their pedestals, and which were to be seen only by those who took pains to go to the place where they were erected; but that he could make a poem which should fly over the whole earth, and publish in every place that Pytheas had won the crown. Pindar thus expressed for poetry the same preference given by the friends of Pytheas, and the ode still sings the hero's praises.

To perpetuate the glory of the victory the name of the conqueror was entered on a register, which was never to be destroyed. The name of an especially distinguished conqueror was often used to designate the Olympiad from the day of his victory.

The last honor granted to the conqueror at Olympia was the erection of his statue in the sacred grove of Jupiter. They were restrained from indulging their vanity by any misrepresentation of the size, shape, or comeliness of their bodies. The examination of the statues was as exact as that of the candidates themselves, and if they were found offending against the truth, in any particular, they were thrown down. It was customary with the conquerors to represent in their statues the attitudes, costumes, or implements with which they had gained the crown. Thus, the statue of Sadas, a racer, made by Myron, was formed in the very action of running, and not only expressed the attitude of the body, but of the mind also, with its hope, expectation, and joy, in so lively a manner, that a Greek poet, in a beautiful epigram descriptive of it, declared that it was already leaping from the pedestal to seize the crown.

But the conquerors were not always content to consecrate themselves only in this manner to Fame and Jupiter; they sometimes set up statues of their charioteers, and even of their horses; and sometimes they dedicated and left in the sacred grove the very gilded chariots in which they had won the race.

Having left Olympia, and entered his own country, the conqueror found still more honors, privileges, and rewards awaiting him. The public honors paid him on his entrance to his own city were very great, equalling in glory and in pomp the ceremonies of a Roman Triumph, which, doubtless, was derived in its origin from the splendid entries of these victors into their cities. It was customary that a part of the city wall should be thrown down, and that the victor should enter through the breach. By this ceremony it was signified that a city inhabited by men who could thus go forth and overcome, had little need of walls. The hero entered in a splendid chariot, drawn by four horses, attended by a great multitude of his fellow-citizens, as many of whom as possible rode also in chariots, drawn each by two white horses. The conqueror wore purple or scarlet garments, richly embroidered with gold. Before him marched heralds, bearing the crowns he had won, and proclaiming the nature of his victories. Lighted lamps were borne, before him; the whole city wore crowns and ribbons; and, as the hero passed through the streets, herbs, leaves, flowers, garlands, and ribbons were cast to the ground before him, while the multitude hailed him with shouts.

The whole triumphal cavalcade formed a religious procession, leading to the temple, and ending in sacrifices of thanksgiving.

All these honors and privileges serve to show the high opinion entertained by the Greeks of the utility of gymnastic exercises. They believed such exercises to be highly useful to war, as tending to increase the strength and agility of the body. The principal object of each of the petty States into which Greece was divided was to make as large as possible the number of men able to be brought into the field in

case of need. No one was exempted from serving his country in war, and every man of free condition was trained from his youth in such a manner as to best fit him for such service; that is, in learning and practising gymnastic exercises. This care to render their bodies healthy and robust was even carried to an evil excess. They came at length, in some instances, to mistake the means for the end. By overrating the victories won at the public games, and rewarding the conquerors with greater honors than were reasonably due, they at length caused the victories to appear to many as the true objects of their ambition. Instead of becoming good soldiers, many were only eminent athletes. The crowns, at first intended to be won only by qualities that should be, at the same time, of the greatest value to the country, at length fell most frequently into the hands of men unfit for military duty, and devoted to athletics alone as a profession. Any man of noble spirit disdained to enter the lists with a professed prize-fighter. Thus, to quote from Pindar, the Greeks, neglecting the mark, and aiming to cast their arrow too far, overstrained and broke the bow.

The term *athletic* was applied by the Greeks to that exaggeration of their beloved gymnastics into a profession, which they regarded with strong, high-bred contempt. The Greeks were ordinarily fond enough of lucre; but to their credit be it said, that money prizes were far beneath the dignity of their national games. These were all crown contests. At the Isthmian games the crowns were of pine leaves, the Nemean crown was of parsley, and the Pythian crown of bay. When the Sybarites tried to establish games in opposition to these, offering golden crowns as prizes, they failed miserably, and brought on themselves the scorn of the nation. By the meanness of their prizes the Greeks were given to understand that praise and glory were the proper rewards of worthy actions. That a service to the State should be repaid by what has no intrinsic value, but is merely an emblem and evidence of the good deed, and thus entitles one to the esteem and applause of his fellow-citizens, is a most efficient means of influence to any State. How powerful an incentive the love of glory is must be seen by every noble mind, by the inward light of its own native virtue; but it must be constantly enforced by education and example upon narrow and low minds.

The close alliance of the arts of poetry and sculpture with the national games secured an æsthetic education of the highest kind to the whole people. We cannot avoid a deep regret that our physical exercises are so comparatively separated from the higher influences. A purse, or a medal, or badge of great value, is far more vaunted and valued than some prize of modest expense, but of great honor, and either embodying or bringing with it great artistic value. Any one who throws influence in the opposite scale, and endeavors to make mercenary and vulgar motives give place to a genuine love of honor and of the beautiful in art, is doing a much-needed service to the public mind. We are too mercenary and devoid of ideality. In some few instances, however, we have had prizes offered that, for taste, emblematic significance, and appropriateness, we may feel proud of. We might mention yachting, canoeing, and gunning prizes which are unique, and have true artistic expression. Mr. L. S. Ipsen is one of our most successful artists in seizing that subtle essence which makes a prize special and artistic. He succeeds in infusing the masculine elements of the old Norse and Celtic trophies into the more softened and graceful products of Greek art.

We commonly neglect another means of influence of which the Greeks made full use. For success in gymnastic or athletic pursuits of any kind we are, in the nature of the case, as much obliged as they were to observe sobriety and temperance in every respect in order to secure success. These must, of course, contribute greatly to our health and vigor of body and mind. But, further than these necessary virtues are concerned, athletic exercises have nothing to do with our moral characters. But we must remember that the Greeks admitted no one to contend for the crown, however otherwise well qualified to win it, who was guilty of any crime, or depraved in morals. And it was not sufficient for the candidate himself to have a character free from any scandalous imputation, unless he could also clear those of his parents and ancestors. Thus, a spot on the reputation was not a thing that would fade out or be overlooked in a few years, but became a family disgrace and sorrow.

This influence in favor of strict morality was very wide. There were in Greece four sacred games, and innumerable others, of the same nature, in every town and city, whose prizes were all honorable. Consequently many families in every

Grecian State were for ages kept sober, temperate, and chaste, by an ambition which must have been almost universal.

Pindar expressed the desire of many in the following lines: —

"Some pray for gold, others for land without limit. Never, O Zeus, be such a disposition mine! but may I adhere to guileless ways of life, that when I am dead I may attach to my children a name that is not of evil report."

H. H. M.

A SALT BREEZE.

WHEN one first catches the smell of the sea, his lungs seem involuntarily to expand the same as they do when he steps into the open air after long confinement in-doors. On the beach he is simply emerging into a larger and more primitive out-of-doors. The walls of his earthly house are taken down, and there before him is aboriginal space, and the breath of it thrills and dilates his body. He stands at the open door of the continent and eagerly drinks the large air. This breeze savors of the original element; it is a breath out of the morning of the world, bitter, but so fresh and tonic! He has taken salt grossly and at second-hand all his days; now let him inhale it at the fountain-head, and let its impalpable crystals penetrate his spirit and prick and chafe him into new activity.

We Americans are great eaters of salt, probably the largest eaters of salt and drinkers of water of any of the civilized peoples; the amount of the former consumed annually *per capita* being more than double the amount consumed in England and on the Continent; and the quantity of water (with ice in it) we drink is in still greater proportions. Our dry climate calls for the water, and probably our nervous, dyspeptic tendencies for the salt. Hence our need, as a people, of that great tonic and sedative, the sea-shore. In Biblical times, new-born babies were rubbed with salt. I suppose it stimulated them and quickened their circulation. American babes are not thus rubbed, and there comes a time with most of us when we feel that the operation cannot be put off any longer, and we rush down to the sea to have the service performed by the old nurse herself, and the pores of both mind and body well cleansed and opened.

Nothing about the sea is more impressive than its ceaseless rocking. Without either wind or tide, it would probably be restless and oscillating, because it registers and passes along the fluctuations of the earthy crust. The solid ground is only relatively solid. The scientists, under the direction of the British Association, who sought to determine the influence of the moon upon the earth's crust, found, as soon as their instruments were delicate enough to register the influence of that body, many other agencies at work. They could find no really solid spot to plant their instruments upon. Thus, over the area of a high barometer, the earth's crust bent beneath the weight of the column of air. At sea the waters are pressed down. The waves of the atmospheric ocean, as they sweep around the earth in vast alternations, cause both land and water to rise and fall as beneath the tread of some striding Colossus. This unequal barometric pressure over the Atlantic area would, doubtless, of itself keep its equilibrium perpetually disturbed. Thus, "the cradle endlessly rocking" of which our poet sings, is not only bestrode by the winds and swung by the punctual hand of the tides, but the fairest summer weather gives it a nudge, and the bending floor beneath it contributes an impulse. Its rocking is secured beyond peradventure. Darwin seems to think it is the cradle where the primordial life of the globe had its infancy. Whether or not it rocked man, or the germ of man, into being, there can be little doubt that it will continue to rock after he and all things else are wrapped in the final sleep.

Its grandest swing, I found during a couple of weeks' sojurn upon the coast, is often upon a fair day. Local winds and storms make it spiteful and angry. They break up and scatter the waves; but some quiet morning you saunter down to the beach and find the sea beating its long roll. The waves run parallel to the shore and come in with great regularity and deliberation, falling upon it in a succession of

long low cataracts, and you realize the force of the Homeric epithet, "the far-resounding sea." It is a sort of prostrate Niagara expiring in intermittent torrents. Often there is a marked explosion from the compression of the air in the hollow cylinder of the curling wave. These long swells are of the character of those which in the Hudson follow the passage of one of the great steamers, — large-measured, uniform. Something here has passed, probably a cyclone far at sea; and these breakers, with their epic swing, are the echo of its retreating footsteps.

Nothing is more singular and unexpected to the landsman than the combing of the waves, a momentary perpendicular or incurving wall of water, a few yards from shore, with other water spilling or pouring over it as over a mill-dam, thus exhibiting for an instant a clear, perfectly-formed cataract. But instantly the wall crumbles, or is crushed down, and in place of it there is a wild caldron of foaming, boiling water and sand.

There seems to be something more cosmic, or shall I say astronomic, in the sea than in the shore. Here you behold the round back of the globe; the lines are planetary. You feel that here is the true surface of the sphere, the curving, delicate sides of this huge bubble. On the land, amid the wrinkles of the hills, you have place, fixedness, locality, a nook in the chimney-corner; but, upon the sea, you are literally adrift; place is not, boundaries are not, space is vacant. You are upon the smooth disc of the planet, like a man bestriding the moon. Under your feet runs the line of the earth's rotundity, and round about you the same curve bounds your vision.

Then the sea brings us nearer that time when the earth was without form and void, — a vast, shoreless, and therefore, voiceless sea. You look upon the youth of the world; there is no age, no change, no decay here. It is older than the continents, and, in a measure, their creator. That it should devour them again, like Saturn his children, only adds to our sense of its mystery and power.

The sea is another firmament. The land is fugitive; it abides not. Vast areas have been scalped by the winds and the rains; but the sea, whose law is mutation, changes not; type of fickleness and instability; yet the granite crumbles, and it remains the same. The semicircle that bounds your view seaward, and that travels with you along the beach, a vast, liquid crescent or half-moon, upon tne inner, jagged edge of which you stand, is the type of that which changes not, which neither ends nor begins, and into which all form and all being merge.

This is a part of the vague fascination of the shore: 'tis the boundary of two worlds. With your feet upon the present, you confront aboriginal time and space. If we could reach the point in the horizon where the earth and sky meet we might find the same fascination there. In the absence of this the best substitute is the beach.

We seem to breathe a larger air on the coast. It is the place for large types, large thoughts. 'Tis not farms, or a township, we see now, but God's own domain. Possession, ownership, civilization, boundary lines cease, and there within reach is a clear page of terrestrial space as unmarred and as unmarrable as if plucked from the sidereal heavens.

How inviting and adventurous the ships look, dropping behind the rim of the horizon, or gently blown along its edge, their yard-arms pointing to all quarters of the globe! Mystery, adventure, the promise of unknown lands, beckon to us from the full-rigged ships. One does not see them come or depart; they dawn upon him like his own thoughts, some dim and shadowy, just hovering on the verge of consciousness, others white and full, a solace to the eye. But, presently, while you ponder, they are gone, or else vaguely notch the horizon line. Illusion, enchantment, hover over the sail-ships. They have the charm of the ancient world of fable and romance. They are blown by Homeric winds. They are a survival from the remotest times. But yonder comes a black steam-ship, cutting across this enchanted circle in defiance of wind and tide; this is the modern world snubbing and dispelling our illusions, and putting our poets to flight.

But the veritable oceanic brine there before one, the continental, primordial, original, liquid, the hoary, eternal sea itself, — what can a lover of fields and woods make of it? None of the charms or solacements of birds and flowers here, or of rural sights and sounds; no repose, no plaintiveness, no dumb companionship, but a spirit threatening, hungering, remorseless, decoying, fascinating, serpentine, rebelling and forever rebelling against the fiat, "Thus far shalt thou come and no farther." The voice of the sea is unlike any other sound in nature; more riant and chafing than any

roar of woods or storms. One never ceases to hear the briny rimy weltering quality, — it is salt to the ear no less than to the smell. One fancies he hears the friction and clashing of the invisible crystals. A shooting avalanche of snow might have this frosty, beaded, anfractuous sound. The sands and pebbles and broken shells have something to do with it; but without these that threatening, serrated edge remains, — the grainy, saline voice of the sea.

'Tis a pity the fabulous sea-serpent is not a reality. The sea seems to imply such a monster, swimming as a leach swims, with vertical undulations, splitting the waves, or reposing across them in vast scaly coils. There is something in the sea that fills the imagination of men with the image of these things. The sea-serpent will always be seen by somebody, because the sea itself is serpentine, — a writhing, crawling, crested, glistening saurian with the globe in its embrace. How it rises up and darts upon you! In storms, its breath blackens and blights the shore vegetation; it devours the beach and disgorges it again, and piles the shore with foam, like masses of unwashed wool. Often a hissing sibilant sound seems to issue from under the edge of the bursting wave. Then that ever-recurring rustle calls up a vision of some scaly monster uncoiling or measuring its length upon the sands. They told me of two girls, in bathing-suits, sitting upon the beach, where the waves, which were running very high, reached them with only their laced and embroidered edges; then, as if it had been getting ready for a spring, a huge wave rushed up and snatched them both into the sea, and they were drowned. In a few days the body of one was cast up, but the other was never seen again. Such fawning, such treachery, are in the waves.

The sea shifts its pillow like an uneasy sleeper. The contour of the beach is seldom two days alike; that round, smooth bolster of sand is at times very prominent. The waves stroke and caress it and slide their delicate sea-draperies over it, as if they were indeed making their bed. When you walk there again it is gone, carried down under the waves, and the beach is low and naked.

Both the sight and the sound of the waves fill the mind with images. One thinks of rockets, windrows, embroideries.

At times the waves reminded me of fleet but blind runners, that one after another stumbled and fell upon the beach. Their feet unexpectedly strike the sands and over they go, their dissolving prostrate forms reaching and clutching at the shore. There is an outward push or impulse, and then suddenly an inward resistance from the resurging water and the shoaling shore; the seaward impulse prevails, when over they go, and dissolve upon the beach. Sometimes the waves look like revolving cylindrical knives, carving the coast. Then they thrust up their thin, crescent-shaped edges, like reapers reaping only shells and sand; yet one seems to hear the hiss of a great sickle, the crackle of stubble, the rustle of sheaves, and the screening of grain. Then again there is mimic thunder as the waves burst, followed by a sound like the down-pouring of torrents of rain. How it shovels the sand and sifts and washes it forever! Every particle of silt goes seaward; it is the earth-pollen with which the sunken floors of the sea are deeply covered. What material for future continents, new worlds and new peoples, are hoarded within its sunless depths! How Darwin longed to read the sealed book, of the earth's history, that lies buried beneath the sea! He thought it probable that the first continents were there; that the areas of elevation and of subsidence had changed places in the remote past.

Turning over the collections of sea-poetry in the libraries, 'tis rare enough to find a line or a stanza with the real savor of the shore in it. 'Tis mostly fresh-water poetry, very pretty, often spirited and frothy, but seldom gritty, saline, and elemental. That bearded, bristling savage quality of the sea, to which I have referred, you shall hardly find hinted at, except, perhaps, in Whitman, who is usually ignored in these anthologies. Tennyson's touches, as here and there in "Sea-dreams," always satisfy, and one chafes that Shakespeare should have left so little on the subject.

The poets make a dead set at the vastness, power, and terror of the sea, and take their fill of these aspects of it. 'Tis an easy theme, and soon wearies. We crave the verse that shall give us the taste of the salt spray upon our lips. Bryant's hymn to the sea is noble and stately, but it is only his forest hymn shifted to the shore. It touches the same chords. It has no marine quality or atmosphere. The bitterness and the sweetness of the sea, as of a celestial dragon devouring and purifying, are not in it. The poet wings his lofty

flight above sea and shore alike. When Emerson sings of the sea, there is more savor, more tonic air, a closer and stronger hold upon the subject; but even he takes refuge in the vastness of his theme and speaks through the imperial voice of the sea: —

"I heard, or seemed to hear, the chiding sea
Say, Pilgrim, why so late and slow to come?
Am I not always here, thy summer home?
Is not my voice thy music, morn and eve,
My breath thy healthful climate in the heats,
My touch thy antidote, my bay thy bath?
Was ever building like my terraces?
Was ever couch magnificent as mine?"

There are strong lines in Rossetti's "Sea Limits," but, like the others, it is a far-off idealization of the subject, and does not bring one nearer the sea.

There are occasionally good descriptive lines in Miller, as

"I crossed the hilly sea,"

And again, —

"The ships, black-bellied, climb the sea."

There is something fresh and inviting in this comparison:

"As pure as sea-washed sands."

But when he places old Neptune on the anxious bench, as follows: —

"Behold the ocean on the beach
Kneel lowly down as if in prayer,
I hear a moan as of despair,
While far at sea do toss and reach
Some things so like white pleading hands,"

one has serious qualms.

The breakers usually suggest to the poets rearing and plunging steeds, as in Arnold:

"Now the wild white horses play,
Champ and chafe and toss in the spray,"

and Stedman's spirited poem, "Surf," makes use of the same image. Byron, in "Childe Harold," lays his hand upon the "mane" of the ocean. Whitman, recalling the shapes and sounds of the shore by moonlight, startles the imagination with this line: —

"The white arms out in the breakers tirelessly tossing."

One of our poets — Taylor, I think — has applied the epithet "chameleon" to the sea, — "the Chameleon sea," — which fits well, for the sea takes on all hues and tints. To the genial autocrat the sea is "feline" and treacherous, something of the crouching and leaping tiger in it. The poet of "The New Day," as a foil to his love and admiration for it, calls it "the accursed sea." There is sea-salt in Whitman's poetry, strongly realistic epithets and phrases, that had their birth upon the shore, and that perpetually recur to one as he saunters on the beach. He uses the word "rustling" and the phrase "hoarse and sibilant" to describe the sound of the waves. "The husky-voiced sea" expresses the saline quality to which I have referred: —

"Sea of stretch'd ground-swells,
Sea breathing broad and convulsive breaths,
Sea of the brine of life, and of unshovell'd yet always ready graves,
Howler and scooper of storms, capricious and dainty sea,
I am integral with you; I too am of one phase and of all phases."

"Oh, madly the sea pushes upon the land,
With love, with love."

All such lines savor of the beach.

Whitman is essentially of the shore; his bearded, aboriginal quality, something in his words that smite and chafe, a tonic like salt-air, not sweet, but dilating; his irregular, flowing, repeating, elliptical lines; his sense of space and constant reference to the earth and the orbs as standards and symbols. His poems are rarely architectural or sculpturesque, either to the eye or mind; no carving and shaping for merely art's sake; but floating, drifting, surging masses of concrete events and images, more or less nebular, protoplasmic, and preliminary, but always potent and alive, and full of the salt of the earth, holding in solution as no other poet does his times and country. Probably the most fluid of all poets, the least hardness and fixedness, the most broadcast, receptive, assimilative, and all-embracing. We may sigh for more of what is called "form," more selection and abridgment, but the want of these are more than compensated for by the flowing, lifting, multitudinous character of his poems, and the rare pearls and gems his rude sentences now and then cast up. There is plenty in him to find fault with and to reject with scorn, but he begets activity within you; there is no indifference; you brace yourself against him, and this is as much a part of his plan as that you should accept him. Little cares he; he has set the current going; he has secured his main point; you hate him, if you do not love him; but his words chafe and murmur at your ears. Indeed, the angry and scornful opposition to him seems like a part of his poems, which are not for pleasure and acquies-

cence merely, but to arouse, break up, and beget motion and power. No man or woman is ever the same after reading Whitman; things, events, persons, circumstances, fortune, pinches them less, there is more room in the world to them.

The sea is the great purifier and equalizer of climes, the great cancellor, leveller, distributor, neutralizer, and sponge of oblivion. What a cemetery, and yet what healing in its breath! What a desert, and yet what plenty in its depths! How destructive, and yet the continents are its handiwork.

"Sea, full of food, the nourisher of kinds,
Purger of earth, and medicine of men."

And yet famine and thirst, dismay and death, stalk the wave. Contradictory, multitudinous sea! the despoiler and yet the renewer; barren as a rock, yet as fruitful as a field; old as Time, and young as to-day; merciless as Fate, and tender as Love; the fountain of all waters, yet mocking its victims with the most horrible thirst; smiting like a hammer, and caressing like a lady's palm; falling upon the shore like a wall of rock, then creeping up the sands as with the rustle of an infant's drapery; cesspool of the continents, yet "creating a sweet clime by its breath"; pit of terrors, gulf of despair, caldron of hell, yet health, power, beauty, enchantment dwell forever with the sea.

John Burroughs.

THE COMING OF THE NEW YEAR.

How does the sylvan year begin
  In woodlands gray and old?
Oh, icy winter shuts it in,
  And laps it round with cold!
    Then tarry yet a little, hasty year!
      For, prithee, what of promise would you find?
        Empty branches, wrenched asunder,
        Muffled winds in mellow thunder,
      And the sap flowing slower in the rind, —
      Slow, slow lagging in the rind!

How does the sylvan year begin
  By hill and pasture dun?
Their snowy billows glimmer in
  The red light of the sun!
    Oh, tarry yet a little, happy year!
      What of pledge, what of promise would you find?
        Lonely marshes, pale and sallow,
        Windy field and frozen fallow,
      And the earth unrelenting to her kind, —
      A hard, hard mother to her kind!

How does the sylvan year begin
  While yet the suns are brief?
The pledge of spring is folded in
  The embryonic leaf!
    Then come, for we wait you, joyful year,
      And the life of the future you shall find!
        Burrowing creatures without number,
        Heavy in Arcadian slumber,
      And the sowing of the forest on the wind —
      The seed of the birches on the wind!

Dora Read Goodale.

SUMMER SWEETHEARTS.[1]

By MAURICE THOMPSON, author of "The Witchery of Archery," "A Tallahassee Girl," "His Second Campaign," "Poems of Fairweather," etc.

CHAPTER I.

AN artist, sitting in a rather dingy studio, in New York, read the following letter addressed to himself: —

CEDAR SPRINGS, May 3d.

DEAR LONGLEY: — I have been putting off writing to you until at last I have something on my mind which I wish I could say orally. This is a delightful place, after all, a place that grows on one. It is a new pocket, choke-full of interesting things, charming things, — beings, maidens, girls, — four or five of them; do you comprehend? I am getting better all the time, which makes me buoyant and ready to gild things; but this secluded cove is a happy place, and I wish you were here for the warm season. Let me describe: First, imagine me, a very interesting invalid, in the care of my mother, snugly stowed away in a pretty brown cottage, among old gnarled trees, about half-way up a wild hill, overlooking the village and a little lake. We have servants and a carriage. A beautiful road zigzags down to the hotel and the magnetic springs. A really picturesque church, set in the midst of a grove of maples, lifts its square sandstone tower against an undulating background of forest. From my window I can see the little shell of a steamer that plies about the lake. Sail-boats of different sizes and kinds are blown here and there on the gently swelling water. Among the hills above us crooked country roads and mysterious paths lead through umbrageous depths to pasture fields and to rustic homes, where, I suspect, live lasses who milk the cows that I see leisurely browsing in the fence corners.

The softest breezes blow off the lake; the sweetest wild-flowers grow in the woods; birds sing everywhere, and the sunshine has in it a smack, so to speak, of something deliciously invigorating.

There is but one cottage more pretentious than our own in the pocket; much more pretentious it is, too. In fact, it is a spacious affair, inhabited by the Lamars, a family of Georgians, from Augusta, I think, who took it a week or so ago. Of this family, however, I am not prepared to say much, having seen but one of its members, a tall, blue-eyed girl, whose willowy form and Greek profile disturb my season of sleep. She's a real beauty; not older than seventeen, both girlish and womanly, just arrived at that mysterious, indescribable stage of development which fills full the measure of a summer sweetheart! I must repress myself in speaking of her, lest you mistake me. You know I do not readily "slop over." I am not stricken or infatuated; I am simply giving you a bit of news when I say she is the sweetest and most beautiful girl I ever saw. You know how things stand with me. I am out of the rosy ring. But I thought of you as soon as I saw her; that is, as soon as I could rub the glamour from my eyes. I am going to make her acquaintance, and then I'll write more about her. So wait.

This place has been for some years a quiet summer resort; but lately the discovery of magnetic properties in the water of its springs has given it the reputation of a cure-all.

Old Mr. Lamar, the head of the family at the big cottage, is here to get relief from threatened paralysis. The hotel has but three or four boarders now; but when the hot season sets in it will be full, so they say.

I wish I could describe Miss Lamar to you, just as I saw her last; but I shall not try it. No doubt you will wonder at my making such ado about her; but if ever you see her you will understand.

A delightful character lives up in the wood above us. He's a harmless madman they say, — a monomaniac on the subject of natural history, or, rather, ornithology. His house is a mossy old place, crammed full of all kinds of curious things, stuffed birds in particular, with dangerous-looking phials of arsenic, so the story goes, and queer taxidermist's implements scattered about amongst them. His wife is an invalid — there are so many invalids here, comparatively speaking — and their daughter is a gentle, reserved, quakerish young person, whose half-roguish gray eyes hint that she, too, would not be a bad summer sweetheart. She's a botanist, I suspect, as I frequently see her (I suppose it is) prowling around among the wild-flowers. She has wonderful hair; it is like nothing so much as moonshine, a waving mass of yellowish curls, which would cover her like a mist if left free. But I can't begin to give you half the picture of life at Cedar Springs. It is absolutely charming in every way and bids fair to be even more so when summer sets in.

Now, what I have written is merely prefatory to inviting and urging you to come and spend the summer with us. I have a splendid room for you, with a window towards the lake, a sloop-rigged boat twenty-four feet long and eight feet over, fishing tackle and guns, books no end, and all quantities of cigars. Here is a chance for an artist, an unworked field, so you need not be wholly idle. Then, too, I need you to help me get entirely well, and no doubt you need a change of air. Two or three months here will develop your genius, and fill you with a thousand fresh inspirations. Come, I emphasize and doubly accentuate it, come! My mother says come. Miss Lamar says come. The breezes say come. The drowsy hills and the rippling lake say come.

In good, sober, serious earnest, I do wish you would come. You can work here as well or better than you can where you are, and it surely will be good for you morally, mentally, and physically. I think you might make a delightful illustrated paper for the magazine while here. The materials are ready to hand. Please don't refuse me. I have my heart firmly set on your coming.

Faithfully your friend ever,

EDMOND NELVILLE.

Willis Longley allowed the letter to fall upon the table before him, and sat for a while musing. If he had been free to do as he liked he would have started to Cedar Springs at once. He was a poor, hard-working artist, whose chief means of subsistence was doing black and white work for a New York monthly illustrated magazine. Formerly he had been connected with an illustrated daily paper. He was beginning to feel ambitious in a literary

way, and had indulged in one or two ventures of an humble kind which had proved quite successful. Indeed, Mr. Oliver Mosely, the editor and proprietor of *Mosely's Magazine*, had been for some time watching the young man's course with a pleased eye, so to speak. Mosely was a shrewd, big, stalwart, almost fat man, unmarried and past forty, whose mission in life was to make a successful illustrated monthly magazine of literature and art. He was calling about him the most alert, vigorous, and progressive young *litterateurs* and artists of the country.

Coincidents are interesting; they are sometimes delightful. Longley was joyfully surprised a day or two later when he received a card from Mosely asking him if he could go to Cedar Springs and work up a good paper out of the scenery and local life of the place. Of course he could, and he very promptly replied to that effect. No school-boy to whom a holiday has been announced is more delighted than was the artist. It meant a great deal, this commission from Mosely. It meant a very sudden and flattering promotion. It was possibly the dawn of success. It was a long respite from uncongenial work, such as transferring to the block the designs of other artists more fortunate than himself. He smiled all the rest of the day.

He was a good-looking, if not a handsome fellow, as he sat there finishing, in a half perfunctory way, a distemper drawing on an oblong piece of white cardboard.

"Go at once, if you can," Mosely's note had said. He would go to-morrow, he answered.

He was broad-shouldered, rather short, round-limbed, active. His face was a happy, almost boyish one, albeit a heavy yellow mustache hid his mouth. His hair was light, inclined to curl; his eyes deep blue, his nose just the least inclined to turn up, and his cheeks really pink. You could be sure he was honest, kind-hearted, blunt, and unused to society. His whole appearance asserted as much, and more, — it insisted that he was almost wilful in his disposition, and a good hater of shams. He was dressed inexpensively in a well-fitting suit of gray tweed.

That night he indulged in dreams of green hills and trout brooks, sail-boats on a sweet, wild lake, country breezes, and all the delightful things connected with a month or two in the "pocket" described by his friend, Nelville.

The next morning he was off like a bird. He did not write to announce his coming; he simply gathered up his drawing materials, packed a large travelling bag, and went.

CHAPTER II.

THE showers of May sometimes come down very suddenly from clouds not at all threatening, and take unawares those whom the sunshine and balmy air have drawn forth on long rambles.

Mr. Edmond Nelville, being an invalid, and an experienced traveller as well, always went armed with a large umbrella. This was fortunate, and served him a turn which largely affected the whole of his subsequent life.

He was walking, with the slow pace of a man not sure of his strength, on the airy heights above the Lamar cottage, enjoying the balmy puffs of May wind and the beautiful scene below. The lake, colder-looking than any salt sea, grayish-blue, lay glittering almost wickedly in its deep, hill-rimmed basin, with but two small sails abroad on its bosom. The spring, a late-comer in this region, had just arrived; but it was wholly spring, without any after-taste of winter, or any foretaste of summer, to spoil its individuality. The frost was gone from the ground, the sap was up in the trees, the wind seemed to come from some dreamy place, the birds joined together in a medley of many-toned song.

On this particular day the sky, as if washed in with pale, bright blue overhead, and stippled with carmine and yellow about the horizon, presented a picture, streaked over with rapidly moving clouds of a neutral tint and doubtful texture, which might have warned a weather-wise man. But Nelville was not versed in the reading of signs, and did not dream of a shower. He was enjoying the landscape. In every direction were billowy woods interspersed with small farms. Below, the little town of Cedar Springs lay along the lake shore, a shining crescent of clean, new houses. The older buildings, those long antedating the building of the two railroads, hung higher up the slope among the hills. The summer hotel, with its tin roof and broad verandas, stood on the apex of a low, rocky knob, at whose base the springs bubbled out and ran together, forming a brooklet, which flowed down to the lake. Nelville sat down, now and then, on the mossy boulders scattered about the hill-top. Occasionally he stooped to pluck

a violet, or some other early-blooming flower.

A sooty freight-train, on one of the railroads, crashed along through a sinuous ravine, trailing a dismal cloud behind it. He watched two flickers chase each other round and round on a grassy plat. Their merry voices and gleaming gold-shafted wings pleased him. The clouds, flying across the sun, whisked their shadows over him, and the breeze fanned him lazily.

Something bright lying on the ground before him proved, when he had picked it up, to be a small volume of Tennyson, bearing on the fly-leaf, in a delicate hand: "Louise Lamar, Augusta, Ga."

So she comes up here, he thought, and, discovering a mark, he opened and read: —

"To pore and dote on yonder cloud
That rises upward, always higher,
And onward drags a laboring breast,
And topples round the dreary west
A looming bastion fringed with fire."

He sighed, and, closing the lids, looked about to see if the young lady was anywhere in sight. She was not. He toyed with the little book in an absent-minded way. His memory went back to a spot in Switzerland where he and Miss Sartain had sat, with the lake of Geneva far below them, while he read these very lines. Miss Sartain, there was his trouble. His ill health was, in fact, owing to Miss Sartain. The news of her marriage in Rome had hit him very hard. It had nearly killed him.

He stood there so wrapped in gloomy recollections that the light, rapid footfalls on the gravelly path near him did not arouse him until the walker, making a short turn around a tuft of maple bushes, suddenly stopped before him. Then he came back to himself as one starting out of sleep. Such a meeting might reasonably have caused some embarrassment, so sudden and unexpected was it to both; but it did not. Their eyes met for a moment, those of the young lady quickly falling upon the book in Nelville's hand.

He lifted his hat and said: —

"Is this yours? I picked it up yonder, by that old stump."

He half turned as indicating the direction of the place, holding his hat in one hand, the book in the other, his umbrella under his arm.

"Yes, thank you," she said, holding out a pretty hand for the book. "I also lost a glove."

"Ah, I did not see it," he replied. "I will show you where the book lay."

They walked back to the stump. The glove was there. He picked it up and handed it to her.

"Thank you," she said again, bending her beautiful head. Then she turned away from him and walked down the path towards the Lamar cottage.

Nelville looked after her, admiring the girlish litheness of her form and the perfect harmony of her dress. A sweetness and freshness seemed to hang about her like a morning atmosphere.

Just then, all of a sudden, the fickle gray clouds let fall a dash of big, pattering drops; another and thicker spurt, and then it began to rain in earnest, the shower making a great noise in the leaves and grass. Nelville threw up his spacious umbrella and ran after the retreating girl.

"Take this, please," he said, as he gained her side and held it over her.

She looked at him with her wide-open, child-like eyes and said: —

"It is quite large enough for both of us, isn't it?" Then she hesitated and added: "Perhaps, however, you are not going down this way?"

"Yes, I am," he quickly exclaimed. "It is the way to my home."

Another and more condensed dash of huge, glittering rain-drops. The girl daintily drew her skirts about her, and shrank close to Nelville, who felt a tender thrill creep through him. The wind blew the long ribbons of her hat against his shoulder. The faint perfume of the violets on her breast, the one floating strand of brown hair fluttering on her shoulder, and the inexpressible delicateness of her fair throat and chin, affected him strangely. But what was this? He felt a weakness — a giving down of all his powers; spots wavered before his eyes; he reeled, stretched out his hands and blindly felt for some support, clutching the empty air. He heard a sharp little cry, and then he fell, and was insensible. The exertion of running to overtake her had been too sudden a tax on his strength.

The girl looked down into his white, upturned face in overwhelming terror.

The rain was now pouring down in a heavy, slanting flood. She lifted the umbrella and held it over him, at the same time calling loudly for help, thinking him dead or dying. But he opened his eyes, and, lifting them to hers, murmured painfully: —

"Can you raise my head a little?"

She tried in vain. He was a slender man, but his head and shoulders were heavy. He struggled hard to help her, and finally fell back, gasping and powerless.

"Oh, dear, oh, dear! What can I do?" she cried, hopelessly looking about.

"Lift my head — my head," he whispered in a loud, hoarse way.

She tried again with all her might. This time she succeeded in getting his head upon her lap, and she sat there in the rain, holding it and dolefully calling for help. No one could hear her above the swash and roar of the shower. She could not hold his head and at the same time manage the umbrella, so the latter was abandoned. The rain soaked her clothing and poured down her neck.

Nelville closed his eyes and breathed heavily. His face seemed less pallid than at first; but he did not answer when she cried: —

"What must I do? — quick, tell me!" He merely shook his head in a helpless way.

The shower did not last longer than three minutes. It passed on, a gray, slanting, shadowy line from cloud to earth, touching the roofs of the village, and trailing across one end of the lake. The sun shone out, and lighted a sparkle in every drop on bough and grass-blade. Gusts of wind, heavy with the balmy coolness and dampness of the rain, swept the hill-top. The flickers chirped and twittered, picking and shaking themselves in the sunshine. An indigo bird sang gayly in a maple-bush.

The girl supported her burden with much difficulty, owing to the constrained position of her limbs; but she feared to leave him lest he should die before she could find assistance.

His was a handsome face, — rather too refinedly delicate of outline, — full of the winning, mesmeric force of what, for want of a better phrase, may be called gentlemanly beauty. She almost unconsciously noted this, and in some way it assisted her courage. But the minutes seemed hours. When help did come it was from a quarter entirely unexpected. Some sort of exclamatory phrase peculiarly masculine caused her to look up. A young man, quite a stranger to her, stood interrogatively staring alternately at her and at her burden. He was dressed in a well-fitting suit of gray tweed, and his face was full of astonishment. She spoke first.

"He has fainted; he is very ill," she said, in a quiet tone; "please lift his head. I think it will relieve him."

The new-comer acted promptly, lifting Nelville to a sitting posture without apparent effort, and, wiping his face with his handkerchief, spoke to him familiarly, almost tenderly.

"What is the matter, Nelville?

The invalid opened his eyes, and for a moment gazed in a bewildered manner at the speaker, then a flash of recognition spread over his features and he said, "Longley."

"Can you stand if I help you?"

"I am not sure; let me rest a minute, and I think I shall be all right. What a confounded dizziness!"

Longley looked anxiously about. The girl had disappeared.

"Who was she?" he said.

"Miss Lamar," replied Nelville. "Is she gone?"

Longley turned his eyes askance from point to point, as if half convinced that the young lady had been dissolved into sunshine or changed into an indigo-bird.

"She was here when I lifted you," he said; "but she's out of sight now. What could have become of her?"

Nelville smiled, and a better color came into his face as he said: —

"She's real flesh and blood, never fear. I feel the grip of her fingers still lingering about my shoulders and arms. Help me up now, and I'll try to go with you. What a beastly attack of vertigo that was! I never before was so stricken."

"How did it happen?" asked Longley.

Nelville explained the circumstances of the mishap as best he could, speaking languidly, with many gaspings and tremblings.

"Well, I must get you home by some means," said Longley. "Can you walk if I hold you so? No carriage or other vehicle can be brought up here."

"I think I can walk slowly, with your aid. Slowly, now, Longley; I'm as weak as water."

When they had proceeded a few steps down the path, Nelville thought to say: —

"How came you here, Longley?"

"Didn't you write for me to come?"

"Yes, but"—

"But you didn't dream I'd accept so promptly. I'll explain presently. Who's this coming?"

A slender, brown-visaged man, with a remarkably long mustache, was walking rapidly up the path meeting them, from the direction of the Lamar cottage. He had rather deep-set, brown eyes, a broad forehead, and a well-turned chin. His jaws were square and firm, rather flat and long from front to back. His hair was long, black, and curled over his rather narrow but strongly-set shoulders. As he came up he said: —

"My sister sent me to help you. Will you allow me?"

He took Nelville's other arm with a hand small as a woman's, but which closed like a vise. His feet were slender, high-arched, perfectly formed, and exquisitely shod. His dress suggested dandyism of that mild sort prevalent among young gentlemen of the South before the war.

When they reached the foot of the hill they found, near the Lamar cottage, a carriage in readiness, with a negro coachman to drive them whithersoever they would go.

Nelville was feeling much stronger, but it was, nevertheless, a genuine pleasure to find himself sinking back into the soft cushions.

Longley and the young stranger sat opposite him.

"Where shall I order you driven?" asked the latter.

"To the upper cottage, beyond the hotel," responded Nelville. "This is delightful. To whom am I indebted?"

"To my sister, mainly. My name is Lamar, Alden Lamar. This is our cottage here."

"Ah, she saved my life, — your sister, Miss Lamar. I fell in a sort of swoon, caused by a little sudden exertion in trying to overtake her and shelter her with my umbrella. She held up my head, or I am sure I should have died. She must have got wet, too. I hope nothing serious will come of it."

"You are Mr." —

"Nelville, beg pardon, Edmond Nelville, and this is my friend, Mr. Longley, of New York, — an artist."

"Well," said Lamar, cordially, "I shall be right glad of this adventure, if no worse effects come of it than making friends of you. I've been lonely since I came. It had begun to look as if I should have the lake and the steam yacht I've sent for all to myself; but now I hope I shall have you for company. I have often looked over at your cottage, Mr. Nelville, and wished I knew the inmates. It is such an inviting, beckoning sort of dwelling. One always indulges happy fancies about the people who inhabit such a delightful place. You are not married, Mr. Nelville?"

All this was said so freely and in such a kindly and friendly tone that it could not fail to have its effect.

"No," said Nelville, smiling; "my mother and I keep house at the cottage, and shall be very glad to have you make its acquaintance and cultivate a friendship for it and the household."

They soon reached the cottage. Nelville required the help of both his companions to get into the house. He was still very weak. His mother, a plump, dimpled-faced little woman, looking ten years younger than her real age, met them on the broad porch, evidently much excited about him, though she betrayed her feelings by no outburst. Her trouble looked out of her eyes and trembled in her voice when she quietly said: —

"How wet you are, Edmond! How did it happen? Have you been sailing? Did your boat capsize?"

She hurried him away to his room, where he could change his clothes.

Young Lamar left his card in the hall and departed, after a few pleasant words with Longley, who seemed quite at home.

CHAPTER III.

WHEN the little household at Nelville cottage met at dinner-table on the evening following the events of the preceding chapter, Nelville had nearly recovered from the effects of his mishap. His physician had visited him and assured him that his attack had nothing alarming in it, had given him a mild opiate and sent him to sleep. Now he was looking cheerful and comfortable.

"I almost regretted finding Nelville up yonder this morning," said Longley to Mrs. Nelville. "In fact, I feel sure it was the meanest blunder of my life. If I were lying with my head in the lap of a beautiful girl, who clung to me and would not let me go, I don't know how I ever could forgive the man who should rescue me. It was a scene I shall never forget. I came here first, you know," turning to Nelville, "and finding that you had gone for a walk, went out to look for you. When the shower began I took shelter under a tree. I heard Miss Lamar calling; I am

sure of it now; but I thought it was a lamb bleating. When the rain ceased I followed the path and came upon you. What do you suppose was the first thing I thought of? It was a verse from that silly song, 'Courting in the rain'; and the next thing was something you said in your letter about a summer sweetheart."

"If you used your eyes to any purpose," said Nelville, "you discovered that I did not tell the half of this summer sweetheart's loveliness. We'll make her acquaintance now; the ice is broken, even if I did come near drowning along with her in making the breach."

"Does she resemble her brother?" said Mrs. Nelville.

"Oh, no; she's fair and blue-eyed," replied Longley, "and a great deal more beautiful."

"The young man strikes me as being a trifle fanciful in his make-up; but he's Southern, you know," said Melville.

"Well, he's a poet, and has the divine right to be fanciful," remarked the widow.

"Oh, of course; I did not mean to be critical; you know how liberal I am. He's handsome, after all, and I dare say he is a good and noble man. But how do you know he is a poet?"

"I saw in the paper, yesterday, that 'Mr. Alden Lamar, the brilliant Southern poet, is sojourning at Cedar Springs, where his father has a superb cottage,' or something of the sort."

"There!" cried Longley, "I knew his name was as familiar as my own. Why didn't I think? Alden Lamar is a genius; and, by the way, I illustrated his last poem in *Mosely's Magazine*."

"You know I am not much given to reading poetry, Tennyson's excepted," said Nelville; "consequently I did not know until lately there was such a poet. And he's a genius, you think."

"Yes, a muscular poet, a poetical gymnast, a singer of Charles Kingsley's sort of religion. His verses remind you all the time of dumb-bells draped with flowers. Push that sherry this way, and I'll drink to his health. He boxes, fences, rows, shoots, and swims equal to a professor of either sport, so accounts run."

"He looks very slender and sallow to be much of an athlete," said Nelville. "One might sooner suspect him of dyspepsia; but he did lift me about with surprising ease."

"His sallowness is sunburn and windtan, and his slenderness is roundness and compactness. I should take him for a very strong man. I never saw a springier step or clearer eyes. As soon as I saw him I knew he was no ordinary man.'

"Dear me," said Mrs. Nelville, "this begins to look as though Cedar Springs might be a place of wide note soon. A poet on one hand, an artist on the other; a heroine who saves my boy's life — God bless her! — and a wood-nymph, a real dryad, whom you have yet to see, Mr. Longley, and whose eyes and hair, so Edmond says, are of the kind William Morris rhymes about. The season opens with promise."

"Yes, I'm delighted," said Longley. "Nelville wrote me about these girls. I must get acquainted with them. I'm here for pleasure as well as profit. How must a fellow do to make friends with young ladies? You know I'm hopelessly benighted in social knowledge of a technical sort. I should like to have some description of what is expected of me and of what I am to expect of them. Your phrase, 'A summer sweetheart,' has got a good hold of me. I should like to have one, — one that would laugh me, sing me, talk me into a long dream, which would not end until the autumn frosts and winds drove us away to the city again."

"Well, you've seen her, — you have seen her this day," said Nelville. "Miss Lamar is just the girl to charm a man like you. She's as sweet and simple as she's high-bred and Southern."

"But what will you do if I steal your heroine?"

"I? You know too well how it is with me. I have no room left for a new love. The old one is dead, but its corpse keeps its place. I don't care to remove it." Nelville smiled, trying to be light, but his eyes would take on a far-away look, and his smile was plainly rooted in a sorrow.

"Yes," exclaimed Longley, "I know all about it — precisely all. I think you're going to die; but before that event happens I hope to torture you a great deal. Nagging a love-lorn invalid will be excellent summer sport, if I can find nothing better."

"Oh, prod away," said Nelville, "I'm used to it. Really, I'm beginning half-way to enjoy it. But you shall not have a clear field for carrying off Miss Lamar's favor; I've suddenly concluded you are not worthy of her. You may take the dryad for your summer sweetheart."

"Neither of you deserves the notice of a

good girl, especially one so noble and true as Miss Lamar," said Mrs. Nelville, making the preliminaries to rising from the table. "Your conversation is growing very light, indeed."

Longley assisted Nelville to rise, and together they went to a little room in a wing of the house. From the windows extensive views were outspread in three directions, comprising the lake, a long row of jagged hills, and a brushy lowland, where woodcock-shooting, in its season, was fine, each scene framed in a window, like a landscape panel.

The light of day was dying out of doors, and some candles had been lighted in the room; they flickered in the brass sconces, giving back glint for glint to the little flame on the hearth of the pretty fireplace. The nights were just cool enough to admit of a pretence of warming. Three or four good pictures, hung flat on the walls, some rich-colored rugs, four or five easy-chairs, a sofa, and a table, made up the furniture of this inviting den where Nelville did his growling.

"Here's the place that catches all my sighing and pining," said the host, stretching himself on the sofa and speaking as one jesting on a sacred subject. "In other words, I ruminate, chew my cud, do my smoking and remembering here."

Longley looked at his friend, and, in a half-earnest tone, said: —

"Nelville, I've a mind to lock that door and finish what your morning's adventure so promisingly began. A man of your possibilities ought to be guillotined whenever he begins to worry his head over an unsuccessful love affair."

Nelville was lighting a cigar, and remained silent for a time. At length, ejecting little blue puffs of smoke between phrases, he said: —

"My dear boy, you don't know what you're talking about. You are a novice advising an old stager. One of these days you may get a taste of gall. You may feel atrabilious yourself, all on account of a much slighter hurt than mine."

"All right," cried Longley, laughing outright. "A man who has battled against penury, and all but starvation, with all the cognate blue devils, may well laugh at Cupid's freaks and the fickleness of women. I'll take the chances. See if ever I get despondent and sick."

Nelville laughed despite his mood, and, letting go some rings of smoke and watching them float towards a window, said: —

"I'll try and find some way to test your wonderful trouble-proof qualities. I'll have you jilted, see if I don't!"

Longley's face was grimly self-complacent. He smiled as one who would rather like a sharp adventure of any sort, and would relish a bit of tragedy.

"Now, that sounds better, Nelville," he said, "as you grow bellicose you win my highest admiration. You wrote me truly; you are a very interesting invalid. I shall expect something to turn up if you keep in your present temper. Miss Lamar, — the name is liquid; how smoothly it slips from one's tongue!"

Longley walked back and forth. A little breeze ran across the room from window to window, shaking the candle-flames. The stars came out in the sky. Far off somewhere a big owl hooted dolefully. A cow-bell tinkled in the wood behind the cottage. The little town lay shining and sleeping on the margin of the lake.

CHAPTER IV.

For some days following his arrival at Cedar Springs, Longley was busily engaged in fitting up his studio in the Nelville cottage, and completing some work left over from his old Bohemian engagements, preparatory to beginning the labor assigned him by the editor of *Mosely's Magazine*.

In the meantime young Lamar called frequently to inquire after Nelville's health, distinguishing himself in the estimation of the widow as a charming fellow. He talked of foreign lands and out-of-the-way nooks he had visited; he had travelled a great deal. He sang beautifully, played the violin and guitar, his performances on the latter being unique. Something fanciful appeared in everything he did or said; but there was no oddity or grotesqueness about him, and he gained the esteem of every one who chanced to win his. The steam yacht he had sent for arrived. It was a miniature affair of great beauty, jaunty as a summer duck and as buoyant as a cork. It was soon afloat on the lake, and, of course, a trial trip must be made in it. The Nelville household were pressingly invited to be of the christening party. Longley excused himself, being overwhelmed with work and under the necessity of finishing his old scores at once; but he lent his influence in assisting Mrs. Nelville to make her son accept, and was successful.

So the Lamar and Nelville families me

on board the yacht on the morning of as superb a day as ever May brings to our northern latitude.

Colonel Lamar, the head of Lamar cottage, was a tall, slender, wiry man, some distance past his prime, whose head hung forward at the end of a long, slim neck, over a narrow, sunken chest, and whose deep-set, keen, gray eyes seemed perpetually laboring to avoid being extinguished by their shaggy, lowering brows. His forehead was an intellectual one, stamped with the old-time Southerner's lofty pride of character and family. His hair, cut extremely short, was almost snow-white; in fact, he was a strong type of that class in the South, who, before the war, were vast slave-owners, and who, since the war, have been at no trouble studying out the bearings of the new order of things. True, he had been lucky in mining investments in Colorado, and had made a million in some wheat-dealing at Chicago; but he could not feel at home in such things; they had in them a smack of shopkeeping and tradesfolk dickering. To him anything plebeian was distasteful. He was an aristocrat of the strongest Southern school. His wife — he had married her North — was younger and stronger, — more practical. She was rather stout, open-eyed, generous-faced, a good talker, — a woman to be feared by an evil-minded man, and admired by a pure-minded one. Her dress was very simple and elegant, her movements energetic, but always suggestive of good-breeding.

Nelville could but think, as he looked at Miss Louise Lamar standing between the colonel and his wife, how well protected she must be from the assaults of fortune-hunters. On one hand was caution, reserve, aristocratic conversation; on the other vigilance, worldly wisdom, and the unresting prudence of a highly cultivated and honorable woman. In the foreground, too, her brother appeared as a powerful picket-guard.

The young lady herself seemed to have grown up with a consciousness of some such security unobtrusively, but, nevertheless, clearly and constantly present in her mind. Her very beauty was complacent. Her deep, clear eyes, so like a child's, seemed all the time expressing in the tenderest way what the salients of a bastion indicate in the hardest way: I am impregnable; seize me who can. Unless my gates be unbarred from within, who can enter? Full of maidenly reserve, and rather inclined to listen more than to talk, she, nevertheless, bore about with her the peculiar power of vivacity which is really of greatest value to one who talks little and well.

Soon after the formalities of introducing to each other the households of the two cottages, Mr. Alden Lamar gave orders for the yacht to be put under way, and when it had swung free of the little pier, with tiny whiffs of steam leaping from its pipe, and with sundry throbbings and growlings in the engine-room, Nelville, still too weak to stand long, gladly went forward with Miss Lamar to a cushioned seat at the bow, leaving his mother and the rest grouped near the boat's centre.

"I have felt guilty of doing you a great harm," said Miss Lamar, after making some inquiries about his health, "and I shall not rest quite self-acquitted until you are well."

"Oh, you certainly needn't feel to blame; it was my own foolish over-exertion."

"But you made it in my behalf," she said, very gravely and sweetly, as a little girl might.

"Yes, but there was no need of my rushing at you as if" — he hesitated.

"As if I might melt in that little shower?" she suggested, with a smile in her eyes.

"If I had called to you," he said, with something of an invalid's way about him; "but I always choose the hardest way to do a thing. Running after you was the only thing I thought of."

"My brother declares that, in a like case, he should have cried, 'My dear young lady, come back here and I will share my umbrella with you!'" She said this in a manner not in the least suggestive of an attempt to say something amusing. She was stating a fact.

"If I had called after you in such terms, would you have come back?" Nelville asked.

"I could not have heard you," she replied; "the rain was making a great noise. I cried out just as loudly as I could, and no one heard me."

"I heard you," he said, "like some one calling in a dream, as if very far away."

The boat was now bowling along at great speed, cutting the little waves in two and dashing their foam so high that a few drops struck Nelville and Miss Lamar in the face, as if reminding them of the extreme lightness of their talk.

Nelville thought he had never seen a face so interesting or a form so full of supple ease and grace, as he furtively studied Miss Lamar's attitudes. She was quite different from the girls he had met everywhere. She was so self-possessed and yet so naïve and full of a childlike freshness and frankness.

At present she was leaning almost dangerously far over the railing, letting fall one by one the fragments of a card she had torn up. The yacht's rapid flight caused a strong current of air to flow along the deck, making her ribbons and the loose, pendant parts of her dress stream back snapping and rustling around him. Just the faintest perfume, white rose, perhaps, accompanied these fluttering bits of feminine adornment, and, as a word idly spoken will now and then awaken a whole troop of recollections, this mere hint of fragrance called up his controlling trouble with all its train of bitter attendants. His face darkened and his eyes grew clouded and listless. It was *her* favorite perfume. It never touched his sense without recalling memories of *her*. A man rarely takes a love-matter to heart. He usually tosses it aside as he would a failure in a business scheme. But Nelville was sorely hurt, and really felt his wound to be incurable. Love and war are much alike. It is a saying among soldiers that if a wounded man "strains to die" he rarely fails. Nelville was inclined to worry his wound.

While yet the gloomy look rested on his face his companion turned suddenly and fixed her clear eyes on his.

He came back to himself slowly. Switzerland was a long way off. Her look of inquiry, as she discovered his gloom, struck him, when his mind did right itself, as something more than inquiry; as if she might be half aware of his thoughts.

The yacht swept on over the bright lake, now slipping past a little island, now skirting a marshy shore, swinging around miniature promontories, and avoiding jagged reefs, frightening flocks of ducks into rustling flight and making the loons dive and scramble out of its way. Overhead, many wide-winged gulls hurried about in the mellow sunlight. Occasionally, as they passed the rocky shallows, they saw a belted halcyon flit by close enough to them to leave a whisper of delicate wing-feathers in their ears. The sky was incomparably soft; the air was laden with the grateful balm of spring.

Nelville and Miss Lamar had been talking a long while, disclosing to each other sketchy glimpses of what to both was, in some degree, a new world, when the rest of the party came forward and joined them.

The remainder of the trip was passed very pleasantly in general conversation, into which the gentlemen, by permission, injected the fragrance of Spanish tobacco.

Miss Lamar took little part in this; but sat and gazed into the water, her cheeks prettily flushed and her lips as red as cherries.

It was a delightful little voyage, ending soon enough to prevent even a twinge of fatigue, and leaving an enjoyable after-taste, so to speak, in the minds of all who participated in it.

After parting with the Lamars at the little pier, Nelville and his mother got into their carriage, which was waiting, and were driven home. On the way they were silent. At the cottage porch Mrs. Nelville turned to her son and said: —

"Edmond, as sure as you live, that girl loves you."

The young man lifted his eyebrows incredulously.

"You'll see," added his mother; "you know how well I guess, sometimes. I saw it in her eyes. It is love at first sight. Your little adventure" —

The blood mounted into the young man's cheeks, and he interrupted his mother: —

"If — if —" he said, confusedly, "if I thought you were guessing anywhere near the truth, I should feel in duty bound never to see her again. What ever put the thought into your head?"

"Oh, I don't know; I can't explicitly say; but I'm sure I am right, Edmond." Here she hesitated and looked wistfully at him. Then, in an appealing voice, she added: —

"My dear boy, she is worth a thousand Miss Sartains."

Nelville turned away and went to his room, where he sat down by a window and lighted a cigar. For a long while he puffed slowly and thought deeply. A little fever was in his blood, but it was not the same fever that he had carried so long; it was quite of another kind, albeit he did not clearly distinguish the difference.

Longley came in, but there was little talk between them. Nelville went to the sofa and pretended to sleep. He wished to indulge in what is usually called a "brown study."

[To be continued.]

HOW MR. CONDOR AND MISS WEALTHY SETTLED IT.

BY PRESIDENT BATES.

WHEN the bicycle club, and the bicycle club ladies, filed in through the door of the church basement, — each one depositing ten cents with the treasurer as they passed, — the hilarity of the sewing-circle was already at its usual height. That is to say, Miss Smithers was just leading off with the hymn, sung to the tune of "Dunbar," with one of the other ladies presiding at the parlor-organ, "A charge to keep I have."

Miss Smithers is tall, lean, angular. She stood upon a slightly raised platform beside the organ, with her hands folded, her head thrown back, a beatific expression upon her face, and warbled, in jerks of two syllables at a time, with broad slurs, thus: —

"A char-arge — to ke-ep — I have,
A Go-d — to glo—orify,
A ne-ev—er dy-y—ing soul — to sa-ave,
And fi-it — it fo-or — the sky."

Messrs. High, Lowe, Condor, Littleweed, Captain Hardrider, and two or three others of the club, instantly assumed the same attitude and expression as Miss Smithers, shut their eyes in apparent spiritual ecstasy, threw back their heads, opened their mouths, and let the tune pump itself out in two-syllable jets, and well-defined slurs, with unctuous vigor. It was hugely edifying.

After the hymn the usual work was produced. Upon two tables were ladies engaged in cutting out garments. Around others were ladies busy sewing. The club ladies immediately lent their aid to this work, and the club gentlemen discharged their duty in handing things about, and making themselves generally agreeable.

The club was there because the club had promised, on a former occasion, to attend; and because it would be a novel experience. It was novel. The conversation mixed things spiritual and things worldly, the newest fashions with the works of charity, parties and mission-work, bicycle-riding and Sabbath-school lessons, incongruously. Mrs. Deacon Judkins McSourly, who had noticed Mr. Condor at a recent Sunday-evening service, asked him if he didn't think the sermon on that occasion impressive, — so searching. Mr. Condor said that he did, — he felt like a miserable sinner all the time it was being preached. Mrs. Deacon Judkins McSourly looked at Mr. Condor severely, with interrogation in one eye and indignation in the other; but Mr. Condor smiled back his most amiable cherub smile of innocent inoffensiveness, and Mrs. Deacon Judkins McSourly was almost persuaded that there wasn't any invidious hidden meaning in his remark.

Mrs. Deacon Pillar told an anecdote of her recent trip to Indianapolis, where she met Bishop Blank, and how the good bishop made the whole company wait supper while he offered a most beautiful prayer. Mr. High at this point suddenly took an interest in the story. "Was it at the Blank hotel?" he inquired.

"It was."

"And the bishop insisted on praying before he ate supper?"

"Yes."

"Well, the bishop was right," observed Mr. High, sighing heavily over the recollection. "I ate supper once at that hotel myself."

Mrs. Deacon Pillar, who is a large, fleshy, pleasant-faced woman, looked at Mr. High a moment in profound astonishment. Then she laughed a pleasant, healthy, sonorous laugh, which shook her all over till the tears came into her eyes, setting all the rest to laughing. "To be sure," she said, when she caught her breath again; "but I never thought of it that way." The club immediately set down Mrs. Deacon Pillar as a real jolly, good-souled Christian; which she is. But Miss Smithers and Mrs. Deacon Judkins McSourly obstinately maintained a look of shocked grimness.

Presently one of the ladies asked Mr. High if the club members could not sing something. Mr. High said they could, but he doubted if it would be suitable to the occasion. Being pressed, he sent Captain Hardrider to the organ, and started a tenor solo, with a heavy bass chorus by the club: —

SOLO. — Captain Webb he took a swim,
Just to gratify a whim,
CHORUS. — 'Fy a whim, 'fy a whim.

SOLO. — And immediately afterwards there wasn't any him.

CHORUS. — Any him.

It was sung with great spirit, and the chorus was a rouser. But right here Mrs. Smiles, secretary of the society, ran laughing to the organ and stopped the captain's playing, saying that was enough, they would excuse the rest. People passing the church, she noticed, were stopping on the sidewalk to listen.

Mr. High said there were only fifteen more verses, and some of them were very pathetic; but the ladies all said they didn't think the music exactly harmonized with the surroundings. In that case Mr. High said that he would ask one of the club ladies to sing the president's hymn, and the club quartette would join in the chorus. Thereupon Mr. Condor conducted the pretty widow Sparkle, who is a fine contralto singer, to the organ, where she sang with feeling and expression the following verses written by the president: —

Still sore with struggle, faint and worn,
We wait our Better Day,
The breath of whose celestial morn
Shall charm our pain away.
Our way seems long, and dark with wrong,
And evil life's whole sum;
But God's day is our Better Day,
And that is sure to come.

CHORUS. — Repeat last two lines.

O, soul that struggles and that cries,
Sore tempted to despair,
And reads no answer in the skies
To labor or to prayer;
Though night is old, and dark, and cold,
And doubting lips are dumb,
Yet God's day is our triumph day,
And that is sure to come.

CHORUS. — Repeat, etc.

O, day long looked for, oft foretold,
Best theme of prayer and song,
When Truth and Right shall judgment hold,
In triumph over Wrong!
Young lives wear out 'twixt hope and doubt,
Young hearts grow cold and numb;
But God's time is our promised time,
And that is sure to come.

CHORUS. — Repeat, etc.

Sore hearts in sorrow's icy chills
Who dreamed of summer blooms,
And woke to snow on wintry hills,
And frost on early tombs,
Your birds of song are silent long,
The leafless groves are dumb;
But God's time is our summer time,
And that is sure to come.

CHORUS. — Repeat, etc.

The widow Sparkle sang the solo of this hymn with tender pathos; but her voice rose clear, swelling, and exultant in the chorus, rich with its buoyant promise. Now, you will find in every assembly of persons old enough to have entered the realities of life, many who have known disappointments, failures, sorrows, and heavy cares. Therefore, the music and the words of this hymn touched, however lightly, some common chord of feeling. The bright and pretty woman who sang it was herself a widow, and gave to its cadence some fine touch from her own inner consciousness. Hence, when the music was finished, the hush which had fallen upon the room remained unbroken for a long minute; and then Mrs. Deacon True said, softly, that, if this was a bicycle club hymn, she should feel like joining the first bicycle church that might be organized; and Mrs. Deacon Pillar said she should adopt the hymn into her own church.

At intervals during the evening, gentlemen of the church society had entered, and now several of the deacons, the pastor and his wife, and leading members, came in, most of them from their several businesses, to accompany their wives and daughters home when the sewing-circle should break up. These all expressed themselves pleased to meet the gentlemen and ladies of the club, and the club ladies immediately proceeded to make the meeting as pleasant for them as possible. In fact, there were noticeable passages very like tentative flirtations between the pastor and deacons and some of the club ladies.

After awhile the work was put away, and oysters, coffee, ice-cream, and cake were placed upon the tables. To these refreshments the club did ample justice, considerably swelling the funds of the society by their liberal patronage. How many ladies each member of the club insisted upon serving, and how many plates they paid for, probably the treasurer knows, — certainly it was many. But it would have been impossible to record the flirtations, the fun, the life and pleasure which the club contributed to the occasion. Even Mrs. Deacon Judkins McSourly relaxed into smiles when Captain Hardrider and Mr. Littleweed, with well-simulated ardor, contended for the honor of leading her to the tables for the second time. It reminded her of the time, a good while ago, when she was a young and really quite a pretty girl; and such a reminder is pleasant to middle-aged people. And the chatting,

and laughter, and high good-humor which prevailed at the tables, the innocent jokes that were cracked, the making the most of every little pleasant incident, even the mellow laughter apropos of nothing or next to nothing, — really it was a sight to see and to enjoy. Perhaps there may have been a considerable lack of gravity; but it was more than counterbalanced by the largest quantity of general good-feeling and good fellowship. It was just as if the holy virtue of Charity, so long a staid and sober matron, had reassumed a portion of her immortal youth, and, not neglecting her work and her treasury, had joined with the jolliest of the cheerful company, and become one with and one of them all.

When the company broke up, the young men of the club escorted a number of the church ladies home, and some of the church-members went home with some of the club ladies, walking in pleasant little groups through the moonlit evening until compelled to separate, each couple to their several homes. But a number remained sometime longer at the church to clear away the work and dishes. With them the president and his wife stayed; and thus the president heard the remarks of the ladies upon the events of the evening.

Mrs. Smiles, secretary of the society, said that "there was more sewing, *et cetera*, done at that meeting than at any other we have held this year."

"So there was more *et cetera*," viciously retorted Mrs. Judkins McSourly, "a good deal more *et cetera*. There always will be more *et cetera* every time you allow those irreligious young bissikel straddlers to attend one of our circles."

And Mrs. Judkins McSourly shut her teeth together with uncharitable sharpness, and looked as though she thought she had settled the case.

"That word is pronounced bicycle — not bissikel," remarked the pretty widow Cherry, in her most irritatingly gentle teach-the-Sunday-school-infant-class manner.

"I don't care what you call 'em," said Mrs. Judkins McSourly; "they're abominable, anyhow."

"The ladies of the bicycle club helped us greatly by their work, and the gentlemen contributed more money than we have taken in from anybody else at one time this pear," said Mrs. Secretary Smiles; "and I hope you will get your husband" (this to Mrs. President Bates) "to bring them again."

"So do I," said Mrs. Deacon True and Mrs. Deacon Pillar both together.

"If I am too old and stout to frolic any more myself," added fat Mrs. Pillar, "I do love to see young people enjoy themselves and make things lively for us sober people, don't you, Mrs. True?"

"Indeed I do," heartily replied Mrs. True, in her motherly way, "it does us all good. And there are some of them that any mother might be proud of, Mrs. McSourly. Such strong, fine, manly-looking young men, and so gentlemanly and kind-hearted in their ways. I should be proud to see them all in our church. There is nothing in this world that would do the churches so much good as plenty of young men."

"I haven't got any doctrine about it," said fat Mrs. Deacon Pillar; "I like young folks; and that settles it for me."

"They go riding on Sunday; and they make light of sacred things. That Mr. Condor made fun of our pastor's sermon; I know he did, though he pretended to be so sober."

"Let me say a word," said the pastor's wife, who had joined the group. "Last Sunday afternoon the doctor happened to see this Mr. Condor, who was walking with his wheel to talk with Miss Wealthy, whom you all know he admires very much. They met little lame Bertha Evans going home with her crutch from Sunday school, and stopped to speak to the child, who admired Mr. Condor's bicycle very much. You know Bertha's parents are quite old, and do not play with the child; and she has no brothers or sisters, and is such a lovely little thing, besides being lame. Well, Mr. Condor asked Miss Wealthy to excuse him, much as we know he would like to walk home with her; and he took that little lame child and lifted her up on his wheel, and trundled her all the way home, full a mile out of his way, just solely to please the little one. Now, the doctor heard Mr. Condor's joke about the sermon; and he said that any young man who would do a kind action like that is welcome to crack as many jokes as he pleases at any sermon he preaches. And I say so, too. And I hope the club will attend the circle again; I want to shake hands with Mr. Condor."

By and by we all went home. While Mrs. President Bates and the president were walking along soberly, as became a quiet, middle-aged couple, not thinking at all of lovers or love scenes, we passed the

fine home of the Wealthy family. The full November moon shone on its elegant façade, and softly lighted its side veranda, with its pretty pillars, its carved steps, and fine door-way. Before those steps, as we passed, was enacting a scene which at once attracted our attention. Mr. Condor stood upon the ground beside the steps, looking up; while from the steps pretty Miss Genevieve leaned over the rail and smiled down upon him. She was listening with a lovely expression to something he was saying. Suddenly she leaned far over the rail, put both her small white hands upon his broad shoulders, and whispered something in his ear, and then bent lower down and kissed him full upon the lips. Then she raised herself, blushing and smiling, and ran lightly into the house. As we passed on out of sight, our last glimpse of Mr. Condor saw him standing and gazing after her at the door through which she had vanished.

Presently Mrs. President Bates squeezed the arm upon which she was leaning affectionately against her side and sighed softly.

"Wasn't that pretty, dear?" she said, in a low tone.

The president, after a pause to calculate whether any admission he might make would be likely to involve him in any special consequences, acknowledged that it was, very.

"Doesn't it remind you of old times?" she continued.

The president, again carefully reflecting, replied cautiously that he couldn't remember distinctly any old times when he permitted pretty girls to lean over verandas and kiss him — that is, as a general thing, — why, no, of course not, my dear.

"I don't mean other girls," persisted Mrs. President. "I mean us."

"Oh-h! ah-h! to be sure; ye-s; a great while ago," prudently assented the president.

"Don't it make you wish we were young again?"

"Hm, yes, no. On reflection, I think I am better satisfied with you, dear, as we are now, and our children."

For this reply, which the president considered a pretty neat stroke of diplomacy, he came very near being kissed by Mrs. President right there in the public street; but, fortunately, a belated butcher's cart drove by, and the danger to his reputation as a chaste and practical bald-headed old citizen was averted.

And then we heard rapid footsteps behind us, and presently we were overtaken by Mr. Condor. While the young man shook hands with quite unnecessary warmth with Mrs. President and myself, considering that we had been together most of the evening, and were not making a long farewell, the president noticed that Mr. Condor's face appeared illuminated, as if a Fourth-of-July, or a Thanksgiving, or a Christmas were in full celebration in his brain.

"You look as if you wanted to be congratulated about something," said Mrs. President. "Is it Miss Wealthy"?

"Yes," said Mr. Condor, sighing happily; "it is all settled, and I am the luckiest man in the club. Don't you think so?"

"You certainly are, and I wish you and yours all possible happiness," began the president, when Mrs. President cut him short by exclaiming: —

"It's perfectly splendid! I've a good notion to kiss you myself!"

And she shook his hand again with quiet ardor. And while the president was considering what in the name of sense was the reason Mr. Condor appeared so much more impressed with these irrelevant remarks by Mrs. President than by the much more appropriate and reasonable expression by himself, the young man said "Good-night," and disappeared down a side street.

A CHRISTMAS WISH.

HAD I power to give to you
Many a rich and costly gem,
Fit, in brilliancy of hue,
To adorn a diadem,
I'd bestow the jewels rare
On some other friend, less dear,
While for you I'd breathe a prayer,
Such as I do offer here.

Many a Merry Christmas, friend,
Health, contentment, joy, and bliss;
More delights in thought I send
Than I can convey in this.
With the now departing year
May your cares and sorrows cease;
May the new one, drawing near,
Bring you happiness and peace.

S. Conant Foster.

NOTES ON FLORIDA SHOOTING.

I WISH, first, to criticise a phase of Southern travel with which most people have been made familiar by the writers of the alluring guide-books. A conventional magazine illustration now before me represents a scene on the deck of a river steamer. Two men and a boy are blazing away with shot-gun and pistol, spreading terror among the other passengers, and dealing out death to every living thing in the air, on the water, and along the shore. This is the typical Florida shooting. The indefensible war of extermination has been waged for the past twenty years. Its end is desolation. The joyous bird-life that once gladdened the eye of the tourist has departed; Florida travel has lost one of its charms. There is less of this shooting now than formerly, because on the most frequented routes the victims are few. On some steamers the fusilade is forbidden, not out of mercy to the birds, but for the protection of the crew. "There is no more shooting on this boat," a captain explained to me. "My pilot at the wheel got a bullet through his cheek; and I thought it time to stop." At the expense of more pilots' cheeks the nuisance might be wholly abated. My reference to steamboat-deck shooting is, after all, not so much of a growl as an earnest protest, prompted by a desire to enlist the influence of OUTING AND THE WHEELMAN in suppressing a very abominable outrage committed by travelling idiots, who ought not to be abroad without their guardians.

It is to be lamented that Florida does not recognize the wisdom of properly restricting the destruction of her game. This is not sentiment, but common-sense. The wild life of the woods and waters is one of the natural resources of the State, and it has a well-defined economic value. The opportunity for shooting and fishing is one of the potent attractions that lead thousands of tourists to the South. The fish and game supply is taken into consideration by those who go for pleasure, and others who go for health. The fascination of the rod and gun lures the invalid from the house, and leads him into pleasant places, diverts his mind, builds up his body, and lets the sunshine into his soul. It combines with other influences to work the magic change that sends him home with quickened step and brighter eye. In the wealth of the State there must be counted the hamaks and piney woods, where the deer is jumped; the old pea-fields, where "Bob White" calls; the resorts of the wild-fowl; the snipe-haunted marshes, and, we had almost said, the fortresses where the alligator holds sway in undisputed reign of ugliness.

The saurian needs no protection; perhaps he deserves none; his looks are certainly against him, and his habits no better. In his peculiar domain he can well take care of himself, but on the river-banks he has fared ill. Despite his repulsive aspect the alligator is a child of the sun. From the moment its vivifying rays have burst the shell of his pent prison in the sands, all through his life, he loves nothing else so well (a meal of dog excepted) as to bask in the noonday warmth. But his love of the sunshine has proved his fate, for it exposes him to the deadly bullet of the hunter's rifle. Although neither fish, flesh, nor fowl, the alligator is considered a legitimate target for rifle-practice. The steamboat-deck shooters, who wantonly murder the birds because they are pretty and graceful, try to kill the alligator because he is awkward and ugly. The professional hunter converts the teeth into jewelry, and the skin into purses, shoes, and book-covers. The amateur sportsman manufactures the whole carcass into hunting yarns. With a single bull's hide Dido surrounded the site of Carthage; under like conditions, I am quite confident that with the hide of his last winter's alligator my friend H. would annex Mexico.

The feat of shooting this reptilian game has been much over-estimated. The glory of the exploit rested on a neat bit of fiction. The alligator was sung as the Achilles of the Florida swamp, clad in a suit of armor, which was impregnable save in one or two fatal spots. To kill him it was necessary to put the ball into one of these vulnerable points, and he who did it was esteemed a crack shot. The delusion was cherished because it tickled the vanity of the shooter. Twenty years ago every other tourist met in Florida was a St. George, who had slain an alligator. To-day it is generally understood that the skin

is easily perforated by the average rifle-ball.

There are other fallacies about Florida shooting that might be exploded were it worth the while. It is, for example, quite susceptible of demonstration, that leaving one's bed for an early morning squirrel-shoot calls for more heroism than is needed to sit up late for bears on the beach; and it might be shown that the minor hazards of a rollicking 'coon hunt are more serious than the peril of a judiciously conducted prowl for panthers in the hamak. But the State is broad, and between the ocean and the Gulf the sportsman's varied tastes may be most abundantly gratified. Like the prospecter for gold, one must not loiter about exhausted diggings, nor explore worked-out shafts. Just aside from the beaten paths of Florida travel he who knows how to look for it will find favored domains, of which his memory will be ever illumined with sunshine and fragrant with perfume. Water-fowl frequent the rivers and lakes and the lagoons and inlets of the coast. The migratory ducks, snipe, and shore-birds are there, all well posted in the science of projectiles, and knowing a deal more about guns than do half the men who use them; and native birds of brilliant plumage, once abundant, now, unhappily, well-nigh exterminated by the cupidity of the milliner's agents.

Of land birds the wild turkey is king. He is magnificent in a dress of burnished bronze, and proud and stately in carriage. He shuns the haunts of man, and retires to the privacy of his forest retreats; a cunning, wary fowl, not at all the bird to be caught by the sprinkling of salt. To possess the beard of an old gobbler you must be endowed with patience; to patience add skill, to skill, duplicity; and to all, "good luck." Then, ambushed in a blind and equipped with a call fashioned from the wing-bone of one of his own species, you may yelp the siren notes that lure him to his death. Your simulation appeals to a noble instinct of the bird, his sociability; other methods appeal directly to his stomach; their success depends upon his appetite for corn. Which is the more legitimate I do not pretend to decide; in the end it is the same to the turkey.

Sportsmen speak of the wild turkey with respectful deference; for the quail they profess unbounded affection. The affection is exhibited in a manner quite incomprehensible to persons who lack the shooting instinct. To say that a sportsman loves the quail is an euphemism, meaning that he shoots it. The Florida quail is diminutive in size compared with his fellows of the North; but here, as everywhere, he is the most confiding of game birds, — a trustful little chap, lingering on the skirts of civilization, picking up a living about the cultivated patches and old pea-fields; and for all he takes making honest return by the welcome of his presence and the cheery notes of his whistle. If the day be fine man and dog will perhaps find the heat uncomfortable, and a mid-winter quail shoot may not prove the invigorating tramp of a November afternoon in colder climates. But the surroundings offer full compensation. The foliage of green and gray is bright with a flood of golden sunshine; fleecy clouds sail across the blue sky; the air is laden with aromatic perfumes, butterflies of novel form and brilliant hue flit by; curious growths of tree and vine and creepers present themselves on every hand; and, if one be not too intent upon game, he may see the thousand less conspicuous beauties of flower and plant. Sometimes there is another side: the cover is vexatious; the ubiquitous sand-burr obtrudes itself; and as you are intent upon following up the covey you are suddenly startled by a grunt and a *whoof*, for your dog has run into a hog's nest, and flushed a bushel of fleas. The Florida flea is the worst pest you will encounter; he outvotes the snake a million to one. Venomous snakes are rarely met; now and then one pops up in an unexpected place. A New York merchant of my acquaintance was once quail-shooting in Florida, when his dog pointed a rattlesnake. The discharge of the gun made the feathers fly. Investigation showed that the snake had captured a quail which was just then in progress of deglutition.

The Florida hotel is large, and the deer is small, but there are many sections of the State where the hunter may add venison to his camp bill of fare. Deer are jumped by day and fire hunted by night. Jumping corresponds to stalking or still-hunting, the game being shot as it jumps from the cover to bound away.

Did you ever go fire-hunting, — not seated in a boat and paddled by an Adirondack guide to the game among the lily-pads, — but carrying your own light; have you stalked, and stumbled, and floundered through the Florida woods to "shine the eyes" of a deer? It is not an experience to be forgotten. The expanding beam of

the jack-lamp lights up a scene of enchantment. Shadowy trees gather about like ghosts. Pendent moss and clinging vine are transformed into the drapery of elf-land. Sable-plumed night-birds flash by; nocturnal prowlers scurry away; your fingers close about the gun with nervous grasp; the thumping of your heart is distinctly audible. With every faculty on the alert you scan the outermost limit of the light. Suddenly, ahead there, a little to the left, glows a ball of fire. A few steps farther on and the single ball parts into two. The gun comes up automatically, the finger presses the trigger, and a tongue of flame leaps from the muzzle. The report has hardly died away before you are standing over the form of a Florida deer. The deer of the novice is sometimes a cow; and the gaunt cattle of the piney woods are never so profitable to their owners as when paid for by the inexperienced fire-hunter.

The sportsman's camp-fire is the same the world over. When the soft Florida night has fallen and the glories of the heavens shine through the tree-tops, we heap the abundant fuel, and, gathered about the grateful blaze, review the incidents of the day. Its exploits are magnified, the disappointments forgotten. The pine-knot flashes light up the scenes of other days; memory and imagination are quickened to fullest play; jest and story go the round. Our ebony cook, more ancient than the pines, scrapes on a fiddle, older than himself, the interminable strains of the "Arkansaw Traveller," or, now and then laying aside his bow, relates, with grimace and gesture, that folk-lore, which, antedating, perhaps, the Hitopadesa, has been handed down from generation to generation of the negro race. No subject of natural history is an unproductive topic; he has a moral tale for all; and when we are discussing the vexed question of how the turkey-buzzard discovers its food, the fiddle stops, and our wizened Bidpay adds this leaf to my note-book: —

"As Bur Buzzard was settin' on de limb of an ole dead tree, Bur Bald Eagle come erlong an' 'quired er Bur Buzzard how he gain a livin'. 'Oh! I waits on de Lord.' — 'Um! while you waits on de Lord, you'll starve.' — 'Num mine, chile; I waits on de Lord.' — 'Eh! shum[1] dar big fish down in de river? Now, I gwin ter eat my dinner, an' leab you wait on de Lord.' So he flew down, an' 'e come kerflop 'gains' a snag, what done stab clare frew um. An' Bur Buzzard he come sailin' down, an' 'e say, 'Ah-yi! 'pears like I doan wait on de Lord in vain.' An' 'e done eat Bur Bald Eagle *clean*."

So it goes far into the night. Then we draw the musquito-bar and listen to the murmur of the pines or the distant surf, we know not which, and before we have determined it, we are asleep.

[1] See.

Charles B. Reynolds.

THE SAILING REGULATIONS OF THE AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

A FULL acquaintance with the rules which govern the annual paddling and sailing regattas of the A.C.A. is of more importance to intending canoeists, and to canoeists generally, than might appear at first sight. When a man makes up his mind to get a canoe the first thing he has to decide is, what shall be its dimensions? Now, he ought to bring its dimensions within the scope of the A.C.A. Sailing Rules. He may not intend to compete in the races of the American Canoe Association; he may not even intend to race at all. But certain it is that if there be any other canoeists within sailing or paddling distance from him, it will not be long before he finds himself taking part in some friendly trial of speed; and from that it is only a step to be racing for a flag or a challenge cup, or some canoe requisite, such as a paddle or a set of sails. Most local canoe clubs have adopted the A.C.A. rules; and they always welcome visiting canoeists to take part in their regattas. How annoying, in such a case, for the visiting canoeist to find that, through previous ignorance of the rules, his canoe is a little over or under the limit, and bars him out! Racing adds great strength to a club, and is an appetizing spice with the solid meat of canoe-cruising. To quote my imperfect remembrance of the saying of some Frenchman, "It is not only the victory that inspires the noble souls — it is the combat." In other words,

there's lots of fun in canoe-racing; and if a canoeist does not like to work too hard, let him go in for the sailing races, instead of the paddling contests. The primary object of the A.C.A. racing is to develop the best types of cruising canoes; and great care has been taken to discourage racing-machines. This also has been the ostensible object of the Royal Canoe Club of England. The A.C.A. is, however, in a better position to attain this than the R.C.C. The latter has several regatta meets in a year, and the members are concentrated in a narrower territory. But the A.C.A. men only come together once a year from long distances, doing more or less cruising on the way; and each man who thinks he has a fast cruiser tries her speed in the paddling and sailing races, the prizes for which are simple flags. A.C.A. rules are made for the cruising canoe; therefore, a knowledge of them is valuable even solely from a cruising point of view.

When the American Canoe Association was organized at Lake George in 1880, Messrs. Edgar Swain, Charles F. Gardiner, and N. H. Bishop were appointed a regatta committee to draw up a set of rules for the 1881 meeting. They did the best with the incomplete data before them; but the result was necessarily imperfect. Their successors were Messrs. George B. Ellard, Cincinnati; Lucien Wulsin, Cincinnati, and W. P. Stephens, of New York. The 1881 meet (Lake George) brought with it a largely increased membership and much valuable experience. Acting on this, and on their knowledge of what the Royal Canoe club had done, Messrs. Stephens, Ellard, and Wulsin laid the broad foundation of a comprehensive set of sailing-rules, on principles which have since governed. One of the problems they had to solve was to bring in the larger sailing-canoes of various sizes, without unduly cramping individual choice on the one hand, or allowing excessive dimensions on the other. This was accomplished by the use of a sliding scale, decreasing the length of the canoe one foot for every inch and a half of additional beam. For instance, a canoe sixteen feet long may have thirty inches beam; a fifteen-feet canoe, thirty-one and a half inches beam; and a fourteen-footer, thirty-three inches. These three are usual sizes for the large sailing canoes, — intended, of course, for paddling also. The first named is the best paddler; the last, the best sailer. The 1882 committee also regulated keels, centre-boards, etc., upon a cruising basis; and formulated a set of rules governing the conduct of the races on the lines of the best yachting laws.

All this was a great stride in advance; but the 1882 meet, at Lake George, showed the necessity of further improvements. The canoes had been divided into four classes, as follows: —

RULE 1. — Sailable paddling canoes to compete in the races of this Association must come within the limits of one of the following classes, and must be *sharp* at *both ends*, with no *counter*, *stern*, or *transom*, and must be capable of being efficiently paddled by one man.

Class 1. — Paddling canoes.

Single. { *A.* Decked canoes. Length not *over* 18 feet, beam not *under* 24 inches.
{ *B.* Birch bark and similar canoes, no limit.

Double Birch bark and similar canoes, no limit.

Class 2. — Sailable paddling canoes.

Single. { *A.* Decked canoes. Length not *over* 15 feet, beam not *over* 28 inches, keel as in Class 3.
{ *B.* "Peterboro'" canoes (Note 2). Length not over 16 feet, beam not less than 27 inches.

Double Peterboro, not over 16 feet by 30 inches.

Class 3. — Sailing and paddling canoes: —

Canoes in this class shall not exceed 18 feet in length, with a limit of beam for that length of 27 inches, which beam may be increased in the proportion of 1½ inches to every foot of length decreased. *The greatest depth at fore end of well, from under side of deck amidships to inner side of garboard next the keel shall not exceed 16 inches.*

The keel outside of garboard shall not exceed 2 inches in depth, including a metal band of not over ¼ inch depth. *The total weight of all centre-boards shall not exceed 60 pounds; when hauled up they must not project below the keel-band, and they must not drop more than 18 inches below keel-band,* or if over one-half the length of the canoe, more than 6 inches. Weight of canoe in racing trim, not over 150 pounds, including ballast.

Class 4. — Paddleable sailing canoes.

Limits of size, centre-boards, etc., as in Class 3, but no limit of weight.

The provisions in italics are those which have not been changed since canoes were put into these four classes for the paddling races as well as for the sailing races; and herein lay the great practical difficulty. Because the qualities which are of advantage to a canoe in a paddling race are just the opposite to those which are of advantage to her in a sailing race. For paddling, she wants little beam; for sailing, much beam. A man paddling in Class 2, could claim the right to use a canoe as narrow as he pleased, under 28 inches; whilst in Class 3, the only canoes which had any chance in paddling races were those at the narrow end of the scale, 27 and 28½ in beam; leaving the canoes of larger beam no chance at all in sailing. The classifica-

tion was excellent for sailing, but not so for paddling.

Messrs. Wm. Whitlock, of New York; Robert Tyson, of Toronto, and H. S. Strickland, of Peterboro', were the Regatta Committee for 1883. Mr. Whitlock was absent in England for some months, and the 1883 commodore, Mr. E. B. Edwards, of Peterboro', gave valuable assistance in his stead. The committee concluded that the only way out of the aforenamed difficulty was to frame separate classes for paddling and for sailing respectively, taking care that the two sets of classes should so harmonize that any one canoe could both paddle and sail under fair conditions. The idea is that there should not necessarily be one canoe for paddling and another for sailing, but that the same "all round" canoe should be enabled to enter both kinds of races and have a "fair show." A new sailing rule is like a new style of canoe, it looks very simple when it's done, but it takes a power of planning and fixing. After much correspondence and discussion the 1883 committee decided on the following

AMENDED SAILING RULES.

A canoe to compete in any race of the A.C.A must be sharp at both ends, with no counter, stern, or transom, and must be capable of being efficiently paddled by one man. To compete in A.C.A. paddling races, it must come within the limits of one of the numbered classes, 1, 2, 3, 4; and to compete in sailing races it must come within the limits of either class A or B.

CLASS 1, PADDLING. — Length not over 18 feet, beam not under 24 inches. Depth inside from gunwale to garboard streak, and at any part of the canoe, not less than 7½ inches.

CLASS 2, PADDLING. — Length not over 16 feet, beam not under 26 inches. Depth as above not under 8 inches.

CLASS 3, PADDLING. — Length not over 17 feet, beam not under 28 inches. Depth as above not under 9 inches.

CLASS 4, PADDLING. — Length not over 16 feet, beam not under 30 inches. Depth as in Class 3.

CLASS A, SAILING. — Length not over 16 feet, beam not over 28 inches.

CLASS B, SAILING. — Length not over 17 feet, with a limit of 28½ inches beam for that length. The beam may be increased ¾ inch for each full six inches of length decreased.

The greatest depth of canoe in classes A and B at fore end of well, from under side of deck amidships to inner side of garboard next to keel, shall not exceed 16 inches.

Open canoes without rudders are allowed a foot extra in length in Class B.

In centre-board canoes, the keel outside of garboard shall not exceed 1¼ inch in depth, including a metal keel-band of not over ¼ of an inch deep. The total weight of all centre-boards shall not exceed 60 pounds; when hauled up they must not project below the keel, and they must not drop more than 18 inches below the garboard, nor if over ⅓ of the canoe's length, more than 6 inches below garboard. Canoes without centre-boards may carry keels not over 3 inches deep from garboards, and not weighing more than 35 pounds. Lee-boards may be carried by canoes not having centre-boards.

MEASUREMENT. — The length shall be taken between perpendiculars at the fore side of stem and at the aft side of stern; the beam at the widest part not including beading. The word "beam" shall mean the breadth formed by the fair lines of the boat, and the beam at and near the water line, in the paddling classes, shall bear a reasonable proportion to the beam at the gunwale. The Regatta Committee shall have power to disqualify any canoe which, in their opinion, is built with an evident intention to evade the above rules. As the minimum in Class 4 coincides with the maximum in Class B, a little latitude is to be allowed in measuring for these classes, in order that a canoe built to come well within one class may not thereby be ruled out of the other.

The "crew" of each canoe shall consist of one man only, unless the programme of the regatta states the contrary. Members must paddle or sail their own canoes, and must not exchange canoes for racing purposes. A canoe which is not owned or used for racing by any other member present, shall be deemed to be the canoe of the member bringing it to the camp. In double canoe races the owner may associate any other member with himself.

This last provision was aimed against a practice that obtained extensively at the 1882 meet — of one powerful paddler or skilled sailor borrowing canoes from his friends, and going into every class of race, thereby "scooping" prizes which he could not have got with his own canoe.

Another principal difficulty the 1883 committee had to meet was in relation to the open Canadian canoes, called "Peterboro'" canoes in the 1882 rules. They are a type quite distinct from the decked canoes, which have been rapidly multiplying amongst the A.C.A. members to the south of the line. The two types had grown up entirely independent one of the other: the former chiefly for hunting and travelling purposes, the latter for pleasure cruising. Now, they were to come in close contact and competition. for the 1883 meet was to be on Canadian waters, — at Stony Lake, — and scores of open canoes would be there. This was a leading factor in the 1883 modifications. Most of the "Class 2" and "Class A" open canoes were 15 feet 6 inches and 16 feet long, whilst the corresponding decked canoes rarely measured more than 14 feet; giving, of course, an advantage to the former. It had been thought that the decks and rudder of the latter compensated for the difference in length, and for some difference in beam, but later experience negatived this idea. The rules were, therefore, simplified and

made fair by setting the limit at 16 feet in "Class 2" and "Class A," thus including all the Canadian canoes. Special races were then provided in the regatta programme for the 14-feet canoes, so as not to oblige them to compete with their longer brethren in the races.

The only distinction between Classes 3 and 4, in the 1882 rules, was one of weight. The intention was to encourage cruising rig by races with little or no ballast. This object was gained more simply in 1883 by putting "limited weight" races on the programme, and adding the following note: —

Limited Weight Races. — In these races the canoe, with ballast, rig, etc., must not exceed in weight 120 pounds in Class A, and 150 pounds in Class B.

A simpler plan than having a separate class in the rules. Much multiplication of classes is undesirable.

The provision about keels was introduced in 1883, to meet the case of existing canoes without centre-boards (especially Racines and Peterboro's). It has received some opposition, on the ground that a keel is awkward and unhandy in cruising, and is, in fact, only a racing appliance. The question, however, will perhaps soon cease to be a practical one. Centre-boards are rapidly coming into favor, and there are three excellent boards of the fan type on the market, by different makers. They add but little to a boat's weight, and give her fine windward qualities.

There is another 1883 innovation which deserves notice, on account of its practical success, though it is not part of the sailing rules. It is a clause of the programme, as follows: —

Simultaneous Races.— In the sailing races, Classes A and B do not compete against each other; there is a separate race for each class, but sailed at the same time. The canoes of the two classes muster together. Class B starts five minutes before Class A, and the finish of the two classes is noted separately.

By starting the slower boats in a body after the faster ones, the canoes were kept two distinct fleets. The effect was very pretty; no confusion was caused, and much time saved.

Speaking of the Regatta, it may be remarked that the programme was much too long,— a fault not likely to be repeated. Its length chiefly arose from providing several races for "Juniors" as well as "Seniors." This plan, after two years' trial, is not successful; the Junior races will probably be abolished, and one or two races for novices substituted, if one may judge from the "public opinion" of the A.C.A. men at Stony Lake. An endeavor was made to shorten the programme by running the Junior and Senior races simultaneously; but the arrangement worked badly. It was hard to tell what prizes the boats which arrived first, second, and third, had really taken, and whether they were Juniors or Seniors. The trouble will, of course, not occur again. The simultaneous Junior and Senior races must not be confounded with the simultaneous Class A and Class B races. The latter plan was a success; the former was not.

Such is the history of the A.C.A. Sailing Rules up to the present. They are now in the hands of the Regatta Committee for 1884, who will either recommend them for permanent adoption, or suggest such changes as they may think desirable. I have not referred in detail to anything beyond Rule 1, because the remainder of the rules, as drafted in 1882, refer to the conduct of the races, and are generally concurred in. Only some slight amendments were made to them in 1883.

Robert Tyson.

A Suggestion for the L.A.W.

IT seems to me that no article has yet appeared in THE WHEELMAN more full of interest, of inspiration, and of suggestion to 'cyclers than that in the November number (page 97), entitled "'Cycling as an Aid to Scientific Researches," unless, indeed, it be the article in the same number (page 101), by Maurice Thompson, on "Out-door Influences in Literature." And there is a certain affinity between the two. 'Cyclers will owe you a large debt of gratitude if you can furnish them more such reading, and the pastime will grow in influence and attract to it, even more largely than it has already done, the cultivated and the progressive men of the age, if contributions of this high order appear in 'cycling literature. No wheelman can have read it without feeling a new enthusiasm for his favorite vehicle and a realization of great possibilities in its use; but the average bicycler can hardly be expected to view the suggestions as much more than a dream of what *might* be, while shrinking from attempting to aid in making them a reality.

The scheme so delightfully set forth would give us a society that would be a League of Wheelmen, a 'Cyclists' Touring Club, a Chatauqua Society, an Appalachian Club, a Royal Geographical Society, and many other associations, societies, and clubs all in one.

The projector recognizes that "a thing begun is half done," and knows — as none but a bicycler knows so well — that *the start* is the most difficult part of the business. How shall "the mount" be made? From the ground at one spring? From the step, — already provided in the form of some of the present 'cycling associations? or by the pedal, — a start which requires study and experiment before it can be successfully made? Some of us who helped to form and have tried to build up the League of American Wheelmen would like to see *it* take up these plans and perfect them, and the machinery for the purpose is in the League. Its constitution is broad enough to include the new ideas, and it has among its officers many who are thoroughly equipped for the work proposed. Might not the start, at any rate, be made by its officers, without waiting for a general meeting of the members, much less without waiting, as a new society would have to, to *get* a membership?

Theodore Winthrop, whose literature, by the way, shows very clearly "out-door influences," tells of a regiment which, early in the war, found its progress checked by locomotives disabled by the Confederates. A call was made for engine-builders to the front, and the regiment, recruited among the mechanics of Massachusetts, furnished a score of skilled men, who soon had the iron horses in good running order, and the army was in motion again under a full head of steam. So might it be, so *would* it be, were the officers of the League to call for archæologists, for geologists, for geographical experts, or skilled machinists from among its membership, to send in their names as interested in these respective subjects and as ready to aid in their development.

Or might not prizes — not necessarily expensive ones — be offered for the best essays, or most valuable investigations in these fields? Can any one doubt that these would be as earnestly competed for as if they were for the most revolutions of the wheels made in the least time? Fortunately the League was founded, and has been carried on thus far, upon a plane above that which would make it look upon racing as the great end and aim of bicycling, and nothing could more surely *secure* this great organization from giving an undue prominence to the "sporting" element, than to set it at work on nobler and more profitable things, like those proposed by H. H. M.

Pray let the author open communication with the officers of the L.A.W., and the scheme may be in good running order in so short a time that the winter of a 'cycler's discontent may be made a summer of literary enjoyment in the pleasant fields he has so charmingly mapped out.

A. S. Parsons.

Place aux Dames.

WHO will at once organize a Ladies' Tricycle Club, with use or rent of vehicles? Many anxious American ladies, married as well as single, are desiring such delightful, pleasurable, and healthful exercise as is enjoyed by the Scotch and English ladies,

who speed gracefully through the exhilarating air and over their level or mountain roads singly, in pairs, or escorted by the man of their choice. Many a masculine heart is merged forever in that of some pretty "Tricycler" (for any woman must be pretty under such circumstances). And why should such opportunities for enslaving the affections of the stronger sex be granted only to our Anglican cousins or the bonnie lassies of beautiful Scotland? American ladies need but the opportunity to learn to use and enjoy this means of speedy locomotion, and then many a kicking pony, stumbling cob, or bolting runaway hunter will be sent to auction, and their place filled by the ever-ready, inexpensive, beautiful "Steed of Steel." And, to look at the matter only from a practical view, to what salaried position might not the skilful owner and occupant of a "Tricycle" aspire? What is to hinder such an one from filling the place of the suburban letter-carrier, telegraph boys, and other positions of a like nature? — not, of course, in our crowded city streets, but in quiet country neighborhoods, where residents are known to each other, and the pretty "Tricycler" need fear no insult or annoyance. Indeed, were such an emergency to be encountered, with her little silver whistle call she could readily summon protection; or by the application of her trained foot to her propeller at once leave all trouble far behind. Many pages might be filled recounting the advantages to ladies of becoming good riders of the "new horse," which is destined to become the horse of the nineteenth century. While country physicians, clergymen, and others are revelling in the delights of the bicycle give the ladies a chance with their tricycles. Who speaks first for fame and fortune?

Mrs. J. B. Wasson.

NEW YORK CITY.

"Short Clothes."

A PORTION of the members of the Capital Club, Washington, have had bicycle breeches made with their business suits, and have agreed to wear them to business at least three days of each week, though, as a fact, they are worn nearly all the time. The suits are neat and pretty, usually close or open sack coats, — in one case a cutaway, — made in various styles of goods, with knickerbockers to match, and the stockings usually a contrast in gray, brown, blue, or black.

The dress has seemed to provoke but slight unfavorable comment; on the contrary, thinking people speak warmly in its favor, non-wheelmen, even, expressing themselves hopeful of a coming day when the costume will be worn generally. As a straw showing the favorable direction of the new breeze, the ladies speak unqualifiedly of the dress, as neater, more sensible, and far more becoming than the conventional "pantaloons," especially when "fulled" at the knees or "frayed" around the bottoms, the usual fate of long clothes *en bicycle*.

The gentlemen of the Capital Club, adopting this costume (*not* uniform) for every-day wear have done so simply as a matter of comfort and *economy*, and now that the club has set the fashion, — not by *intention*, but by actual *adoption*, — it is to be hoped that other clubs throughout the country will follow the example, and hasten the era of "short-clothes."

X. X. X.

WASHINGTON, D.C.

Cold-Weather Riding

THAT "men who put away their wheels as winter approaches, deprive themselves of one of the greatest pleasures of 'cycling," is, to me, a truthful saying.

I have ridden nights by moonlight with the thermometer at ten and even six degrees above zero. There is no snow as yet, and the roads over the prairies are hard and smooth. While I find it necessary to protect my ears and chin, and glove the hands, the balance of my body is perfectly warm and comfortable. I believe, without the driving and restless snow of this country, I can continue riding until the mercury sinks below zero, and enjoy what few wheelmen do.

J. M. Burrell.

SANBORN, DAKOTA.

EDITORIAL.

This Magazine.

OUR added name denotes acquisition rather than divergence. A few words with our readers in explanation of it may not be unwelcome, — although a previous publishers' announcement has, perhaps, suggested all we have to say, — and we appear under the double name with a full consciousness that we are addressing a double constituency. If we are not mistaken, however, these convergent streams of good-will and influence and mutual interests will blend naturally and speedily into one. On either hand we are all interested in the gospel of positive, active recreation, — of polite athletics. Here is a province, bounded on the one side by the passive recreations, mostly in-doors, in which one is negatively rested and amused, intellectually diverted, or morally and spiritually refreshed, without much exertion; and on the other side by those athletic or destructive exercises, positive, technical, and arduous to the few, but passive to the many, which are appropriately termed sports. It is to the thousands of cheerful, active, and enthusiastic winners of health and happiness in this province of amateur out-door recreations, that, under one name or the other, we have sought to come each month as a friend, a voice, a source and a return of instruction and delight; it is to these that we now and in the future, under the united name, hope to come, with better work and richer pages, and to bring the breeze and the sunshine of out-door life. We hope to aid as well as represent wholesome development of the physical vigor and grace of manhood and womanhood, and the worthy resources of youth, and to fill a place not occupied by any other magazine.

To the readers of THE WHEELMAN, the majority of whom were wheelmen and their interested friends, we continue, in the familiar form, a budget of the literature and art and humor of bicycling and tricycling, fuller and costlier than is offered anywhere else, and in a realm where we are pioneers. To the readers of OUTING, a majority of whom are hitherto non-wheelmen, we continue, in a modified form but substantially the same, our unique monthly bouquet of all the flavors of pleasure-travel by land and by water, and our record of the finer recreations. The publishers of these two successful magazines have united their forces, and we make the resultant product into one magazine; but the patrons of neither will lose anything in quality or amount, and both will be gainers. The wheelmen may still say it is their magazine; the canoeists may, with equal right, say it is theirs; and the fair and the gallant devotees of tennis or of archery say it is theirs; because it is devoted to their peculiar interests, and because there is nowhere else in the world a magazine devoting so much of illustration and good literature and high-class editorial work to either, or representing so well the choicer phases of their recreations.

The Merry Christmas Season.

AGAIN the ever-recurring Christmas-tide approaches. The short days and the chill nights, frosty mornings and windy evenings, leafless trees and stubbly fields, icy ponds and snowy hill-sides, are here. The blossom and growth and color of the year are gone, and nature opens her annual exhibition of dark and white. Warmth of fires and social and intellectual kindlings attract within doors; while the restless pulse of youth and the energetic expansiveness of manhood and womanhood still impel to out-of-door activities. It is, in our latitudes, the season of interlude between summer expansion and winter contraction, where the anticipated diversions of the latter beckon more strongly, and the cherished pleasures of the former still cling sweetly.

The social and religious aspects of Christmas do not exclude or overshadow its pastimes. Feasting and observance, love-making and gift-taking, and all the mirth and merriment of the day itself, are not to be enjoyed at their best without the games. In the Scandinavian celebrations physical feats and contests on straw-strewn floors were the inseparable accompaniment of the steaming roasts and flowing horns and laughter-shaken tables. In the more southern Saturnalia the freedom and frolic of this festival season were accompanied by sports and physical diversions suited to the climate and the temperament of the people.

Jollity is more than half physical. Bodily exercise is the finest sharpener of appetite, and the wholesomest aid to digestion. When Paul wrote to Timothy that "bodily exercise profiteth little," his mind probably dwelt more on his own labor at tent-making than on the semi-Grecian training of his young friend. The text, however, is respectfully referred to the Rev. Messrs. Gifford and Pentecost for fuller exegesis.

The holiday season marks the transitional period between canoeing and skating, bicycling and snow-shoeing, tricycling and tobogganing, sailing and ice-yachting, tennis and snowballing, — from pastimes of lithe dexterity to those of muffled pluck and strength. Thus "there is a time for everything under the sun"; and the cold season offers time, too, for reminiscences, and for working over into available recollections the experiences and discoveries of the past for future use.

Scientific Use of the Wheel.

THE timely review by one of our lady writers, in our November number, of Dr. Richardson's able and suggestive article on "'Cycling as an Intellectual Pursuit," has caused almost as much and as wide comment in this country as did the original publication in *Longman's* abroad. Why does the suggestion of an organization among wheelmen for the pursuit of knowledge and its scientific utilization meet with so quick a response? Because the use of the bicycle or tricycle is inseparably connected with acquisition of knowledge, beginning with mechanics, and extending through physiology, climatology, topography, geography, natural history, and every other region of popular science; because its full enjoyment is seen more and more to call for more of available knowledge in these directions than the individual rider has; because the generous instinct of every genuine wheelman is to impart as well as to receive, and to lead others to share his enjoyment, and because so many have seen the need of some organization, though they have not formulated it on so broad a scale. Four years ago the example was set of making an excursion, even for social enjoyment, a constant opportunity for discovery, and of clothing it with all possible interest derived from topography, history, incident, and association of the places visited, or passed through. Two years ago one of our largest clubs made a tentative effort to organize a discovery department, much on Dr. Richardson's plan, though on a smaller scale. And, doubtless, many other "signs of the times" may be found, pointing the way for such an organization.

The League of American Wheelmen is naturally turned to at once by many as a ready-existing society, to whose constitutional plan this would not be entirely alien. But we may be allowed the suggestion that that admirable organization has enough to carry along in its more definite objects; and, further, that the success of the proposed movement would be better assured by more scientifically qualified officers, with more single devotion to this field than can be expected of those who are struggling with the affairs of the League. There are surveyors, and naturalists, and other specialists, who use the wheel "as an aid" to their researches; let us hear from them.

OUR MONTHLY RECORD.

Bicycling and Tricycling.

THAT plucky traveller, Karl Kron, was "spoken" on the 22d of November, at Staunton, Va. On an excursion from Detroit, Mich., he had pedalled his now famous bicycle, "No. 234," a continuous distance of 1,422 miles, and was still further southward bound.

A NEW club was formed at Mansfield, O., on the 1st of November, and named the Mansfield Wheel Club. Rolla Taylor is president, and A. P. Seiler, secretary, and the membership includes sixteen of the best young men of Mansfield. For its benefit a Loan Exhibition has been projected for January 17 to 23 next, and contributions are solicited.

THE Portland (Oregon) Wheelmen organized into the "Oregon Bicycle Club" on the 16th of November, with C. W. Townsend as president and W. E. Warren as secretary. They have secured the Mechanics' Pavilion for riding through the winter.

BICYCLING has taken a good hold in Denver during the past year, and the Colorado Wheel Club of that city is agitating for better club-rooms. Their first bicycle race meeting occurred on the 11th of November, where there were four entries for a one-mile handicap race on the rather rough trotting track. W. L. Robinson won in 4 minutes 28 seconds. On the 18th a second-mile handicap race was run, with six entries, and won by C. A. Polley (scratch) in 3 minutes 40 seconds. The prizes were gold medals.

THE "Maryland Bicycle Club of Baltimore City" has been incorporated under the laws of that State.

THE autumn races of the Maryland Bi. C. came off on the 30th October, at Oriole Park, Baltimore. The five-mile club championship was won by A. B. Harrison in 19m. 10½s., who also won the State championship. There was a two-mile race between J. McK. Borden, of Washington, and C. F. Frazier, of N.J., won by the former in 7m. 11½s.; and there were several minor events.

ON the 19th, 20th, and 22d of November were held a series of bicycle races at Druid Hill Park. These were one, five, and ten mile races, for a medal presented by Mr. B. H. Haman. The first was won by E. E. Williams in 3m. 19s., — a "best record" for Baltimore, — with R. F. Foster second. In the second race Foster came in first, in 20m. 16½s., with Williams second. In the third race Foster was winner in 38m. 12s., — his last lap around the lake being fastest yet, in 5m. 2½s.

THERE has been much effort of the Baltimore racing men to ride around Druid Lake in five minutes, Mr. S. T. Clark having promised a gold scarf-pin to the first wheelman to do it. Mr. H. B. Harrison has approximated, in 5m. 7s.

THE Alpha Bicycle, and Lehigh University clubs, of Bethlehem, Penn., have begun preparations for their first meet and races next May. The Rittersville race-course is a fine half-mile track, and the projectors are already endeavoring to make it a grand meet of general interest.

THE Canadian Wheelmen's Association numbers now about five hundred members, and appears to be flourishing. Mr. Hal. B. Donly, of Simcoe, has succeeded Mr. Brierly as secretary and treasurer.

HON. D. A. FORRESTER, mayor of Clinton, Ont., has become an expert bicycler.

SEVERAL races occurred at Montreal, in October, in which W. G. Ross was the leading winner. His fastest recorded time, on a half-mile track, was one mile in 3 minutes 13 seconds.

THE Toronto Bicycle Club turned out to the number of fifty at the Industrial Exhibition races in that city, and there were over one hundred wheelmen in uniform in attendance. The races were interesting, but not remarkable.

THE Lawrence (Mass.) Bicycle Club have satisfactorily substantiated as facts concerning the twenty-four-hour run of three of their members on 16th October last. That the first reports were hastily gleaned by reporters for certain papers, and published without verification or sanction by the club, and *also* that their three members did ride on their bicycles (they were American machines) a distance of 200 1/8 miles on the roads within the twenty-four hours, and that they are entitled to claim the best American record for all-day road-riding.

THE Hawthorne Bicycle Club, of Salem, Mass., had an all-day run on the 2d November, and nine of their members covered a distance of 100½ miles, in a riding time of 11 hours, and a total time, from the start, and including rest of 13 hours 38 minutes.

A TEN-MILE bicycle race between Hendee and Robinson was witnessed by about twenty-five hundred people at Hampden Park, Springfield, Mass., on the 3d of November. Hendee was winner, in 39 minutes 12 seconds.

AT the Columbia College sports, Mott Haven, 3d of November, a two-mile bicycle handicap race was won by C. A. Reed ('84, School of Mines), in 7 minutes 10⅕ seconds.

A HARE-AND-HOUNDS run was made very interesting by the Harvard Bicycle Club on the 8th of November.

A NEW bicycle club was formed at Wilmington, N.C., on 9th of November.

THE Toronto Bicycle Club made a Thanksgiving run on the 8th of November of one hundred and seventeen miles, — the longest run for Canada to that time.

THREE members of the Manchester (N.H.) Bicycle Club started for a "century" run on the 14th of November. Mr. Moses Sheriff finished his hundred miles at Portsmouth in 15 hours 28 minutes, and Mr. J. N. Pearsons rode on, finishing one hundred and thirty miles at Epping in 16 hours 10 minutes.

THREE members of the Springfield Bicycle Club made a hundred-and-one mile run on the 18th of November.

WILLIAM J. MORGAN won the "Championship of Illinois" and $100 in a ten-mile race on the 8th of November. His time was 47 minutes 2 seconds.

A HARE-AND-HOUNDS run was held by the Yale Bicycle Club on the 17th of November, very successfully, over a course of twenty-one miles, the hares winning.

A FEW members of the New Jersey division of the L.A.W., headed by Mr. L. H. Johnson, have protested the Citizens' Bicycle Club of New Jersey, for disregarding the League sign-boards in Montclair, N.J., and causing a runaway accident.

MR. EDWARD BURNHAM, of the Newton (Mass.) Bicycle Club, claims to have ridden his bicycle one hundred and six miles, on the roads, in a riding time of 8 hours 35 minutes, his total time, including stops, being 9 hours 50 minutes.

THE corresponding secretary of the League of American Wheelmen has published in *The Wheel* a schedule of the L.A.W. membership, from which it appears that of the total number of members (3,130), New York has the greatest number of any single State, Massachusetts next, and then follow in order Pennsylvania, Ohio, New Jersey, Connecticut, Illinois, Michigan, New Hampshire, and others.

THE way the interest in bicycling is spreading is a source of gratification to us all. Even the gymnasiums are now incomplete without "home-trainers."

THE recent road rides and races have called forth in the 'cycling periodicals considerable discussion as to the care needed to substantiate claims to records. It is well settled, we believe, that if road rides are to go on record, some method should be adopted to prove that the route stated was ridden over in the time claimed.

THE Montrealers are snowed-up, and by the time this number of OUTING AND THE WHEELMAN reaches its subscribers they will be, too, unless they lie farther south than we do. But there are many days during the winter when the snow is either off the ground, or is beaten down so hard that riding is fair. If you have never tried a spin on the ice or snow, you have missed one of the pleasantest experiences of 'cycling.

Foreign.

NATIONAL 'CYCLISTS' UNION.

AT the autumn meeting of the Council of the N.C.U., held in London on October 11, it was voted: —

To appoint a standing committee or executive, separately and distinctly, to regulate the professional side of the Union's work, and to be intrusted with powers similar to those of the present Executive.

To authorize this body to appoint an official stakeholder to the Union, and

One official handicapper for professionals.

The appointment as handicapper of Mr. G. W. Atkinson, of the *Sporting Life*.

To announce the willingness of the Union to hold the stakes and to appoint a judge for any match between Union professionals; such professionals being at liberty to advertise the fact that the stakes are so deposited.

To announce that the services of the Union handicapper are retainable for any professional race.

To print, and issue gratis, entry forms for races and articles of agreement for matches, and an epitome of racing-rules, for professionals.

To give other races for professionals as frequently as may be deemed desirable.

To request the Executive and Local Centres to consider, and deal with, any cases of infringement of Union law; and to endeavor to bring the work of the Union more clearly under the notice of professionals, whether by circular or by any other means.

The following were also adopted as

Regulations.

1. The N.C.U. is prepared to hold the stakes and to appoint a judge for any match between Union professionals; and the service of the official handicapper for professionals may be claimed for any race.

2. In case of any official of the N.C.U. being employed at any races, such races must be run under N.C.U. rules, and absolute power must be vested in the N.C.U. and its officials.

3. The official handicapper for professionals may refuse to handicap any entrant under Rule 18. (Vid. inf.)

4. The fees due to the official handicapper for professionals are: For any number of entries up to 25, half a guinea; up to 50, one guinea; upwards of 50, one and a half guineas.

5. Professional championships to be held annually, at various grounds, over distances to be fixed by the professional Executive.

6. Prizes for each of these championships are given according to the following scheme: Fixed sums for first, second, and third prizes; the net receipts on the respective races — after deducting one-third, which is banked to the credit of the N.C.U. — are divided as follows: Three-eighths between the respective winners, one quarter between the respective second men, one-eighth between the respective third men, and the remaining quarter among all actual runners.

7. Any rider wishing to challenge for the title of champion must signify his desire to the N.C.U., sending £5 as the first deposit of the stakes, which sum will be forfeited to the N.C.U. if the challenger afterwards withdraw. The holder will lose his title if he fail to run within three calendar months from the date of the challenge. No challenge for the title can be entertained unless for a stake of £25 or upwards, which must be posted with the N.C.U., according to the articles. The N.C.U. undertakes to make all arrangements, but retains two-thirds of the net receipts, the remainder being added to the stakes.

8. All prize or stake money will be paid by check within forty-eight hours from the conclusion of the race.

9. The N.C.U. is liable for any deficit incurred on any race promoted by it.

The Council further adopted the following as

Rules for Professional Races.

1. Any competitor making a false entry shall be disqualified.

2. If a machine becomes disabled the rider shall be allowed to use another.

3. Every competitor shall receive, in the dressing-room, a ticket bearing a number corresponding with his number on the programme, which must be worn during the race.

4. A bell shall be rung before each heat, when the competitors are to answer to their names opposite the judge's

table; after the names have been called over, a start shall be effected.

5. The start shall be effected by "push off."

6. One attendant only shall be allowed to each competitor.

7. The start shall be effected by report of pistol.

8. Any competitor starting before the signal, shall be put back, at the discretion of the starter.

9. If an attendant, in starting a competitor, continue to push him beyond his mark, such attendant shall render such competitor liable to be disqualified, at the discretion of the judge.

10. Competitors may dismount during a race, and may run with their machines, but they must keep to the extreme outside of the path whenever dismounted.

11. Any competitor overtaking another must pass on the outside of the path (unless the man who is passed be dismounted) and must be a clear length ahead before taking ground in front of his opponent. The inside man must allow room for his opponent to pass. This rule shall be strictly enforced.

12. There shall be umpires and a judge appointed, who shall have power to disqualify, without a protest, any competitor guilty of foul-riding, subject, in the case of the former, to an appeal to the judge.

13. The decision of the judge shall be final, and without appeal.

14. Any competitor guilty of foul-riding shall be disqualified by the nearest umpire, subject to an appeal to the judge.

15. Any protest respecting foul-riding shall be made to the judge immediately after the heat is finished.

16. If a competitor should wilfully ride wide, with intent to prevent an opponent from passing, he shall be disqualified at the discretion of the nearest umpire, subject to an appeal to the judge.

17. Any competitor found guilty of any misdemeanor, whether when racing or at any other time, shall be suspended from competing at meetings held under N.C.U. rules, at the discretion of the N.C.U.

18. All disqualifications shall be booked, and a second offence shall be punished with suspension.

19. All protests shall be made before the start to the judge, except in accordance with Rule 15.

20. Any rider proved to have accepted or offered any bribe not to win, or to have run and not endeavored to win, or to have betted, through agents or otherwise, against himself, or in any other such way to have acted discreditably, shall be suspended.

21. It shall be a recommendation that, in mixed race meetings, a separate dressing-room shall be provided for the use of professionals.

22. The N.C.U. reserves absolute power, up to the very last moment, of cancelling any entry in any race promoted by it.

23. The Sports Committee reserves the power of postponing the races in case of necessity. On no account shall entrance fees be returned or expenses allowed to any competitor in case of such postponement.

24. Any rider competing in any "championship" race not under the management or sanction of the N.C.U., shall be suspended, during its pleasure from competing in races held under its rules.

25. The N.C.U. and its officials are the interpreters of these rules, and they have absolute power of deciding finally any question not provided for in them.

26. That the expenditure *re*-professional races shall be sanctioned by both Executives.

It was also voted,—

That on and after January 1, 1884, any amateur wilfully competing at sports not stated to be held under the rules of the Union, or rules approved by the Union, shall be liable to be suspended for such a time as the Executive shall think fit, subject to the same right of appeal as in suspensions for other offences."

The Rules were amended by the following votes: —

In place of section F, Rule 3, to insert the following: —

Members joining independently shall be represented on the Council by four delegates, up to and including the first hundred, and two for every complete additional fifty.

To add to Rule 3, the following sections: —

Candidates to represent independent members shall be nominated by an independent member.

The honorable secretary shall notify in the public press, the first week in December, the number of delegates required to represent the independent members, and ask for nominations. Each nomination to be accompanied with the written consent of the nominee to stand for election, and to be sent in not later than 14th Dec.

The honorable secretary shall send the name of each candidate and proposer to all independent members before the 1st of January, to be voted for. The votes to be sent to the honorable secretary a week before the Council meeting.

Each independent member shall be entitled to the same number of votes that there are vacancies to be filled.

In the event of any vacancy occurring amongst the delegates for independent members, the Executive shall, at their discretion, be empowered to direct an election to fill the vacancy in a manner similar to that adopted in December.

To add to Rule 6, after the word "treasurer" — "and one delegate of the independent members, as provided for below."

To add to Rule 6 the following section: "The delegate of independent members who may be willing to serve, having the largest number of votes at the December election, shall sit on the Executive."

Lord Bury, a practical bicycler, was elected President of the N.C.U.

THE annual one hundred-mile professional bicycle race was run at Leicester on the 6th of October. The starting competitors were F. Lees, F. Wood, R. Howell, C. Stanton, J. Mac, E. Newton, and A. Hawker, and the race and the championship were won by Lees, in 6h. 36m. 30⅘s. Hawker, second, was distanced by seven miles.

THE 'Cyclists' Accident Assurance Corporation, limited, has been organized in London, for the insurance of bicycles and tricycles, and their riders, and cricketers, footballers, and others, against accidents.

THE chief bicycling quarter in Paris is the Avenue de la Grande Armée, where many riders assemble for afternoon spins in the Bois de Boulogne.

THE Vectis 'Cycling Club has established a Tricycle Championship of the Isle of Wight. G. Colenutt holds it, by a half-mile race, in 2m. 15s.

FIVE Bicyclers made a two days' excursion in September on Russian roads, from Moscow to Twer, 110 miles. The roads are not reported as very good, but the average pace made was about eight miles an hour. There is talk of a bicycle club in Moscow, if government sanction can be obtained.

THE fifty miles' *Sporting Life* cup was won by F. Sutton, in 3h. 6m. 41s., at Lillie Bridge, on the 13th of October.

A SIXTEEN hours' bicycle contest by professionals occurred on the Recreation Grounds, at Aberdeen, Scotland, on the 8th of September. The time was divided into parts, allowing rests between, and the accomplishments were as follows: Lees, 269 miles; Waller, 263 miles 8 laps; Duncan, 263 miles 7 laps; Garrard, 239 miles; Harper, 230 miles; McCulloch, 200 miles.

ON the 15th of September Mr. G. H. Adams rode a "Facile" from Hadley to Newmarket and back, a distance of 241 miles, in 24 hours.

ON the 13th of October Mr. W. F. Sutton, of the London Scottish Bi. Club, accomplished a bicycle ride of 260¼ miles on the Great North road, north from Wood Green to Ollerton, and back to Tempsford, in 24 hours.

MELBOURNE, Australia, has three bicycle and tricycle clubs; Sidney, New South Wales, has one, and so has Adelaide, South Australia; New Zealand has several, and Tasmania two, and Queensland has the promise of one.

THE approximate total membership of the 'Cyclists' Touring Club is claimed to be 10,772.

MR. CHARLES TERRONT, the French champion, once well-known in American bicycling events, was married on the 18th September; the two witnesses were M. Roussett, President of the Veloce Club, Bordelais, and M. le Prince Soltikoff de Dax, an enthusiastic tricycler.

ACCORDING to the *C.T.C. Gazette*, two English ladies recently returned from a 470-mile tour on a "Sociable" tricycle, from Leeds to Woodbridge and return by Halstead and Walden; and they say that, "as we have had such a successful time of it in every respect we intend having another tour next year."

WILLIAM BRIGHTLY, of Kilburn Park, England, who is forty years of ago, and weighs 168 pounds, gives to the press a tabulated statement of his riding on a tricycle from the first of March to the last of October, 1883; from which it appears that he took 206 rides, of which the longest was 116¼ miles, and covered a total distance of 2,347 miles.

AN English gentleman has been touring by tricycle in the Alps. He reports the expense of a trip from Lucerne to Lucamo as £3 18s. 4d., and the enjoyment as immense.

THE Tricycle Union held its first annual meeting on the 29th November.

ON Oct. 6th Major T. K. Holmes, a retired officer, seventy-seven year of age, rode a tricycle five consecutive hours on the Crystal Palace path, covering fifty-three miles, just to show "what an old man could do on a tricycle."

AN English gentleman who recently returned from a vacation tour, with his wife, on a "Sociable" tricycle, in Kent and Surrey, writes: "Altogether we have had a very enjoyable fortnight's tour, and have been through more country and seen more than we have ever done on any previous holiday. I have stated at the commencement that I am not an experienced rider, and that my wife has ridden very little; in order to show that if tricyclists are willing to go shorter distances per day than our bicycling friends aim at, they can get over a good deal of ground, and even in the home counties, visit many districts well worth seeing.

SOME record-making was attempted by Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Smith, with a Sociable tricycle, on the Crystal Palace track, on 24th October. They accomplished 1 mile in 4m. 2s., 2 miles in 8m. 5s., 5 miles in 20m. 38⅘s., and 10 miles in 41m. 40⅘s.

A DISCUSSION has been running in the London *Times* as to the propriety of taxing bicycles, in the course of which some interesting facts are brought out. For instance, a county magistrate cites one: "In Cheltenham may be seen every day workmen and artisans with their bags of tools at their backs, going to and from their employment, mounted upon their iron horses, but for whose aid in many instances, employment must be lost."

THE Véloce-Club Bordelais numbers upwards of 260 members, has 8,500 francs in the treasury, and among the expenses named in a recent report of the treasurer were items amounting to 2,000 francs, given to the poor, and about 500 francs to different subscriptions.

THE Tricycle Union has established life memberships, and they are being considerably taken.

ACCORDING to *Le Sport Vélocipédique*, a gentleman of Nantes recently took a charming family excursion, of 12 to 18 leagues, along the Loire the father and three daughters mounted on tricycles, and the two sons on bicycles. Their baggage was taken along on two of the tricycles. They visited on the route in the villages of Ceran, Langears, Chenonceaux, Amboise, Chaumout, Blois, Chambord, etc., and made it very enjoyable. This is commended as a pioneer run, and an admirable example, when the daughters were allowed to accompany their father and brothers on a tour.

AT the races of the Véloce-Club Marbonnais, on the 14th of October, M. de Civry and M. C. Terront had a fine contest for first place in two events on the Champ de Mars. One was a 12,000 metres' bicycle race, gained by de Civry, in 24m. 31s., and the other was a tricycle race of 6,300 metres, in which Terront was also second to de Civry's 15m. 55s.

THE second annual bicycle race for the championship of Paris, under the auspices of the Société Vélocipédique Métropolitaine and the Sport Vélocipédique Parisien, was held the 28th of October, on the Boulevard de la Seine. De Civry was winner, against five competitors, in 20m. 55s., the course being 10 kilometres.

IT is reported that of the French bicyclers, C. Terront has won most money in racing the past season, — something over 7,000f.; that de Civry is next, with a little over 6,000f., and that Medinger has succeeded to the extent of about 5,200f.

SIGNOR STRADA, of Turin, has won a well-contested bicycle race of 10,000 metres, in 24m. 20s., on a machine of Italian manufacture, at Cuneo. Quite a number of race-meetings were held during the autumn in other Italian towns, Florence, Verona, Busca, etc., where there are bicycle clubs.

MUNICH has a 500-metre bicycle track, on which a distance of 10 kilometres has been covered in 19m. 48s.

VELOCIPEDING has been making rapid strides the past season in Germany, and immense concourses of spectators attend the exhibitions in the different cities.

Canoeing and Yachting.

THE WINTER CAMP FIRE.

IN answer to invitations sent out by the committee, on Thursday evening, November 22, thirty gentlemen met at 907 Broadway. Among those present were, A. G. Crane, Clyde C.C., Scotland; C. G. Y. King, Editor *American Canoeist*; E. H. Hoffman, Jr., Sec'y and Treas. K.C.C.; R. W. Bailey, Purser Pittsburg C.C.; C. B. Vaux, C. K. Munroe, C. L. Norton, W. P. Stephens, W. C. Taylor, C. V. R. Schuyler, Knight L. Clapp, R. J. Wilkin, Prof. E. Fowler, F. Winans, Wm. Whitlock, Livingston Crosby, James L. Greenleaf, Truman Beckwith, J. R. Hull, A. Brentano, Joseph T. Clarke, L. Freize, Jr., E. B. Terry, C. E. Van Zandt, E. H. Wedelkind, W. L. Condert, E. A. Ransom, W. Cooke, and W. A. Moore.

Mr. C. L. Norton was unanimously elected chairman. Mr. W. P. Stephens was chosen Secretary and Treasurer.

A letter was read from Dr. A. G. Gerster, regretting that he was unable to be present. He dated his letter from Racquette Lake.

A paper was read by Prof. Edwin Fowler, regarding the pleasures, benefits, etc., of canoeing. He also compared canoes to small sail and row boats.

Mr. WHITLOCK, speaking of racing canoes in England, said that they were building them with very blunt bows to enable them to carry large masts, and a great area of sail. Tredwin had done all this. Baden Powell, his sailing rival, had, with hollow lines, been really more successful. In his opinion, the best sailing canoe would not necessarily have a blunt bow and a flat floor.

Mr. STEPHENS. — He had always endeavored to get a fine easy entrance. In his opinion an easy entrance with full bow kept a boat dry. His last boat had slightly blunter bow, full water line, straight stern-post, and a rockered keel.

Mr. VAUX. — In the matter of bows he had arrived at the conclusion that a hollow line was almost as bad as a second bow.

Mr. NORTON. — His idea for river work is a small boat about the size of a Rob Roy; but for New York waters you want a larger boat, the size of the shadow. He is strongly in favor of the lines of the Canadian canoes.

Mr. VAUX. — He did not think the length of a paddle affected the "wobbling" motion of a boat. He uses a nine-foot paddle.

Under steady stroke the alternate dip is no detriment to paddling. Again, there is no recovery as in rowing.

Mr. MUNROE, V.C.A.C.A. — A man ought to have a canoe built particularly for the work he intends to do with it.

For river use he would have a small canoe with a small sail. For running rapids he would have an open canoe, so that one man could sit in the bow and one in the stern. For bay use he would have a canoe a trifle larger than the Shadow.

Mr. WILKIN. — The Shadow's record from its birth to the present time has been second to none. For all-around sailing, paddling, and camping she is the best of all.

Mr. STEPHENS. — The original Shadow is not the Shadow of to-day.

The Dot would not be recognized by a builder as one. His ideal canoe was: Beam, 30 in.; length, 14 ft. 6 in.; high sides; 10½ in. depth amidships. Batten-lug rig, good rocker, spoon-shaped lines, and a flat floor, considerable width on deck, masts well forward and aft. Not to weigh more than 100 lbs., with all fittings.

Mr. VAUX. — Shadow canoe, as originally built, was never intended for present large area of sail. The curved stern-post and rockered keel were improvements since they lessened the time of a canoe "in stays."

Mr. WHITLOCK. — Lap-streak is much preferable to Ribben-carvel, stronger, tighter, and lighter.

Mr. STEPHENS. — Ribben-carvel takes a better workman, but lap-streak is undoubtedly stronger and better. The trouble with a lap-streak is its aptness to draw when very dry.

The subject for discussion next time will be "Cruising Canoes and Rigs."

SAILING-SIGNALS.

THE Lake George Canoe Club has done a sensible thing in adopting the following regulation: —

> On and after Nov. 1st, 1883, each canoe shall carry a five-pointed star, twelve inches in diameter, of *red*, on both sides of the mainsail immediately beneath the peak, to be known as the sailing-signal of the L.G.C.C. The paddling-signal shall be the ordinary club burgee.

In doing this it follows the lead of the New York Club, which carries a red disc on the mainsail, similarly situated.

Referring to the above, the editor of the *American Canoeist* demands why a canoe should have a sailing-signal other than a burgee at the masthead. I will answer him. Because canoe burgees are so small that at a short distance they become more indistinguishable little blurs of color; whereas a device on the mainsail can be made out at a great distance. It adds greatly to the interest of a race to be able to identify the contestants beyond mistake; and, when cruising, it is very useful to be able to recognize canoes at a distance. When sailing on Toronto Bay I have more than once scanned eagerly a distant sail, which looked like that of a T.C.C. canoe; but ineffectually. A sailing-signal on the mainsail would have enabled me to recognize her at once. At the next meeting of the Toronto Canoe Club a resolution will be moved, proposing that each canoe carry as a sailing-signal a large red capital letter T, near the peak of the mainsail. This will be a very distinctive and easily recognized signal. Canoe burgees are too small, anyhow. Twelve by eighteen inches is better than ten by fifteen for a triangular flag.

ISABEL, T.C.C.

TORONTO, Nov. 26, 1883.

AT the last meeting of the Knickerbocker Canoe Club it was decided to change the titles of its officers to Commander and Lieutenant-Commander from Commodore and Vice-Commodore.

MR. R. W. GIBSON, of Albany, was in New York, November 17, and was seen by several of the K.C.C.

MR. E. A. HOFFMAN, JR., K.C.C., and Bugler of the American Canoe Association, is at present compiling a set of bugle-calls for camp use next summer.

MR. EDWIN GOULD, son of Jay Gould, has made application for membership to the K.C.C. He owns three canoes.

MESSRS. W. S. ALLEN, E. A. Hoffman, Jr., and E. A. Bradford, all K.C.C., are members of the Citizen's Bicycle Club.

MR. VAN RENSSELAER, JR., N.Y. C.C., has returned to New York after a summer's yachting in England.

MR. A. G. CRANE, Clyde C.C., is in New York.

THE Regatta Committee recommend the abolition of the distinction of Senior and Junior. The classifications in use this year are to remain in force, the limits of a cruising rig being 50 feet sail area for Class A, and 70 feet for Class B. The committee also urge that when a prize is once fairly won it should be retained by the winner, regardless of any subsequent prizes.

MR. BAILEY, Pittsburg C.C., came to New York to be present at the first camp-fire.

THE Meet of 1884 will be held near Clayton, in the Thousand Islands, within the American line. The location is extremely satisfactory in every respect.

Forest and Stream, in a recent editorial, wisely urges a more intimate acquaintance between canoeists and bicyclers. It suggests that much of the information valuable to the one would be valuable to the other. The League officers and the Canoe Club secretaries would find much in common.

BY the removal of *The Continent* to New York, the N.Y.C.C. will gain Col. Charles L. Norton, who will resume his active connection with the club.

Forest and Stream will publish during the winter a series of articles on canoe construction, with especial reference to amateur builders.

THE Rev. Richard Young, of Manitoba, employs a canoe in performing his missionary labors. The canoe was built under the supervision of Mr. Robert Tyson, Toronto.

Yachting.

THE New Smyrna Y. C. has recently been organized at New Smyrna, Fla. Officers have been elected as follows: Commodore, Herman Belricks, of New York; Vice-Commodore, Gerard Stuyvesant, of New York; Rear-Commodore, Thomas Falls, of New York; Corresponding Secretary, H. J. Faulkner; Treasurer, Charles R. Dilzer.

MR. GOULD'S steamer, "Atalanta," has been docked in Philadelphia to undergo alterations. Her dimensions will now be 228 feet 9 inches water-line, 26 feet 4 inches beam, and 16 feet depth of hold.

MR. COLT'S schooner, "Dauntless," is now at New London, stripped for an overhaul, preparatory to another European cruise.

MR. DURYEA has sold his schooner to Mr. H. E. Dodge, formerly of the "Christine" sloop. Mr. Duryea has become owner of the schooner "Republic."

THE Oswego Yacht Club elected the following officers for the year: Commodore, John T. Mott; Vice-Commodore, William B. Phelps; Captain, Allen Ames; Secretary, William E. Lee; Treasurer, James D. Henderson; Measurer, Albert Fitzgerald.

SCHOONER "Intrepid" is fitting out at South Brooklyn for a winter's cruise to the West Indies.

THERE is a movement on foot to organize a National Yachting Association.

COMMODORE W. F. WELD, chairman of the committee appointed to take the preliminary steps towards organizing a National Association, and owner of the schooner "Gitana," is having a fine new yacht built. The dimensions are: 158 ft. over all; 27 ft. 9 in. beam; 14 ft. depth of hold. She will be of larger displacement than any schooner yacht in America, and is to be supplied with steam-power also.

THE schooner "Gitana," Commodore W. F. Weld, Hull Yacht Club, sailed for Azores and the Mediterranean the first part of December.

SCHOONER "Fortuna," Mr. Henry S. Hovey, left for the Mediterranean the latter part of November.

THE cutter "Ileen" sailed Nov. 20 for Hampton Roads and Southern waters.

THE Chicago Yacht Club will have their annual dinner this month.

Shooting and Fishing.

THE better shooting-grounds are rapidly passing into the hands of private clubs. A share in some of these clubs is worth thousands of dollars. In a few years it will be rather expensive to hunt.

THE Pennsylvania deer law provides that the open season shall be from Oct. 1 to Dec. 15.

MR. P. R. LEONARD, of Ogdensburg, N.Y., is now the warden for St. Lawrence and Jefferson counties.

IT is to be hoped that wise and liberal laws will be made for the protection of game in the Territories, and that provision on a liberal scale will be made for the Yellowstone National Park.

IT is estimated that fully 3,000 deer have been captured, by hounding, in the Adirondack region. It is a short-sighted policy to thus hasten the extermination of this noble game.

HON. JAMES GEDDES, a genial sportsman and an ardent friend of game protection, has been reëlected to the New York Assembly.

MR. LEONARD, of Boston, has lately sent an order to England for 50 brace of English pheasants, and an order to the West for 500 live quail. Mr. Leonard devotes his energies to increasing the game of his native State. His example is well worthy of being followed.

THERE are rifle clubs at Harvard, Princeton, and the University of Pennsylvania. We would suggest intercollegiate matches.

THE following card appeared lately in the *London Field*: —

AMERICAN BLACK BASS. — Will you permit me to inform gentlemen who may be interested in the above superb game and food fish, that, with the Marquis of Exeter and some other gentlemen, I am arranging to get a further supply over from the States, and that Mr. Silk, the able pisciculturist to the marquis, is now in New York, taking steps to procure the fish. Any gentleman who would like to join us can have particulars from me.

Mr. Silk, mentioned above, accordingly came to New York, arriving Oct. 6, and hired two guides, and began to drag Greenwood Lake. Notwithstanding the efforts and remonstrances of the people living in the vicinity, he was able to capture 11,000 bass, and to ship them, on board the "Adriatic," for England.

The guides were arrested, tried, acquitted.

THE Anglers' Association, of Eastern Pennsylvania, met at their rooms, 1020 Arch street, Philadelphia, on the 10th of November. Officers were elected, and other business transacted.

THE salmon hatchery at Orland, Me., is very successful. The State of Maine appropriates $7,500 annually for the protection of all game, including fish, and for the establishment and maintenance of four hatching-houses.

THE new fishing-hatching houses at Caledonia, N.Y., is just finished, and the entire force of men are hard at work taking spawn from the various kinds of trout. Last year a quantity of German trout ova was sent over by the German Fishing Association, and an unusually large percentage was hatched, all of which are doing finely.

A SPLENDIDLY illustrated edition of *The American Angler* contains a complete encyclopedic fund of information about fishes, trouts, waters, streams, etc.

THE Bisby Club have built a hatchery on their fishing-grounds in Oneida county, N.Y., and will operate it this winter. It is proposed to hatch brook-trout, lake-trout, land-locked salmon, and "frost-fish." Gen. R. U. Sherman, of the New York Fish Commission, is president of the club.

THE Missouri Fish Commission drained one of the ponds in Forest Park, Oct. 24, and found quite a number of fine, large carp. A tremendous number of smaller fish were found and distributed.

IT seems to be generally admitted that the system of fish-culture pursued in Canada is a failure.

MR. O. M. CHASE, Superintendent of the Michigan State Fisheries, was drowned, Nov. 12, at Petosky, while crossing from Harbor Springs to Petosky. Mr. Chase was an enthusiastic fish-culturist, and had been for several years on the N.Y. Fish Commission, before going to Detroit.

THE illegal capture of fish in the State of Pennsylvania has assumed such proportions as to have aroused public feeling to a wholesome pitch of indignation. The gill-nets, fish-baskets, weirs, etc., that infest the Delaware, Juniata, and Susquehanna rivers, have increased in numbers during the last year, and in some cases these obstructions extend nearly across the river. The Anglers' Association, of Eastern Pennsylvania, is waging a vigorous crusade against the poachers.

THEY say at Glasgow, Delaware, that, under favorable atmospheric conditions, they can hear the report of the guns fired by duck-hunters on the Susquehanna flats, near Havre de Grace, more than 30 miles distant on an air line. Now, if it was the gunners who told that story!

COUNT Felix d'Haroncour, chamberlain to the emperor of Austria, has arrived in this country on a three years' hunting-tour of the world. He desires big game, and will commence operations by searching for bear, buffalo, and elk in the West. Although he will pass dangerously close to Chicago and St. Louis, he does not expect to interview tigers until he reaches northern China. He will also visit Siam and Java, and wind up with a hunt in the jungles of Africa.

Athletics.

THE Sophomore and Freshmen's foot-ball at Williams. Soph., 12; Fresh., 0.

ONE of the late President Garfield's sons is a forward on the foot-ball team.

FOOT-BALL players at Williams are obliged to have written permission from home to play, as the Faculty are unwilling to assume responsibility for accidents.

THE furnishing of Cornell's new gymnasium used up about $30,000.

YALE. — The average weight of the Yale rush line is 185 lbs.; the heaviest man of the team weighs 246½ lbs.; the lightest, 149½ lbs. —— Yale *v.* Rutgers, 87–0. —— The lacrosse teams will not practise any more until spring. —— The Sophomores have declined to play Princeton '86 in foot-ball. —— The lacrosse

game between '84 and '85 resulted in favor of '85, by a score of 3 goals to 1. —— This year's foot-ball team is unusually heavy. The aggregate weight of the whole team is 2,258 lbs. The average of the thirteen men is 173.6 lbs., and the average of the rush line is 185 lbs.

COLUMBIA. — Columbia has been elected to the Inter-collegiate Lawn Tennis Association. J. W. Dowling, captain of the team, was so hurt in practice that he will be unable to play this season. —— Pennsylvania *vs.* Columbia, 35 to 1. —— C. A. J. Queckberner broke the record in putting the 56 lb. weight by a throw of 26 ft. 5¼ in. at the ball games. At the same time W. Ford broke the record for the standing broad jump, clearing 10 ft. 5¼ in. —— Columbia, '87, *v.* Adelphi Academy, 25 to 0.

PRINCETON. — On the 17th, Princeton defeated Harvard at foot-ball by a score of 26 to 7. —— Princeton bore away four prizes from the Mott Haven games. —— Princeton, 6 goals, 2 touchdowns; University of Pennsylvania, 1 goal. —— Princeton *vs.* Wesleyan, 23–0. Out of a score of four goals and one touchdown, one touchdown was made and three goals kicked from the field by Moffatt. —— The Columbia team forfeited the game on November 12th, by their failure to appear. —— Princeton '87 *vs.* Columbia '87, 10 g. 5 t d.-0. —— Princeton's splendid victory over Harvard gives her a right to play at the Polo grounds a year from next Thanksgiving, and puts her second at least in the Intercollegiate. The score was 26–7.

THE Narragansett Boat Club of Providence, R.I., has decided to continue on friendly terms with the National Association. The N.A.A.O. can do good work in investigating some so-called amateurs.

HOME BRIGHTENING.

How We Transformed It.

"SUCH a house! Can we ever live in it?"

I tried to smile as I looked at my husband; but I fear the effort was not a complete success.

"Oh, do not be discouraged!" Tom began to hum, cheerily. "You aren't used to these country houses yet, Clara. Now, with new paper" —

"But the ceiling!" I interrupted. "You could touch it if you tried, Tom."

"But why should I try? Besides, we"—

Here we were interrupted. "We" were a young doctor and wife, city bred, just beginning life together in a little New York village. The only house which we could rent was now being shown to us by its present occupant.

"You kin come upstairs now," was her not too gracious announcement as she reëntered the room.

Three little rooms, a dark hall, and what, in New England, used to be called a wood-house chamber, were all we found upstairs.

Tom took some measurements for carpets, and we hurried away. "What a cosey little home we'll have!" began Tom, before I had a chance to speak. "Why, our wedding presents will almost furnish it, it's so small."

"There isn't one of those bedrooms that we can get our furniture into," said I; for I couldn't yet see anything pleasant about the house.

"Think not? Aunt Anna did give us too handsome a set for such a house. But then, Clara, you're equal to arranging it, I know."

"There was a door between two of those rooms," I began, reflectively, feeling my responsibility after this appeal. "I'll tell you, Tom. We can use the smaller one for a dressing-room, and put part of the furniture in there."

"Just the thing, Clara. How good you are at managing!" (As if I should have had the heart to think of anything if he hadn't persisted in being jolly.)

From that moment my spirits rose. "You can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear" is an old saying; but we did something quite similar with that house.

How we transformed it! To begin with, Tom would have it repapered and painted throughout, and, as we insisted on making our own selections, this made an immense difference at the start.

Tom took one of the front rooms for his office; the other was our living-room. This had a paper of lupin leaves in shades of brown bearing on olive; the ingrain carpet, with its pattern of locust leaves, was in olive greens.

"Nothing but leaves, the spirit grieves," I sang, when we had reached this point.

"You won't notice the leaves after the blossoming," etorted Tom.

"Is this part of the blossoming?" I asked, as we placed a real *lounge* (long and wide enough for even Tom to have a comfortable nap) across one corner.

"Of course. Don't you see the flowers?"

The jute with which it was covered had a pretty pattern of roses in subdued pinks and blues.

Next came our Harvard bookcase, which we placed across another corner, and filled with our particular favorites.

Of course there was no fireplace, the house having been built in that abominable fashion whereby chimneys do not run down into the lower story; so we bought an open stove, in which the wood snapped merrily as we worked.

A centre-table, of solid walnut, which stood on four legs, strong enough to uphold it, and any weight which might be placed on it, and an upright piano, and some pretty and comfortable chairs, made the room seem full.

"What's the matter?" I exclaimed. "It doesn't look homelike!"

"How could it without pictures?" laughed Tom, adjusting the marble clock to the uneven mantel-piece. "Now that the other things are in, we can tell where to hang them."

"Lake George must go over the piano," I said.

This was our only oil, and though small, a very fine one of that loveliest of lakes, where our honeymoon was spent.

The "Angelus," that wonderful etching after Millet, with two small etchings of Appian's, beautified one side of the room; while a photograph of Pemgino's "Assumption" (effectively brought out by its gilt mat and frame) occupied the only other large space, that between the two windows.

"The curtains, after all, give character to the room. How did you ever light on them?" asked Tom.

They were of simple cretonne, a light blue ground with stalks of conventionalized geranium leaves and blossoms.

These, with the hand-painted lamp on the centre-table, the lovely vases, and other ornamental wedding presents, which we distributed around the room, made it (to us at least) the loveliest ever seen.

"Can we ever live in it?" asked Tom, mockingly, as we stood admiring the result of our labors.

This was our *chef-d'œuvre;* but the whole house, if not equally elegant, was equally tasteful; so that we never had a guest who did not exclaim, "What a lovely home you have!"

"Is it fairy land?" asked a cousin, coming into the warm bright room at the end of the long railroad and stage drive which was necessary in order to reach us.

"Wal, now, is this the same house that Hank Green used to live in?" asked one of Tom's patients who had come to pay a bill. "And it haint been made over nor nuthin', 'cept your new fixin's in it? Wal, now, it does beat all. 'Pears to me as ef there'd been an earthquake or suthin'; taint like the houses 'round here."

So much for one "sow's ear," as Tom sometimes jokingly called it.

Janet Clark.

BOOK NOTICES.

"Seven Spanish Cities." (Roberts Brothers, Boston.) In this volume are collected a series of sketches contributed by the Rev. E. E. Hale to the "Commercial Bulletin." They are very agreeable in style and cheerful in tone. The sights of to-day are blended with old history, and with scarcely more romantic poetry, and are constantly contrasted with American sights and doings. Mr. Hale never lays aside his rose-colored spectacles in viewing Spain, its people and manners.

"Spanish Ways and By-Ways." (Cupples, Upham, & Co., Boston.) Mr. William Howe Downes looks at the other side of Spanish things. He begins by finding the people lazy, shiftless, immoral, living amongst dirt, decay, and stagnation He confesses to knowing of no ground for his love of that country, unless he has, perhaps, "a sneaking sympathy for laziness, immorality, dirt, and decay." There is a certain undertone of discontent with almost everything running through the Spanish portion of the book. His account of the Bull-ring and its literature is of great interest, while the "Glimpse of the Pyrenees" is the best and most happily toned part of the volume. The book is in itself "a thing of beauty." It is in large, clear type, on fine paper, plentifully illustrated by excellent artists, and is bound in dark-green flexible covers.

"A Family Flight through Spain." (D. Lothrop & Co., Boston.) Miss Susan Hale, who has been associated with the Rev. E. E. Hale, in the authorship of "A Family Flight through France, Germany, Norway, and Switzerland," and of "A Family Flight over Egypt and Syria," has given us alone "A Family Flight through Spain." It is an American family, children and all, and the book will be a specially delightful one to young people. The style is bright and interesting, it is very fully illustrated, and is a handsome, substantial volume.

"SPANISH VISTAS." By George Parsons Lathrop. (Harper & Bros., Franklin square, New York.) From the array of elegant volumes devoted to Spain that have just been published, it would seem that the attention of tourists has been widely drawn to that picturesque country, of which so much has not been known as of other European lands. Mr. Lathrop says that Spain offers itself now as a field scarcely more explored than Italy was forty or fifty years ago, and exhibiting many interesting peculiarities in its people that must attract notice. Little is said of the political condition of this land, where "there is a separate political party for every man, — and sometimes *two*." The book is simply a number of pictures of the essential characteristics of Spain, as vivid and faithful as the author has endeavored to make them. His efforts have been admirably aided by the drawings of C. S. Reinhart, with which the volume is illustrated. The pictures are all distinct, delicately drawn, and full of expression. The details of the make-up of the book are beautiful. The printing is excellent, on smooth, thick paper, with a plain, handsome cover, bearing the Spanish arms, in silver, gold, and black, on the front.

"DONALD GRANT." By George Macdonald. (D. Lothrop & Co., Boston.) This last of Macdonald's novels has all the strong and pleasing characteristics of its predecessors. The hero is very much like the other heroes of the same writer. He is a pure, simple-minded, God-loving, and God-fearing man, who strongly influences the character and destiny of all about him. It takes a good while to really find and take up the thread of the story, and a great many principles are involved and discussed by the way, but it is all interesting and instructive reading. It is a very difficult book to lay aside, even after it is once completely read. The story is deeply interesting, involving a great deal that is at first inexplicable, and appears supernatural.

"FELICITAS." A Romance. By Felix Dahn. From the German, by Mary J. Safford. (Wm. S. Gottsberger, New York.) This is a highly dramatic and strong historical romance, and has also the merit of being truthful in details of representation. A student at Salzburg, once the Roman city Jurarum, in wandering at sunset one fine June evening, found on a deserted height traces of an ancient dwelling, and, of chief interest, a gray marble door-sill on which he could read these two lines:

"Hic habitat Felicit . .
Nihil mali intret."

He easily supplied the missing letters at the end of the third word, making "Felicitas." He fell then to wondering whose happiness had dwelt there, and whether harm had ever come to it. Remembering that Felicitas was used in those days as a woman's name, he fell asleep and dreamed her story, the tale that follows.

Dahn is rightly called one of the most fascinating of living German novelists.

"SIBYL." A poem. By George H. Calvert. (Lee & Shepard, Boston.) The story of a little child, stolen by a man who had wronged her mother, and who at last, by her innocent loveliness, won his heart and turned him to repentance.

"BRANGONAR." A tragedy. George H. Calvert. (Lee & Shepard, Boston.) This is a historical play, having Napoleon as its hero. It is an attempt to portray, under a thin disguise of names, the times, career, and character of that great man.

"SNUG HARBOR." Oliver Optic. (Lee & Shepard, Boston.) This is one of the Boat-Builder Series, and is as captivating for a boy as all the other books of the same writer; and certainly more wholesome in its influence than some of the others. It is intended to throw discredit on the idea that idleness or clerking in a store are more "genteel" and honorable than labor with one's hands. It describes the initiation of a school of boys into carpentry and the management of a boat, the latter including the duties of pilots, engineers, cooks, and deck-hands, as well as of captain and officers.

"ENGLISH RAMBLES." (J. R. Osgood & Co., Boston.) This volume is designed as a companion to the "Trip to England," and like that book, was first written in short articles for the New York *Tribune*, by William Winter. Like that former work, also, it is a piece of real literature that makes most delightful reading. It is full of poetic imagination and sincere feeling. "A Borrower of the Night," the last of these sketches, is one of the best and most characteristic of them. The same volume contains an affectionate and sympathetic account of the death of Longfellow, with a little analysis of his pure and beautiful character, a chapter entitled "Personal Recollections," and an elegy on the death of the poet. There are also in this volume a number of lyrics, under the collective title "Wanderers." They are all delicate and genuine poetry. Taken as a whole, this little volume is a rich treasure.

"DON'T: A Manual of Mistakes and Improprieties, more or less prevalent in Conduct and Speech." (By Censor. New York: D. Appleton & Co.)

"There are among us many young men of good instincts and good intentions whose education in some particulars has been neglected. These young men are commonly of quick intelligence, and they will appreciate at once the value of the hints and directions succinctly given here. It is for this class that 'Don't' is mainly intended." — *Preface of* "*Don't.*"

The remark is made in the preface that critics may condemn some of the injunctions as over-nice. The reply is, "That every one has the lawful right to determine for himself at what point below the highest point he is content to let his social culture stop."

The rules here given simply teach invariable respect, in public and private, for the good taste, feelings, and rights of others. There are scores of unpleasant habits mentioned here that we would be glad to see corrected. It is surprising how disagreeable to one another we may unconsciously be. Let us study this matter.

"HAYDN'S DICTIONARY OF DATES."[1] The *Literary World*, in giving a list of works of reference, very properly gave Haydn's "Dictionary of Dates" a very prominent place. The conception of the author to attempt the compression of the greatest body of general information that has ever appeared in a single volume, seems to be fully realized. It is a universal chronology. It is more. Under important heads it gives synoptic views of a variety of matters. Under Bishops we find, Bishops in England, Bishops in Ireland, etc., etc., giving dates of events relating to bishops in the entire history of the world. Different countries are taken up in the same way; and wars, treaties, rulers, writers, artists, etc., etc. The work is a veritable encyclopædia of Universal History, a summary of every department of human history brought down to the date of publication. The work is printed on good paper, and is substantially and elegantly bound.

"JOHN RUSKIN."[2] Ruskin has probably done more than any other to teach America as well as England to know and appreciate beauty in art, and in spite of his sometimes exaggerated estimates and the affectation and roughness of style that occasionally appear in his late writings, we watch for and receive reverently what he has to impart. The lectures on art were given in Oxford, during his second tenure of the Slade professorship. The first is on Realistic Schools of Painting, exemplified in Rossetti and Holman Hunt. The second is a contrast to the first in subject and treatment. It treats of Mythic Schools of Painting, and analyzes the work and manner of E. Burne Jones and G. F. Watts. Constant reference is made to Turner, the writer's first love, to whom he is ever true.

"Lost Jewels" is one of the letters to the workmen and laborers of Great Britain. It speaks of the "extremely good girls," who, as Ruskin says, "usually die young. I could count the like among my best-loved friends, with a rosary of tears."

"STANDARD LIBRARY." (New York: Funk & Wagnalls, 10 and 12 Dey st.) "Scottish Characteristics," by Paxton Hood, is a tempting volume which illustrates by description and a wealth of anecdote "The Old Scottish Minister," "Characteristics of Scottish Humor," "Humors of Scottish Character," "Varieties of Scottish Superstition," "The Old Scottish Lady," and other views of this sturdy people, a very amusing and instructive work.

"FRENCH CELEBRITIES." (New York: Funk & Wagnalls, 10 and 12 Dey st.) This is a series of pen-portraits of seven men who are true representatives of French genius in different fields, and have a strong claim upon American interest. The subjects are MacMahon, Gambetta, Jules Grévy, Louis Blanc, De Freycinet, Victor Hugo, and De Lesseps, and the writers of the sketches, such men as Ernest Daudet.

"TWO YEARS AT HILLSBORO'."[1] This is a very interesting and lively chronicle of boarding-school life by one who is evidently well acquainted with the subject. There was a college across the way from the girls' school, as frequently happens, and that adds spice to the story. The last chapter contains a wedding.

"JUNE"[2] is an entertaining story of English life, domestic and social. There are love, jealousy, and misunderstanding in all possible combinations; but "all's well that ends well."

"BANNED AND BLESSED"[3] is another of Mrs. Wister's admirable translations. Her English style is pure and attractive. The romance itself is from the German of E. Werner, and is of powerful interest. It is a story of a noble son stained by his father's crime.

"TWO KISSES."[4] Rather a light and empty novel of gossip and flirtation. The style is seasoned by a plentiful sprinkling of French words and phrases.

STEPHEN, M.D.[5] This story, like others of the same author, has its interest centred in a child of wonderful piety and wonderful influence on older and more worldly minds. This time the child is a boy, and his life is traced from the cottage where he lived with his mother, on mush and molasses, bought "on tick," through his wanderings after his mother's death, through struggles and success in the factory, to manhood. Then came his love-story, one of deepest disappointment, that changed the peaceful current of his life into deeper and more active channels. At last his virtues are rewarded by the governorship of Massachusetts, and we have the satisfaction of hearing Mrs. Hardenbrook — who married her daughter to another man, instead of to Stephen — acknowledge, with her usual tone of complaint, that "Erick don't seem to get along so astonishingly well as I see. It wouldn't have been so bad. We might have lived in Boston."

[1] Haydn's Dictionary of Dates. Seventeenth edition. Revised for American readers. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1883.

[2] John Ruskin. The Art of England. Lectures I. and II. Fors Clavigera; Lost Jewels. By John Ruskin. New York: John Wiley and Sons.

[1] Two Years at Hillsboro'. By Julia Nelson. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

[2] June. By Mrs. Forrester. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

[3] Banned and Blessed. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

[4] Two Kisses. By Hawley Smart. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

[5] By the author of The Wide, Wide World. New York: Robert Carter and Brothers.

"WOODS AND LAKES OF MAINE."[1] The canoeist will find in this volume most delicious reading for the winter evenings, while all lovers of woods and lakes and nature, and of the finer kinds of out-door literature will find it a most charming book. It is certainly one of the most interesting and beautiful books of adventure and out-door life that has recently been issued from the press. The birch-bark canoe has a prominent place in the illustrations, as well as the camp-fire. The drawings are by Mr. Taylor, who accompanied the author in the autumn of 1881. They are spirited and beautiful. The presswork and typography are simply superb; the book is one of the finest specimens of book-printing from John Wilson & Son. No expense seems to have been spared to make this a rare specimen of fine book-making. It is a delight in its fine heavy paper, chaste typography, and tasteful binding, to the lover of handsome books.

"A SYLVAN CITY"[2] is not a novel, as one might suppose, but a series of delightful sketches on Philadelphia, from various writers, including Helen Campbell and Louise Stockton. There is many a quaint bit of information to be found in these sketches, and it is always expressed in a neat way. In addition to the sketches, which would of themselves make the book uncommonly attractive, there is an unusually large number of fine illustrations, from a number of eminent artists, Jo. Pennell among the rest.

"HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE."[3] Mr. Gilman has quietly written a history of the American people that for practical usefulness in this age of hurry is equal to the larger and more pretentious histories. The social and political history of the people of America is told with point and brevity, and yet with a wealth of incident and with a beauty and ease of style that ensure interest and charm to the narrative. Extracts from diaries, letters, newspapers, etc., relieve the page and impart information in a manner that will sieze upon the attention and memory. It is the most interesting compendious history we have ever read. It is printed excellently, with large type on heavy paper, and is fully and judiciously illustrated.

"GOLDEN FLORAL SERIES." (Lee and Shepard). The later additions to this series consist of six charming volumes: "My Faith Looks up to Thee," by Ray Palmer, with designs by L. B. Comins; "Curfew Must not Ring To-night," by Rosa Hartwick Thorpe, illustrated by Garrett and Merrill; "It was the Calm and Silent Night," by Alfred Dommett, illustrated by W. L. Taylor; "That Glorious Song of Old," by Edmund Hamilton Sears, illustrated by Alfred Fredericks; "Come into the Garden, Maud," illustrated by Edmund H. Garrett; "The Lord is my Shepherd," illustrated by Miss L. B. Humphrey, and five other female artists. These volumes are of fine paper, consist of about twenty-five pages each, very profusely and finely illustrated. They are in flexible, gilded covers, bearing a floral design in colors on front and back; are fringed with delicate colors, held together with cords and tassels, and are neatly put up in white boxes. One could not desire a more elegant Christmas souvenir than one of these dainty volumes.

"GEORGE ELIOT: A Critical Study of her Life, Writings, and Philosophy." (J. R. Osgood & Co., Boston.) It has not been so much the purpose of Mr. Cooke to write a biography of this wonderful woman, as to interpret her character, her beliefs, and her teachings. He has given the facts of her life as contributing to form her character and her theories. He has dwelt rather fully on her connection with Mr. Lewes. But in all biographical details he has pointed out the influences that moulded her religious and philosophical opinions. In the last chapters of the volume he has entered upon the limitations of her thought and philosophy. He finds her sympathetic and faithful in delineation of every phase of religious life, deeply religious in feeling, and yet rejecting belief in God and immortality. Her words were all upon human duty and conduct. She was always a moral teacher, both powerful and pure, animated by what is here called "an ethical passion." She finds her substitute for faith in work for humanity. So poor a substitute for belief would seem to have little power, but it quickened her mind and soul with enthusiasm. She was not one of the artists who feel that they must present an actual transcript of what exists in the world, without hint of condemnation or desire to instruct. She always wrote to teach, and here her teachings are very clearly interpreted. She believed "that the sources of life are outward, not inward; dependent . . . on the effects of environment and the results of social experience." She fails, then, in not being inspired by spiritual aims and convictions.

"THE MERRY ADVENTURES OF ROBIN HOOD." (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.) Our literature is so barren of legend and folk-songs of any popular currency that we cannot fail of delight in seeing a series of old tales brought into order and connection, beautifully related and adorned with all the devices of true art. This superb volume, with its quaint language and antique style of illustration, is one of admirable originality and interest. Every detail of the work is in perfect keeping with the story of the outlaw.

[1] Woods and Lakes of Maine. By Lucius L. Hubbard. Illustrated by Will L. Taylor. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. $3.00.

[2] "Our Continent Library." A Sylvan City; or, Quaint Corners in Philadelphia. Illustrated. Philadelphia: Our Continent Publishing Co. New York: Fords, Howard & Hulbert. 1883.

[3] History of the American People. By Arthur Gilman. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.

B. F. B. (on the stump in the recent campaign): "THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY IS THE BICYCLE I AM RIDING NOW."

SOME years since, a law student of Quaker birth and education was admitted to the Suffolk bar, with several other candidates, on motion of I. W. Richardson, Esq. When they were about to be sworn the Quaker asked leave to take the affirmation instead of the oath, stating that he was a member of the Society of Friends. "That is not the whole question," said Mr. Richardson; "have you conscientious scruples against swearing?"—"I have," replied the Friend; and thereupon the others took the oath, and he affirmed. Turning to him afterward, Mr. Richardson remarked: "When thee has practised a while at this bar thee won't be so —— conscientious."

* * *

TÊTE-À-TÊTE at a Western archery range one September afternoon:—

"Why are you here?" she inquired.

"Just to draw a bow with the rest," he replied.

"So am I," she observed, softly, as she naively twirled her sunshade.

"Indeed," said he; "what kind of one?"

"Yew, of course."

"Well, you always have to string a bow before you draw it," said he, with evident embarrassment, "and I must go and string mine."

* *

AMENITIES.

THE recreations are to be pursued for their amenities, rather than for their asperities, observes Carl Onkel.

He has watched many competitions, and joined in some; and he counts those best which develop the most good nature and the least displeasure.

He deems that, as a good dinner should include by way of dessert some morsels to tickle every palate, so every magazine should have some page from which no reader can turn without a smile.

He edits this page for two smiles and a laugh per thousand ems, and invites suggestions and contributions of incident, anecdote, wit, humor, and even of nonsense, from his sympathetic readers. They shall not lose their reward, for if their pages go not to the compositor, they may serve to kindle a fire to keep the editor warm.

* * *

SPEAKING of certain often-recurring initials, an observant wheelman remarks: "See what they mean:—

"C.T.C.—Come to Coventry.

"L.A.W.—Let America win."

MITTENED.

IN a twelvemonth I have flirted
With a dozen charming maids:
Every one has me diverted
Till I willingly deserted,—
Some in summer, some in autumn,
Some so early winter caught 'em,
Some when spring-tide warmed the glades.

Only one, as I remember,
Was so coy and hard to woo,—
'Twas not June, nor yet September,
But the stately, prim December,—
By her glances I was smitten;
Promptly she gave me the mitten,
And I gladly wore it, two.

Charles E. Pratt.

THE PUBLISHERS' DESK.

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, postpaid, 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 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.

Good Things to Come.

THE literary and artistic work now in hand, and in course of preparation, for OUTING AND THE WHEELMAN, renders it perfectly safe to say that, during the year 1884, OUTING AND THE WHEELMAN will be the handsomest and best monthly magazine in the world which is devoted wholly to out-door recreations. The conclusion of the richly illustrated paper entitled, "A-Wheeling in Norambega"; an elaborate article on the region of the St. John's river, Florida, illustrated by Sylvester and Smedley; a bright paper on "Canoeing in Alaska," illustrated by Hassam; additional chapters of Maurice Thompson's attractive serial, "Summer Sweethearts"; "Leaves from a Wheelman's Journal," with a dozen illustrations in the realm of natural history; a lively sketch of a tramp through the Tyrol; one of President Bates's inimitable sketches; and many other attractions, will appear in our February issue.

The memorable wheel-run through Canada will be vivaciously described and handsomely illustrated for the March number, and in April an elaborate article on the Catskill region, with numerous illustrations, will be one of the leading attractions. A careful paper on "Salmon Fishing," finely illustrated by Henry Sandham, will appear in an early issue.

Bicyclers will find in future numbers of OUTING AND THE WHEELMAN the best and most valuable literature and art pertaining to their favorite recreation that is obtainable in the world, while tourists, canoeists, yachtsmen, archers, and all who are interested in out-door life and recreation, will find their special tastes pleasantly and fully catered to in these pages.

A Timely Suggestion.

IF any one who sees this notice is a subscriber to both OUTING and THE WHEELMAN, and will kindly send us a postal-card apprising us of the fact, it will aid materially in combining the two subscription-lists without blunders, and we shall take pleasure in so extending his term as to cover the double subscription. All correspondence pertaining to the new magazine, or to the unsettled accounts of either OUTING or THE WHEELMAN, should be addressed to Boston.

Our New Premium List.

A REVISED and extended list of premiums for new subscriptions to OUTING AND THE WHEELMAN is in course of preparation, and will soon be ready. It will be forwarded to any address as soon as ready, on postal-card request. In the meantime the old list of premiums offered by THE WHEELMAN is in full force, and the greater the number of subscribers received under its very liberal provisions the better shall we be pleased.

The Field of Travel.

THE steamers' passenger-lists show that pleasure travel on the Atlantic has almost ceased for the season.

MR. W. H. SOMERS, steward of the Continental Hotel, Philadelphia, has been appointed superintendent commissary of all the restaurants on the West Shore road.

THE dining-cars on the Chicago, Burlington, & Quincy Railroad are now in charge of Mr. Isaac Rowe, late steward of hotel-cars on the Pennsylvania Railroad.

SOME of the Atlantic steamers are selling round-trip tickets between New York and Liverpool for $100, which is pretty cheap for the trip over and back. But the figures may soon be even lower, for a war between the transatlantic

lines on the subject of cabin rates is threatened. The rival companies will thus prey upon each other until spring starts the next stream of pilgrims eastward. Then, presto! up will go the rates again.

IT is now the correct thing to engage your passage to Europe as far ahead as possible. Some folks are already booked for steamers to sail next June.

NOW that the railroad companies have adjusted their time-standards, suppose they give a long-suffering public good, well-regulated clocks in *every* station, and publish time-cards that are guaranteed never to be as puzzling as a New York *Herald* war-map.

A NATIVE of Chicago has invented a machine which he calls a "rail-boat." It is supposed to be an adaptation of the ice-boat to railroad tracks.

MATTHEW ARNOLD is of the opinion that we do not pay enough attention to the education of our stomachs, or to the science of eating. Mr. Arnold has not yet visited an American railway eating-house during the period when there are "ten minutes for refreshments."—*Albany Express.*

ONE little cold fact will sometimes demolish, very quietly, the most ponderous logical argument disproving its existence. Attorney-General Brewster, for instance, declared that the new standard-time could not possibly be legal, and he refused to recognize it. The next time he went to the Washington depot to take a train he found he had "got left."

REFORM in the lighting of passenger-coaches on our railroads is needed. As a rule, the lamps furnished are anything but as bright and cheerful as they should be. The railroads should give the public more light.

THE railroad construction this year amounts to 5,410 miles, against 9,102 miles in 1882.

POPULAR steamers such as the "Alaska," "City of Rome," "Servia," and "Gallia," sometimes carry from $35,000 to $40,000 "worth" of passengers on a single voyage in the busy season.

THE plan for a branch of the Hartford and Connecticut Western road from Tariffville, Conn., to Springfield, Mass., is being revived. This would complete a direct line from the east to the Catskill region, by merely laying seventeen miles of track.

THE newspapers seem to have temporarily abandoned their project of leasing the West Shore road to the Grand Trunk Railway, and have again taken up the old, old story, that Vanderbilt is hidden back among the bushes.

THE Georgia Pacific Railroad was opened from Atlanta to Birmingham, Alabama, a distance of one hundred and seventy-seven miles, on Nov. 18. It is one of the best-built lines in the South, and when finished will extend from Atlanta to Greenville, on the Mississippi, and thence by leased lines to the Pacific coast.

IT is stated that the West Shore road is looking up the feasibility of running a track from Saugerties to Richfield Springs, via Hunter and the Schoharie valley.

TWO of the magnificent coaches built by the Mann Boudoir Car Company for the Mapleson Opera Company were shipped over the Boston & Albany road on Thanksgiving night. They are called "La Traviata" and "La Somnambula," and cost about $28,000 each. Each car is sixty-four feet in length, and contains eight rooms, with a golden corridor forty feet long, and a vestibule at each end. Four rooms in each car contain four berths, the beds being arranged crosswise, instead of lengthwise, as in the old style of sleeping-car. In the daytime the cars are models of neatness and convenience. The windows of each car contain a complete series of Landseer's stags in diamond-cut glass designs, silvered and backed by garnet velvet, giving a very elegant effect. The windows are curtained by double shades of silk and satin, and the walls covered with leather and rich French tapestry. The rooms are connected with servants' rooms by a system of electric call-bells. Baggage is stowed away near the top of the car. The particular coach that Adelina Patti is to occupy is even more luxurious in its appointments than these, and will cost about $55,000 by the time it is completed. After the Mapleson Company have finished their tour this winter, Patti's car will be reserved for the use of the President of the Mann Company. The others will be placed in regular service between New York and Boston, via Springfield, and will cost twenty-five per cent. more to the occupant than the ordinary drawing-room cars, and the luxury obtained will not be dear even at that price.

THE novel features of the state-room sleeping-car invented by John A. Sleicher, the well-known journalist, may be summarized as follows: An aisle runs down one side of the car instead of

the centre; each seat is six feet long, extending from one side of the car to the aisle. At night the seat can be transformed into two roomy berths, and double backs afford sliding panels, which can be elevated, and, in connection with projections from the roof form partitions, and leave each section of two berths snugly cut off from the others. The heater is enclosed within a compartment lined with boiler-iron. Above is a water-tank, and, in case of a collision or wreck, the tank would burst, and at once extinguish the fire by flooding that end of the car. Wax candles or gas form an agreeable substitute for kerosene for lighting the cars.

IF the possible results are taken into consideration, the trial of the Daft Electric Motor, which took place on the Saratoga and Mount McGregor Railroad on November 24, becomes one of the most important events of the year, for it suggests a prospective revolutionary advance in methods of locomotion. The trial was made during unfavorable weather, in the presence of thousands of spectators. The motor, which weighs two tons, was attached to a passenger-coach loaded with people, and run for upwards of a mile, with results that were quite satisfactory to the managers of the Mount McGregor Railroad, who at once contracted for several of the machines, for use in transporting the car-loads of excursionists who will desire to reach the breezy summit next season. The motor is a small, compact machine, twelve feet long, and about the height of an ordinary platform-car. On the front is a pilot, similar to that of a locomotive, while above is the front guard, in appearance resembling the dash-board of a wagon. Behind this guard is the operator's seat, by the side of which is the reversing-lever, and the switches that regulate the speed of the machine. At the rear of the platform, encased in a box, is the dynamo-machine, which receives the electric current from the rails and transmits it to the drivers. Exactly in the centre of the track is placed a third rail, which is charged with the positive current by dynamo-machines, placed at intervals beside the track. A phosphor bronze wheel bears lightly upon the centre rail and conducts the current to the dynamo-machine on the motor, and thence after having performed the necessary work through conductors by way of the driving-wheels to the outer rails, thus completing the circuit. The brakes are worked by switching a portion of the electric current, and a complete system is proposed for lighting the cars and supplying the head-light, as well as a system of electric signalling. In connection with the demonstrated success of this motor, Faure's invention for storing electric fluid becomes of the greatest possible interest, owing to the possibility of applying it to any movable machines. As one of the newspapers remarks: "It promises to solve the problem of rapid transit in cities along street-car ways, as it can be attached to vans, and operated at a comparatively trifling cost. In railway travel any desired speed can be obtained, as it will be possible to propel a locomotive at the rate of 200 miles an hour. The introduction of this perfected principle will be of the greatest importance to the business interests of this and other countries, and its application does not seem to be very remote."

The Pleasure Resorts.

BY an odd coincidence, Darling is the name of one of the proprietors of a new hotel, called the Fifth Avenue, located at Pueblo, Colorado. And, possibly, that's as far as the coincidence goes.

THE Arlington, at Hot Springs, Arkansas, is taking on improvements by the addition of sixty or seventy chambers and a handsome new dining-hall.

WASHINGTON is promising itself, as usual, a very brilliant season for this winter.

IT is a provoking disappointment. Just as folks were conjuring up mental pictures of William H. Vanderbilt sitting behind the desk of that projected summer hotel at Bedford Springs and calmly assigning Jay Gould to a seven-by-nine cupboard in the fifth story, the Cincinnati *Enquirer* comes along with positive information to the effect that Vanderbilt has changed his mind. Can it be that he was unable to find a diamond stud big enough for a two-hundred-million-dollar hotel-keeper?

THE Agnew House is the name of a hotel in course of erection in Ocala, Florida, which is to cost $60,000, and open up a charming resort but little known at present. It will be conducted by Mr. Thayer, the well-known restaurateur, of Providence, R.I.

RUMOR has it that Mr. George W. Kittelle, who conducted Maplewood Hall, in the Berkshire Hills, last summer, will next year manage the Hotel Baldwin, a large and costly structure now in course of erection at Beach Haven, N.J.

THE St. James Hotel at Jacksonville, Florida, opened on December 1st.

THE Carlton, at Palatka, Florida, has lost its identity with the extensive improvements and alterations recently effected. It will hereafter be known as the Hotel de Lafayette.

THE Park View Hotel and its annex of five cottages, at Orange Park, Florida, is this winter under the management of Mr. George M. Tilton, lately steward at the Hotel Pemberton, Boston.

HONOLULU, Hawaii, is growing in favor among Western folks, as a winter resort. The town has quite a colony of American residents, and, by a liberal exercise of the imagination, a visitor might half persuade himself that he was in a thriving New England town.

THE strawberry season is now opening in Bermuda. No reference to the prospective profits of the hotel-keepers is intended.

THE proprietor of the Sheldon House, at Ocean Grove, N.J., proposes to fight it out all winter with open doors, at that seaside summer resort.

GILBERT COLERIDGE, son of the English peer, likes America so well that he will not return to Europe until next spring.

ANY defective sanitation at summer-resort hotels should be attended to now. It will not do to wait until the warm weather and crowds of visitors have arrived.

FAIRMOUNT Park, Philadelphia, is to have a maze or labyrinth garden similar to that at Hampton Court, England. It will be quite an interesting acquisition.

GENERAL SPINNER, the veteran financier, who has been visiting his former home in New York State, has betaken himself and his famous autograph to his plantation at Jacksonville, Fla., for the winter.

THE new Dakota family hotel promises to be quite an acquisition to New York City. Its location on Eighth avenue, opposite Central Park, will be decidedly a pleasant one. The structure will cover an entire block, and when completed will have cost fully $3,000,000; so that it ought to rank as the finest and largest hotel of its kind in the world. It will be managed by Mr George Chatterton, late of the Mammoth Spring Hotel, Yellowstone Park.

EIGHT years ago Jonathan S. Brinton went from Iowa to Palestine, and opened a hotel in Jerusalem. Strange to relate, the scheme proved a great financial success, and the proprietor is making a fortune. Hundreds of English and American tourists stop at the hotel, and it has become one of the institutions of the Holy City.

MRS. MARIE J. PITMAN (Margery Dean) will spend the winter in southern France and Italy, whither she goes, by direction of her oculist, for rest.

ACCORDING to a recent decision by the New York Court of Appeals, a notice conspicuously posted up in a hotel, to the effect that a safe is provided in the office for the security of boarders' valuables, will not exempt managers from liability provided thieves enter the chambers of the guests and purloin their property. The case in which the decision was obtained was the suit brought by General Hancock against the St. Cloud Hotel, New York, and it has been running the gamut of the courts during the past seven years.

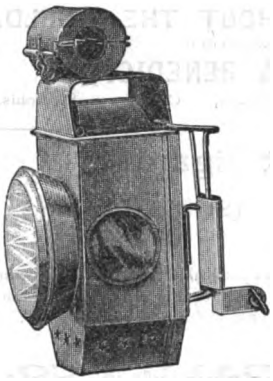
THERE are a few chronic grumblers — fortunately a very few — who pass most of their outing at popular American resorts in finding fault with the accommodations and appointments of the hotels. Such folks ought to be condemned to live in the larger and important caravansaries of St. Petersburg. They are truly anything but inviting, according to the *Builder*, which says that some, even to the very doors, seem hewn out of solid stone, and could be converted into prisons in an hour. Nobody thinks of laying carpet on "grand staircases." You walk on granite. Long and badly-lighted corridors lead to rows of rooms, in which there is an abundance of furniture, but where the high ceiling, waxed floor, and something not easily described in the appearance of the walls and the general arrangement leave a sense of frigidity on the hottest day. Strong are the staircases, gloomy the corridors; but most suggestive of all, perhaps, is the man who sometimes precedes, sometimes follows you, rattling his keys. The serious phase of hotel life in St. Petersburg, however, is the drainage. The science of hygiene is in its infancy, and there are arrangements in some of the "grands" which, in the United States, would be considered disgraceful in a common lodging-house. American hotels are not the worst in the world by long odds.

MR. J. R. SWINERTON, who has a Long Branch reputation as a hotel man, is running the new Hotel Warwick at Newport News, Virginia.

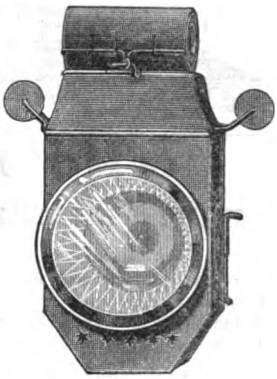
BICYCLE AND TRICYCLE LANTERNS.

Much attention has lately been given (and deservedly) to the subject of lanterns by the riding public; and we, both as riders and manufacturers, have been diligently studying the essential points in their construction, with a success better seen in our latest lanterns themselves than in any description.

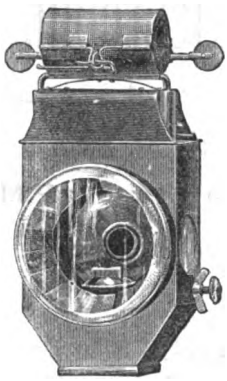
THE CONVERTIBLE BICYCLE LANTERN



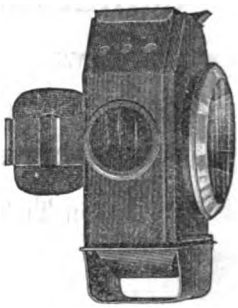
was designed expressly for us. It is extra large, trebly secure, and of handsome form and finish. It is contrived for use either as a hub-light or a head-light. It has specially a sure wick-detainer, security fastenings and door-catch, red and green side-glasses, red rear glass, large plate-glass front, and a parabolic reflector of peculiar surfaces. Prices, japanned, $4.00; nickelled, $4.50; with head attachment, $1.00 extra.



THE EVENING STAR BICYCLE LANTERN



is in form for a hub-light only, similar to the Convertible, but with an improved positive wick-detainer, adjustable side-arms, adjustable axle support to prevent rattling, suspension springs to relieve from jar, a slide for igniting the wick without opening the door, and large wick and oil reservoir. We offer this as our latest and best bicycle lantern, and as one equal in lighting capacity, in security of fastenings, in convenience of use, in durability, good appearance, and noiselessness, to any lantern in the market. Price, japanned, $6.50; nickelled, $7.50.



OUR TRICYCLE LANTERN

is like the Convertible, except that it has not the same attachments, but has attached to the back a rubber spring and clip for relieving the jar and attaching to the proper clip on the Tricycle. Price, japanned, $4.50.

THE POPE M'F'G CO.,

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WILL be ready for distribution on St. Valentine's Day. It will be unique and full of interest, and will contain a long list of the premiums to be awarded for new subscribers. We are ready to pay liberally for all effective work done in our behalf, and the testimony of our daily mail is that canvassers find subscribers to OUTING AND THE WHEELMAN easily obtained among people interested in out-of-door topics. All applications for Premium Lists will be filled promptly on St. Valentine's Day and the days immediately following.

BOUND VOLUMES AND BACK NUMBERS.

The literature and art presented to the public in the back numbers of the two magazines, which are now merged in one, have received the most cordial praise from press and people, and are not unworthy of a place beside the contents of magazines standing at the very summit of periodical fame. Among the writers who have contributed to OUTING and THE WHEELMAN during the past eighteen months may be mentioned Oliver Wendell Holmes, John G. Whittier, George William Curtis, George Parsons Lathrop, John Boyle O'Reilly, William Sloane Kennedy, Maurice Thompson, Edith M. Thomas, Mrs. Julia C. R. Dorr, the Goodale Sisters, S. Conant Foster, Kirk Munroe, Charles Richards Dodge, Amanda B. Harris, Kate Upson Clark, President Bates, Karl Kron, C. A. Hazlett, Charles E. Pratt, J. B. Marsh, and Margaret Sangster, besides many others. The artists include some of the best and most widely known in the land. Henry Sandham, F. Childe Hassam, E. H. Garrett, A. B. Shute, Will H. Low, John Dunsmore, H. E. Sylvester, F. S. Church, W. Taber, Dan Beard, Chas. Copeland, C. W. Reed, are a few of the names.

Bound volumes of THE WHEELMAN, each containing one-half year of the magazine, will be forwarded, postpaid, on receipt of $1.50 each. Bound volumes of OUTING—Volume I. containing the first twelve numbers, and Volume II. the eight issues concluding with December, 1883—will be sent, Postpaid, on receipt of $1.50 for the first, and $1.10 for the second volume. Back numbers of either magazine will be sent, postpaid, on receipt of twenty cents each.

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We have the Common Sense Binder made for OUTING and THE WHEELMAN. It is the finest binder in the market, lettered in gold. We will send FREE, post-paid, one of these binders to any old subscriber who will send us two dollars and the name of a new subscriber. The price of the binder is 85 cents, post-paid. We will print the name of the person wanting the binder for 25 cents extra.

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JAMES R. PITCHER,
Secretary.

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Chas. S. Boyd, Philadelphia, Pa.,	5,000
C. H. Badger, Fond du Lac, Wis.,	5,000
Chas. J. King, Littleton, N. H.,	5,000
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P. J. O'Brien, New York, N. Y.,	5,000
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David Lewis, Chicago, Ill.,	5,000
Thomas Richardson, Lebanon, Ill.,	5,000
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Almon R. Bostwick, Toledo, O.,	5,000
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More than $350,000 have been disbursed for losses by the United States Mutual Accident Association, 320 & 322 BROADWAY, N. Y. Rates of Insurance one-half those of stock companies.

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