OUTING AND THE WHEELMAN.

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BESIDE THE TENNIS-COURT.

OF course pretty Mistress Columbine was aware how bewitching she looked in her lawn-tennis dress; else does any one believe she would have taken the long way round to the court, when she knew that by so doing she must pass Captain Arthur, who was smoking with me under the oaks? Or would she, I ask any candid-minded maiden, have paused to chat with us, racquet in hand, although she knew Tom, Dick, and Harriet were all waiting for her, that they might begin the game? Yet pause she did, and chat she did, until she won the captain to accompany her to the lawn; while I was thus unceremoniously given the choice of continuing my cigar alone, or of following superfluously after as they sauntered over the velvet turf.

"As for going to watch the play," I observed morosely, "it is dangerous amusement. I would remind you, captain, that Charles VIII. of France took his death-chill while watching a game of tennis, and departed this life on that self-same day, the 27th of April, 1498."

"Come, Mentor," Columbine said, over her shoulder, "I always know you are cross when you begin to fling bits of historical information at people."

"James I. of Scotland, also," I continued, unrelentingly, "owed his death to this pernicious game. When the assassins broke into the monastery to murder him, Catherine Douglas barred the door with her arm: —"

"Alas! It was flesh and bone, no more,"

quoted Columbine.

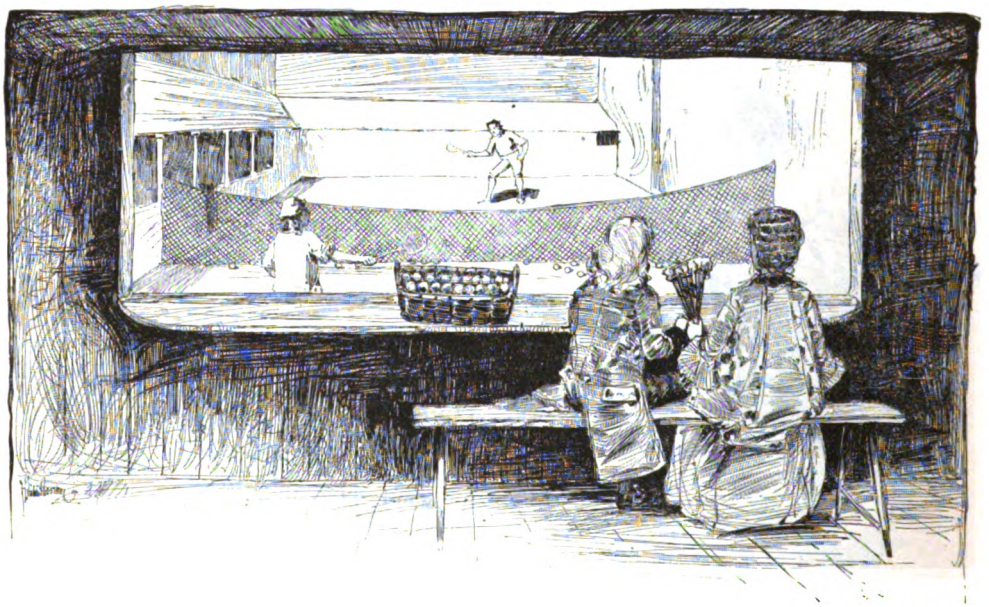
"'Twas Catherine Douglas sprang to the door,
But I fell back Kate Barlass!"

"She hindered the ruffians long enough for the king to be ignominiously scuttled through the floor into a sort of basement; but the window through which he expected to escape had that day been fastened up, because the tennis-balls rolled into it, and he was killed 'like a rat in a hole.'"

The further valuable information I might have given them was lost in the cries which greeted Columbine as we came in sight of the tennis-ground, and Tom, Dick, and Harriet joined in a chorus of mingled reprobation and welcome. The game was soon in progress, while the captain and I disposed ourselves to watch and smoke, I reflecting that they would probably remain forever ignorant that tennis was about the only game which the pedantic and pig-headed James I. considered fit recreation for his royal son, Henry, Prince of Wales; and also that, in 1591, the Earl of Hertford entertained Queen Elizabeth, at Elveham, Hampshire, by having "ten of his servants, after dinner, about three o'clock in the afternoon, set up on a green before Her Majesty's window lines of cords, squaring out the form of a tennis-court, and making a cross-line in the middle. In the square the men, stripped of their doublets, played five to five with hand-ball, a hande and a corde as they

terme it, to the great likinge of Her Highness." It occurred to me also that it was far from likely that they would ever stumble upon many another choice bit of information, which I, who had carefully read all available tennis literature both before and after the day of Captain Wingfield, the gentleman to whom belongs the honor of leading the revival of the game in England in 1873, might have imparted had they given me opportunity.

The players, however, appeared little interested concerning the antiquity or the history of their game, but to give all thought and desire to the result of the set they had begun; while, as for Captain Arthur, he cared for nothing but his cigar and Columbine; so I was left to do such reflecting and philosophizing as I chose, quite unregarded.



AN ANCIENT TENNIS-COURT.

The game of tennis, as everybody knows, or could know, is of very respectable antiquity. Its origin is lost in the mists of the middle ages, and even the early history of the variety now so popular under the name lawn tennis, is practically unknown. As far back as the days of Louis XIV. the game was played in the open air in France, and allusion has already been made to the English game of 1591. Mediæval tennis, however, was for the most part played in courts built for the purpose and surrounded by high walls. It required, like the modern game, two or four persons; but, unlike the latter, admitted of more players. It has always been, in all its varying forms, a pastime in which both agility and skill were required, and depends as little upon chance as any game which can be mentioned. It was the favorite amusement of the nobility, and numerous monarchs are recorded as expert in it. Of one of the French kings it is noted that he one day lost his royal temper, because the spectators in the tennis-court applauded the clever strokes by which an opponent got the better of His Majesty. With the most opprobrious epithets the irate monarch ordered all the lookers-on to withdraw instantly. They obeyed, with the exception of a single officer, who coolly answered, when the royal bully angrily demanded how he dared to remain, "As I am neither a ——— fool, nor a ——— knave, sire, I did not understand that I had been directed to go out."

An equally good retort is related of a monk who played at tennis as a partner of Francis I. against a couple of nobles.

"A good stroke for a monk!" cried the king, at a clever return.

"It might be good, sire, for an abbé, if you please," was the instant reply, which gained for the quick-witted cowlman the next vacant benefice.

About the end of the fifteenth century

the French divided their game of tennis into the two varieties *Longue Paume* and *Courte Paume*, the latter being practically the lawn-tennis of to-day. The counting was almost identical with that at present in use, which differs from that introduced by Captain Wingfield at the time of his revival of the game. The set consisted of the best of eleven games, as it practically does now, and the points were fifteen, thirty, forty, and game, the term "deuce" being used as in modern play. The court was, however, marked off into

A MODERN TENNIS-COURT.

a complicated series of *chasses*, the different divisions being known as the *grille*, the *tambour*, and so on, and the counting was thereby rendered considerably involved.

Heavy stakes often depended upon the tennis matches of the "knights and squires of high degree," in the olden time. On October 27, 1594, it is recorded that Henry II., of France, lost four hundred gold *écus* at the game, while the minutes of various other wagers may be discovered by any one curious in these matters.

"I have bet Columbine a new racquet," the captain, by an odd coincidence, slowly observed at this point of my musings, "that this set is finished without her side's winning a love game."

"Since you are so interested in the game," I returned, "why do you never play yourself?"

"My dear fellow," replied he, "I do play. I belong to a tennis-club at home, and worked for three months this spring harder than I ever labored at anything else in the world to get into training to beat a rival society."

"Did you beat them?"

"Beat them!" echoed the gallant captain, turning on me a glance of scorn so withering that I felt my backbone shorten; "their dust was blown away by the wind, so fine did we pulverize them."

"I didn't know," I said in humble apology. "You must have noticed that people don't always beat."

"I know they don't. That is because they play with girls. Spoils any fellow's play."

"But in 1427," I retorted, brightening a little at the idea of having a tremendous fact with which to crush him, "there appeared in Paris a woman named Margot, twenty-five years old, from the country of Hainault, who beat all the crack players of France."

"Humph!" sneered Captain Arthur.

"Both at overhand and underhand service," I went on, unmoved, "she was, according to the chroniclers of the day, *très puissamment, très malicieusement, et très habilement.*"

THE STATUESQUE PLAYER.

"Game!" cried the buoyant voice of Columbine from the farther side of the net.

The captain raised himself into a sitting posture, lit a fresh cigar, and fixed on me a certain significant regard.

"There have always been women," he was pleased to observe sententiously, "who refused to keep their place. There was Eve, for instance, and Cleopatra, and Joan of Arc" —

"And I," cried Columbine, advancing toward us. "I have won my wager, though. This last game was a love game."

Laughing badinage in regard to the racquet which she had won followed, and I was enabled to introduce into the conversation the fact that the lost books of the Latin historian Livy were destroyed in the sixteenth century by a stupid French racquet-maker, who used the parchment to cover the handles of his wares.

The players united in laughing at me as a walking encyclopædia, and the captain again began to talk. The captain is one of those definite, insistent men, to whom everybody yields; so we all sat about in respectful silence like the shepherds about Don Quixote, while he discoursed as follows: —

"The beauty of tennis is primarily an ethical one. The player must, first of all, be alive to the tips of his fingers, and he must have all this vivified energy under the most absolute control of his will, while his will is as completely under the command of his judgment. His reason must recall all that has taken place in the game, be perfectly and actively cognizant of every manifestation of personal peculiarities on the part of the players; it must balance the chances of the display of these personal characteristics in any given stroke; it must foresee all the game that is to come, with the effect that any play will have upon the especial situation and upon the game as a whole; and all this consideration, this reasoning, this concluding, must be performed in the twinkling of an eye. While the ball flies from one side of the net to the other, all these things must take place in the mind of the player; a line of action must be decided upon, and followed up with the swiftness of the thought."

"Heavens!" cried Columbine, in mock amazement. "I feel a new respect for myself. Do all these things really happen in my mind when I strike a ball?"

"No," returned the captain, as severely as he could speak to Columbine; "girls have no minds. Tennis is a game of chance with them. The more obvious advantages of the game," he went on, taking up the thread of his interrupted discourse, "are physical. The physician in the 'Arabian Nights,' who cheated his king into good health by filling the handle of his racquet with drugs whose efficacy he declared could only be drawn out by the moisture of the hand heated by play, was

a clever old fellow, and knew what he was about. There is a buoyancy about it, a splendid exhilaration in the sport out of doors, with a sturdy antagonist on the other side of the net, and the ball springing through the air."

"Yes," I interposed, thinking it high time that the captain's monologue was stopped; "what Goethe says of cards could very well be applied to tennis: 'Play is much to be recommended to young people, especially to those who have a practical sense, and wish to look out for themselves in the world.'"

"There, Mentor," said that impertinent Dick, in whom gray hairs do not inspire reverence, "don't, for mercy's sake, serve us with any more of the cold scraps of other people's learning."

To avert the storm which she saw coming, Harriet hastily proposed another set, and led the way back to the court.

The captain and I were left again in peace and the odor of good cigar-smoke, and once more I resumed my musings. The attitudes of the players, as they flitted before me, suggested the whole wonderful possibilities of the game in the way of picturesqueness. What was the game which so entertained good Queen Bess, where ten burly serving-men, stripped to their doublets, were the players, compared with the modern tennis contest, in which maidens like Columbine and Harriet have place and part? Whatever may be said of the influence of the fair sex upon the play itself, it can hardly be denied that their presence on the tennis-court adds greatly to the picturesque value of the sport. No other game in which the sexes both participate has so genuine an athletic flavor as tennis; it strikes exactly the happy mean between girlish feebleness on the side of the old-fashioned graces, or battledore and shuttlecock, on the one hand, and the riotous roughness of hockey or football on the other. Croquet has neither the grace, the *verve*, nor the possibilities of tennis; while as for the rest of the long list of games that have been from time to time thrust upon a long-suffering public, the fact that they have died of their own inanition is a sufficient comment upon them all.

"Tennis is a most searching and infallible test of character," I said aloud, addressing my remarks to the captain, although fixing my regards upon a brown and dull gold beetle, that was making its toilsome and futile way up his hat. "It affords such opportunities for unconscious revelations of vanity, selfishness, and brutality, or, on the other hand, of grace, beauty, modesty, and kindliness. Look at Tom, over yonder! When he plays he puts his teeth together, throws his head back, braces his shoulders, and plays as if he were slaying giants. He cannot bear to

A LOVE GAME.

trust anything to his partner, — don't you see, — and loses points just as he lost those Western land lawsuits, by trying to do his own part and that of all his associates. Tom's character and his playing alike lack self-control, and power of reserving force. Dick, on the contrary, is far too self-conscious and self-controlled. He never forgets his fine figure, and he really plays chiefly to show it. He attends to

MISS CHUBBS' METHOD.

his poses first, and to his play afterward, just as he does in dancing, and for that matter in everything. The greatest misfortune that ever happened to Dick was his discovery that his form is elegant. Harriet is a type of the self-distrustful, modest girl, who allows herself to be bullied and bamboozled by some man. You can tell, by the way Harriet lets Tom tyrannize over her at tennis, that she will allow him to be a perfect domestic despot after they are married."

"And Columbine?" queried the captain, blowing a ring of smoke into the calm October air.

"Columbine," I said, "is the embodiment of all that is best and loveliest in American girls. And how the game brings out her attractions! She is saucy, alert, clever, yet modest as a violet, graceful as a fawn, and as sweet as a rose new-blown."

"Hum," returned my companion, musingly; "poetical, but just."

"She plays tennis as she goes through life. She is fearless, yet never over-forward; she never fails when it devolves upon her to play, yet she never interferes with what belongs to others. She is the incarnation of the spirit of the American maiden, free, beautiful, and peerless."

"Mentor," the captain observed, putting his handsome brown hand out to grasp mine, "you are an old bore, of course, as I've so often assured you; but I forgive you everything. I shall propose to Columbine before the sun sets."

I looked at the captain, but, not being sure whether he were in earnest, I ventured no comment on this singular statement, which might be an extraordinary burst of confidence or an ill-judged sarcasm. I felt it to be safer to go on with my general reflections upon tennis-players than to give the captain another of his already too numerous opportunities of making remarks derogatory to my understanding.

"There are as many sorts of players," I said "as there are individuals. There is the fat man, who puffs like a porpoise, and makes one swelter merely to look at him; the thin player, who flits like a shadow over the lawn and makes one think of the skeleton at the feast; the"—

But the captain was so obviously paying no attention whatever to me that I continued my reflections to myself. I recalled the wide variations which had occurred in tennis-play within a few years. When W. Renshaw came before the British public as a champion, his chief points were a strong, overhand service and rapid volleying at the net. The result was to make the game very brilliant to the spectator, the balls being kept long in the air. It is on record that at this stage of English lawn tennis, some ten years ago, two champions, Mr. Lamford and Mr. Lubbuck, once passed a ball backward and forward eighty-three times before grounding it. Volleying at the net, however, was so easily met by proper placing of the ball

behind the player that its day was a short one. Mr. Renshaw modified his play so as to make its chief feature the swift volley and half volley from the centre of the court. "Placing," of which Mr. Lamford, we suppose, may be regarded as the especial apostle, forced the player away from the net; and, although some extremists took their stand very near the base line, the best usage settled down to the fashion followed by Renshaw, of playing from the service line. It is from this position that this clever player gives his famous "Renshaw smash," dashing the ball into his opponent's court with a force and swiftness which render the play well-nigh unreturnable. Mr. Akroyd is probably unequalled among modern players for back-handed play, and several other distinguished champions might be mentioned who, in one particular or another, excel Mr. Renshaw; but, on the whole, he stands at the head of all living tennis-players, by a combination of natural aptitude and intelligently directed study, of which the results are inimitable. His beautiful imperturbability, the skill with which a blow which seems delivered at random never fails to place the ball just where he wishes, and the lightning rapidity with which all is done, make, coupled with his grace and agility, one of the most beautiful sights in modern athletics.

One bit of advice given by an English authority might well be laid to heart by every player: "Never strike a ball on the rebound while it is on the rise; the proper time to strike is when the ball has turned and is on its way to the ground." By the time a player has acquired sufficient self-control to appreciate and apply those fine points of the play, he is far on the high road to glory as a tennis champion. In the old-fashioned game, with its involved *chasses*, it was said that at least a score of years were needed to become a proficient; but in the modern tennis two or three seasons' careful play will make a really fine amateur.

The game is spreading wherever English is spoken or the American has betaken himself. In British colonies, even in torrid India and in Africa, it is immensely popular; while reports of games and matches are constantly turning up in the most unexpected places. Only that morning I had seen, in a London paper, news of a tennis-match at Pietermaritzburg; and I would defy any one to tell where Pietermaritzburg may be.

A genial writer in *Temple Bar* last year has the following pleasant fancy about the game, which is worth quoting for the cleverness with which she parodies her original: —

MISS HARUM-SCARUM.

I wonder much in what terms our favorite Madame de Sévigné would have described a lawn-tennis party, when writing, as usual, to her extremely tiresome daughter. Perchance like this: —

'Dearest, too good and too amiable, I think of you, alas! and of your trials, your complaisance to that ruffian, your spouse. How can I divert you? Have you heard of the novel game played at Madame de Maintenon's? Monsieur de Chavlnes invented it; the king is highly pleased therewith; the Emperor of Morocco (who, to speak truth, has an adorable figure) is a marvellous proficient. The duke runs, the duchess dies away with admiration; a stroke here, a service there! Ah, my quite beautiful, I have not the wit to bore myself in the midst of these delights.'"

As I lounged there in the sweet October afternoon, beside the tennis-court, stringing together these and other fancies, while the calls of the players, in the quaint jargon with which the points are counted, formed a fitting and pleasant accompaniment to my thoughts, a rhyme hummed itself over in my head, and so tickled my fancy that I repeated it to the captain. It ran in this fashion, and, although he sniffed at it most contemptuously, it is certainly not so bad, as Tom afterwards observed, for me: —

Love fifteen! That is calf-love;
No well-trained taste likes veal.
Love thirty! Then men laugh love,
Too wise its best to feel.

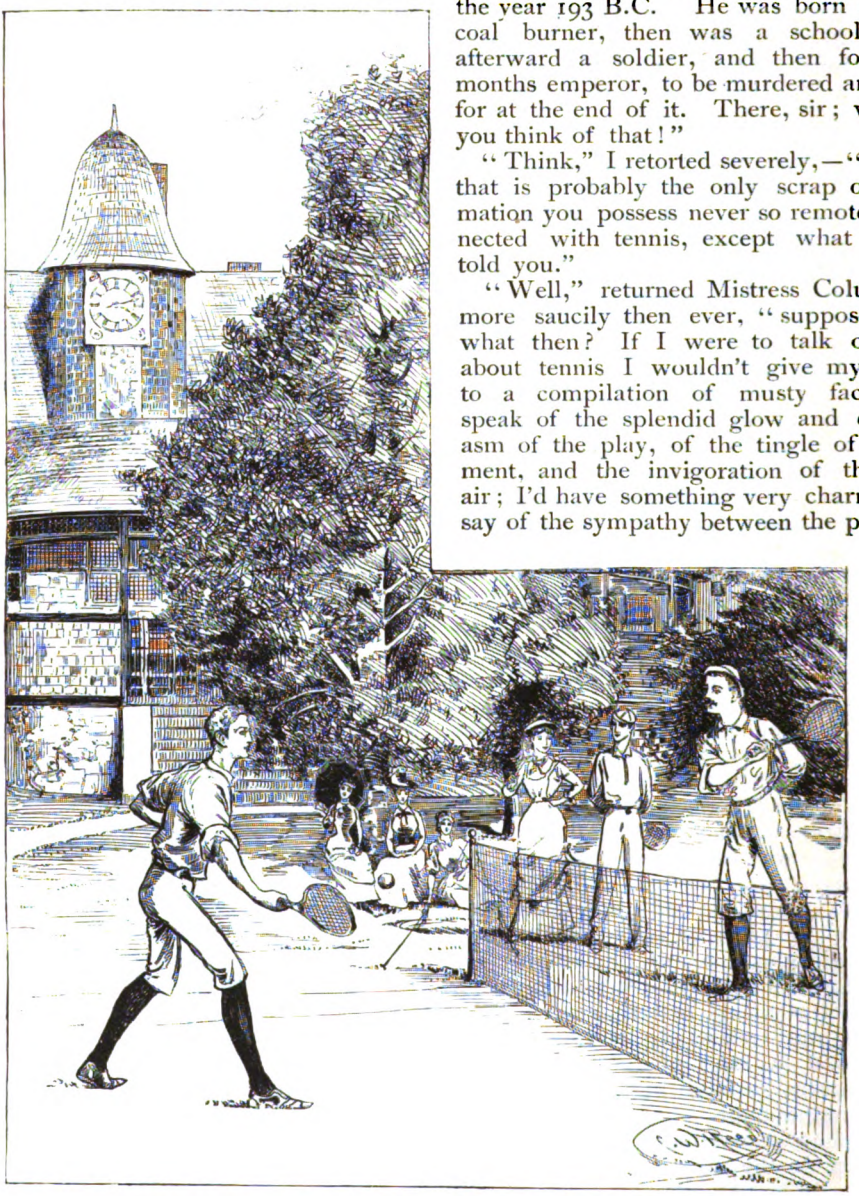
Love forty! Small excuse then,
When youth's hot blood is tame;
No wonder e'en the "deuce" then
Can't much prolong the game!

Tom, Dick and Harriet, Columbine and all, came up in time to hear the conclusion of my rhyme; and the last-named young lady, who feels that she has certain scores to settle with me for teasing her about the captain, burst into a rippling peal of laughter as I ended.

"Oh, you delicious old goose of a Mentor!" she cried. "How you do go on prosing or rhyming about a thing! You really know so little, too. Can you tell me, for instance, who was called the 'tennis-ball of Fortune'? Of course not. Well, sir, it was Pertinax, the Roman emperor, who succeeded Commodus, in the year 193 B.C. He was born a charcoal burner, then was a schoolmaster, afterward a soldier, and then for three months emperor, to be murdered and done for at the end of it. There, sir; what do you think of that!"

"Think," I retorted severely,—"I think that is probably the only scrap of information you possess never so remotely connected with tennis, except what I have told you."

"Well," returned Mistress Columbine, more saucily then ever, "suppose it is, what then? If I were to talk or write about tennis I wouldn't give myself up to a compilation of musty facts. I'd speak of the splendid glow and enthusiasm of the play, of the tingle of excitement, and the invigoration of the open air; I'd have something very charming to say of the sympathy between the partners,



TENNIS-COURT AT THE CASINO, NEWPORT.

—so close that each divines the other's play; and there should be nothing droller than the funny quips and quirks I'd put in about the blunders the 'duffers' make; how they send the ball, now into the net, and now half-way across the lawn of the

next-door neighbor; how they slip and stumble and strike mighty blows into the air while the ball goes untouched by them; how, in their feverish haste to do something brilliant, they are only doubly stupid; in short, there is no end to the things I could say concerning tennis, and every one would be worth attention."

"Columbine," said Captain Arthur, as the vivacious damsel paused for breath, "if you can talk as fast as that how could a man dare marry you? I'm sure I shouldn't have the courage."

"Oh, 'Nobody asked you, sir, she said,'" laughed Columbine, dropping him a bewitching courtesy.

But he will, for all that.

Arlo Bates.

THE RAPID.

Down the wild, white race of swollen waters,
Current-twisted, eddy-tortured flow,
By the rock above whose rough edge totters
Broken foam, in wreaths of watery snow,

Sweeps our little bark, an airy bubble,
Fragile as the foam-flake dancing by;
Toy of these mad waters' seething trouble —
Light as seed-down blown across the sky:

Till from out the toil of tossing billows
Flecked with foam we glide — Alas! too soon,
Breathing hard, to drift among the willows,
Dreaming out a summer afternoon.

J. A. Ritchie

ON OUR COAST IN WINTER.

SEA-GOING, anywhere and at any time, is bad enough, at best. In fact, its pleasantest side is when one begins to pack his chest for home-going, after the ship is safely moored alongside the wharf. All passages have, for the sailor, more or less hardship connected with them. Crossing the Atlantic, or, as Jack invariably calls it, the "Western ocean," in winter time, for example, is not exactly a pleasure-trip.

Such a passage, particularly when coming to the westward, is made up of a continuation of what Jack Tar designates as "living gales of wind." It is a rest-breaking repetition of shortening and making sail, especially the former. In the sailor's words, "you're never sure of your four hours below, but you're always sure of it on deck."

And the cold! Well, I, myself, was reared in one of the chilliest of the New England States, where there was a legend extant, that the oldest inhabitant remembered a winter when it was so cold that one morning the sun had to be pried from its bed with a crowbar, though I never fully believed the story. But I remember that for at least two months of the year the mercury in the thermometer and zero stood on the same level; and not unfrequently, like a dull scholar, mercury would be sent below zero by a bad "spell of weather," to use a down-East expression.

Thus reared, I thought that I knew perfectly well what it was to suffer intensely from cold; to be chilled through; to be "half frozen," as the boys say.

I found out my mistake when I made my first voyage before the mast, from Savannah to Liverpool, and back to the States, in the month of December, and had to stand my two hours' lookout on the top-gallant forecastle, in the teeth of a nor'west gale.

At such times the piercing wind seems to come directly from the North pole *via* Greenland and Spitzbergen. No amount of extra clothing avails to prevent the very marrow in one's bones from congealing. And, unfortunately, at sea there is no chance to dodge under the lee of a fence or building, with a full certainty that in a few moments at the farthest you will be toasting yourself before the home fireside. Oh, dear, no, indeed!

I remember that during my first experience of the sort, when the second officer came for'ard to see that the side-lights were burning brightly, I turned toward him and remarked, through my chattering teeth, "If you p-please, Mr. K-Kendal, c-c-can't I g-get down a l-little w-while and w-warm m-myself in the c-cook's g-galley?"

He did not give me permission, but he *did* say that if I didn't straighten up and stop shivering he'd warm me with the end of the jib downhaul. And I straightened up, but stop shivering I couldn't To this day I shiver when I think how cold it used to be of a winter's night on the old "Rochester's" top-gallant forecastle.

So, too, a winter passage round Cape Horn brings an abundance of hardship and suffering to the sailor. Yet I have heard an old salt say, that between the evils of the Western ocean in winter time, and Cape Horn, he would choose the latter, bad as it is.

Yet there is a sea-going experience of which I can speak from personal knowledge, that is still more severe than either of the two I have mentioned, though not of as long duration. I refer to the sufferings of seafarers, who, in winter time, sail from some extreme southern port for one of our own northern seaboard cities, say New York or Boston.

I look back a score of years, and see myself a so-called smart, able seaman, with a promise of being made second officer on the succeeding voyage of the bark "Leda," Blokstrop, master, in which stanch vessel I have been "before the mast" for nearly a year.

In the stillness of a tropic morning the land breeze and ebb tide combined are drifting us slowly out of Matanzas harbor, the bark being deeply laden with box sugar and molasses. Green hills are on every side, and the balmy air which wafts us away from the beautiful shores is full of the sort of dreamy languor which so often precedes a sweltering day in the tropics, although it is the very last of December.

Officers and crew alike are wearing their lightest clothing, which is very convenient for the latter, as poor Jack's apparel is, generally speaking, of the lightest possible description, both as to quality and quantity.

Day after day the soft southerly breezes waft the deep-laden vessel steadily onward past the low-lying Salt Keys, and now the current of Florida Straits widens into the ongoing flow of the Gulf Stream.

The tropic warmth which we have left astern has given place to a damp chilliness, which increases from day to day. Occasional thunder-squalls, — sharp and short, — with heavy down-pourings of rain, are encountered, but as yet we have had nothing like a heavy blow. That is to come, as those of us who have rounded Cape Hatteras a few times are unpleasantly aware.

But the bark has reached the latitude of 35°. The air grows cold — and colder. Next day we are "up with Hatteras," — to use a sea-faring technicality.

> "To be up with Hatteras is to be —
> . . . . . up and doing,
> With a heart for any fate — "

for here in the cavern of the winds (generally head-winds), which is hidden among the rocky fastnesses of the cape, is the abode of tempest and storm.

And now begins a conflict with the contending elements of wind, and sea, and cold. The officers don their thickest clothing and heavy boots. Poor Jack puts on three shirts and two pairs of trowsers. My rough pea-jacket (the only one in the forecastle) is in constant demand, when not covering my own shivering shoulders.

Valiantly the "Leda" battles day after day with continually opposing gales, carrying every stitch of canvas that she can bear, to weather, if may be, the stormy cape. Rains and heavy squalls alternate with sleet storms, varied by terrific thunder and vivid lightning. Still colder grows the atmosphere; yet we know that this is but the prelude of what lies before us. "There's a mighty sight worse to come, and a heap more of it," grimly remarks Billy Bowline, as we go below for a few brief moments, after two hours of battling with slatting canvas, in the pleasant pastime known as "shortening sail."

The watch, of which I am one, have occupied their berths (without going through the formula of removing anything but our dripping oil-clothes) perhaps half an hour.

"Tumble out here, to make sail; and be lively about it!"

I vaguely wonder, as I paw madly about in the darkness for a missing sou'wester, how any one who follows the sea can be expected to be lively — under circumstances which would try the philosophy of a Mark Tapley.

Well, sail is again made, for the wind, though still blowing a gale, has veered round to the westward, and with a sort of fierce exultation drives the "Leda" on towards her destination, with her yards braced close up against the back-stays.

"You've got by my abode, without being much the worse for it," shrieks the Nor'wester through the straining rigging; "but wait two or three days, till you meet my twin brother Nor'nor'wester, who is lying in wait for you off Cape Cod, — *he*'ll make it lively for you!"

Well, we are up with the grayish-white sand-hills of Cape Cod. The intense cold is somewhat mitigated by the warmth of feeling engendered through the sight of land — and native land at that. But it is bitterly cold, though. The spray that strikes the foot of the outer jib and stay-sail has transformed those useful sails into sheets of ice, half way up. Vast icicles hang from the anchors, which with infinite labor we have put on the rail. Bow and cutwater are sheathed with ice six inches thick, and making fast.

"If the wind will only last six hours longer," mutters Captain Bowline, thrashing his mittened hands together and stamping his feet, as he glances nervously at the compass.

"Full and by — no higher, lad," he remarks to myself at the wheel, and, as I mechanically echo the command, the vapor of my breath escapes like a cloud of smoke. I can manage to keep my hands and arms tolerably comfortable, through the incessant movements of the wheel; but my lower limbs and feet might be the property of any one else on board, for aught of feeling there is left in them.

But the sun is beginning to go down, and glares across the turbid, smoking sea with an angry eye of red, through fast-gathering masses of dun-colored clouds.

Still colder, and now the brig begins to "head off"; for, alas, the wind is hauling further to the northward, and coming in heavier gusts all the time.

Another shortening-sail job follows, and just in time; from west-nor'-west comes shrieking a wind for whose bitter intensity I can find no words, and with a terrific force, compared with which the previous gales are but gentle zephyrs.

The stanch bark heels till the lee-rail

is level with the seething, foaming waves, which smoke like a gigantic caldron.

Shriller and wilder comes the gale, bearing on its leaden-colored wings alternate squalls of driving snow and sleet. Rope and sail, yard and spar, are encased in ice. The deck, despite the ashes thickly strewn everywhere, is an icy inclined plane, about which we painfully slip, and eventually end by sliding into the lee-scuppers. The lookout is stationed in the slings of the foreyard; but to what avail? — the blinding snow is so thick he cannot see ahead as far as the forestay.

The reefed foresail is hauled up with infinite difficulty, after beating the ice from the running-gear with belaying-pins, and we painfully toil aloft to roll it up. No mittens aloft, remember, and the sail like a frozen oak plank, if the simile be allowable.

Pleasant work for numb and bleeding fingers, particularly when the vessel is rolling and pitching in a cross-sea till her lee-foreyard arms almost touch the waves, and one must hold on by his elbows to an ice-covered yard while his feet are frantically slipping about on an ice-covered foot-rope.

And the hoarse-voiced mate below wanting to know, in stentorian accents, if we're going to stay up there all night fooling with that sail!

It takes both watches just one hour to roll up and secure that reefed foresail, and then we come down benumbed and exhausted, to go aft and set the main tri-sail, after which the bark is hove to for the night. But the cold is so intense and the ice makes so fast, that by morning the bark is down by the head to such an extent that she will not lay to properly, — and still it blows — and still it snows. Nothing to do then but wear round, make sail, and run to the eastward a hundred miles or so, that the warm current of the Gulf Stream may loosen the "Leda's" icy fetters.

And then we try again, with heavier weather, severer cold, and three of the crew laid up with frost-bitten hands and feet. Another run into the stream, another return, and after two days of fierce contest we at last drop anchor in Boston Bay, thirty-two days from Matanzas, — a passage which in summer is often made in half the time. There are more agreeable pleasure-trips on record than coming on to the New England coast in winter, I can assure you.

Frank H. Converse.

A MODERN LOVE,

SUNG IN ANCIENT FASHION.

O AM'ROUS bards of olden time,
Alcaeus thou, and thou, sublime
Anacreon, and thou, sweet maid,
Whose burning songs of love once played
Sad havoc with the hearts of men
In Lesbos, Sappho, thou who then
Wert called "the sweetly-smiling," lend
Me somewhat of your grace. Befriend
My feeble muse; for I would sing
My love — a slender, fair-formed thing,
With ev'ry charm and beauty graced,
As Helen fair, as Dian chaste,
Of look as bright as Venus. Still
One fault she has. Her eyes ne'er fill
With loving looks, nor speaks she e'er
One word of love. She has no care
That I be ever constant. Cold
She is, and passionless as gold
In form of goddess wrought. Yet, strange,
She does my will, nor dreams of change,
And faithful is and true as steel
Can be. My mistress is the wheel.

Basil Webb.

PIXIE AND I IN ENGLAND.

HAVE you ever looked on while a brave and gallant youth endeavors for the first time to master the light and graceful union of steel, caoutchouc, leather, and horn, which we term a bicycle? Many of you, doubtless, recall your own attempts with a grimace at the thought of the awkward appearance you presented; but they who win, may laugh, and I am sure you would all have joined me in many a hearty shout could you have looked into the upper story of the factory in Birkenhead, England, while the "Doc." made his first essay in the line of 'cycling, under the tuition of the writer. All superfluous clothing is laid aside and "Doc." goes at it in earnest. Beginning with a good header, and a very narrow escape from a fall through the third-story window, his wrath is excited, and he rises, like Antæus, the stronger for each embrace of Mother Earth, and at the end of an hour succeeds in mounting, riding three times round the hall, and dismounting. He has done well, and limps smilingly down the stairs to order a 50-inch duplicate of Pixie sent to Germany to meet him. The next morning, Thursday, Aug. 9, Pixie is given a short airing, and then marches discontentedly to the station, where lack of time compels us to use that prosaic, old-fashioned method of travel — railroading: which, however, brings Doc., Pixie, and me safely into Warwick at half-past five, after a ride of about ninety miles. The journey is absolutely free from dust, since the railway is as carefully turfed on each side as a lawn. At Warwick we learn that we must wait till the next noon to visit the Castle; and go to the Crown Inn for some of the famous mutton-chops, which certainly do reach a wonderful perfection, and satisfy the hunger of a weary traveller as nothing else can. After tea I mounted my new wheel and rode for two hours about Warwick, obtaining some beautiful views of the castle, and meeting a goodly number of 'cycles, bikes, and trikes, including a fairish (as the English say) sprinkling of ladies, with neat flannel dresses and no French heels. The finest view of the famous old pile of buildings is, I think, obtained from the bridge, where the road crosses the river, and you look up stream into a fairy land of lofty trees and lovely green sward reflected perfectly in the still water beneath; while, on the right, fair and lofty, rises the castle of the Earls of Warwick, the king-makers of England. After wandering till 9 o'clock, and enjoying every inch of the beautiful roads, we turn, just as the long English day — the blessing of 'cyclists — begins to give way, slowly and reluctantly, to darkness; and ride through one of the gates or archways (the remnants of the old wall) up a hill and through the centre of the quaint old town, and another archway, down to the inn, where, after a long talk with a couple of English wheelmen, who are *en route* to Wales, we retire; Pixie to the sleep of contentment, which the philosophers assign to the, as they claim, non-reasoning horse. Pshaw! Can a philosopher, be he as wise and wife-abusing as Socrates, persuade me that my beloved steed cannot reason, ay! and talk with me, too? Her master sleeps but restlessly, ever pondering the question, "How shall we obtain for our own fair, free, grand Union the roads of old England? Will not some of you consider and solve the question? In the morning we look forward to a day of unalloyed pleasures: Pixie and I to Kenilworth, Coventry, and Leamington, while "Doc." visits Kenilworth and Leamington by train, and then both meet at the Castle at 2 in the afternoon. At 8 Pixie paces quietly along north, by the railway station, and then rolls rapidly on over the road, which many Englishmen have pronounced the most beautiful in their land. The surface is fine, and we continually pass lawns and manors. Our first stop is on the right, (2½ miles from Warwick), at Guy's Cliff house and mill, beautiful and romantic; but we are looking forward to Kenilworth, and are soon in the saddle again. At quarter of nine we leave Pixie at the little inn opposite the gate-way, and are disappointed; for the view from the road is far from satisfactory. The lodge of the keeper, which has been reconstructed from some portion of the old building, quite effectually conceals the Kenilworth, which greets us in passing through the gate and garden, — the Kenilworth which was the most beautiful castle in England, where the gallant Leicester wooed, and almost won, the proud Elizabeth, where Amy Robsart loved and wept in vain. The buildings of the castle proper

form a half circle, enclosing a spacious court-yard, with holly trees scattered here and there. This court-yard stretches down to a brook, on the other side of which were probably the servants' quarters and the stables; and a little beyond these, the wall.

On walking through the castle we have, from the high bank, a fine view; and, on descending the hill and looking back, we obtain the best picture of the extensive pile of ruins. Imagination and the glowing pages of Scott can bring back the ancient glories; but the fact remains, that there is before us only a ruin. The walls are overgrown with ivy and are very beautiful; but it is unsafe to venture higher than the ground-floor, and even an American's soul fills with anger toward Cromwell, who destroyed this, as well as many other famous castles of England and Wales. While the English historians are nearly equally divided as to praise and censure, some lauding and others proclaiming him a hypocrite, utterly unprincipled and ambitious, I think many travellers will look upon the devastation he has wrought, and allow it to turn the scales, and condemn the great warrior, as it did with me after seeing Conway, Rhyddlan, and Kenilworth.

But it is 10 o'clock, and we are just 5½ miles from Warwick, with much before us to see. From Kenilworth we quicken the pace, and in twenty-five minutes have left 5½ miles more of this avenue of grand old trees behind us, and ride down into Coventry, famous for its three spires and its numerous bicycle factories. I visited St. Michael's church, the spire of which dates from the fourteenth century, while the long Gothic windows contain some beautiful specimens of stained glass. Then I went over to the Guild Hall, directly opposite the church entrance, and saw the famous and really beautiful statue of Lady Godiva, who is honored every year by a holiday, a procession like our "Horribles," and a general jollification. A little way up the street from Guild Hall is the statue — if a painted wooden figure may be called a statue — of "Peeping Tom." I also visited one of the largest bicycle factories, wishing to compare it with our American establishment; and I found the comparison very flattering to my pride as a citizen of the United States.

I put on my rubber mantle for one of the half-hour sun-showers, which are as frequent as London fogs, and retraced my steps for a mile; then took the road to the left, and after 8½ miles, reached Stoneleigh abbey, which is in the midst of a beautiful park,— the only one I saw in England where bicycles were allowed to range at will. The drives were fine, and the privilege was enjoyed. The abbey itself belongs to a gentleman who is abroad most of the year, and visitors are admitted. Two miles more to Leamington, a bright summer resort, where every house is a villa, with some name appropriate, or otherwise, on the entrance gate; I rode through the town without tarrying for a visit to the Gardens and wheeled slowly back to Warwick, against a very strong head-wind. I reached the inn at 2, as hungry as a small boy at a Thanksgiving dinner, ate two-inch thick mutton-chops, and joined "Doc." at the castle, where we were admitted to all the State apartments. In the grand reception-hall are three magnificent sets of antlers of the Irish elk, measuring about ten feet from tip to tip, nearly as large as those in the Peabody Museum, at Yale. In the rooms adjoining is a fine collection of paintings by the "old masters": "The Assumption" by Raphael; portraits by Rembrandt and Rubens; Montrose and Charles I. by Vandyck, and a large painting of Ignatius Loyola by the same master; a little girl and the "Laughing Boy," by Murillo, and many others. In the greenhouse in the garden is the "Warwick Vase," which is still a puzzle to the art connoisseurs. It is ten feet across the top, cut from one piece of marble, and has four bearded mythological faces on one side, while on the other some ambitious Englishman has placed the head of Lady Hamilton, near one of these old Grecians, where it is slightly incongruous, even if the vase was secured and sent to England by her husband, who was an ambassador at Naples when it was discovered in the grounds of Hadrian's villa. While we were in the castle garden we saw a party of three jolly English girls, dressed in neat tricycle costume, with the silver badges of the C.T.C. They looked so bright and well that they were the best of all contradictions to the statement that such violent exercise is not good for girls. Why cannot May, and Grace, and Lena have the same pleasure and health-bestowing exercise in New England? No one can answer, always excepting Mother Grundy, and she can find here no firm ground for her feet. Come it must and will. Here is one doctor's pledge to use all his influence, if he ever has any, in favor of his fair friends,

and "Woman's Rights" to the tricycle. Our girls have the fairest faces, the finest intellects, and the truest hearts in all the world. Give them the tricycle and the racquet, and our English cousins can no longer laugh at the idea of an American girl's walking five miles and surviving. Long live the lady 'cyclists and tennis-players! At 5 "Doc." and I parted, promising to meet at 6 at Shakespeare's house in Stratford-on-Avon, a rendezvous which seemed rather strange to us. Eight and one half miles of undulating road, with the same good surface, brings me to Stratford, and, leaving my bicycle at an inn near the bridge, five minutes' walk takes me to the famous house. We sat in the Poet's chair, admired the Chandos portrait, and saw many memorials of his life; vases from his famous crab-tree, portion of the skin of the deer which he shot, and many early copies of his works. And then to think what a narrow escape the house had from the perils of sea-sickness and a wild American life; a common butcher's shop until a few years ago, when Barnum offered a large sum for it, intending to add it to his "Great American Show"! It was fortunately saved by a telegram from London, and is now in the hands of a society, and needs fear no Yankee's vandal hands. We walked down the river to the Church of the Holy Trinity, to see the tomb and famous inscription; and on the way back visited the memorial theatre, which is used every April for plays illustrative of the life of Shakespeare, and then once more parted to meet in Oxford at noon the next day.

As I walked back to my inn the associations of early years swept over me like a tidal wave, and prompted me to leave the direct route and visit Banbury, in hopes of seeing the cross, and white horse, and eating some of the far-famed buns. At half-past seven Pixie crossed the Avon, and we worked our way very slowly along an only passable road made of iron-stone very rutty after a rain; through Upper Eatington, 6 miles, and Upton, 7¼ more. Just beyond Eatington I stopped at a little inn for some supper, and was given mutton-chops, bread and jam, with all the milk I could drink, for one shilling. The old people who kept the inn had a son, or nephew, in South America, and hoped that I would call upon him when I went back. Just before reaching Upton is Edge Hill, where Cromwell fought the first battle of the Civil War. This is so steep that it is equally impossible to ride up or down. It is nearly a mile long, and far from enjoyable in spite of the view from the top. But here the road improves, and is slightly down-grade from Upton to Banbury, 7¼ miles. With lantern lighted for the benefit of horsemen, we roll along very rapidly, cutting our time down so that the 21 miles are covered at half-past ten, when we dismount in front of the far-sung cross in the middle of an open square. A boy conducts us to the inn, where is the famous room used by Cromwell for his Council of War. It is finished in black oak, with a ceiling of plaster beautifully cast, and is in perfect preservation. In contrast to the sober realities of the Civil War, suggested by this chamber, is the famous picture of another "Council of War," which represents a group of Puritans in front of the "Cromwell Inn," solemnly condemning and hanging a cat. Poor puss swings from the limb, and her nine lives depart, while not even the children will lift a voice in her favor. Underneath the painting are the lines

> "To Banbury came I, O profane one!
> Where I saw a Puritane-one
> Hanging of his cat on Monday
> For killing of a mouse on Sunday."

The buns were delicious, and in my dreams I bestrode the powerful White Horse, and galloped far and wide through England. Dreams do not last, and I waked to find Pixie and myself bestowing a farewell look upon the Cross as we turned our faces toward Oxford, 21 miles away. Before reaching Deddington we sight a brother 'cyclist at the top of a hill, and by hastening a little catch him and join company to Oxford. He is an Englishman named Smith, and, when freed from his belief that all Americans talk through their noses and carry six-shooters, a very pleasant fellow and a good rider. The road is hilly all the way, but we pitch into the grades and succeed in riding them all. About 10 miles from the city I discover that there is a weak back in the party — not mine, but a more important — Pixie's. The brazing is not well done, the joint has worked a little, and I must finish my ride with loose vertebræ. The start from Banbury was made at 9.30, and at 11.45 we drive through the gate of the Roebuck inn, order dinner, find a brazier, and then sit down with the "Doc." to a great roast of beef. After dinner we visit Baliol, Christ-Church, and several other colleges,

and the Bodleian Library, where are some fine paintings and a collection of original sketches and studies by Michael Angelo, Leonardo da Vinci, Mantegna, and others. Then our thoughts turned to Tom Brown, and, following in his footsteps, we stroll along the Cherwell for nearly two miles, seeing many barges and skiffs, but no University boats. At 5 o'clock "Doc." leaves for London, while Smith and I start for Henley-on-Thames, 23 miles from Oxford, over a generally level road, inviting fast-riding. Three miles from Oxford is Iffley, and we stop to visit the Old Norman Cathedral. It is small, in the shape of a cross, with a square tower rising from the centre, and all about it are gravestones of the seventeenth century, and even earlier. The massive doors are most strangely, grotesquely carved, and the church is the best specimen of Norman architecture in England. After leaving Iffley we ride on, with one hill to climb, by Nuneham park to Henley, where, after a walk to the river to view the race-course, we spend the night at the "Bull," a very poor C.T.C. inn. In the morning, August 12, we ride quietly on to Windsor. On leaving Henley we cross the Thames, and walk for a quarter of a mile up a steep hill, and then have coasting almost to Maidenhead, where we strike the famous Bath road, and long to try its 100-mile course; but my ankles are just recovering from the Wales hills, and it would be folly to lame them again. Do not think that Pixie and I are ambitious of a very great record, but we should like to reach 160, or 175 miles, and better our Amherst-Boston trip of 125. Perhaps in France we can find some equally good roads, and if not, we can make the attempt when we come to England again for our Scottish tour. Our time from Henley to Windsor, 20 miles, including the hill we walked, was just two hours; the surface was wonderfully good with almost no grades.

At Windsor we are admitted to the castle grounds and the Queen's private terrace, where she is said to ride a tricycle in company with the Princess Beatrice. At 2 we order at the Star and Garter a fine dinner in honor of our separation, and then Smith keeps on to London, while I remain to visit the castle itself, which is not open to-day. Not wishing to waste my time, at 4 o'clock I ride through Eton to Burnham "Beeches," 7 miles; here is a truly magnificent collection of monstrous trees said to date back to Queen Elizabeth's time. One oak measures twenty-eight feet in circumference, and several beeches are almost as large. The grove belongs to the city of London, and is kept open for the enjoyment of the public. From the "Beeches" it is nearly three miles to Stoke Pogis, and Gray's monument. The monument is in a field, very near the main chaussée, while the poet is buried by his wife under a plain tomb in the shadow of his beautiful village church, which is also in this field, and is removed from all the traffic of a street and town, and then ride back to Burnham, where, after feasting upon eggs, toast, and raspberry jam, we sleep soundly and long. In the morning we retrace our steps, visiting the chapel and quadrangle at Eton, lunch at Windsor, and at 12 are admitted to the castle, after receiving a pass, which strictly enjoins us to give no fees to the attendants, the faithful servants of Her Majesty. We are conducted through the state apartments by a very pleasant old gentleman, who, as we leave, stands with palm modestly outstretched, and receives the proffered shillings with a dignity and look of conscious rectitude edifying to behold. We were very fortunate in seeing the throne-room, which is usually closed. In the other rooms are many paintings, but very few gems among them, with the exception of several very large paintings of Charles I. and his family by Van Dyck, and two or three other portraits by Sir Joshua Reynolds. The furnishing and gilding of some of the rooms is very beautiful, and correspondingly costly. From the round tower one can count innumerable villages, and have a fine view of the parks, which extend for miles from the castle. The long walk will some day be a fine avenue for a bicycle promenade, but at present is closed to us, and we are obliged to "walk" in reality. At 4 P.M. Pixie wheels away willingly toward London. The road going through Datchet and Colnbrook is almost level, and good to Hammersmith, 18 miles and a half, where we are really in London; and judge it best to find our way to our destination by train, as the pavements are rough.

I should certainly advise any one who wishes to spend much time in London to lodge in Dalston, or some other of the suburbs, especially in case he has a bicycle, and wishes to ride; as, after learning the side streets, which are macadamized, he can ride without a dismount from any of the suburbs out of and around the city, — to Hampton Court, Woolwich, and other

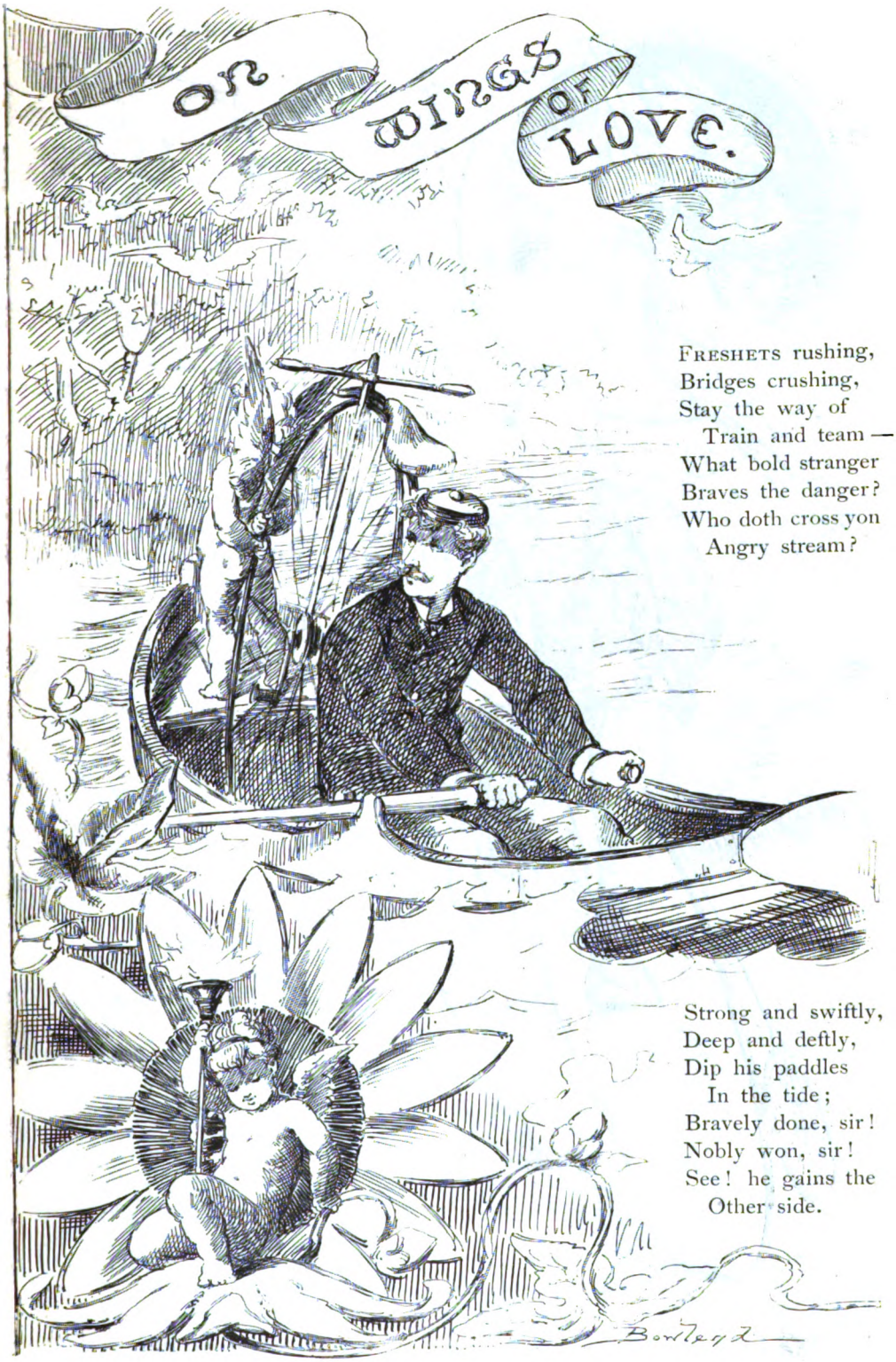
places he may wish to visit. It is true that one can ride into the centre of London with very little paving; but the traffic is so great every day but Sunday that one must ride very carefully and very slowly, and even then is in great danger from the reckless driving of the cabmen. The network of railroads above, upon, and under ground makes travel perfectly easy after the first two days, and very little walking is necessary. Our trip in England was meant to be only a glimpse, and we allowed ourselves one week in the metropolis, so that I think you will hardly be interested in our hurried "doing" of the chief "objects of interest," which every one must see as a prelude to the real enjoyment which comes later when he leaves the beaten track of the tourists. In the Tower I longed to carry away the sapphire in the queen's crown, the most beautiful jewel I have ever seen. My taste may be perverted; but Her Majesty may keep the Koh-i-noor if she will give me the dark blue brilliant. We literally and absolutely lost ourselves in the mazes of South Kensington, and did not attempt to see much but the Raphael cartoons, which kept us a long time. Our half day in the British Museum did not allow us to see anything of the vast collection of all that has existed or ever will exist under the sun, from the electric railway, which will, in 1900, carry us 1,000 miles a minute, to the parchment on which Moses wrote the Book of Genesis, and the corner-stone of the Tower of Babel. In the National Gallery it was much easier, for we knew better what we wished to see. The art clubs in New England are of some benefit, even if they do degenerate a little from the strict blue-stocking type, and wind up with an hour of waltzing, instead of another article on "Turner and his New Coloring," or "Hogarth as a Moralist." Almost the first paintings to meet one's eyes upon entering are Turner's, and there is a large collection of them; but, unfortunately, the colors are not fast, and most of the pictures are already much marred by time; in marked contrast to the even more numerous canvases of Landseer, which are bright and clear, as if just from his studio. The Flemish and Dutch, as well as the English, schools, are very well represented; but there are very few works by the best Italian artists.

Here is Rosa Bonheur's "Horse Fair." If she can produce such a wonderful effect with coarse fleshly steeds, what could she not do were she to take for her subject a group of your delicate, high-strung chargers with their riders, — the party in "A Wheel Round the Hub," for instance? At Hampton Court we spend several hours among the one thousand paintings, where are two heads, a Jewish rabbi, and a lady, by Rembrandt, which impress one very markedly; a beautiful gem by Gerard Dow, a Corregio, and portraits by Gainsborough and Lely. There is also a gallery of West's paintings, which are now so severely criticised in England. From Hampton Court we walk over to Kew Gardens, wander about a couple of hours, and return to the city in time to visit Madame Tussaud's wax works in the evening. But I had planned another tour in England and Scotland of some six weeks' duration, before returning to America, and this time my real 'cycling was to begin in Belgium, where I hoped to use Pixie alone and thoroughly emancipate myself from railways, spending a week in Belgium and the same time in Holland, before going to Göttingen. Therefore soon after reaching London I went to the secretary of the 'Cyclists' Touring Club, Mr. E. R. Shipton, and was duly installed as the nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-ninth, or thereabouts, member of that flourishing and useful organization. When, however, I tried to find out something about the roads in the low countries, I failed. There were rumors to the effect that one must always walk on account of the pavements; and, on the other hand, rumors that one could roll along the towpaths of the canals on a surface like that of a billiard table, and in the shade of o'erhanging boughs; but these were all at second-hand from 'cyclists who "believed they had heard on pretty good authority," etc., etc.; as to any positive knowledge, it was not! I had no time to write to a consul in Holland, and he could probably have given me no information as to Belgium. There was nothing to do but try the ways for myself, and promise to send Mr. Shipton some particulars for the guidance of future tourists. And here I may perhaps be allowed to make one criticism of the C.T.C. As yet there is no method of obtaining information as to long continental, or even English tours, except in detail, by writing to the different consuls along the route. Now it seems to me that this is not what is wanted; for example, one does not care when planning a tour to know particularly about each ten miles of road; but he wishes to know about the route as a whole, whether the roads in

general are in so good condition as to afford him pleasure, instead of hard labor. This end could be attained in these days of long touring if those who ride were to keep logs and hand them in to the secretary in a condensed form. An assistant could keep these on file, and on application could give the best kind of practical information as to the main routes, with no such trouble and delay to the tourist as at present. Such a "Tourist's Bureau" would certainly be very useful, and could probably be made to pay expenses. For short and club rides the present system would do very well; but I shudder to think of the woes entailed upon me in Belgium for want of a five-word letter from some previous tourist.

The trouble is that most English 'cyclists go to Calais, or through to Paris, and ride in France, or to Switzerland, without visiting the Netherlands, interesting as they are. In London "Doc." and I must part. He is kind enough to take my baggage with him to Göttingen, leaving me merely a "Multum in Parvo" for three weeks of travel. He takes the steamer to Hamburg from London, and from Hamburg goes through by rail, while I steam to Ostende, and then mount Pixie. At noon on the 18th of August "Doc." sails from St. Catherine dock, and leaves a disconsolate figure in 'cycling uniform, standing on the pier, waving farewell. In the afternoon I make a call upon a friend who has just returned to England, after a winter in Italy and a summer in Germany. She has driven through many of the Italian valleys, and speaks with such enthusiasm as to lead to the building of many "castles in Spain and Italy," which I hope will not prove bubbles. The last evening in England is spent in writing a long home letter, and in studying a few French phrases. In the morning I rise late, eat a hearty breakfast, bid my genial landlady "good-by," mount Pixie, and ride the four miles to the General Steam Navigation Co.'s wharf without a dismount, most of the way over a good pavement, with a half mile of asphalt. At 1 o'clock we steam slowly down the river, past miles and miles of docks and thousands of steamers, all crowded into one small river. My ticket is second class, but gives me a berth; while a young English acquaintance has a first-cabin passage, and no berth. The accommodations are wretched, and the food corresponds; but we manage to keep warm by leaning against the smoke-stack, and to enjoy ourselves by talking 'cycling until almost 11, when I turn in for a nap, after changing my shillings into francs. At 1 o'clock A.M., August 20, I am waked by the bumping of the boat against the pier in Ostend, and wheel Pixie ashore with high hopes of a jolly Belgian tour. But though my log is finished may I add a few words as to English bicycling? Many who plan a tour in Great Britain are too sanguine as to the state of the roads, which is perhaps the fault of over-enthusiasm on the part of those of us who have tried long-distance riding in the States, and then in England. The contrast is great, but the roads are not sand-papered; the hills are not all of very slight grade, and it is not true that there are colored servants in livery at the bottom of each hill waiting to push your wheel to the top. That is expecting too much. It is also asking too much to expect to ride on an average one hundred miles per day, including sight-seeing. Perhaps some will be disappointed and more incredulous; but from some experience it is my belief that, with a light bicycle, a fairly good rider may average forty miles per day in England and on the Continent, without over-working, and with considerable time for sight-seeing. An average of seven to eight miles an hour is doing very well on a two weeks' journey. In short, I think we should look upon our wheels as a means of travelling more comfortable than a train, less exposed to accidents and delays than a horse, cheaper than either, and as a medicine, more potent than the "Elixir of Life." Then, if one wishes to make a record, it should be looked upon as a contest, uncomfortable and wearying at the time, but perhaps amply repaid by the satisfaction of knowing what the Centaur can do on occasion. Do not entertain too extravagant ideas, but come over here ready for some work, and then you will enjoy the beauties of touring in a land where you can often ride all day long with one or two dismounts, and in the midst of scenes crowded with historic interest.

George F. Fiske.



Wheel he carries,
Waits nor tarries,
Mounts, and quickly
Rolls away;
While in wheeling,
Joyous feeling
Vents in happy
Roundelay.

"'Cycle, 'cycle,
Whirling 'cycle,
Tell thy rider,
An' thou please,
What sweet saying
Love betraying,
Thou dost whisper
To the breeze.

"Nay, my beauty,
'Tis thy duty
To unfold thy
Wisdom. Come!
Voice thy learning
To thy turning;
What! in whisper
Still art dumb?

"Rogue of metal!
Leaf and petal,
Twig and shrub on
Either side;
Wondering prattle,
As we rattle;
Tell them why so
Swift we ride.

"Still dost falter?
At the altar,
All impatient,
Waits a bride;
That is why we
Hurry by thee,
That is why so
Swift we ride.

"On! O 'cycle!
Knavish 'cycle!
Churl to make thy
Master speak;
On to meet her!
On to greet her!
On! till journals
Smoke and creak.

"Hark! O 'cycle!
From St. Michael
Tolls the appointed
Hour of four:
Hurry! speed ye!
Fly! for heed ye,
She doth signal
From the door."

S. Conant Foster.

LE MASQ' ALLONGE BENEDICTITE.

BY PRESIDENT BATES.

INTRODUCTORY. — HISTORY AND LEGEND, WHICH EVERYBODY IS ADVISED TO SKIP.

THERE, that is enough! What if this title does mix two languages, and uses neither correctly; am I to be abused by the proof-reader and the editor, and have notes fired off at me by the critics? Can any of you smart fellows talk the *patois* of the old French *habitans?* No; I thought you couldn't. Did any of you ever see the blessed mascallonge? No; you never before so much as heard of him, — and there is only one, if he is still living, in the whole world. You never even caught a cursed mascallonge, of which the great lakes are full, as all fishermen know. What do you know about it, anyhow? So, stop it! I'm going to tell this story myself. Languages, indeed! If I hear any more of such languages as yours, I'll put into the middle of it a whole paragraph in Ottawa Indian; and then, see where you'll be. Languages, to a man who knows how to answer in the Pottawatomie dialect! Well, I *should* smile!

The old Jesuit colleges, scattered from Montreal all along the chain of the great lakes, are full of quaint chronicles, by the early Jesuit missionaries, and preserved, some in the great college at Montreal, some in oral traditions at the chapel of St. Ignace, near Mackinaw, the mission of Ste. Marie, at Sault Ste. Marie, at the St. Anne Catholic chapel, and elsewhere. The curious student will find in Parkman's, and other histories of the Northwest, many facts taken from these Jesuit chronicles. These histories relate that, in the spring of 1675, the great explorer and saintly missionary, Père Marquette, who is renowned alike for his discoveries, his learning, his lofty courage, and his noble and tender piety, being taken ill with malarial fever, in Illinois, set out with four Indian converts, in a birch-bark canoe, to return to the mission of St. Ignace, near Mackinaw. In May, — probably about the middle of the month, — having coasted around the foot of Lake Michigan, one Sunday morning, after having experienced great stress of weather, and being two days wholly without food, the canoe entered the mouth of Grand River, Michigan, where now is the thriving city of Grand Haven. Here, by the blessing of the saints, it is recorded, the Indians took several fish, which Father Marquette blessed, with pious thanks to God and the saints for their deliverance from the perils of the storm and for this supply of food! The Indians then tenderly carried the sick father to the top of one of the tall sand dunes, which stand opposite each other at the river's mouth, and laid him at the foot of a rude wooden cross, — eighteen feet in height, — which had been erected there, during a former voyage, as a pious landmark to direct voyageurs seeking the entrance to the harbor. There the Indians left the pious father to pray, while they broiled their fish at a fire which they kindled on the sand beach below. Then it is recorded that, when the good father had eaten of their fish, and had spent the day in prayer and rest, he declared himself so greatly refreshed that the voyage was presently resumed.

On the 18th day of May, 1675, at or near where now stands the city of Ludington, after several days' canoe voyaging north of Grand river, Father Marquette was again taken ashore by his faithful Indians, carried to the top of another conspicuous sand dune, where there was a cross, and left awhile to pray. Returning at the appointed time, they found him still bowed upon his knees in a collapsed heap — dead! There they buried him, and carried the sad intelligence to St. Ignace's, opposite Mackinaw, from whence a strong party was sent out, with a fleet of canoes, to carry the honored remains to the Mackinaw mission, for burial in consecrated ground.

So much for unquestioned history.

There is a legend, firmly believed by various of the French *habitan* fishermen, which supplements this historic account. The legend relates that, when the canoe entered Grand river, the Indians were without spears, or any of the usual Indian fishing implements, having lost all their hunting and fishing gear during the storm on the lake, from which they escaped with their lives only, because the canoe was miraculously succored by the saints, on

account of its bearing so holy and precious a freight as Father Marquette. In this extremity, the saintly father took from his neck a small silver cross, attached to a copper wire. This chain with its pendant cross, the good father fastened to a fish-hook, which he had preserved in a buck-skin wallet, used to protect his manuscript and Saints' Book.

The cross, thus prepared, was fastened by its wire to a strong cord of plaited bark, such as the Indians were wont to use; the hook was baited with a live frog, and towed behind the canoe, like a modern trolling-hook, while the canoe was paddled along the outer edge of the tall rice plants and lily-pads, which then grew in the river nearly down to its mouth, and which still grow in profusion all along the bayous into which the river expands immediately above its mouth. Such situations were then, and are still, where the waters are not too near cities or villages, the favorite haunts of the mascallonge and lake trout. Three fish were taken, says the legend. The third fish captured was a young and slender mascallonge, of peculiarly beautiful form and colors, but with a most wicked and cunning eye. The good father gratefully blessed each of these fish as it was caught; but the mascallonge, as the finest of all, he placed his left hand upon, elevating his right toward heaven, while he blessed it with particular fervor. The good father then left the canoe, and was carried up the sand dune to the foot of the cross. Unfortunately, immediately afterward, the youngest of the Indian warriors, in attempting to take this mascallonge from the hook, did not hold it firmly; and, by one of those sudden and vicious lunges for which the species is noted, the fish broke the copper wire, and escaped into the water, with the silver cross still fast in its mouth, and a few inches of the wire dangling from the cross. With Indian prudence, the warriors did not distress the father by telling him of this loss; and, in his sick and weak state, he forgot to inquire for either fish or cross. Or, as the legend has it, in his great feebleness the powers of evil (the dark ones) were able to make him fail to observe the absence of the cross, though he often fumbled with his weak fingers at the remnant of wire which the Indians restored to his neck and bosom, where the cross should have hung.

Thus far the legend is merely a curious tale. But from this point it takes the character of a fantastic superstition. The old *habitan* fishermen believe that this masq'allonge benedictite, after having received the blessing of the dying saint, and escaped therewith from the hands of its captor, still lives somewhere in the waters of lake Michigan. But the mascallonge, because of its singular ferocity, its strength, its extraordinary cunning, its evil eye, and the damage it does to nets, lives, and gear, is the paramount *fin au diable* of the great lakes. Incapable, therefore, of itself profiting by the benediction of the holy father, the vicious creature could only preserve that blessing, and transmit it to whoever should capture him. As this fish is known to live to a great age, — how long nobody can tell, but possibly several centuries, — it is believed that this particular one does live and will live until it is caught by some person worthy to receive the posthumous benediction of the glorified saint; that it will be known by its still bearing in its mouth the silver cross; and that its captor will be fortunate in all things throughout his whole life after obtaining the blessing. Hence the superstitious fishermen are always looking out for le masq'allonge benedictite, and always hoping to become its lucky captor.

CHAPTER II. — THE FISH — WHICH MAY SET NATURALISTS TO CARPING.

THE masq'allonge, or mascallonge, as it is usually called and spelled, has been rightly named the "water-tiger." Naturalists name him *Esox nobilior* (the nobler pike), on account of his larger size, strength, and beauty of form. But there is very little nobility in his character. He has the lithest body and the handsomest shape of any of the lake game fish. But his disposition is altogether tigerish. He loves to lurk in the shadows of the tall lily-pad plants and wild-rice, whence he can dart upon his unsuspecting prey, and where he can secure the greatest safety for himself. Armed with many rows of sharp teeth, with canines often an inch long, slightly recurved; a lean, long head and snout, with powerful jaws; the most cunning brain of any fish that swims; unappeasable voracity and rapacity; the sneaking disposition of a tiger, combined with a tiger's ferocity and courage, upon occasions; a lightning-like suddenness of movement, and an eye and countenance which are remarkable for their cold malignancy of expression, — it is no wonder that he is often called *le fin au diable*, or, "feeno devil," as old

French *habitan* fishermen have half anglicized the epithet, which means "fin of the devil." His excessive cunning makes the mascallonge cowardly, in so far that he hesitates to attack an enemy which is likely to fight. He generally carefully reconnoitres his prey, if it is of unusual size or appearance, and prefers to make his attack by surprise. Anything eatable, which he does not consider too dangerous to assail, fish, flesh, or fowl, — a full-grown wild-duck or wild-goose, a small animal swimming, any sort of fish, frogs, etc., he seizes and devours. He rarely leaps from the water like a salmon or trout, but darts upon a duck, frog, or any swimming animal, from beneath, just breaks the surface of the water in a peculiar swirl, and instantly drags his prey to the bottom, and carries it off to his lair in the rice or lily-pads to devour. When there are old and young ducks, he will take the young ones; but, when nothing easier offers, will not hesitate to seize an old duck.

Fishing for the mascallonge with any sort of rod, reel, or fancy gear is mere folly. His size, quickness, strength, and more tricks than any angler ever yet fully mastered, enable him to baffle anything except the strongest of trolling-lines, large hooks, and main strength and quickness. Any sort of rod or reel would be instantly broken; any ordinary line be bitten off. The hook or hooks are attached to a yard or two of copper wire, and the wire fastened to a strong, hard trolling-line. The best bait is a live frog, so fastened to the hook that it will swim near the surface naturally and fast enough not to excite the suspicion of this cunning fish. Spoon hooks he is apt to detect, though often taken by them. But a frog, apparently swimming from one reedy cluster to another, he cannot resist; or a live mouse.

When struck by the hook, he darts like lightning to the bottom, with a jerk which will snap any except the strongest line; he flings himself into the air, and shakes his head like an angry dog; he suddenly rushes toward the boat, and tries to bite off the line above the copper wire; he will twist the line around a sunken timber or the roots of the water plants; he will try both the deep water and the shallow, sometimes rushing clear to the shore. The only sure way to hold him is to haul in the line hand over hand so rapidly as to baffle his cunning by main strength; and it certainly requires main strength to pull in one of these fish, weighing from twenty-five to perhaps sixty pounds. Hands will be cut by the line; the boat needs to be skilfully managed, or it may be upset; and many times has the fisherman been jerked clear out of the boat into the water by a sudden dart in an unexpected direction. Then, when you have pulled your mascallonge into the boat, you are not yet sure of him. Look out for your hands and feet, for his teeth are sharp, and he dies fighting. He may appear dead and quiet, when he will make a succession of sudden leaps and plunges several feet high, and with great force. Even half an hour after he has been subdued, and is lying still in the bottom of your boat, if you leave him loose, or handle him carelessly, with a sudden spring he may be gone like a flash.

CHAPTER III. — THE DRAMATIS PERSONÆ — WHICH THE PROOF-READER IS HIRED TO READ.

One afternoon in the summer of 1835 three persons were standing on a rude wharf in Grand Haven, beside which floated an Indian canoe, or dug-out, cut from a pine log. One of these persons was a French *habitan*, aged about thirty-five, whose flesh, tanned by sun and wind, lean, brown, and muscular, had the color and apparently the toughness of jerked venison. He was busy filing the points of a fish-spear, whose tough ash shaft was fully fourteen feet in length.

This person was Jean Baptiste le Corbeau, the fisherman and trapper *par excellence* of the settlement; for Grand Haven was then only a small settlement, with a few scattered log-cabins. Where now are long lines of factories and mills, upon acres and acres of made ground, there was then a flooded swamp; and where now are long stretches of wharves, then wild-rice, water-lilies, and other aquatic plants grew in from ten to fifteen feet of water. The river, whose water now tastes and has the color of a decoction of pine bark, from the hundreds of thousands of logs and the millions of bushels of sawdust which are borne upon or in its bosom, then flowed as clear as crystal. The wild-rice then grew along its borders down to where now is the business centre of the city. Even the two tall dunes of sand which stand opposite to each other, one on its northern and the other on its southern shore, near its entrance into lake Michigan, have changed. Then both were clothed with struggling pines and underbrush nearly to their bare

summits of sand. But the winds have altered their forms, and the northern one has long been bare of trees. The river was then full of game-fish. Pike, bass, pickerel, and great mascallonge haunted its borders of wild-rice in profusion, and wild fowl were plenty in its broad bayous and reedy marshes.

Jean Baptiste le Corbeau was generally called John Baptist. His appellation of le Corbeau was not part of his baptismal name, but was the French version of The Crow, — a name given him by the Indians for some real or supposed characteristics. Probably his garrulity was one of the qualities which had procured him this title. He loved to talk, and would caw loudly about the game and fish he had taken. He was sometimes, though rarely, called Johnny Crow by the whites.

Jean's wife was a half-breed Indian squaw, of some pretensions to comeliness, and unquestionably a faithful, if not a specially neat or orderly, house-keeper, and a famous broiler of whitefish and other fish. They lived in a small shanty, under the great sand dune, on the north shore. This couple had two children, of whom they were savagely fond.

Jean was the boat-builder and repairer, net-weaver, ferryman, fisher, trapper, small sail-maker, and general small-job-factotum of the settlement. He was always ready to take any one out fishing, furnishing boat, net, spear, lines, hooks, bait, and all other gear, for a small fee. What Jean did not know about the habits and haunts of fish of any kind, certainly no one else in that region knew. He was now preparing to go out spearing for mascallonge and pike with Joseph Collins, or Joe, as he was familiarly called in the settlement.

Collins was a tall, strong, blue-eyed young fellow of twenty-three, a general favorite with both sexes. His character was frank and manly; his temper good-humored and slow to take offence; his disposition kindly, obliging, and friendly with everybody. The women liked him because he was invariably gallant and courteous, as well as modest, truthful, and open-minded; besides, he possessed a powerful, well-knit, erect, and handsome figure; a resolute, pleasant countenance, and a cheerful voice; and a hearty, infectious laugh. The men liked him for these qualities, and also because, though he excelled in wrestling, jumping, running, swimming, and other manly pastimes, he was so modest and cheery that his successes never caused the least annoyance to his rivals. Then, he liked children, and all children liked him, — an excellent quality in a young man.

Joe now stood talking earnestly with a pretty girl, — the third person of the party on the wharf. Kate, or Kitty, Foster was undeniably pretty, with sparkling hazel eyes, abundant dark hair, a complexion which shifted its colors from white to pink roses, with every passing emotion; red lips, small, white, even teeth, a round, beautiful neck, a willowy, erect, and graceful figure, and a bust which might well serve as a model for a Venus; so that the women said of her, that "anything fits perfectly when that Foster girl puts it on." Praise from her sex could no higher go.

Everybody in the settlement knew that Kitty Foster and Joe Collins were engaged lovers; and nearly everybody felt sorry for Joe. Kitty was not popular. She was pretty; she was neat; she was a notable housewife; but the Fosters were a quarrelsome family, and their daughter had inherited the family faults. Her foibles were of an irritating sort; she was pettishly jealous. Even her lover's kindly attentions to the staid elderly matrons of the settlement annoyed her. She objected to his playful, winning ways with children. If he was barely courteous to another girl she plainly manifested her displeasure. Her idea of their relations as engaged lovers was that he must show supreme devotion toward her at all times and occasions; but she was at full liberty to flirt as she pleased with other gallants. No exigence of business must delay her lover when she required his service; but she might delay him at will, or change her mind altogether, and break any appointment. She liked to parade her conquest, and rule over him in public, — a fault which most men find particularly irritating. And she did not hesitate to scold him in the presence of witnesses, — conduct which few lovers will patiently submit to. Nothing seemed quite good enough for her. She accepted this earth not as commensurate with her deserts, but because no better was to be had, and her lover as of the earth, earthy.

Young Collins bore with all the whims and exactions of his pretty tyrant with imperturbable good humor, much to the disgust of the gossips, who united in the opinion that "what that Foster girl really needs is a strict master."

While Jean Baptiste was preparing his boat and fishing-gear, the two lovers were conversing earnestly near by.

"Remember, Joe," said the imperious fair, "that we are to start at 6 o'clock. The party are going to climb the big hill" (the tall sand dune on the south shore of the river), "and then go down to the lake beach. They wanted me to come and tell you."

"Yes; I'll be on hand, sure."

"Sure! When you go off fishing there's no depending on when you'll get back. But, if you are not home in season, I give you fair warning, I shall go with some one else."

"Now, Kitty, there is no occasion to say that. You know I will be there. See here! I'll give up the fishing, and go home with you now. John" (Jean) "can go out alone, and catch some fish for me."

"No you won't. I'm not going to have you hanging around me all the afternoon. No, sir; you can go and catch your own fish; but remember if you are not back in season you don't go walking with me."

With this the girl turned and walked up the river-bank, while Joe gazed after her and sighed with patient resignation.

Jean, who had heard every word of this ungracious colloquy, grinned sardonically with his back to the young couple. But, as soon as he heard the girl leave, he turned to Joe with a countenance as innocent as if he had been born totally deaf, and announced the boat, fishing-gear, and himself ready for business.

CHAPTER IV. — SPEARING A MASCALLONGE.

THE two men entered the canoe, Jean sitting, paddle in hand, in her stern, and Joe standing with the spear in her bow. Jean paddled the little craft with sweeping strokes up the river, while he remarked:

"Mebby I find big feesh; good day for big feesh. T'ink can spear big mascallonge, eh, spose we find 'em?"

"Don't know, John, till I try; but you find him, and I'll give him the best shot I know how," replied Joe, smiling frankly at the Frenchman, who chuckled and grinned as if anticipating much fun.

"Nevau you mind; find easy; know where he is. Bet you don't hit 'em first time spear."

"Why not, John?"

"Ole mascallonge too queek; queek like lightnin'; dodge spear; you see." And Jean chuckled and grinned again.

After paddling up the river nearly a mile, Jean brought the canoe near the border of wild-rice, and permitted it to float slowly along the southern shore, without rippling the water with his paddle, the canoe floating like a slowly moving shadow over the water. Jean sat with his keen eyes searching the depths, while Joe stood motionless as a statue in the bow, the lines of his poised spear barely clearing the surface of the river, ready for instant use. They saw scores of fish as they drifted in this way half a mile or more down stream; but not the fish they sought. Then Jean paddled out into the middle of the river and up stream again, to again float down. When this process of floating was being repeated for the third time, Jean suddenly arrested the motion of the canoe with a noiseless and almost stirless sweep of his paddle, while he whispered:

"See 'em? Big mascallonge under ze weeds; head stick out."

Joe did not see the fish; and it was nearly half a minute after Jean had pointed the direction with his paddle before he could make out the dim form of the great fish, looking like a faint shadow close to the bottom, among the weeds, with his long, sharp snout projecting from the darker shade of his lurking-place, at a depth of about sixteen feet. But, after his eye had caught the object, it was comparatively easy to see it. The fish evidently had his wicked-looking eyes fastened upon the movements of the boat and its occupants. But, except a slow, suspicious play of his fins, he lay as motionless as the stems of the aquatic plants which nearly concealed him.

Cautiously Joe lowered the lines of his spear into the water until they were in direct line with his intended prey, and buried half the length of the spear-shaft. The great fish slightly increased the play of his fins, and rolled his cruel eyes a little; but otherwise did not stir. Then, first shifting his right hand aloft on the spear-shaft, till his arm was stretched at full length, with a sudden and swift bend of his body and sweep of his arm, the young man darted the spear savagely downward.

The instant the cast was made Jean Baptiste, who had critically watched every motion of his pupil, broke into a loud cackle of shrill laughter.

"Eh-heh-eh-eh-eh! By gor! you got

'em, eh?" he cried, as the spear-pole shot up from the water in its recoil, and was caught by the young man. "Look on ze line an' see if you got 'em. No!" (with an exaggerated pretence of surprise) "not got 'em! Eh-heh-eh-eh!"

Joe's surprise was real. He had felt so certain of his blow, that his failure greatly astonished him, and he looked blank wonderment at his instructor.

"Feeno-devil sloop[1] so; see!" and Jean held out his left arm straight and jabbed at it, spear-fashion, with his right forefinger; but he bent his left elbow so quickly that the finger slipped by without hitting the arm.

"But I hit him," said Joe, considerably crestfallen at the Frenchman's mirth and his simple explanation. "I felt the spear jar as it struck him."

Jean fairly bent himself double with cackling.

"Hit 'em, eh? Oui, certainment. Eh? yes; he hit 'em!"

"But I felt the pole jar," remonstrated poor Joe.

"Eh? yes; feeno-devil make jar; so," and Jean again held up his left arm and jabbed at it, bending his elbow to make a miss, and then straightening his elbow again so as to hit the finger a blow with the arm, as it was drawn back. "See 'em zis time, eh?"

Joe had carefully watched the gesture of his instructor, and now understood it fairly. The fish had bent his body aside from the dart of the spear; and, in straightening his body again, with the first sweep of his broad flukes, as he darted away, he had hit the side of the spear-shaft a jarring slap. He now asked Jean curiously how to manage to strike a mascallonge.

"Mus' be queek, ver' queek," replied Jean. "Mascallonge queeker'n lightnin'. Mus' guess which way he go'n' to sloop; strike 'em close to head; can't sloop shoulder queek like body, needer."

Again and again the canoe was paddled up the river and drifted down. In a second and third attempt Joe failed, but the fourth time he transfixed a fine mascallonge, which would weigh about twenty pounds. As he lifted this great fish from the water he would have lost it but for the readiness of Jean. For, as it came to the surface, the fierce and cunning creature writhed its body so as to catch the spear-shaft in its powerful jaws; and using this as a purchase, while at the same time it swept the water with a furious stroke of its broad tail, it fairly wrenched itself free from the steel barbs, tearing open two gaping wounds in its back, and would have darted away like a flash, but Jean, seeing and partly foreseeing the movement, slipped a small landing-net under it and flirted it into the canoe, when he instantly stunned it by a blow over the snout with the hard edge of the paddle-blade. And then, to make assurance sure, he passed a stout wire through its gills, and fastened it to a cleat on the side of the canoe.

After this Joe speared a pike and a couple of bass, when he declared himself satisfied, and the canoe returned to the village wharf.

[1] "Feeno-devil"—*fin au diable*—fin of the devil. What is the derivation or proper spelling of the word "sloop," or "slupe," I do not know. I have never heard it used except by two old French fishermen, and by both in the same sense. Its meaning is plain from Jean's gesture, and from the action of the fish, which, feeling through the water the impulse of the darting spear, and having its eyes upon it from the first, writhed the threatened part of its body aside from the stroke with a motion of almost lightning quickness. This is a trick this fish is known to practise often, even with expert fishermen.

CHAPTER V.—THE RESCUE, WHICH IS ALL WATER AND NO FISH.

HAVING landed his fish and paid Jean for his services, young Collins was about to leave the wharf, when the repeated blasts from a horn called his attention to the other side of the river. Glancing at the opposite shore he saw Jean Baptiste's wife alternately blowing a tin horn kept at the ferry landing and waving her arms in a frantic manner toward her husband. Instantly both men leaped into the canoe and paddled rapidly over to the woman, who told Jean that their two children had drifted out into the open lake in a boat, and were fast floating from the shore before the land-breeze. At the same time they could see a portentous-looking thunder-cloud rearing its black beard above the horizon in the south-west, threatening a summer squall. Both the men hurriedly prepared a light, but strong, new skiff, the finest of Jean's fishing-boats. Into her they flung a pair of oars, two canoe paddles, a light mast fitted with a sprit-sail, and a coil of stout line, with which to tow the children's boat. Stepping the mast and setting the sail, in a minute they were driving out of the river's mouth into the lake before the light land-breeze. The boat with the children was nowhere in sight, but by standing up on a thwart the anxious father caught a glimpse of her—a dark speck far out on the lake, directly down the wind from the harbor.

Petit Jean was an image of his father in reduced size. He was a bare-legged, bare-headed, black-eyed, sturdy lad of twelve years. He could swim like a fish, was an adept in handling boats, and promised to become in time as famous a fisherman and trapper as his sire. The girl, bare-legged and bare-headed also, was more like her mother, but whiter, with bold black eyes, thick hair, and a sturdy, but comely figure. The two children had taken a heavy scow-built boat, not easily upset in still water, but highly unsafe in a seaway, kept by Jean for unskilful customers to go fishing in. In this clumsy craft the boy had paddled about with only a single paddle in her, finally going out on the lake a little way. His strength was not great enough to move the unwieldly craft except slowly; but his expedition would have been safe enough had not his paddle-blade broken squarely off at the neck of the handle, just as he was turning the boat to go back to the shore. Of course the wind, catching her high broadside, immediately drifted the boat away from the shore and the broken paddle-blade, in spite of all that the lad could do with the narrow handle left in his hands.

Finding that he could not recover the paddle-blade, and that he was fast drifting out to sea, the boy stood up and shouted, and waved his arms, and made his sister do the same, hoping to attract attention from the shore. He even tore a sleeve from his calico shirt, tied it to his broken paddle-handle, and waved it a long time. Unfortunately there were no people on the beach that afternoon, and nobody who could have seen them from the river happened to look that way. But, after they had drifted a long way out, a boy, who had idled around the river and climbed the northern sand dune, observed the drifting boat, and watched it a long time, wondering at the strange antics of the two persons in it. Finally, when they had drifted nearly three miles away, he comprehended that the two in the boat were children; and then it struck him that they must be the children of Jean Baptiste, and no doubt something was wrong, or they would not be so far out on the lake. With that he ran to Jean's shanty and told their mother. She instantly comprehended, and would have herself taken a boat to go after the children but that she saw Jean and Joe at the village wharf. So she sounded the alarm.

While the two men were going out on the lake to the rescue, the idle lad got into his canoe and paddled across the river to the settlement, feeling unusually important as the bearer of startling news. His story did not create any alarm, as the rising storm-cloud in the south-west was not yet high enough to show its head above the lofty sand dune between the village and the lake, or to obscure the brightness of the summer sunshine. There was only the rumor that Jean Baptiste's children, who were often in mischief, had drifted out on the lake a little way, in one of Jean's boats, and that Jean and Joe Collins had gone out after them, with his new boat. This report presently reached the ears of Kitty Foster, and angered her not a little. That Joe should go off on the lake after that Frenchman's brats, as she phrased it in her thoughts, after he had promised her on his honor that he would be back in season to go walking with her at 6 o'clock, — and it was now past four, — and after she had warned him that she should accept another gallant in case he proved a laggard, appeared to her an indignity not to be borne with patience; and she promised herself that she would now accept the first gallant she could obtain for an escort, without giving Joe the benefit of waiting till 6 o'clock.

By the time the skiff with Jean and Joe had run a mile and a half out on the lake, the land-breeze died away, except an occasional faint puff. Hastily furling their sail, unstepping the mast, and lashing it in the usual way along the thwarts of the boat, the men took to their oars, and rowed at racing speed after the children, casting frequent anxious glances over their shoulders at the rising storm-cloud. By the time they had rowed a mile this cloud had risen so high that its sombre and threatening edge obscured the sun, and spread an ominous shade far over the lake, changing its robe of blue to a dark hue, which deepened to inky blackness against the south-western sky. The ripples made by the land-breeze ceased, and the bosom of the lake assumed an unnatural smoothness. The air fell into a moveless calm, as if nature had stopped breathing. The gulls in the offing wheeled restlessly about in the sultry atmosphere, screaming hoarsely. Now and then, far down toward the horizon, vivid streaks of forked lightning darted along the broad expanse of cloud, followed by the rolling mutter of distant thunder. And now, just where the water and sky met, in a line along the horizon,

a gray arch appeared, and rapidly lifted and broadened. Against this arch the distant surface of the lake could be seen tossing in tumultuous surges. Along the upper edge of the rising arch the black border of cloud was rent and torn in fantastic rolling forms, like a vast curtain whose waving folds were lifted irregularly; and fragments of dark vapor ever and anon drifted rapidly across the gray surface to join the dark border, as if issuing from the bosom of the lake.

At this moment, when they were yet over half a mile distant from the children, a long, rolling swell from the south-west passed under the skiff. It was immediately followed by another, and another, each succeeding even higher then its predecessor, alarming precursors of the coming tempest. And now the gray arch rushed upward with fierce velocity, while far away long slanting lines of falling rain streaked its menacing expanse.

The children could now be plainly seen. The boy had cast the head of his heavy boat in the direction of the approaching tempest, and was gallantly toiling, with rapid strokes of his fragment of paddle, to hold her head to the sea. If she should turn broadside to the waves, he well knew that she would fill and roll over immediately; and only his skill in handling boats, and his unusual strength and hardiness for his age, had enabled him to prevent such a catastrophe so far. But the first blast of the coming wind would be sure to heave her into the trough of the sea, and his strength could not hold out much longer.

The men pulled their light skiff with equal power and skill. As they approached the children, they saw the line of the rushing wind, edged with foam and flying spray, moving down upon them with race-horse speed. A few strokes more, and the skiff shot along-side of the laboring boat. Jean instantly flung the children into the skiff, and, catching up the coil of line in her bottom, he made one end fast to the middle thwart of the heavy boat, and passed the other end through an iron ring in the bow of the skiff, paying out line as Joe backed the skiff to a distance of fifty or sixty feet from the boat, which, turning broadside to the sea, filled and rolled over, but floated, being constructed of light pine. At this moment the squall swooped down upon them in a shower of spray, and with a fury of wind against which it was impossible to stand. The value of Jean's precaution was now apparent. The heavy boat, floating bottom up, broadside to the sea, made a slight barrier to the rushing waves, causing them to break before reaching the skiff under her lee; and the line, stretched taut with the strain, helped to pull the skiff bows on, in which secure position Joe held her with an oar set in a notch carved in the stern, so that she rode the swells lightly and safely, being an admirably moulded sea-boat.

The first gust of the storm was a zephyr to the blasts which followed. Each succeeding squall was more and more violent. Within twenty minutes after its first rush the wind fairly howled along the hollow crests of the waves, tearing them into fragments of driving spr ay. The rain fell in blinding sheets, acco mpanied by incessant and vivid flashes of lightning and terrific peals of thunder. It was impossible to see more than a few yards in a circle about the skiff. The air was filled with spoon-drift, which, in lumps of,water, struck the men with the fury and almost the hardness of flying stones. The children cowered in the waist of the boat, clinging sturdily to the middle thwart, with their backs to the storm. Jean was kept busy bailing out the water, which, in spite of his efforts, half filled the skiff, and made her motions in lifting to the waves dangerously heavy. Joe, facing the storm, found all his strength and skill taxed to hold her head to the sea with the oar, although the stout line at her bow dragged till it seemed as if it must certainly part. Several times the heavy boat, to which they were attached, rolled wallowing over, causing Jean to cautiously pay out more line. Every moment the raging seas increased in height and power. Instead of running in long ridges, the waves heaved in great lumps and cone-like hills; and now and then two or more of these watery hills rushed together with a furious shock, their clapping sides sending up showers of spray, and capping their broken tops with broad sheets of white foam. Upon these leaping hills the skiff was tossed like a chip in the rapids of Niagara, now emptying herself of water, now filling nearly to her gunwales. But the steady skill and strength of the two men kept her from rolling over, and held her firmly in the safest position, while the children, with undaunted courage, clung resolutely to their hold upon the middle thwart, to prevent being washed overboard. Of course the wind and sea rapidly drifted the boat and skiff landward, but the men could not see the shore, except occasion-

ally, when a momentary opening in the rain and spray enabled them to catch a glimpse of the sand dunes as they rose on the crest of a wave.

In three-quarters ot an hour the wind began to lull a little; the squalls came at longer intervals, and with diminishing fury. In an hour the rain ceased falling, and the gale was rapidly dying away. A quarter of an hour later there was only a brisk breeze from the west, and the setting sun occasionally shone over the surging water through waves of broken clouds. But the sea, released from the restraint of the beating rain, and no longer whipped about by the varying squalls, now rose still higher, and rolled in long lines of dark heaving swells, which broke in surf and spume upon the harbor bar, and rushed with a river like thunder far up the sloping yellow sands of the shore, to uncover many yards of the bottom in its recoil. Toward this boiling and dreadful turmoil the skiff and boat were slowly drifting, and were already dangerously near.

CHAPTER VI. — IN THE SURF, WHICH IS MAINLY WIND AND WATER.

THOUGH but little attention was at first paid to the story of the urchin who spread the report through the settlement that Jean Baptiste's two children were out on the lake, and that Jean and Joe Collins had gone out after them, when the storm burst over the village, two or three persons remembered it, and wondered if the children and their rescuers had got into port safely. Then, feeling uneasy, they sought the boy and questioned him closely. Finding from his tale that the children were several miles off shore when he saw them last, and estimating that Jean and Joe could hardly have gone out and returned before the squall struck them, they hurriedly spread another alarm. A man was despatched to ascend the southern sand dune, whence he could look out upon the lake. This man came running back to report that two boats were drifting in fact outside of the harbor bar, one of them bottom up, and the men and children in the other. In his judgment, in case Jean should fail to hit the exact channel of the river, across which a furious sea was running, they would drift into the surf and be driven ashore on the northern shoal, when they would all be inevitably drowned.

Excited by this report, a party crossed at the ferry; and, by the time the boats had nearly reached the outer border of the furious surf, which surged and foamed over the bar, a dozen men and half as many women had collected on the sand at the base of the northern bar. They carried with them a long coil of rope, and at once began making such preparations as they could to aid or rescue the imperilled party, if they should enter the surf.

It was evident that the perilous moment was near at hand. When the skiff rose high on the top of a rolling wave, with her stern slanted toward the land, every act of her inmates could be plainly seen. Jean was observed to step his mast and open his sail, ready for use. Then he took the oars and seated himself ready to pull, watching for the proper moment to let go the line which held the skiff to the overturned boat. Joe, provided with a canoe paddle, with which he could steer in the surf more quickly and handily than with an oar, was seated in her stern. The two children clung to a thwart, kneeling in the bottom of the boat, which Jean had bailed clear of water.

The great waves rolling in from the depths of the open lake lifted and curled their angry crests as they felt the shallows of the bar dragging at their bottoms, rearing in dark masses many feet high, as they came sweeping on, ever and anon breaking in a smother of foam clear across the channel, or rolling in gathering surges, capped with spray and spume, to thunder on the shore, sending sheets of water far up the sloping sands from which their fierce recoil tore away masses of earth, old logs, and everything movable, with resistless force and fury. In these churning waters, bars of railroad iron from a wrecked vessel have been driven for many rods, and bent as by the blows of a titanic hammer, and solid logs have been ground to splinters in a few hours.

Waiting for a moment when the waves seemed least dangerous, Jean let go the line. Instantly the skiff shot away from the swamped boat, borne on the top of a rolling billow. Dipping his oars, assisted by Joe with his paddle, Jean dexterously pulled her about, and headed her for the river channel, her sail filling and drawing strongly as Joe gathered in and secured the slack of its sheet. Impelled strongly by the breeze as she rose on the waves, though somewhat becalmed as she sunk into their troughs, the sharp craft danced lightly over

the tossing water, now rocking wildly from side to side, as if she sought to shake the mast out of her, now mounting steeply on the summit of a surge till she shot her forefoot clear out of the water, to fall with a crash amid a smother of foam as the wave rolled beneath her; and now shooting swiftly down the sharp declivity of a curling sea, with her stern reared high in the air, as if she meant to dive to the bottom in its hollow, the boat drove shoreward before both wind and sea. Occasionally she yawed widely, and threatened to turn her broadside to the waves, but quick and vigorous strokes of Joe's paddle, aided by a strong pull of one of Jean's oars, always recovered her before a following sea could strike her, and held her safely on her proper course. She took and kept the main channel, though the seas ran diagonally across it, forcing her as she drew near to the harbor entrance closer and closer to the edge of the dangerous northern shoal. But as they reached the pinch, beyond which lay safety, Jean plied his oars stoutly, and Joe his paddle, so that they drew a little away again toward the centre of the channel.

To the group on shore, the swift boat seemed like a live thing battling gallantly for its life. They watched its conduct with critical approval, and noted every movement of its occupants with mounting thrills of excitement, as spectators of a perilous arena wherein was being played a fearful game of life or death. Their hearts bounded in their breasts, or arose choking in their throats, every time the boat escaped the combing crest of a rolling breaker, which was instantly followed by another, threatening to comb over it and engulf it. But they did not neglect their own duty. A strong, active, and daring swimmer, stripped to the skin, except a pair of tight swimming trunks, moved along the sands opposite the boat, with a stout line tied about his waist, followed by men bearing the coil, ready to plunge into the surf the moment he could be of any service.

At this point, when safety was almost assured, and the boat, having passed unharmed over the most dangerous part of her course, was about to enter the smoother water of the river mouth, out on the lake came rolling shoreward half a dozen billows of uncommon height. The foremost wave, when it felt the drag of the bar on its bottom, was impeded in its motion. Being overtaken by the next, the two joined and swept on over the bar without breaking, till they were joined by another, and another, rising higher and larger with each accession. Then this moving mountain of water, with only its top rolling in foam, hurled itself over the bar with a long, curving front, which swept across the channel, rearing high and menacing in the air, till it hung over the boat, ready to break. Struck by the foot of this rushing wall, the boat was driven to the edge of the northern shoal. In vain the men plied paddle and oar with desperate energy, striving to reach the smooth water of the river, only a few yards distant. And now, the foot of the swelling mountain being suddenly arrested by the outer bank of the shoal, the whole vast roller heaved upward, combed over, and discharged a great hill of solid water full upon the helpless boat, with the force and roar of a falling Niagara. The awful power of such a blow nothing could withstand. Many planks of the boat were ripped from her side, her strong frame was broken, and a shower of splinters blended with the foaming surge which roared over her, trampling her down into the depths. Then the broken mountain of spume surged shorewards, and rolled its fury far up the sloping sands.

When this gigantic billow came sweeping in, the people on the shore watched its course with breathless anxiety. They saw it curl high over the boat, with their hearts in their throats. When it broke over the skiff, a groan escaped from the men and a suppressed cry from the women. These changed to something like a cheer, when they saw the occupants of the boat show their heads above the smother of foam, Jean grasping his boy, and Joe the little girl, both swimming gallantly shoreward. But a general shout of dismay broke from the whole crowd the next moment. Another heavy roller, heaving the shattered boat upon its curling top, combed and discharged the wreck with murderous force over the heads of Joe and the little girl. A moment later they saw Joe, still holding up the girl, again rise to the surface and battle his way through the breakers, but plainly with diminished strength.

Jean and the boy struggled bravely landward. Whenever the hollows of the breakers let his feet touch the bottom, he surged strongly forward, catching a fresh breath, and then dug his toes into the sand to resist the undertow, till another breaker would lift him, when he would swim

skilfully on its top as long as possible, the boy imitating him with equal skill, so that he was scarcely an encumbrance. Several yards behind them Joe and the little girl followed their example; but it was now plain that Joe had received some severe injury from the wreck, as his motions lacked energy, and he swam with feeble though regular strokes, like one whose strength is spent, and whose muscles act mechanically, merely from force of habit.

And now young Brown, the man with the line, following a retreating breaker, dashed into the water. When a roller met him, he dove, head first, into and through its curling front, coming up beyond, and swimming and wading with great skill and strength toward the wrecked ones. Presently he was near enough to grasp Jean by the hand; but the resolute Frenchman put him stoutly aside, crying: —

"No, no; catch Joe an' ze little gal; I catch on ze line when zey haul 'er een."

As young Brown gallantly struggled still farther out, he saw that it was indeed time for his aid. Joe and the girl were now merely washing back and forth, up and down, with the seething waters, still swimming feebly, but making no headway.

It was with great effort, and only because a lucky sea floated them within his reach, that he was able to grasp them. For his own strength was spent; the long line dragged and impeded him sorely; his breath was caught in gasps, and he could hardly sustain himself against the furious fluctuations of the baffling sea. As soon as he had secured a firm hold of Joe, young Brown tossed up one of his hands, as a signal, whereupon the line was drawn swiftly shorewards; and, being grasped by Jean, the whole imperilled group were towed rapidly to the land. As they came within safe wading distance, two or three of the men, who had pushed out into the surf as far as was prudent, seized them and hurried them to the shore.

They were received with a roaring cheer. Even the women lent their mellow voices to the generous clamor in praise of this gallant rescue. For they had witnessed one of those fine exhibitions of unselfish courage, daring hardihood, calm skill in the midst of mortal peril, and lusty and unconquerable strength, which show man worthy of woman's devotion, and which justify to both sexes their noblest pride of race and blood.

CHAPTER VII. — SOME FLOPPING, BUT POOR FISHING.

And now the first duty was to care for the rescued. Willing hands were eager for the work.

Jean and young Brown were uninjured, beyond severe temporary exhaustion. A drink from a flask of whiskey set them both up again. Brown was rubbed dry, and assisted to clothe himself. Jean stoutly refused to change his wet garments for dry till he should get home to his shanty.

Neither of the children was the worse for their terrible experience. The little girl cried a little, but hushed as soon as she was wrapped in warm clothing and taken up by her mother. The boy began eagerly to boast of his exploits in the boat and in the surf.

But Joe had to be led from the water, supported by two men. As he walked his legs tottered weakly under him, and his body shivered as with an ague fit. His eyes were dull and glossy, his lips pale and tremulous, and his head hung limply forward. Blood flowed from two ugly wounds on his head, matting his thick hair. When the flask was pressed to his lips he did not open his set teeth till a command to drink was spoken in his ear. Then he swallowed two or three times with difficult gulps. The men immediately removed his wet clothing, rubbed him dry, and clothed him warmly, but variously, with garments taken from their own persons. Two of them then made a seat of their hands, each grasping one of the other's wrists, with their other arms supporting his back. In this way they carried him hastily to the ferry, two other men relieving the first pair as soon as they became tired. Crossing the river, they took him into the nearest house, where the village doctor was called. This person, with a sharp pair of shears and a razor, cut away his hair and shaved the scalp about the wounds, which now showed two long gashes in his scalp, the skull gleaming white through one of them. Their edges were gently drawn together, and fastened with strips of plaster. He was given a beaten egg, upon which hot coffee was poured, to drink, which revived and strengthened him greatly. A bit of soft towel linen was laid over his scalp, covered and hidden by a soft cap; and two men were deputed to lead him home, with an order to go to bed at once, get to sleep as soon as possible, remain quiet and avoid all excitement for a few days.

On their way, in the twilight which had now fallen, they encountered a young man and woman. The pair were gabbling; and the young man was giggling at some silly nonsense. Joe recognized the giggler. He was an empty-pated spark, boastful and bumptious, for whom Joe felt a generous contempt, on account of the fellow's shallowness and coxcomb pretensions. He also recognized the girl. The grace of her figure and motion could not be mistaken, even at some distance in the twilight. The sight roused his lethargic senses in spite of his aching head. He shook off the men, and walked up to the chattering pair.

"Kitty!"

The sternness of his voice startled the girl.

"Why, Joe!" she cried in alarmed surprise.

They regarded each other a moment in silence. Then the girl recovered her usual audacity.

"I gave you fair warning," she said. "You weren't there as you promised. We didn't go on the hill, because it rained; but we took a walk. If you have any excuses to offer come and tell me to-morrow."

"Jean's children drifted into the lake, and I went with him to save them."

She had heard of this; but she had not heard that they were out in the storm, and knew nothing of her lover's peril. She tossed her head pettishly and answered: —

"Yes; you went off after that Frenchman's brats, and cared nothing for your promise to me. I presume you expected me to sit moping at home while all the other girls were out, waiting till it should please your lordship to come for me. But you were mistaken in your calculations, sir."

"We saved the children's lives."

Kitty's foolish escort could no longer restrain his itch to mingle his gabble in the conversation. He launched one of his silly witticisms: —

"Oh, yes; we saved the pappooses!"

Joe, whose slow wrath had been steadily rising, while his buzzing brain had lost its usual calm equipoise, made a stride forward and shot out his right fist, straight from the shoulder, with irresistible quickness and force. Wrath, contempt, and a sore heart lent fury to the blow. It cracked on the cheek of the untimely gabbler like the kick of a mule. His heels flopped in the air; his head and shoulders ploughed the sand; he fell ten feet away, and lay stunned.

The girl screamed and shrank back. She had never before seen her lover angry. The wrath blazing in his blue eyes and set in his white, stern face, frightened her. She feared, for a moment, that he would strike her. But his passion and the strength it lent him were both expended in that one blow. He sighed, shivered, turned, and walked staggering away, putting one hand to his head as if half dazed. The two men started forward, caught him by the arms, and led him off, reeling and leaning upon their support.

Then the girl made another mistake. "Why! Joe has been drinking," she said. She stood and looked after them till they faded out of sight in the fast increasing dusk.

A faint voice from the ground reminded her that she was not alone.

"Is he gone?" inquired her fallen gallant.

"Yes; Joe *is* gone," she answered; and then she burst into tears of mingled anger and regret.

The incongruous gabbler gathered himself carefully up from the ground.

"By George!" he said, putting a hand to his hurt cheek and then staring at his fingers. "My face is all bloody! By George!"

The girl paid no heed to him. He collected his supposed mind and concentrated it upon the situation.

"See here, by George! I can't go to your house with my face all bloody. I've got to go and wash it off, by George!"

No response from the weeping girl.

"First we know he'll be back, hunting you up again. I reckon you don't care to have him find us two together any more this evening. *I* don't, by George!"

She ceased crying.

"Joe is gone; he won't come back; Joe's *gone*. But you must not stay with me. I'll go home alone."

With this she walked slowly away.

It was late before Kitty slept. Long she lay thinking, by turns angry, frightened, fond. Ignorant of her lover's peril and wounds, and supposing him to have been drinking, she resented his conduct in knocking down her escort as an outrageous insult to her. The affray had been witnessed; it would be gossiped all over the settlement. "That fool," meaning her discomfited gallant, would tattle his own

construction, sure to be an odious one, of it. There would be a pretty scandal. She would be talked about by everybody. It was unbearable. She would punish Joe well for it. She would never forgive him. She hated him! But, stop! Suppose Joe should not forgive *her?* He looked as if he wouldn't. Suppose he should be angry enough to leave her? She had never before considered such a thing possible: now she feared it. She began to mistrust herself. She doubted if she had ever really understood her lover's character. He certainly was not as patient as she had always thought him. He might be tired of her rule. What if he should desert her? How everybody would blame *her*. Life would become unbearable. Then she could not give him up; her heart would break. She had always thought she had only tolerated him, because one must have some lover, and one naturally wants the best. Now she discovered that she loved him, passionately. How magnificently strong he was! "That fool" had gone down before him like a mere child. How handsome he looked in his anger! How brave he was! If she should lose him, where was there another like him? And all his strength, and courage, and manliness were hers. She owned him; she could rule him; she had, and she would. He belonged to her; and she meant to keep him. But he ought to be punished; he must be; he should be. How? What should she do? In the morning her thoughts might be clearer; she would make up her mind then.

So she fell asleep.

[To be continued.]

OUT IN THE SNOW.

[SEE FRONTISPIECE.]

"NEW England," said an Englishman — not Charles Kingsley — "never was intended for white men to live in; God meant it for the Indians, and they ought to have been left in possession."

What Kingsley did say — he was here in winter — was, that it was "an iron land, which none but an iron people could have settled in," and that "they must have been heroes to have made so much of it;" and, certainly, no man better appreciated the heroic than he.

We have no inclination to soften any of the harsh things that have been said about our climate; but it having been in the divine plan that the white race should become established here, it follows that most of the inhabitants must spend here the season which those of genial latitudes are wont to speak of as the "cruel New England winter." If it so happens that your lot has been cast here, and you are able to reconcile yourself to the inevitable, which means, among other certainties, occasional "spells" of cold so intense, so persistent, that you are conquered by it, bodily and mentally, so terrible that you cower before it as at the coming of some unescapable, unappeasable foe; which means, moreover, enforced isolation at times, and being shut off or shut in from many of the enjoyable things of open-air life, — then, you are, or ought to be, in a state to make the most of what the season has for you. Then, in the absence of so much which your eye has found delight in, you can discover the possibilities of beauty in the one element, snow, which has been the chief cause of your deprivations. If there is anything about this waste time of year, which can conciliate the defrauded æsthetic sense, it certainly is snow, or exists by reason of it.

What a relief is the very first fall of it! Into such hopelessness has the world been settling through the short days late in November that we even welcome it. In those days nature is in utter despondency; abandoned, given up to despair. I have seen a picture of "Grief," personified as a girl, in which all hope has fled forever; and on such days, for days together, too, the world is like that.

There is no sweetness, or warmth, or brightness left anywhere. The earth is iron beneath your feet, — the earth that was wont to be so genial, so responsive; the earth you have such a filial feeling for; it is as if a mother had thrown you, her child, from her. The heavens are pitiless; how hard can be the sky that once was blue in June, and warm in the August sunshine! The mountains are sullen, and

a shiver runs through the trees, as if they were human; we are touched with yearning compassion for them. We have a sense that they are a-cold.

It is a world most dismal, penetrated through and through with that kind of rawness which has such power to make you miserable. It searches to your very marrow. It seems as if it had been accumulating chill and damp all the way of its coming from frozen marshes over wide, wintry seas. In the twilight, which is upon you by the middle of the afternoon, you feel that something is impending.

To such a day succeeds a morning on which a new world meets your awakened eyes. The one you knew yesterday is no more. All night the snow has been silently falling. No other agency can so swiftly and completely transform the surface of the earth; and it neither lays waste nor harms, but comes as a protector and a beautifier, wrapping the little, green ground things in a covering of warmth and security, and hiding all unsightliness.

A snow-flake is an exquisite thing; a lovely mystery; an embodied something made up by frost and mist; a fleck of spray held into substance; a phantom floating down out of the sky. Pure as flame, but as cold and colorless as flame is genial and vivid.

If you walk abroad in a snow-storm, after night has set in, — delicious walk! — you have a consciousness that you are in a land of phantoms. Everything is seen in a sort of white twilight. There is no side-light or light from above, nor are there footlights. Nothing is in shadow or in relief. There is no such thing as perspective. Distances, lines, coloring, shape, — these no longer exist. The world you are walking in is disembodied. Houses and trees are the ghosts of what you knew; standing in the accustomed places, but unreal. Do certain words spoken by one who had discernment of spiritual things, come to your mind? If so, "Are not these the spiritual bodies?" you ask.

You move in the midst of the whiteness and dimness, where no steps are heard, though people are walking along the streets as usual, meet you, pass you, till you feel that you are a part of the phantasmagoria, and are so given up to the illusion, to the vagueness, that you experience a shock when once more you enter your own door and find yourself surrounded by the practical and the familiar. It is conceivable that an eccentric person, used to following out his impulses, might surrender himself to such a mood, and go back into the dim, white night, and move on and on till lost in the storm; misled by that abnormal, erratic feeling which finds a half sensuous, half spiritual pleasure in experiences unknown to the more practical of the race. Does not Hawthorne somewhere speak of this?

And then, just once, just once each winter, to be snowed in, blocked up! The New England man or woman is not a genuine New-Englander if he or she utter a protest against that. It is a part of the winter life, belongs with it, though not sure to happen. "They say" that the old-fashioned winters have gone by, that seasons have changed as well as everything else, and that in these times not usually do we have the deep snows.

But when the thing comes to pass, as a few years ago, and one heavy storm rapidly succeeds another, the entire country, the whole north, loses its identity. Not only over the near landscape, but over the remote, the disguise is complete. On the morning after the second storm of a certain February, we missed the withered seed-tops of the flower and grass-stems, at which such flocks of birds had already begun to peck; then the rose-bushes went under; finally, after three days of it, the tallest of the garden shrubs seemed dwarfed, and the tree-trunks were shortened.

Gradually the rocks on the hill-sides had been disappearing; then the walls around the fields were obliterated. We all at once became conscious that there were no boundary lines around any man's farm over all this wide outlook of country, to the north, the east, the south, and west, and the solitary houses, set in each man's domain, showed strangely unfamiliar; not what we had known, not what they ever were. Rows of leafless trees defined the borders of the country roads; other network of branches indicated the curves of the hidden streams.

The houses in the village were lower down, almost to the window-sills in snow, as if they had all settled by one consent; and in their false position they looked unfamiliar, except for the inevitable green blinds and the chimneys, showing red where the line of roof, snow-laden to the ridge-pole, was cut against the sky. Then it was that the effect of a village without door-yard fences or garden enclosures could be seen best, for all such had vanished, and between ourselves and all the

world there was nothing to separate, only space; we were neighbors as we had never been before, since nothing remained to visibly hedge in what was our own, and we were in literal possession of everything in common. Yet for neighborly communication there was no added facility. On the contrary, we were as hopelessly shut off for the time being as if an ocean lay between us. That white space was impassable; the dwellers next us, just beyond where had been our garden palings, were so near and yet so far! And as for the easy distances for open air rambles, they no longer existed as such, for nobody but a walker on snow-shoes could have traversed them. A fugitive from justice would have been safe from his pursuers on one of those snow-fields, and could have defied everything but a rifle.

We were all shut in, blocked in, cut off from our daily business, from shop, office, and railroad station; all vocations which took people from their homes were suspended, and all the people, going abroad on business or pleasure, were brought abruptly to a stand-still, defeated in their purposes, delayed, kept over by one night's accumulation of a substance so soft, so perishable, offering so little resistance as snow!

And before paths could be made through it the wind rose and drifted it against the houses, building up ridges against the windows, heaping them against the doors till it was necessary to tunnel through. Then one really was brought to understand what seclusion from one's fellow beings might be made to mean; and one was for the moment in bonds of sympathy with the loneliest settler in the wilderness, the most isolated hut-dweller in Arctic regions.

When the wind went down so that paths could be shovelled, and communication with our kind was again possible, we walked abroad along the sidewalks, under a white wall, separating us from the narrow road made in the middle of the street for sleighs to run in. Only by occasional paths could we have access to it, or cross to the opposite side. We passed into our houses by sunken avenues; and we were all in silhouette against the blank, glittering whiteness. The world was in white, — vestal, speckless, stainless, on that first morning. Everything unsightly was covered up. It was the reign of purity and stillness.

To walk far was almost an impossibility, to ride far equally impracticable. for after a mile or so out we were turned back by some immense drift barring the country road, impassable until towards nightfall, when the long teams from the hills came in after a day of shovelling and ploughing out, the oxen steaming, and sheathed in snow to their backs. It was as if we had never known what snow was before, and what a strange, silent, white picture the landscape could become! On the front our outlook was a snow-field rising up from the frozen, fringed river — a white hill-side climbing to meet the blue sky, so plain, so unobscured that every scattered tree on it was like a sketch on paper, and a bird could be discerned as it flew across.

On the opposite side was the wide back country, walled from the north by mountains. It meant, in the summer, green hills and shaded hollows, patches of woodland, little ponds, pastures, and orchards, winding roads, fenced by old stone-walls, along which grew brambles and flowers, white birch and sumach, tangling vines of clematis and grape running riot over golden-rod and ferns — a luxuriance of green life; cattle on the hills, farmers afield with their teams. It meant color, melody, activity.

Now, no roads are visible, no movement except of smoke rising from chimneys beyond the apple orchards and on the crests of the nearer hills: only an irregular white surface, with a dip here and there, destitute of positive color, for under such conditions even the evergreens are not green. It is a hard, relentless scene, in stillness like death, in white cerements, rigid lines, icy chillness. It is stark and stiff, and cold and white.

It needs a whole winter to see snow under all its conditions and in its different lights and shades, for even snow has tints and shadows. Wherever a drift has been shovelled through, or there is a rift in it, or great blocks lie piled together, there are delicate suggestions of green and blue, in a vanishing sea-tinge or a reflection of the azure overhead; the merest hint of color, the daintiest refinement of it, as elusive as smoke or vapor, and not more easily painted than smoke or vapor can be made subjects of tangible pigments. It is only the surface of snow which presents that utter blank which is the negative of color, that singleness and simplicity which renders it the most consummate manifestation of white conceivable.

If it was not susceptible to atmospheric

influences together with sunlight, cloud, mountain-summit, and other bodiless agencies in producing results where colors are the chief attraction, how rigid, how solemn, how depressing would winter scenery be! The conditions *are* austere, the resources limited; yet it comes to pass that even in color are manifested certain rare phases of tenderness; and there are splendors, too, of blue at noontide, crimson fires at dawn, trailing glories as the sun goes down, heightened by the presence of the boundless snow-fields, and affected by changes in the temperature, — conditions and results not possible to regions south of the snow limit.

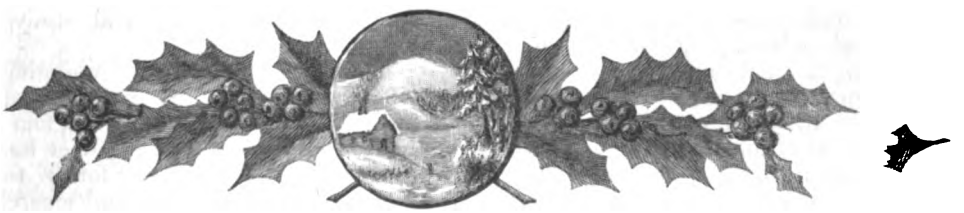
And with the immaculate simplicity of this one prevailing element all aspects of the winter scenery harmonize. In no case, except of dazzling sun-glare, can we feel that anything is out of accord. Against its white monotone the sky brings to bear every gradation of its colors. All the sky tints have a charm in these white days which does not exist (and, if it did, would not be appreciated) in the green affluence of summer. At times their pensiveness appeals to us. How shy those reflections of color, as if from sumptuous dyes away beyond our gaze, looking ready to fade, like the vanishing double of the rainbows, in tinges of rose, cool greens like the green of waves, and blue which has the far-off dimness of mountain smoke! Often as the night is closing in of a still, bright day, there lingers a tender bluish-gray along the eastern sky, or a soft purple haze will deepen into violet towards the horizon, and melt away overhead through a roseate medium into pearly whiteness.

Not without marvellous brilliance and depth of dyes is the wintry world just after the sun has sunk out of sight; then those northern mountains are changed to amethyst, burning with the splendor of purple jewels, while over the sky space nearest their glowing peaks seems a pale-green sea of light, incandescent as flame, translucent as ice, cold, pure, clear, with islands of amber, which slowly change while you watch them, and fade in the dimness of coming night; and the transfiguration passes from the mountain-tops.

There are mornings when at break of day, a flood of crimson rolls up from the east and sets the high peaks aflame, and makes the snow incarnadine; damp mornings when the east is a golden vapor; sharp, crisp mornings on which the smoke from the chimneys ascends like pillars of colored fire, and in the incisive atmosphere every line in the landscape is cut clear and sharp, black on a strong white ground.

But it is at high noon of a clear, keen day that the perfection of one color, blue, is brought out in such a magnificence as is possible at no other season and in no other climate. The glory of blue, filling all the heaven above; blue light, blue fire; an unfathomable depth of it, awful in its changefulness. At such a noon the world seems portioned into the glistening white below, and that solemn blue dome bending down to meet it; not a cloud on its immeasurable space; awful in its depth, its solemn splendor, its intensity of color, like the burning sapphire of the Apocalyptic vision.

Amanda B. Harris.



LEAVES FROM A WHEELMAN'S JOURNAL.

It was a perfect summer morning in July when I wheeled into the quiet little village of B——, in southern Maine. Greek and Latin roots, and the monotony of the college routine were behind me, and I had thrown off all restraint, and was gliding out into the country to spend a few weeks in search of insects to replace my collection, which had been destroyed a short time before by fire. The sun was scarcely an hour high; and what a contrast this quaint little town presented to the bustle and confusion of the city I had so recently left! Behind me Agamenticus raised its head, — its rugged sides mellowed by the soft, dreamy mist which was slowly creeping up from the low lands around its base. Green meadows and pastures stretched out on either side, their even surfaces broken here and there by scattered clumps of trees; and, winding among them, one could just discern a brook of clear, crystal water, now breaking out in hurried flight over stones and pebbles, and now once more hiding itself under the over-hanging banks, fringed with maiden-hair and tangled grasses. It was just that time of the day when nature seems in her most beautiful apparel. The dew-drop still clung to the petals of the wild rose along the road-side, and the daisies and butter-cups nodded in a pleasant, familiar way to one another in the adjoining fields, while every tree and shrub was alive with the feathered songsters. Ten minutes more brought me to the homelike farm-house which I was to make my head-quarters during my stay, and a hearty "Good morning" made me at once feel at home. I first found shelter for my faithful bicycle, for "a merciful man is merciful to his beast," and then took my seat at the break-fast-table, where a bountiful repast was awaiting me. My baggage had arrived the day before, and I at once began preparations for collecting and preserving whatever variety of insect I might happen upon.

My outfit for out-door work was very simple, consisting of a small net, a collecting-box lined with cork, and containing one open-mouthed bottle filled with alcohol to receive the beetles, and a small, tightly-closed one, in which was benzine, a drop of which is sufficient to destroy the life of any other insect. Thus equipped, I set out, and wandered off by the side of an old stone wall overgrown with raspberry vines and woodbine, and ornamented here and there by clumps of wild roses in full bloom, for whose hidden sweets the bees and butterflies seemed contending; and even as I stood there, a tiny humming-bird, its breast gleaming with every color of the rainbow, came with flight more rapid than the arrow, paused for an instant before the half-open bud, and was gone; carrying with it, one might almost fancy, a casket of precious gems, flashing in the sunlight.

The first insect that attracted my attention was the Idalia butterfly (*Argynnis Idalia*), and a turn of the net made him prisoner. His flutterings were soon stilled, and he was safely fastened in my collecting-box. Following along the old stone wall, I soon added to my collection the Bellona butterfly (*Argynnis Bellona*), the Archippus, Nymphalis Disippe, and several others, together with quite a number of beetles. The spreading dog-bane, just coming into blossom, had, hidden among its leaves, and busy feeding on them, the Gilded Eumolpus, one of the most beautiful of the Chrysomeleans. This little beetle, scarcely one-half an inch in length, is favored with the most gorgeous colors. Its back is a golden-green, shaded with a brilliant bronze, and underneath it is a dark green, running into a deep purple, and as they hurry back and forth, from leaf to leaf, these colors seem to change and vary with every motion. An upturned stone, an old, worm-eaten log, each displayed its treasures; and when, at length, I turned my course toward home the work on my new collection was well begun.

The rest of the afternoon and evening was spent in mounting and studying the specimens.

The most convenient mounting-board is made of three or four strips of soft pine, three-fourths of an inch thick, four inches wide, and from one to two feet long, laid side by side but from one-fourth to three-fourths of an inch apart, and securely fastened to two cleats underneath. Strips of cork should be glued on to the under side over the openings between the boards, on which to pin the insects.

The operation of mounting butterflies, or moths, on such a board as this is very

simple, and when carefully done it leaves the insects in fine condition for the cabinet. Take a specimen: suppose it to be a butterfly. Pin it through the centre of the thorax into the cork, letting the body slip

PAPILIO TROILUS, MOUNTED ON SETTING-BOARD.

down between the boards until it is level with them. Then carefully spread out the wings in the desired position, and secure them there by pinning over them a small strip of card-board or paper, taking care not to injure the wings by rubbing them. When they are satisfactorily arranged, with a common pin or pointed wire place the limbs and antennæ in a natural position and put something under the abdomen to prevent its dropping down below the line of the boards. Let the insect remain here from four to six days, until perfectly dry, and then it may be taken off and placed in the box intended for the collection. Great care should be taken in the selection of the box or case in which to keep the insects; for many a fine collection is destroyed or greatly damaged by other small insects which get in even when the box seemed perfectly secure. It should be about two inches deep on the inside, and may be covered with glass, or not, as best suits the tastes of the collector. A nice arrangement is to have the bottom as well as the top covered with glass, and small corks glued on, in which to pin the specimens, so that by turning over the box one can see the lower side of the wings.

The first insect that I mounted was the Archippus butterfly (*Danais Archippus*). This butterfly, although quite common, is one of a species which is of great interest to the student of natural history, because of the wonderful powers displayed by the caterpillars during the change into the chrysalis state. The caterpillar when through feeding, wanders about until it finds a suitable place in which to undergo the transformation, as the underside of some sheltered limb or board, or even a crevice in a rock, and there it spins a tuft of silk, in which it securely fastens its hindmost feet. It is now hanging head downward, suspended only at this single small point, and having no loop around the body to support it. After remaining in this position for several hours, the skin along the back begins to crack, and soon the round, smooth chrysalis may be seen protruding through the opening. A few wriggling movements push the old caterpillar skin back, and now comes the most wonderful part of the transformation; the old skin must be removed, and the end of the chrysalis fastened in the web where the hind feet

DANAIS ARCHIPPUS (ARCHIPPUS BUTTERFLY).

of the old caterpillar skin were entangled. It seems an almost impossible feat for a creature, having neither wing nor limb, and surrounded by no supporting

loop, to disengage its only point of support and get another hold without falling to the ground; but the all-wise Maker has not left it helpless. The abdominal section of the chrysalis is made up of rings, or segments, and, by spreading these apart and then contracting them, it catches in a small bit of the caterpillar skin.

While holding on in this manner it withdraws itself entirely from the old skin, and hangs otherwise unsupported, but still some little distance from its place of destination, and it must climb, perhaps, half an inch before reaching the point where the little tuft of silk is fastened.

It first stretches up the abdomen, and, having got a new hold above, it draws up the rest of the body by contracting the segments; and, by repeating this, it at length reaches the desired spot, and, having entangled the small hooks on its extremity in the fine silken web, it hangs secure. A few repeated whirls dislodge the old skin, now useless, which falls to the ground, leaving the chrysalis to repose in quiet until the allotted time when the last great transformation comes, and the butterfly bursts out in all its beauty and perfection.

The Archippus measures from three and one-half to four and a fourth inches across the wings and about an inch and a quarter in length. The wings are a dark golden-brown above, heavily veined with black, and having a broad black band running nearly around the entire wing, in which is a double row of irregular white spots.

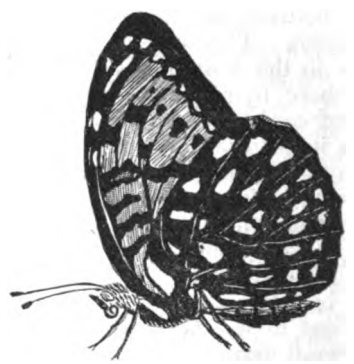
The under side is a dull yellow, but veined and marked in a manner almost identical with the upper. The body is black, but has many silver-white spots on the sides and head, and is covered with down as beautiful as the finest velvet. It belongs to the class of four-footed butterflies, having its two front legs too short to be of any use in walking, and they are folded up so close to the body that at first sight it appears to have but two legs.

The caterpillar of this butterfly may be found during the months of June and July on the common milkweed, and it would be well worth one's time and trouble to take some of them, feed them, and watch for one's self the wonderful steps of its transformation. It reaches its full growth in about two weeks, and then enters the chrysalis state, from which it emerges the perfect insect in from ten to fourteen days.

Stop for one moment and review its life. One month ago a tiny egg, scarcely larger than a pin-head, which the light and heat of the sun awaken into life, and we see the caterpillar, armed with powerful jaws, and ravenously devouring the leaves on which it makes its home; a few days pass, and it hangs in the apparently lifeless form of the chrysalis, from which, after two weeks' rest, it comes forth a butterfly, so entirely changed in form and manner of life that it seems a different being.

In place of the strong jaws fitted for biting and tearing the coarse fibres of the leaves we find a long, delicate tube, intended simply to receive liquid food, and the whole internal portion of the body has undergone great changes to fit it for its new sphere of action. No scientist can understand, or philosopher explain, the process of this wonderful transformation, and the ancients, when striving to represent the immortality of the soul, took a fitting symbol in the perfected butterfly.

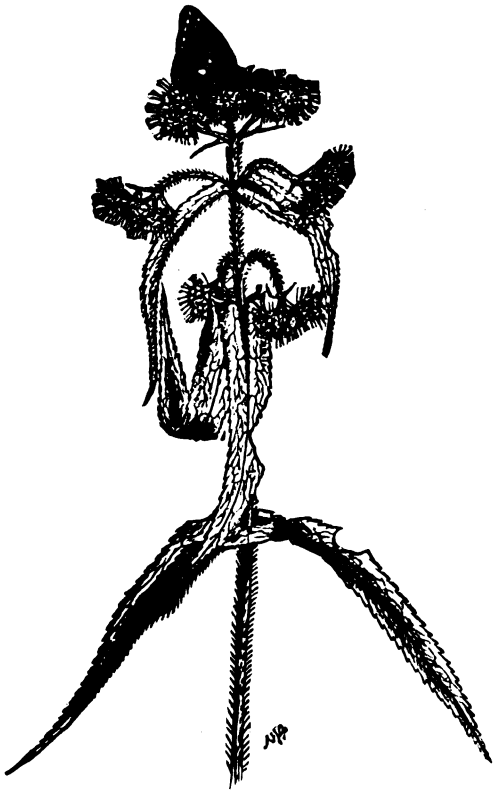
The next butterfly I took from my collecting-box was the Idalia (*Argynnis Idalia*). This is one of the prettiest, and belongs to the genus *Argynnis*, one of the *genera* in the group of Vanessians. Harris



ARGYNNIS IDALIA (IDALIA BUTTERFLY).

describes the genus as follows: "The wings are never angulated or toothed, and the hind ones are generally ornamented with silvery or pearly spots beneath. The feelers spread apart at their points. The caterpillars have a round head, and are furnished with branched spines on all their segments, two of those on the first segment being usually longer than the rest, and directed forwards; chrysalids somewhat angular, arched rather thick at both ends, with the head squared, or very slightly notched, without a prominent nose-like projection on the thorax, and on the back are two rows of projecting points,

which are usually golden-colored." The caterpillars of this genus usually live on the common violets, and I have found the caterpillar of the Idalia and Aphrodite feeding on the same plants. The butterfly is very noticeable, on account of the great



MY RIVAL COLLECTOR.

contrast in color between the front and hind wings. The former are nearly the same golden-brown in color as the Archippus, but spotted and banded with black, while the latter are dark blue-black, ornamented with a double row of spots above. The inner row are silver-white, shaded with blue, and the outer are deep orange in the male, and cream-colored in the female. The underside spots of the front wings much resemble the upper, but have several crescent-shaped white spots near the black band at their edge, and the hind wings underneath are beautifully dotted with over twenty-five silver-white spots on each wing, in a groundwork of seal-brown. These butterflies are quite common, and in some localities may be seen during the months of July and August flying near the thistles, or hovering around the clumps of golden-rod.

During my wanderings of the morning I very unexpectedly came upon another insect-hunter, busily engaged in the same enjoyable occupation as myself. His outfit was even more simple than my own, as he had with him not even a net; yet he had been quite successful, and had just caught a Myrina butterfly (*Argynnis Myrina*) as I came up. I had been looking for this very butterfly for some time, but had not been fortunate enough to see one before; so I tried to persuade him to give it up, or at least exchange. However, my most powerful arguments proved of no avail; so I cut the matter short by walking off with collector, butterfly, and all in my hand, for my rival was nothing more than a spider. This crafty fellow had hidden himself among the topmost flowers of the common Thoroughwort (*Eupatorium perfoliatum*), and was there patiently waiting for his unsuspecting victim.

The Myrina butterfly is rather small, measuring only about one and seven-tenths inches, and so fell an easy prey to the powerful jaws and unyielding grip of its captor. The wings of this butterfly are an orange-brown in color, with a border of black, and two rows of dark spots on the front wing, and many irregular dots on the upper side of both wings. The underside of the hind wings are mottled with light brown and pearly white.

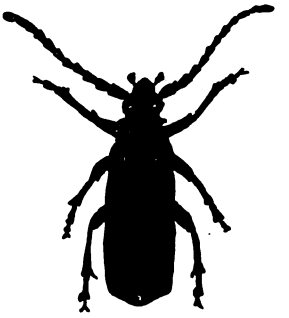
The day was now fast fading into night, so I lit my lamp and took my seat near the window, for a few moments' rest, before I disposed of the remaining contents of my collecting-box. I could just make out a thickly wooded hill rising black against the western sky, at whose foot I knew there was a little lake, abounding in perch and pickerel; and, as the moon rose higher and higher in the east, I fancied I could almost catch a gleam of its light reflected from the lake, and hear the ripple of its waters on the shore; but a stretch of several miles lay between me and it, which my wheel and I must pass over before the little lake would be in sight.

I was making my plans for a run there the following day, and thinking of an early start, when my revery was suddenly interrupted by a gentle tap. I arose and opened the door, simply to find the hall dark and empty; coming back I once more took my seat, and was just picking up the broken thread of my pleasant thoughts, when tap,

tap, tap, came the knocking again. This time, however, it was evidently at my window, and my importunate visitor proved to be a large brown beetle. I gave him a hearty welcome, and needed no letter of introduction, for he was an old friend. As I closed the window my attention was attracted to something hanging to the sash,

VANESSA ANTIOPA (ANTIOPA BUTTERFLY).

and, after taking it carefully off, it proved to be the chrysalis of the Antiopa butterfly. The caterpillar, in search for a secluded spot in which to pass through the chrysalis state, had chosen this window-sash, and had hung there unmolested until I saw him. My beetle friend was the Prionus unicolor, belonging to the genus Prionus. It is about one and one-half inch long, and three-eighths of an inch in width. The thorax is armed with three sharp points on either side; the head is quite large, and the jaws are very heavy and powerful. The wing-covers are nearly the same breadth throughout, and the entire beetle is a light-brown color. The antennæ are long, curved, and jointed, so as to somewhat resemble the teeth of a saw, which is probably the reason for the name Prionus being given to the genus. All of this genus are armed with very strong jaws, and it comprises some of the largest beetles found here and in foreign countries; they inhabit the pine trees and usually fly by night. On examining my chrysalis I found it gave signs of life, so I put a pin carefully through the little tuft of silk still fastened to it, and hung it up in its natural position, to wait for future developments. The caterpillar of this butterfly is quite formidable in appearance; the head is black and covered with protruding points, and each segment is armed with stiff, black spines. With these they were, at one time, thought able to inflict dangerous wounds. Such is, however, not the case; and this armature seems to serve simply as a defence from the attack of birds or venomous insects. When full grown they measure almost two inches in length. In some places they are very abundant, doing great damage to the willow and elm trees on which they feed. The chrysalis is a brownish-gray, and has two sharp, thorn-like points on each segment, which are of a drab color, tipped with red; and the chrysalis itself is quite angular and irregular in its general outline. The chrysalis state lasts from twelve to fourteen days, and there are two broods yearly, — the first appears early in July, and the second during the last of the summer. A large number of the last brood remain alive throughout the entire winter. Sometimes a number of them may be found collected together in an old stump, or in some crevice in an unused barn. A few years ago I found an old box-trap, that some one had set in a pile of brush near a stone-wall, half full of these fellows, crowded together and apparently lifeless. However, on taking some of them home, and giving them the benefit of a warm room, they revived and seemed as full of life as they were the summer before. Those of them that live over the winter may be seen early in March and April, flying around among the leafless trees in some sheltered sunny spot, destitute of their former beauty, and their wings torn and broken. The butterfly expands from three to three and one-half inches; the wings are a dark plum color edged with black, and surrounded with a band of yellow, shaded with brown. In the black band are several blue spots, which stand out in marked contrast to the other rather sombre hues. The underside of the wings are much mottled with black and brown, shading into somewhat of a dark olive-green, and surrounded with a light-brown band.



PRIONUS UNICOLOR.

CHRYSALIS OF THE ANTIOPA BUTTERFLY.

I now turned my attention once more to the spider which I had brought home so unceremoniously. He still clung stubbornly to the unfortunate little butterfly, and was perched up on the top of the plant where I had found him. He seemed contented, but somewhat distrustful, and on my taking up a small magnifying-glass, to get a better view of his means of catching and holding insects, he let go his prey, and, dropping silently to the table, swung himself off to the floor, by a thread so fine that the human eye could not see it by lamplight, leaving me to begin the mounting of my last butterfly.

This was the Disippe (*Nymphalis Disippe*), and it so closely resembles the Archippus in color and general markings that a casual observer would be easily led to mistake one for the other. It is a tawny yellow above, somewhat lighter below, and a black band runs around the wings above, in which are small white dots; and in the hind wings there is a black band

NYMPHALIS DISIPPE (DISIPPE BUTTERFLY).

through the centre, above and below. The underside is also banded with black; but in this band there are three rows of spots, the outer quite small and white; the next are narrow and light blue, and the last are crescent-shaped, and clear white; all the veins are heavily marked with black. The abdomen is dark brown, and is marked with three white lines, one on each side, and one below.

After disposing of this, my last butterfly, I turned my attention to my beetles, and hurriedly looked them over, for it was getting rather late for such work.

The Gilded Eumolpus was by far the most brilliant, but there were others there fully as interesting. Among others, I had the largest representative of the Elatus, or spring-beetles. This is the eyed snapping-beetle (*Elater Oculatus*). He is of special interest, as being a near relative of the night-shining Elater (*Elater noctilucus*), the celebrated fire-beetle of the West Indies. This curious insect gives out so strong a light from the segments of its body, and the two eye-like spots on its thorax, that one can see to read by holding one of them near the page; and they are even used as ornaments for the head and dress at evening festivities, in those countries which they inhabit.

ELATER OCULATUS (EYED SNAPPING-BEETLE).

The Elater Oculatus has none of this wonderful light-giving power, but still may be worthy of some comment and study. Their larvæ undergo their transformation in old, decayed apple-trees, and when full grown they measure sometimes over two inches in length, and nearly one-half an inch across. The head is of a brown color, quite large, and armed with very strong, curved jaws. They enter the pupa state in the log or tree, and soon come forth as beetles. They are then about one and one-half inches long, and the thorax is nearly one-third as long as the entire body. The head is small, and the antennæ quite short. The color is black, and the thorax is ornamented with two large eye-like spots, from which its name is derived. These have the appearance of fine black velvet, and each are surrounded with a white ring. The wing-covers are much indented, and mottled with white, while the limbs and thorax are covered with a fine white powder.

The last of my beetles was at length in my hand; it was the crusader carrion

CRUSADER CARRION BEETLE.

beetle, and I soon had him set and ready to dry. This beetle receives its name from a peculiar mark on its thorax, supposed to resemble the figure of the cross worn

by the crusaders on their mantles. It measures rather less than an inch in length, and is brown, except the thorax, which is a clear yellow, somewhat resembling horn; the wing-covers are much indented, and extend, both on the sides and ends, some little distance beyond the body. It belongs to the carrion or scavenger beetles, and they and their young may be found in great numbers in some carrion, on which they feed. This class of beetles prove themselves public benefactors, by eating or burying the bodies of animals which fall and die in our fields and woods. It is wonderful how soon after death the body of an animal will be covered with the different varieties of these carrion-beetles; and the senses which direct them to their proper food must be very acute.

It was now long after ten, and I laid my work aside, feeling that the day had been one of interest and well spent.

My cyclometer, it is true, registered only fifteen miles for my morning's ride; but the day had been well filled, and I promised myself that the following evening would find a run of at least thirty miles registered by my wheel.

A. H. Chadbourne.

ROLL ON, SHINING WHEEL!

TUNE.—"*Silver Moon.*"

As I rise from my couch at the first dawn of day,
E'er the sun earth's beauties reveal;
The fresh morning air drives away all my care,
As I fondly caress my new wheel.

CHORUS.

Roll on, shining wheel, bear your master on the road,
With a rapture he cannot conceal;
And never, never once need the jockey's cruel goad,
Urge along, my swiftly gliding wheel.

On the wings of the wind we speed over the plain,
And glide through the forest so still;
The swift-running brook babbles on while I look
At the meadows, the fields, and the hill.

CHORUS.

Now we come to the grade up whose steep we must climb,
And bend to the work with good cheer;
And as we reach the top, we do not even stop,
For the slope we can coast without fear.

CHORUS.

As the sun mounts the sky with his beautiful gleam,
And the lark from on high trills his lay;
I check my nickelled steed, and return with all speed,
Well prepared for the work of the day.

CHORUS.

Oh, happy the man, though his years have declined,
Who the vigor of youth still doth feel;
For many, many days may he gladly sing the praise
Of the hours he hath spent on his wheel.

CHORUS.

C. T. Mitchell.

SUMMER SWEETHEARTS.[1]

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

CHAPTER IX.

MOSELY, the magazine man, had written a curt letter to Longley, asking him to send, as a mere matter of information, a description of Cedar Springs and environs, with some outline of what his paper would be; also some sketches, that he might get a fair idea of what to expect regarding the volume of the article, as well as its scope and intent.

In reply, Longley very innocently and naturally returned a long, gossipy letter, from which are taken the following extracts: —

A place of summer resort has always touched me in the quarter where one thirsts for good jokes; and especially is this true of *new* places. You know that, in the course of my artistic drudgery for the illustrated press, I have been sent on one sketching errand or another to nearly every such place within easy reach of New York; wherefore, I speak from knowledge.

Of course I know nothing of society. My views are taken from just outside the fence, — the best place for unprejudiced work.

Cedar Springs is no exception to the general rule. It is a fidgety, raw, little town, prim and dry, squeezed in between the lake and the hills, like a white-aproned old maid between a placid widower and a half-dozen green youths. It has two railroads, crossing each other acutely, with a three-cornered depot in the angle between; and it also has a vast saw-mill, a chair manufactory, some red-brick business buildings, the "Springs," — which word covers the summer cottages, the hotel, and a half score of nasty mineral-water fountains, and a beautiful church.

The two principal cottages of the place are occupied respectively by the Lamars, — a family of old-line Georgia aristocrats, — and the Nelvilles, of New York, the latter family consisting of Mr. Edmond Nelville and his widowed mother. Nelville is my friend, and I am established in the Nelville cottage.

The hill country back of the Springs is an earthly paradise for an artist. At first, sixty years ago, — a long time in the West, — it was a German settlement, and the farm-houses have many of the characteristics of the Teutons, though the owners are now mostly Americans. I send you some pencil sketches, from which you may judge of what is to come.

Edmond Nelville is a lovesick fellow. His girl "went back on him," as the Western folk express it. She recently married a Count Somebody in Paris. Poor Nelville! he looks like a ghost.

Over at the other cottage there is a girl, Miss Lamar, a tall, sweet young thing, who seems more like a flower than anything else. She loves Nelville. One sees it at a glance. But he doesn't know it, or pretends he doesn't, and keeps on grieving about his old love. . . .

Alden Lamar — you have published some of his verses — is an enigma. He destroys one's faith in the poetic sentiment. He laughs at passion and makes fun of fancy, as art usually expresses them. The Ideal is nothing to him. The Real is his religion. He is, in fact, a physical poet, in both theory and practice. But he is not, on the other hand, a coarse spouter of dialect. He said to me, the other day, "Whatever is poetry in dialect, is poetry in spite of dialect. It is handicapped poetry. What a mountebank is to Edwin Booth, a dialect verse-maker is to Longfellow."

I should say that this art-doctrine of Lamar's has led him to commit an error here. He has found a country girl, the daughter of a wealthy and respectable farmer up in the hills, and is paying great attention to her. He is worshipping her, I suppose, as a poem set in a rustic binding — a picture in an acorn-hull frame. Now, I take it that a girl of this sort doesn't flirt. She is in earnest. Of course he's not. The end will be sorrow — an empty place in the poor lassie's heart. . . . I am in clover, — that's a Westernism, — and am like a new man. I use ozone recklessly. I know just how a bird feels let out of a cage in spring. I hop about and sing. I look askance at everything. . . . I've got the vim of a trip-hammer, and the elasticity of an ivory ball. . . .

A funny old naturalist lives up in a hollow a mile from here, and he has a daughter who has set every fibre of my frame to tingling. She jumped right into my arms out in a field. It was "awful nice," as they say in this region. A cow got after her, and drove her right into my protecting embrace. I fought for her with a sketch-book, and kept the brute off. You should have seen us. . . . Her name is Janet Wilson, and I think she's the very prettiest, and sweetest, and best girl in the world. . . . Her father is crazy — a monomaniac on the subject of birds. The Western folk call him an "old 'coon," without meaning anything disrespectful. He seems an excellent old soul, always up to his chin in stuffed birds. . . . You should see their delightful old house. I enclose a sketch of it, which I shall work up for my article. What a dim, mossy old place it is, — just in that stage of decay which identifies it as of kin to everything lichen-grown in the surrounding woods. . . . I think it likely that I shall fall in love with this Janet Wilson; and, if I do, I shall marry her. I never did think much of marrying before; in fact, I don't now; but if I once start I'll go like a hawk upon its prey. . . .

The lake is a beautiful one, with many picturesque fishing-cottages and boat-houses along its pretty beaches. It has some islands. A few cold spring brooks, well-stocked with trout, pour into it. Some cripple, where woodcock are found in season, and some snipe meadows, lie along one low shore. . . . What do you think of my idea of courting the dryad? What harm could come of it, if I should find that I really love her?" . . .

Of course Longley injected matter of a business nature where the points appear in the above. Mosely, who never in his life had received so incongruous, so ingenuous, and, withal, so sincere and natural a

letter from one so nearly an utter stranger, was moved to mirth and provoked almost to wrath by it. He had a special reason, as, after a while, the reader may discover, for thinking it quite impertinent. He was a good-hearted fellow, however, and all he did was to despatch the following telegram to Longley: —

NEW YORK, June 18, —.

WILLIS LONGLEY, *Cedar Springs*: —

What the deuce do I care for your sweethearts! Hang the females! You are going to be late with your article. Stir your stumps, and get down to business.

OLIVER MOSELY.

Longley read this, and admitted to himself that he deserved the scolding. He immediately began to work in earnest.

CHAPTER X.

NELVILLE began to show unmistakable signs of returning health. Whether it was the electric baths and copious draughts of Cedar Springs water, or whether it was the outcome of a fine, elastic constitution, is hard to say; but he grew stronger day by day. Mrs. Nelville laughingly attributed his convalescence to the influence of his unremitting study of poetry.

"His late attack," she said one day to Longley, "has robbed Edmond's nature of some worthless element, and he is filling up the void with poetry of great medicinal value."

"A sort of transfusion process by which his fancy is enriched with the life-blood of another's," said Longley. "Who prescribed such heroic treatment?"

"Miss Lamar, I suspect," replied the widow, "no doubt acting on the principle that like cures like. You know it was a volume of Tennyson's poems which brought about the little catastrophe on the day of your arrival here."

"But I dare say she omitted her brother's vigorous songs from the prescription," said Longley.

"But she didn't," exclaimed Nelville, quickly. "The last time I was at the cottage she gave me a daintily bound little volume entitled, 'Curves of Beauty,' by Alden Lamar. It contains intense poetry, too. He touches the mean between the purest fancies of Walt Whitman and the '*La Grante*' of Baudelaire."

"Hear him!" cried Longley; "what wide reading his talk suggests! He's getting well. The charm is working. But, Nelville, have you found time to read the 'Sweet Singer of Michigan'?"

Nelville did not deign to answer. He smiled grimly, and looked out of the window.

At this point a servant entered and handed Mrs. Nelville a note, which proved to be an invitation to dine with the Lamars.

"Of course we shall accept," said the widow. "You are particularly included, Mr. Longley, and I am not going without you, do you hear? The note says we shall meet Miss Brownby, of Louisville, Kentucky, no doubt a brilliant young lady. You know the blue-grass belles are famous; and, besides, it is time you were making some acquaintances. You acted very shabbily not to go on the yachting excursion. So it may be considered as settled."

"You ought to see the telegram I've just got from Mosely, the editor," replied Longley. "He tells me to hang the females, and let them alone till I've finished my paper and the illustrations. He's furious at me for my dallying. I assure you I can't think of dinner-parties. I should expect to see Mosely rush in at any moment during the meal and lift me quite out of my chair." He fumbled in his pocket, and at length finding the telegram, he read it aloud. "Now," he added, "what do you think of any further dissipation on my part?"

"But you just must go," cried Mrs. Nelville, "Mr. Mosely to the contrary notwithstanding. I say you shall go; so the matter is quite arranged!" Saying which the vivacious widow flitted out of the room without waiting for Longley's further demurrer.

"'When a woman says you will, you will, so there's an end on't,'" said Nelville, leaning out of the window to get a full breath of the cool lake-breeze. "I wonder what this Miss Brownby is like?"

"I don't think I shall go, nevertheless," said Longley, putting an unlighted cigar in his mouth, and drawing down his eyebrows.

"Why?"

"I don't care to."

"Why?"

"Well, frankly, then, I don't know that I like Alden Lamar. It's a question in my mind whether he's a gentleman."

"You astonish me," said Nelville, turning from the window and facing Longley with wide-open inquiring eyes. "What is the trouble? What has Lamar done?"

"I don't know that he has done anything; I may be a fool; but I'm harboring a suspicion founded on a little proof, — a very little proof, indeed."

"You mystify things," said Nelville. "I hope you are laboring under some mistake. What the deuce is the matter?"

Longley looked keenly at his friend, and began to chew the end of his cigar as if he owed it a spite. It was a difficult thing to manage this half-formed idea of an enormous wrong hidden under a bit of summer flirtation. He was espousing the cause of the country girl to whom he had seen Lamar paying marked attention, but he found his ground tenable without being able to describe it. He felt that his was the defence of pure, true chivalry.

"I cannot quite see my way clear to accusing him," he said, "but it looks all wrong to me, his attentions to this pretty Miss Revercombe up here. She's below him socially, I suppose, but she's a charming lass, and he's no business fooling with her."

"Oh, it's that!" said Nelville. "I've been hearing of it. But you're not going to interfere in such things. Lamar and the young lady understand each other, no doubt; and, besides, she's nothing to you."

"She's sweet and innocent," said Longley, "and I insist that no gentleman would go and raise hopes in her mind which he never meant should be realized."

"Very true," said Nelville, complacently, "but what right have you to judge him so harshly? How do you know he is attempting any such thing?"

"I don't know it," cried Longley; "if I did I'd —" He did not finish the sentence, but stood glaring at his friend and clutching an imaginary throat with his right hand. This having been done to his full satisfaction, he made the motion of flinging the strangled body aside, and added: —

"When I court a girl I mean to marry her."

"If she'll consent," said Nelville, with a grim smile.

"If she won't consent," cried Longley, "then I'll snap my fingers and look for another. Die-away love is for women, not men."

Nelville winced and turned to look at the town and lake shimmering far below. He became interested in some gulls fanning about in the yellow sunlight, and forgot to reply.

Longley walked back and forth in his restless way. Presently he stopped in the middle of the room, and laughed outright. Nelville turned on him a curious look.

"It would be right funny if that rustic sweetheart of hers should pound Lamar thoroughly. A physical poet ought not to grumble at taking a dose of his own medicine, and I'm inclined to think that's what it will come to before long."

"To a fight, do you mean?"

"Yes."

"That would be ridiculous. Lamar won't notice him."

"He may have to."

"Why? You don't think the fellow is dangerous! You are keeping back something. I am getting interested. Why not tell me all about it?"

Longley then described his meeting with the gloomy young fellow in the wood, and the threatening character of his words and actions.

"Is he a strong man?" inquired Nelville.

"Who?"

"The rustic."

"He is a young Hercules. He could take Lamar by his flowing locks and wring off his head. And that would be likely to soil his blue necktie, too."

"The very idea is disgraceful," said Nelville.

"Soiling the necktie?"

"Bosh! no. To have a scene — a fight."

"Probably," said Longley; "but do you know that, if I were that burly young swain, I should take peculiar delight in soiling all those dandy clothes for him? I should to a moral certainty, if he should come fooling around my sweetheart."

"I do believe in my soul you would," replied Nelville, laughing. "But I'm inclined to think he'll not fancy the dryad. She's too slight and *spirituelle* for his taste."

"Humph!" growled Longley, and went off to work on his article. He always worked on his article when he could think of nothing else to do. As for Nelville, he leaned on the window-sill and wavered between two dreams, which hovered in places four thousand miles apart.

Down on the lake a little sail was scudding before the breeze. There came a sudden change in the direction of the air current. The sail performed the operation called "jibing around." It was a dangerous thing for the sailor; but no harm came of it.

Nelville himself was about to jibe around. But, at last, he might not right himself as the little boat had done.

CHAPTER XI.

FOLLOWING the broadest, crookedest, and most frequented road leading out of Cedar Springs, after doubling around among the hills and hollows for a distance of three miles, you come to a substantial and liberal-looking farm-house, set in the midst of an apple orchard, and flanked by a huge barn and some long racks in which straw is fed to cattle in winter, — the same house, indeed, which Longley passed on the day he first rode Nelville's horse, Victor. A windmill, such as one sees on so many large farms in the West, stood near the rear of the house, its circular vane-wheel shining white and red against the background of the green hills. In front was a long, wide veranda, with a lean-to roof of shingles, and being on the east it was a most comfortable place on a summer afternoon.

By a direct pathway over the hills and across the farm, the distance from Cedar Springs to this sturdy dwelling was not more than a mile and a quarter. It was by this path that young Lamar usually went on his visits, very frequent visits, indeed, to the farm-house. The distance was just sufficient to make the walk an enjoyable bit of exercise. Usually when Lamar reached the rear garden-gate, at which the path terminated, he would look over it and discover Miss Margaret Revercombe somewhere near, it being her delight to haunt this little wilderness of old-fashioned pinks and peonies, cabbages and parsley, thyme and tansy, radishes and beets, pansies and jonquils, especially at the times set apart for the poet's visits.

Lamar could scarcely have explained how he had reached his present standing in the esteem of the Revercombe household. Miss Margaret, or Maggie, as she was known in the neighborhood, was the soprano of the choir at the little church in Cedar Springs. He had heard her sing there, and her voice had charmed him. Then he had got acquainted with her father, Squire Revercombe, in the course of negotiations for the purchase of a fine horse; and so matters had flowed along to friendship, and lastly love. He had been deeply impressed with the girl's beauty from the beginning, and as he discovered her keen intelligence and thorough education, albeit of a strictly Western sort, he was at first surprised and next captivated. She was so different from the Southern girls, and so incomparably fresher and sweeter and more natural than those of the European centres he had visited, that her influence upon him was like that of a new and original poem. He began to visit the farm-house, and gradually his best thoughts centred there. With great care, as is the Southern custom, he ascertained that the Revercombe family was a good one, of New Jersey extraction, a strain of successful farmers running back to the days of the Revolution, with a patriotic record in the three great wars. Satisfied on this score, the rest of the way was easily travelled. The course of true love ran as smoothly as heart could wish. It would have obliterated every trace of doubt from the mind of Longley touching Lamar's good intentions if he could have had one little glimpse into the poet's heart, where the old, old dream was hovering and humming. As for Miss Revercombe herself, it was the blooming time of her sweet, healthy, independent life. She gave herself up wholly and beautifully to loving Lamar. He filled her whole world from horizon to zenith. She sang for him, she dreamed of him, she lived for him.

As the friendship of these two young persons ripened into courtship and the deepening passion of love, the parents of each began to take cognizance of what was going on. But, happily, there came up no serious objection from either quarter, and, with some little remonstrance on one side and a slight hesitancy on the other, the matter was agreed to, and the lovers were happy.

At this point an element of tragedy was cast into their quiet stream of love-making. The rustic youth came more boldly upon the scene.

It was a pleasant afternoon, near the middle of June, and Maggie Revercombe was picking strawberries in the farm-house garden. She was prettily arrayed in a white dress with an apron trimmed in blue, and wore a broad-brimmed straw hat, about which long ribbons of blue fluttered in the breeze. She was fair, and tall, and strong; bright-eyed, with brown-and-gold streaked hair done into heavy braids. As she stooped to select the large red berries and drop them into the old blue pottery bowl, she was a study worthy the pencil of any artist. Now and then she stood quite erect and looked over the little gate

at the back of the garden and away down the sinuous path through the orchard, across the little clover field to the woods, in the direction of Cedar Springs. She was half expecting Lamar, and she hoped to sit with him on the old settee under the mulberry-tree, and share the delicious fruit with him while they talked as only imaginative young lovers can. And meanwhile she sang some fragments of song in a low, tender way.

Presently, while she was busy with her fruit-gathering, a voice at the gate said,—

"Maggie!"

She looked up, suddenly growing pale and frightened. A sullen, dark, discouraged face gazed at her from above the little pointed slats of the gate. A strong, broad-shouldered young man was reaching over to lift the latch.

"Louis Abbott!" Miss Revercombe exclaimed in a voice which betrayed her excitement. She put the bowl of berries down, and, holding her hands before her in a deprecating, almost entreating way, added, "Don't come in. Go away, go away."

The young fellow hesitated, and his face darkened more and more.

"I want to have a talk with you," he doggedly said.

"No, no," she replied, hurriedly, "I can have nothing more to do with you. You must understand that I am in earnest about it."

"I understand more than you think I do," he hotly responded. "You'd better hear what I've got to say."

"Go away, Louis — Mr. Abbott — go away. I have told you often and plainly enough that I do not ever wish to see you," she said, coldly, and at last, calmly.

The man leaned upon the gate and gazed wretchedly at her. His hopelessness was obvious. There was a look of quiet desperation, too, in his heavy face.

"Maggie," he muttered," "what makes you treat me so, when I — I love you so much?"

She looked contemptuously and yet pityingly at him.

"I am not treating you badly, Mr. Abbott," she said; "I do not like you, and must have nothing more to do with you; — that is all."

"Who said so?" he growlingly demanded; "that long-haired fellow?"

Her face flashed.

"Go away," she said, and at the same time she glanced uneasily past him down the path.

A dull fire lit his eyes at this, and he smiled a terribly wicked smile as he muttered, —

"I know who you're expecting. I'll see to *him*. He's not to come here any more, you may be sure o' that."

"Louis Abbott," she said, in a low, firm voice, "go away at once, and let me never see you again. Go!"

"I'll not do it till I get ready," he hoarsely muttered.

"Then I will go and leave you," she said, picking up the bowl of berries and turning towards the house.

"Maggie," said he, in a milder voice, "you don't want me to do something awful?"

She turned back half-way, but said nothing.

"I will kill him as sure as I ever see him again!" he exclaimed, when he saw her cold look.

She trembled, but still did not speak.

Abbott turned from the gate and went sullenly back down the path through the orchard, across the clover field and into the wood in the direction of Cedar Springs. Miss Revercombe stood gazing helplessly after him until he was out of sight. Her attitude was pathetic. She seemed suddenly to have lost all her elasticity of mind and body.

A brown thrush sang in an apple-tree, and one of those little speckled woodpeckers so common in the West, chirped sharply as he tapped a rail of the garden fence. The meadow-larks piped in the clover, their golden breasts shining in the sunlight.

Young Abbott had left with her all the dread that his evil passion and his dark countenance, his threats, and his well-known revengefulness, could create. Her vivid imagination took quick hold of the worst possible outcome of the situation. She could not have mistaken the meaning of Abbott's threats. He meant to murder Lamar if he could find him.

For more than a year past Louis Abbott had been a persistent and hopeless suitor for her favor. She never had liked him; but she had tried to dismiss him without any useless harrowing of his feelings. But nothing could drive him from her, and he had borne it all patiently and even cheerfully, until the coming of Lamar as a rival. Then he began to be moody and ugly in his manner. The end was as we have just seen it.

Miss Revercombe did not very long re-

main in her state of indecision. She put the bowl of berries on the ground beside the garden-walk and went to the gate and opened it. Here she paused, faltering and trembling. She glanced rapidly at the house, as if to see if any one was watching her; then she ran across the orchard, climbed the low fence into the clover-field, and hurried across the field into the wood.

Half an hour later she came slowly back along the path. She was pale and excited. She had seen something down there which would stay in her memory as long as she should live.

She sat down in the garden, under the mulberry-tree, and buried her face in her hands.

CHAPTER XII.

YOUNG LAMAR was on his way to the Revercombe farm-house. He was walking slower than usual, his arms thrown over the ends of a slender walking-stick, whose middle rested along his shoulders and across the back of his neck. He was looking along the ground in front of his toes, wrapped in deep study. He may have been shaping a new poem in his mind. He was quite unconscious of the bird-songs and leaf-rustlings and the glooms and gleams of the wood. His slender, high-arched feet left tracks almost too delicate and perfect in outline for a man's boot-prints. He wore a close-fitting suit of brownish-gray plaid, very fine, and his linen was so daintily pure and his ruby bosom buttons so clear and brilliant, his dull scarlet necktie, his broad brown felt hat with its conical crown dinted and pressed together at the top, so in keeping, that he looked more of a dandy and slighter and shorter of stature than he really was. He wore perfectly fitting brown-red gloves. His hands were small, his wrists flat and sinewy, his shoulders square and well poised; and a peculiar springiness in his walk showed, as nothing else could, his fine physical training. His face was neither youthful nor marked with years, and, in spite of some hollowness about the cheeks and eyes, there was the evidence of mature manhood and self-reliance in its lines. In fact, it was the highest type of the face of the old-time Southern cavalier, — a type left over but sparingly from the antebellum days.

The knights,

> "Who, rarely hating ease,
> Yet rode with Spottswood round the land,
> And Raleigh round the seas,"

had faces of this type.

On a level sandy place, darkly shaded, where the path widened on the bed of a wet-weather torrent, now quite dry, he met, or rather was confronted by, Louis Abbott, who was glowering down at him, and startled him as he looked up with a sort of growl. It was too evident to Lamar that this apparition meant something evil.

"You don't pass here," said Abbott.

Lamar was startled, but not unnerved in the least, or confused, by this avowal and the dark scowl and threatening attitude of the brawny young giant before him. He met the fellow's gaze steadily and interrogatively, and said: —

"What do you mean, sir?" at the same time taking the walking-stick from his shoulders and neck, and lifting his head haughtily.

"I mean that you don't go up yonder any more. You go back where you belong, and stay there, or you take a blasted good licking. Maybe you understand that!" growled Abbott, clenching his fists and making threatening motions.

Lamar did understand. He fully comprehended the situation. He had been born and bred to understand every phase of personal conflicts, from duels with pistols down to street fights, where knives and bludgeons played the heavy parts. The old style of Southern gentleman did not mince matters in a fight.

But Lamar gladly would have avoided, by any tolerable means, the impending difficulty. He knew something of Louis Abbott's history, and was aware of his unrequited adoration of Margaret Revercombe. The thought of getting into a personal struggle with the fellow was anything but pleasant.

"This will never do, man," he said, very calmly. "I don't like any trouble with you. Let me pass."

"Not by a blasted sight," replied Abbott, doggedly, taking a step nearer. "You just go back to where you live, and stay there, and keep company with your own sort, and I'll let you be; but you don't go about her any more, — do you hear?"

"Stand aside, sir," said Lamar.

"I'll not do it, blast you! You can't pass here without a licking, and a mighty good one at that."

"Young man," said Lamar, his lips beginning to writhe and his eyes to send out a dull glow, "I shall walk round you peaceably, if I can. I hope you'll not attempt to touch me."

"Try it," cried Abbott, through set teeth and pallid lips.

Lamar let fall his walking stick and buttoned his coat. His movements were ominously quiet. His square jaws set themselves resolutely and his eyes were fixed on those of Abbott.

"Now, sir, be careful." That was all he said, and then he stepped briskly forward.

True to his purpose, Abbott struck out heavily with his large fist; but Lamar avoided his blow with ease, and walked on past him. This rendered him furious, and, with three or four long strides, he quickly overtook his agile antagonist.

Lamar turned, and once more said: —

"Be careful, sir."

"Be careful your own blasted, cowardly self!" came the answer from the frothy lips of Abbott, who now aimed another blow at Lamar's face.

Like the sudden recoil of a powerful spring Lamar's arm flew out and the keen thwack of a well-planted fist-stroke rang through the still woods. Young Abbott fell at full length upon his back. He did not remain down, however; his feet were quickly under him again, and he rushed to renew his attack.

"Be careful," reiterated Lamar, who now squared himself like a trained boxer.

Abbott was beside himself with rage, and did not heed the warning. There came another quick, level blow, and again he fell. It was an easy matter. As fast as the Hercules gained his feet he was stricken down by this slight, well-dressed Apollo. Of course it could not last. It was a physical and mental punishment that Abbott could not bear. As for Lamar, he seemed to get absorbed in the business before him, entering with calm earnestness into the struggle. He never once missed his aim, never once failed to knock the rustic assassin off his feet.

Finally, the latter, recovering from perhaps his tenth fall, seized a heavy stick. Quick as thought Lamar caught up a like weapon. For a second or two they glared at each other, and then Abbott struck, bringing his club over-hand like a flail, with the strength of a blacksmith. Lamar parried the blow, using his club as he would a foil, and the next instant he struck Abbott heavily in the face. It was blinding, but it was not final.

Abbott grasped his weapon in both hands, and, raising himself on tiptoe, struck with furious energy.

Lamar leaped aside, and then there echoed through the breathless woods a crunching, horrible blow. His club went into shivers across Abbott's head, sending him reeling down upon the sand, where for a time he lay in a still heap. Then he struggled to a sitting posture, gasping and wavering like one recovering from a fit. His eyes were staring and dull, his face and head horribly mangled and bloody.

Lamar looked at himself. The glove had been torn from his right hand, leaving only a fragment buttoned to his wrist. The hand itself was fearfully bruised and swollen from the blows delivered with it. Some blood, spattered from the face of Abbott, was on his cuff. He stood awhile hesitating, glancing now and again at his antagonist, who seemed little inclined or able to offer further fight. Presently he said: —

"I regret that I had to hurt you. Can I do anything for you, — assist you in any way?"

"Go away, blast you!" growled the stricken man, glaring like a mortally-wounded beast. "I don't want you."

Lamar looked up the path and down it, stood irresolute a little longer, and, at last, walked away down the path towards Cedar Springs, leaving the battered, and thoroughly cowed youth sitting on the ground, holding his head in his blood-stained hands.

What sorry work it all appeared to Lamar as he went along! He felt exasperated at himself for not avoiding in some way so brutal and disgraceful a struggle.

Conscience often operates indirectly and with implements seemingly unsuited to its purposes. There are times, however, when, as on the present occasion, circumstances lead one into doing what is, to all human appearances inexcusable, and never can by any possibility serve the purposes of conscience or Providence.

Lamar keenly regretted the whole affair, as an honorable man always does, in a like case, and, with pardonable self-respect, hoped it would not become public. He very naturally chided himself for not doing more, in some way, to avert the struggle, looking back over which he saw nothing but a modified picture of the prize-ring, — a vulgar, brutal, inexcusable fight. What he had done to Abbott seemed now nothing better than cold-blooded assassination, in appearance, if not in fact; and he lifted his painful and swollen hand to his troubled forehead as if to wipe away his thoughts.

[To be continued.]

THE NOTABLE RUNS AND EXCURSIONS OF 1883.

PART I. (*Concluded.*)

A READING CONSUL'S CENTURY.

CAPTAIN Wilhelm and J. Arthur Curtis started at 6.30 A.M., November 25, from Reading, Pa. The roads are none of the best, and it had rained for a week; and, as it had stopped but twenty-four hours before, the condition of the roads can be imagined. There was very little wind when they started, and the sky was cloudy. Neither had undergone any training. Nothing happened of any note on the road going, with the exception of one coast of about ¼ mile. As they neared the bottom they struck a newly-covered culvert and both went off by the air-line ('cyclers know about how far); but on looking for the wheels they found them right side up with care, stuck in the mud. They arrived in Harrisburg hungry as could be. After visiting some parts of the city they started on their homeward journey, and had the misfortune to get on the wrong road and the pleasure of walking through mud for a half-mile; lost an hour getting back to pike again, and were overtaken by darkness 40 miles from Reading, with no light and a gale (a young one) blowing against them. As the roads had been muddy they had dried in ruts, and headers, etc., were indulged in to an alarming extent, although neither rider was hurt.

They reached Lebanon, 28 miles from Reading, at about 7 P.M., and left at 8 P.M. The sky was cloudy, and they could not see ten feet ahead, and twice ran into each other, and made about half a dozen sudden dismounts to examine the road. They arrived in Reading at 1 A.M. on the morning of the 26th of November. Distance from Reading to Harrisburg, by McDonald's cyclometer, 54 miles, and 2 miles were made when they got off the road. Road was bad and very hilly, and the 13 miles near Harrisburg were miserable, and almost tempted them to take the back track. Both were tired, but not very much. They got home at 1 A.M., and went to business at 8.45 A.M., and were none the worse for the trip.

RHODE ISLAND'S CENTURIES.

On Sept. 19, Mr. William V. Mason, Jr., of the Rhode Island Bicycle Club, made a run of 100 miles, from Springfield, Mass., to Hudson, New York, *via* Russell; and October 12th he returned from Hudson, N.Y., to Springfield, Mass., *via* Chester, distance of 112 miles. He reports the roads in fair condition, and the weather on both runs all that could be asked. Both runs were made alone, and no special training had. He was in fine condition at the finish of both runs. Several headers taken, but none of any serious account.

A CLEVELAND CLUB-RUN.

At the call of Capt. Sholes for a 100-mile club-run on Tuesday, July 10, five of the Clevelands, Lieut. A. S. Hathaway, Geo. Collister, T. S. Beckwith, W. O. Beckwith, and F. P. Root, met at the head-quarters that morning at 3.30 o'clock.

Exactly at 4 o'clock the start was made, and Rocky River, 9 miles, was reached at 4.55, and Elyria, 28 miles, at 6.43.

A stop of one hour and thirty-nine minutes was made at Elyria for breakfast, where W. O. Beckwith and F. P. Root dropped out. Leaving Elyria at 8.12, Whiskeyville, 34 miles, was reached at 8.55, and Oberlin, 40 miles, at 9.45. The intention of the party on starting had been to make Wellington, 47 miles, but the roads were so bad that after going 3 miles beyond Oberlin they turned back, passing through Oberlin and Whiskeyville, and reaching Elyria, 58 miles, at 12.12, where a stop of one hour and thirteen minutes was made for dinner. Again was the party fooled about the roads, and after travelling 3½ miles toward Lake Breese, they reluctantly turned back, reaching Elyria again at 2.40, having made 65 miles. At 3.05 P.M. the party started on the return trip, passing through Ridgeville at 3.40, Dover at 4.40, Rocky River at 5.25, arriving at head-quarters at 6.50, making a total of 93 miles. Taking an hour for supper, the party, with several recruits, passed through Newburgh to Corlette, which was reached about 9.20, 103 miles, returning shortly. Lieut. Hathaway dropped out at Newburgh, his home, with a record of 107 miles. The city was finally reached at 11 o'clock, and the party retired to their homes with a record of 113 miles.

No previous training was had, and no ill effects noticed.

THEO. ROTHE'S 116 MILES.

This run was made in connection with the long-distance run of the Boston Tricycle Club, on Aug. 16. J. S. Dean's tricycle came to grief at Beverly, and Capt. Everett and Mr. Bassett rode 72 miles up to 1 P.M., when they gave up the ride on account of a heavy easterly storm; but Rothe kept on, though frequently delayed by the rain.

He left home at 11.30 P.M., Aug. 15, for the club-house (10m. stop); and started, with others, at midnight, and rode with them to Lynn. Just before reaching Lynn he took a header, riding on the sidewalk; bent handle-bar and loosened same. Here he left the tricyclers and rode ahead alone through Lynn, Salem, Beverly, Wenham, Hamilton, Ipswich, Rowley, and Newburyport at 6.40 A.M. Breakfast and wait until 8.05 A M (1h. 25m. stop); Ipswich, 9.50, Wenham, 10 30, Salem, 11.30 (10m. stop to repair handle-bar); Lynn, 12.30 (1h. 15m. stop for dinner and *rain*); Malden, 2.35 (2h. 25m. stop for *rain*). Reached club at 6.30 (10m. stop), and home, 3 miles, at 7 P.M.

The route to Lynn was through Brighton, Cambridge, Medford, Malden, and Saugus. At Rowley he took the wrong road to Newburyport, and same for part of return, going 4 miles out of way. Met Capt. Everett and Bassett 3 miles out of Newburyport, Dean having had machine broken at Salem.

He had done no training previously, and was not tired, having had so much rest. He felt no bad effects next day, other than the usual stiffness.

KENTUCKY'S BEST RECORD.

On Nov. 18, 1883, Percy Bettison and W. Prince Wells rode from Louisville to Springfield, 60 miles and return, making 120 miles in 18h. and 53m., — breaking the long distance road record of Kentucky of 104 miles made in 1880.

THE MITCHELL BROS., OHIO RECORD.

W. and L. J. Mitchell left Hamilton, Ohio, at 1 A.M.; rode through Middletown, Franklin, to Dayton, and stopped there for breakfast. W. Mitchell's handle-bar broke just before reaching Dayton; so had a delay of nearly two hours. Rode to Springfield, and were misdirected and went 4 miles out of the way and over a bad road. Took dinner at Springfield (rested over an hour), from there, through Mechanicsburg, Milford Centre, Marysville (rested there), thence to Delaware; made the last 16 miles in just two hours, that being the only *good* road the whole way. They had a stiff head wind all day. Over 30 miles of newly gravelled road. It was also a very hot day, and they stopped frequently for water. They got home in good shape, very dusty, and hungry. They counted the distance by the railroad, which is nearly a direct line from Delaware to Cincinnati, but they ran over the distance claimed. They could not 'use their cyclometer (Thompson's) with lamp; but will run it next year and find out the exact distance, which is about 125 or 130 miles by the road.

ANOTHER NEW HAMPSHIRE CENTURY.

On December 13 John N. Pearsons, of the Manchester Bicycle Club, covered 120 miles, in actual riding time of 19 hours and 26 minutes. He left Manchester at 11.11 o'clock, Thursday A.M., starting from in front of the Manchester House. He reached Nashua at 2.10, and Tyngsboro', Mass., at 3.15, where he made a halt of 10 minutes. He reached Lowell at 4.15, when the cyclometer registered 34 miles. He left Lowell at 4.30, and found the roads so bad that it was necessary to walk for a considerable portion of the distance between that city and Woburn Centre, where he arrived at 7.45. He passed through Winchester at 8.10, Arlington at 8.30, and arrived at Harvard square at 8.45, — 60 miles.

At this point he was met by Theodore Rothe, of the Boston Bicycle Club, and in company with him, as guide, he left Harvard square at 9.16 o'clock, on a run through Cambridge, Brighton, Newton, and Waltham, returning to Harvard square at 11.35, — 78¾ miles. Mr. Pearsons left Harvard square on his return at midnight, and reached Woburn at 3 o'clock A.M., Friday. He passed through Woburn Centre at 5.05, and arrived in Lowell at 8.10, — 108 miles. After a run about the streets of Lowell he left that city at 9 o'clock, and reached Tyngsboro', covering his 120 miles at 11 o'clock, when the run was ended. The roads for the entire distance were unexpectedly soft, and rendered the wheeling much harder than was anticipated. Mr. Pearsons is confident that with good roads he could have made a much better record.

TO BOSTON AND RETURN BY THE ROCKINGHAMS.

On the 19th of June, 1883, Messrs. F. J. Philbrick and A. L. Jenness essayed to each win a gold medal offered by Chief Consul Hazlett to the members of the Rockingham Bi. Club, of Portsmouth, N.H., who should wheel from that city to Boston, Mass., and return the same day, — a distance of 125 miles. The only condition specified was that the contestants should start from Portsmouth at midnight, thus requiring the worst part of the road (that between Portsmouth and Newburyport) to be passed over in the night, and adding materially to the difficulty of the journey. The period of full moon nearest the longest day of the year was selected for the trial, and, the evening of the 18th being fine and clear, everything indicated a favorable opportunity; but toward midnight thick clouds began to gather, the moon became totally obscured, and the night was one of exceptional darkness. The adventurers, having made all preparations, would not postpone the trip, as arrangements for undertaking a similar one had been made by other members of the club for the succeeding day, and they desired to be the first to accomplish the feat. So, promptly at the stroke of 12, they mounted their wheels on Market square, and started on their arduous journey. They left their lanterns at home, being convinced by experience that they could travel faster without them, as their faint light only served to show enough of the bad places in the road to weaken a rider's nerve, without affording him sufficient time to avoid them, and the care of lanterns consumes considerable time. Egyptian darkness shrouded everything, and it was impossible to see the road or distinguish the wheel tracks from the side path.

Only those who have attempted to ride over Seabrook sands can appreciate the weary twenty miles which were traversed between midnight and dawn. The writer, being either less skilful or more unfortunate than his companion, experienced in that distance seven distinct headers, one of which was over the fence at the marsh in Salisbury, down over the embankment, which was six feet high at that place.

Reaching Newburyport a half hour was consumed in finding out the road to Ipswich, which was only partially remembered, and, by this time daylight having appeared, the dozen miles were made in good time. Breakfast at the hotel was soon obtained, hunger furnishing a most appetizing sauce. The clouds, which had been threatening rain, now poured out their contents in torrents. This was not encouraging to the travellers; but they decided to continue, having covered the worst part of the road, and, after waiting for the shower to subside, started for Salem. But, if the rain had poured before, it deluged now, and beat down upon the wayfarers as if determined to compel them to relinquish their endeavors, or wash them out of existence. Wheels and riders reached Salem drenched with rain and covered with mud. More disreputable-looking objects never answered to the name of tramps; not even rags were lacking, owing to the falls.

Leaving Lynn, it was decided to take the turnpike to Chelsea, as being more direct; but in this case, as in many others, the longer way round would have been the quicker and easier. The turnpike proved to be a mass of sticky, clayey mud, and almost unridable. Upon the slippery pavement of Chelsea the writer fell at full length in the mud; but no soil was carried away by him, as no more would stick than was already on. No bodily injury being sustained, they continued on over Chelsea bridge, through Charlestown, into Boston as far as Haymarket square, and without delay retraced their course to Chelsea, and thence branched off through Everett and Malden, to Lynn, where dinner was had. The ride from there home was without incident, except that on the good roads through Ipswich a challenge for a little brush was accepted, and resulted in 4 miles being covered in 15 minutes. The travellers arrived home at 8.45 o'clock, tired but not exhausted, having covered the 125 miles in 20 hours and 35 minutes.

Mr. Philbrick had participated in two previous century runs, — one with the Boston Bi. Club, September, 1883, and the other in November following, with C. A. Hazlett for a companion, when they accomplished 126 miles.

Two evenings later, Messrs. John H. Knox and Goodwin Philbrick, of the same club, accomplished the same feat in exactly the same time. Their experiences were similar, except that the first 20 miles were ridden through a heavy fog, and several times during the trip they lost their way, not being as familiar with the roads as their predecessors, and must have travelled many miles more than the 125

claimed. It is regretted that accurate cyclometers were not carried by them. But few rests were taken outside of the time used for meals. The rain in the afternoon made the roads heavy. There was no training for the trip, and both were at their desks as usual the following day. The four medals were presented to the winners by C. A. Hazlett, at a complimentary supper given by the Rockingham Bi. Club at York Beach, at which the Manchester Club attended as invited guests.

Mr. C. A. Hazlett's even century was a little ten hours' spin on the 3d of November, around the 30-mile triangle made by the towns of Rye, Hampton, Exeter, Stratham, Greenland, and Portsmouth, to celebrate the completion of his 14,000 miles of road-riding since 1878.

THE MANCHESTER-ROCKINGHAM JOINT RUN.

On Wednesday, November 14, John N. Pearsons, Frank R. Parker, and Moses Sheriff, members of the Manchester Bicycle Club, left this city on the 4.20 Portsmouth train for Epping, where they were to meet T. W. Moses and A. L. Jenness, of the Rockingham Bicycle Club, of Portsmouth, N.H. The powerful head-wind prevented the latter from reaching Epping, — twenty miles, — on the arrival of the train, and they awaited the arrival of the Manchesters a short distance from the depot for an hour, and then started to finish their century run alone, thinking the Manchesters had not started. After riding fifty miles the thermometer went down to 17° above zero, and the roads freezing very rutty, and Jenness' wheel being nearly spokeless, they gave up the attempt and returned to their respective homes in Portsmouth and Rye. In the meantime C. A. Hazlett was riding over forty miles, searching for the Manchesters, who waited at Epping depot the same length of time the Rockinghams stopped for them. The Manchesters left Epping at 6.25 and reached Exeter at 7.10. Here they missed the road to Portsmouth and hunted in vain for the "old city by the sea" all along the sea-coast at Hampton and Rye beaches. At Rye the backbone of Parker's machine was broken, and he was obliged to retire, having covered 28¾ miles. A stop was made till 11.10, when the remaining two started for Portsmouth, where they arrived at 12 o'clock, midnight, precisely; cyclometers, 35¾ miles. Here they pulled Frank Moses out of a warm bed, and the three left Portsmouth at 1.10 A.M., Thursday, reaching Rye at 4.05; cyclometer's record, 42 miles. Left Rye at 5.15, and arrived at the Union House in Hampton at 7.00, *via* Little Boar's Head; cyclometers at 62 miles. Breakfasted and left Hampton at 8.35, returning to Jenness' at Rye, which was reached at 9.20. Archie L. Jenness joined the party here, which left at 9.55, with the cyclometers at 76. Proceeded round Little Boar's Head, near which place Sheriff took a header, breaking handle-bar and pedal-pin, which caused a delay of fifteen minutes. Sheriff had covered up to this time 88 miles, and he walked 12 miles into Portsmouth, where he arrived at 3.15 P.M., pushing his wheel, covering 100 miles. Riding time, 15 hours 28 minutes.

At 11.27 A.M. they left the spot where Sheriff broke down, arriving at Hampton at 11.36; cyclometers, 90 miles. Left Hampton at 11.45, arrived at Jenness' house at Rye at 12.40 P.M., — 98¼ miles. Jenness dropped out here, and Moses continued to Portsmouth, covering 107 miles, notwithstanding his nap.

Leaving Rye at 1.05, Pearsons continued the run, reaching Portsmouth at 2.05 P.M.; record, 105 miles. Left Portsmouth at 2.22, arriving at Epping at 5.55, — making a total of 130 miles. The night was bright, but cold.

The participants felt no ill effect from their rides. Moses attended school the next day, and the Manchesters were at their work as usual. The Manchester Club gave a complimentary supper and a silver medal to their "record-breaker," Mr. Pearsons.

THE VETERAN PITMAN LEADS THE YOUNG IXIONS.

The Ixions started at 12 midnight, November 17, to attempt and gain the record for the longest club-run for any club in the State, within twenty-four hours. For this purpose they had gone to Red Bank, N.J. having been informed that suitable roads there existed for their purpose. The contrary fact was not learned until the accidents of the first part of the run thoroughly established it that the roads, being a combination of frozen ruts and sand-holes, could not have been much worse, and any record made thereon would be fully earned by hard work.

Six men started at 12 o'clock exactly,

the time and word being given by Dr. Marsden, the local consul.

It was understood that only four of the starters, Pitman, Pearson, Everett, and DaCamara, were to endeavor to make any extended run; the balance simply started to keep them company as far as possible. Dr. Edwin Field, of Red Bank, acted as guide, and Jack Keene coached and looked after the contestants, in which he was ably aided by "Doodle" Robinson. The route taken was from Red Bank to Sea Bright, a distance of 6½ miles each way. On the first round on this route Everett was thrown, and, breaking his handle-bar, was out of the race; while DaCamara, having only bent his in the same fall, waited until his return to starting-point to straighten it, and, in doing so, snapped it off, leaving him to follow Everett into retirement.

There now remained only Pitman and Pearson, and it soon became evident that Pitman was going to astonish his friends in this run, and have the laugh on the youngsters, who proposed to do up the "old vet." The first 13 miles, to Sea Bright and return, was made in 1.17. The next round found Saffer out from a header, and Pitman and Pearson passing starting-point at 2.50¼ together. Pearson here dismounted, and Pitman continued without a stop, reaching Red Bank again at 4.20, and dismounted for a rub and rest till 5.04¼, when he mounted for beyond Elberon, 15 miles from start; from there to Sea Bright to West End, 6 miles, to start at Red Bank, 13 miles, arriving at 7.55.

Rest was then taken until 9.35, and the run to Keyport and return — 12 miles each way — made by 11.58½. Dinner and rest till 1.16½, and start again for West End, 13 miles; to Sea Bright, 6; back West End, 6; West End to start, 13 miles, by 5.32½. Supper and rest till 6.32½, found darkness awaiting him, and the poorness of the roads not warranting his riding them, he did 2 miles' stretch upon Front street until 8, when he stopped, by Keene's advice. He had then ridden 10 miles, making a total of 153 miles. Pearson stopped after having ridden 101¾ miles at 8.15 p.m. The roads were so bad that he did not ride during the afternoon, but started out again at 6.41, and covered 16 miles by moonlight.

Mr. Pitman finished in good order, and had 4 hours left in which to make 40 odd more miles had the roads been in decent order. Several miles that he rode up and down Front st., Red Bank, are not credited to him. Had the roads been in their usual good condition his friends claim he would have made the champion run.

COREY RIDES $190\frac{9}{10}$ MILES IN 24 HOURS.

A long account of this run was published in the December WHEELMAN, page 233. The run was called by Capt. A. D. Claflin, of the Massachusetts Bicycle Club, and resulted in H. D. Corey making a record of $190\frac{9}{10}$ miles; A. D. Claflin, 108½ miles; J. J. Gilligan, 104 miles, — all of the Massachusetts Bicycle Club, — and Capt. B. T. Harrington, of the Hawthorne Club, Salem, 119 miles.

Mr. Corey finished in good condition, and suffered from no undue physical exertion. Returning to Cambridge, he was looked after by *The World* representative, where, by the thoughtfulness of that gentleman, a substantial supper was partaken of, and after a bath and a rub-down he was put to bed, comparatively little the worse his trip.

He made 7½ miles in the last half hour. The riders were informed at Salem that the Lawrence Bicycle Club, which had started the day previous with the intention of lowering the 24-hour record, had given up, after riding 104 miles. Thinking this was true, they did not hurry themselves after leaving Salem, as they knew that they could easily beat Mr. Midgley's record of 179 miles in 1882. Had they been informed that the Lawrence Club had made 200 miles, Mr. Corey feels confident that he could have beaten even that, as he did not hurry himself at any time after leaving Salem.

Mr. Gilligan, after being left by Mr. Corey, rode to Boston, covering 104 miles in 13h. and 35m. He had only been riding the bicycle for the past few months. He finished in good condition, and was at his desk the next morning at 7.30.

Mr. Claflin rode 70 miles after his fall in the morning, but could go no further, owing to his legs getting too stiff; otherwise was perfectly fresh.

The light machines they rode, weighing only 32 pounds, stood the test well, and nothing occurred as far as they were concerned that served to mar the success of the ride.

THE LAWRENCE CLUB CHAMPION DOUBLE CENTURY.

Capt. Webb, of the Lawrence Club, called a 24-hour club run, the start to be

from Malden, between 5 and 6 o'clock P.M., October 16, with the expressed purpose of covering 200 miles within the 24 hours.

Three men, Capt. T. S. Webb and Messrs. John Tacy and John F. Finn, accompanied by Mr. Natt. M. Cogswell (one of the three who made the 169¼ miles last year), started from the Boston and Maine Depot, at Malden, at 5.16 o'clock P.M., October 16, and wheeled to South Natick *via* Medford, Somerville, Cambridge, Watertown, the Newtons, Grantville, and Wellesley, arriving there at 7.15, where Mr. Cogswell remained to have a lunch ready for them upon their return. Starting from here at 7.20, they returned to West Newton, over the same road they had come, arriving there at 8 o'clock. Feeling hungry, they procured a light lunch, having to hunt up a boarding-house for that purpose, which delayed them half an hour. Starting again at 8.30, they proceeded to Malden. While going through Cambridge, upon the way to South Natick, they struck a bad piece of road on Brattle street, which was being repaired, and here Webb received a fall. Upon their return a police-officer directed them where he said the "roads were better." Not being familiar with the streets, they got lost and wandered about 20 to 25 minutes before getting upon the right road. The way out was from North avenue, right to Waterhouse street, right to Garden, left to Concord avenue, left to Craigie street, to Brattle street. The return route was as follows: Opposite entrance to Mount Auburn Cemetery take the *right* fork, Mount Auburn street to Brattle square, and Harvard square to North avenue. This route, although a trifle longer than the first, contained better roads, and was taken upon every other trip in this direction during the run.

They started from Malden at 10 o'clock, and returned to South Natick over the route heretofore described, arriving at 11.47 P.M.

After partaking of a lunch, at Bailey's Hotel, they started from here at 12.05 A.M., October 17, and wheeled to Salem, *via* the same route to Malden, and then *via* East Saugus, Lynn, and Swampscott, arriving at the Essex House, in Salem, at 4.30 A.M.

Between Malden and Lynn Finn received a bad fall, which so shook him up that he continued no further than Salem, his record being 92⅜ miles. At the Essex House they were *compelled to wait 2 hours and 25 minutes* before getting breakfast, and did not start from here until 6.55 A.M., when they proceeded to Rowley *via* Beverly, Wenham, Hamilton, and Ipswich, reaching Rowley at 8.15 o'clock; then to Ipswich, and back to Rowley at 9 o'clock, then *via* Ipswich, etc., to Salem Common, arriving at 10.20, then back to Ipswich, arriving at 11.18, and returning over the same route to the Essex House, Salem, arriving at 12.28 P.M. Here was where the best time was made during the run. The warmth of that beautiful autumn day, making itself felt after the cold all-night ride, added new life to the wheelmen, and, although they had ridden over 92 miles within the last 13 hours, they whirled along at the rate of more than 12 miles an hour, for more than 5½ hours.

After taking 52 minutes for dinner, they left the Essex House at 1.20, and proceeded over the same route heretofore described, *via* Swampscott, Lynn, Malden, etc., to West Newton, arriving at 3.45 P.M., and returned to Malden, arriving at the Boston and Maine Depot at 5 o'clock, having 16 minutes to spare.

The men finished in good condition, and on November 1, accompanied by Prescott Currier, of their club, they carefully measured the route traversed by them on their long run, and verified the figures given.

Part II. will contain a history of notable excursions by American wheelmen in this and foreign countries.

C. A. Hazlett.

SAILING ON SKATES.

ICE-SAILING on skates, though little practised, affords a great amount of sport. The most convenient rig is the St. Vincent, — a large triangular sail, made of light cotton, on a jointed spar of nine or ten feet, with a spreader of say five feet. There is a Norwegian rig with a greater spread of sail, but it requires to be strapped to the shoulders, which adds to the risk in case of breaking through, while

with the St. Vincent, the yard is held firmly with both hands, and the spreader, passing under the armpit, is pressed against the side, and the sail may be shifted to port or starboard as occasion requires. My first run with one of these sails was made January 4, 1884. Wind west, and course north. The distance, thirty miles. Leaving Hartford at 2.15 P.M., the first eight miles was made in twenty-five minutes. Arriving at Windsor I left the Connecticut river and entered the Farmington river, and stopping at a point about five hundred yards up stream, — dear to most of our river canoeists, owing to its pretty location and the many pleasant camps held there. After resting here some twenty minutes I again prepared for my voyage. To my surprise, while making my preparations, some natives skated by without noticing my sail, which was lying in plain sight on the bank, and I now thought it my turn to surprise them. Quickly taking up the sail, and starting for a small creek leading back into the main stream, I gained some yards before their attention was attracted to the strange rig. With a cry of surprise five of the party started in hot pursuit; but too late, the strange skater, backed by a stiff breeze, dropped the pursuers astern, and, soon satisfied that this method of skating had its advantages, they gave up the chase. The next eight miles was not all smooth sailing. First I encountered a break in the ice, which, apparently, extended completely across the river. This involved taking off my skates, and walking around on the bank. Again taking to the ice I had a fine run to Windsor Locks. Here I was forced to leave the river and take to the canal, which I found frozen over, and good skating for two miles, and then came an unexpected trial, — open water in the canal, and open water in the river, with three miles to walk on a snow-covered towpath, with a possibility of finding the river open at the upper locks. Removing my skates, and furling my sail, I stopped for a minute to rest, and then started at a brisk walk; but, owing to the snow and ice, one hour of my precious time was consumed in the walk. On reaching the Lock I found to my great joy that the river was frozen as far as eye could reach. It was now after sunset, and good ice was good news for me, for with the darkness came increasing risk. Still the wind held good, and the ice the finest I had yet dealt with, and, gliding rapidly over it, I soon brought the lights of Springfield into view. Next out of the darkness loomed one of Springfield's handsome bridges, and in a few minutes more I was at my journey's end. Entering the office of my old friend, Commodore Nickerson, I inquired the time. 5.15: just three hours, thirty miles, all stops and troubles included, and not a bad record for a first attempt, after all.

L. Z. Jones.

WITHIN THE GATE.

A YACHTING SKETCH.

THE 4 o'clock salute was fired from the commodore's yacht, and in an instant every sailor was at his post; at the second salute the yachts quivered restlessly as the white sails swung slowly round; and before the third report had died away the friendly wind had filled the loose sails, and with a dip and a lurch the yachts, like great winged birds, glided from their moorings, and we were off.

Yachting on San Francisco Bay!

What could one want more? with congenial company and surroundings so luxurious that lack of space seemed only cosiness.

We were on board the "Startled Fawn," — a fast little yawl-rigged yacht, — and soon we had the infinite satisfaction of finding ourselves keeping pace with the larger yachts of the fleet, while the smaller yachts were left in the rear.

The fresh wind whistled past our ears, the sunlit waves curled and broke, and the salt spray dashed in our faces as we sped on, while our spirits rose as San Francisco, with its many terraces of stately buildings, grew fainter and fainter with increasing distance, until its outlines were so softened that we could almost imagine it to be the mystical Temple of Fame rearing to the clouds its thousand alluring shapes; but, acting the part of old age, we, too, turn our faces away,

choosing, instead, to look toward Golden Gate, — the symbol of eternity.

The only person aboard whose happiness is not unalloyed is the Chinese cook, who is gaining his first experience in the pleasures and pains of yachting. He is sitting in the lee of the cabin with his hands tightly clasped over his stomach, and in abject misery makes the same mournful, monotonous reply to all sympathetic questioners as he rocks slowly back and forth: "Me feel awful sick; me wish me was on land."

"Never mind, Sam," the captain says, by way of encouragement, "you will feel worse before you are better;" but, strange to say, Sam fails to find any comfort in the remark.

The sky is cloudless, save for a few fleecy banks that are gathering in the west, waiting to attend with pomp and glory the setting of the sun, which, as if conscious of waning power, beats pitilessly down; but the fervent rays are quenched in the cool waves that mockingly glint back the sunlight.

The captain looks anxiously at his watch. Our destination is Mare Island, and we must be there before sunset. The rest of us give ourselves up to the pleasures of the moment, and all indulge in the most delicious lounging. One lady, from sheer force of habit, produces some fancy-work, but we all cry, *shame*, and she is promptly suppressed. Another of the party is found to be reading, but on threats of throwing the book overboard, that too is given up.

As the Bay grows wider the yachts gradually diverge, our neighbors' faces grow indistinct, the noise and tumult of starting die away, and stillness creeps over us. Dreamily we listen to the soft ripple of the dividing waters, as they fall back wishing us God-speed. We watch the clouds and the sunshine, and the sea-gulls, lazily soaring overhead; and one venturesome yacht dipping behind a little island, and, with a friendly puff of wind, gleefully darting ahead of her rivals. We try to imagine the Bay without its holiday look,— the smiles and sunshine all gone, and in their place a lowering, angry sky, with hissing waves, rearing their white caps in rebellion against the shrieking wind that tosses and dashes them whithersoever it will. On such a day our dainty pleasure-boats would be crushed like butterflies in a summer tornado, and many a stauncher craft would carry strong men with anxious eyes and compressed lips.

From one of the foremost yachts the melody of a popular boating-song comes stealing to our ears; the other yachts catch it up, until all about us the air is filled with music, and we dream on, until the captain's voice breaks in on our revery. He points to Mare Island, now quite near us, and the yachts, by common impulse, turn their course toward one point.

We are nearing the island, and the captain is heard encouraging poor Sam to begin his preparations for dinner, — an idea not unwelcome to any of us.

We glide past stately men-of-war, and, drawing in to the island, we drop anchor, and rest on our journey; and as the other yachts come up, one by one, we watch the crews taking in the sails and making ready for the night. Some restless spirits quickly get out the small-boats, and, with their fair passengers, go over to the island to see friends, no doubt; for Mare Island is the great naval station of the western coast, — there are the sailors' barracks, and there live the resident officers with their families. The four men-of-war in the harbor seem almost deserted. A boat is coming from the island manned by six sailors, and their oars move in perfect unison, while in the bow sits an officer with folded arms, apparently as oblivious of his men as if they were mere machines.

The sun is just sinking, and as, surrounded by attendant clouds, he dips below the horizon, the evening salute is fired, the flags run down, and the ships' bands play "God save the Queen," the "Marseillaise," and the "Star-Spangled Banner."

The yachts listlessly drop their white wings in sorrow for the departed sun, the sparkle fades from the cold gray waves, while the stern men-of-war and the frail pleasure crafts are alike safe moored in the harbor; and beyond the Golden Gate rolls the boundless space of restless waters.

Katherine H. Van de Carr.

EDITOR'S OPEN WINDOW.

Looking Out.

IT is the privilege of the editor sometimes to join in the diversions of his fellow-men, and sometimes to retreat to his elevated sanctum window, — if at that toilsome altitude and in that toilsome thought-smith-shop there be an available window, — and watch the procession. And, as every privilege has its corresponding obligation, especially with the editor, he is bound to give, from time to time, his friendly readers the benefit of his prospect. We have such a window. It is located, as some of our friends know and all will be welcome to find by visitation, in forty-two degrees, twenty-one minutes, and about twenty-four seconds, north latitude, and five degrees, fifty-six minutes, and some thirty seconds, longitude east from Washington. Observe that we are genuinely American in everything. Our zone is temperate, but the breezes from it blow cool and fresh to the torrid, and warm and animating to the frigid, zones; and, like that older star in the East, our gaze is westward more than eastward.

The patter of snow and rain and the whisper of leaf and twig reach us more than the tramp of busy feet; and looking out over the thousand-lighted Common and Public Garden, our gaze extends even beyond the sunny South, and awaking Mexico, the far prairies, and the wild realms of the North, we — and this is no royal We, "Nay, master, we are seven" — we see road and track, crease and range, court and lawn, harbor, and stream, and forest; and we scan also tendencies and currents of opinion, the play of events, and the toil of cause and effect. In all genial delights and generous emulations of the recreations we are looking at you and recounting your deeds.

As the lens, with its wide angle taking in a broad field and condensing it upon a small plate, makes seemingly but inadequate report in the photograph, yet gives the careful looker a full view; so our open window will let into this magazine a miniature view of all, which may be read by each of those who watch its pages with friendly eyes.

Hardihood.

THE bold, dauntless, enterprising, hardy races not only survive, but increase and acquire by conquest. Physical, mental, and moral character in the individual are most commended and most effective for hardihood. Of all our inheritances and acquisitions there remain these three, — wealth, knowledge, and hardihood; but the greatest of these is hardihood. That is the gist of all our teaching in school, and church, and literature; and, spite of all mercies and philanthropies, the weak go down and the hardy possess the world.

Those who plan and carry out enterprises, who compete in contests, who go to sea in ships, who hunt in the great wilds, who battle with the elements, most preserve and develop physical and mental hardiness. Pluck, resolution, perseverance, dauntlessness, are the best basis for moral hardihood; for, with these, and worthy purposes to incite, good morals are ensured, except so far as the latter rest on religious sanction or the artificialities of fashion.

The positive amateur out-door recreations tend to develop hardihood. That there is a serious side to the defence of them is immediately suggested by the foregoing considerations. The man is better and hardier for being a good yachtsman or canoeist. He who has a quiet in-door or routine life acquires hardihood from good wheelmanship. The youth and the maiden who compete in tennis, in rowing, or in skating, gain courage, decision, strength of character, along with their diversion. And even the element of danger, in some pastimes, is a strong point in their favor; for peril and hardship tend to make good and brave men and women.

It may be said that such considerations serve only as a sort of justification or apology for the pastimes, since these are pursued for their pleasures rather than for their benefits, by most. But there are those, young and old, who need also the incentive of duty to draw them into sympathy and coöperation with those who favor these worthy ministers of health and hardihood.

Sociables.

PERSISTENT use and the lack of any other word to meet the exigencies of expression are giving us, willwe, nillwe, a new substantive, or rather, perhaps, a new and totally distinct meaning for an old one, in "sociable," as applied to a form of tricycle. We shall have to drop the quotation-marks and capital letter and accept it as a common noun. We shall also have to accept the thing; for it is already in quite considerable use, and not only gentlemen, but the ladies are declaring in its favor. In that vivacious book,

"John Bull and his Island," the author has referred to its use so charmingly that we may expect a rapid impulse of sentiment in its favor. He says, "Some young couples make their honey-moon trip on the double tricycle. They go through England from village to village, without creating the least excitement. . . . In this fashion they avoid the wedding-calls of the curious, and drink deep draughts of pure country air. These double tricycles bear the very appropriate name of *sociables*, and are admirably constructed for the honey-moon. I recommend you to try them." Just think of it, — a dozen editions of that advice eagerly purchased by the susceptible public already! "The two seats," he touchingly pursues, "are placed closely side by side, so that hearts may overflow, hand press hand, and lips meet lips. Arrived at the top of the hill, you stiffen your body, bend your knees, and fly like the wind to the bottom of the valley. The air through which you have sped gives you force to mount the next slope as easily as you climbed the last. This little pastime, to say nothing of woods by the way where you may rest, ramble, lose each other and find each other again, — all this, I say, has always appeared to me delightful." The riders we have met haven't told us that, but no doubt it is true, for Mr. O'Rell has a way of saying the things left unsaid by others. And then it is so easy to have not only two hearts, but two cranks, that beat as one, for he says, "It is within the reach of all purses."

The Log.

THERE is a time when the average man grows weary of looking out upon a waste of roads, inches deep in slush; when wheeling is not, neither sleighing, and the air is muggy and depressing until the clouds themselves weep from sympathy; and the landscape fades from view behind a veil of mist. Then is the hour for a general inspection of such worldly goods as are our cherished friends in fairer weather. The road-book is ready, and the map. We have but to open the one and spread the other, and we are prepared to lay out our route for a whole season in advance, thus gaining all that can be acquired of that pleasure of anticipation which comprises so much of human happiness. If we were wise, we did not confine our memoranda to the state of the road-bed to the exclusion of the surrounding country, as we were not searching for gold that other men had lost. The wheelman should be one of the best informed of men in view of the advantages that lie within his grasp, and the journal of his wandering should be an index of his education, since it should record impressions received when every faculty is alert. Then it becomes, in truth, of value to its owner, a fund of enjoyment that has no limit, a gem of the understanding that contains mishap and good-fortune, laughter and sadness, with now and then some wayside sketches, embalmed for all time, like flies in amber, and making it richer even through their imperfections. There is an exhilaration in speed which is apt to hide the advantage of a slower rate. There is an intoxication among its charms that clouds the intellect, and dims all but pleasure; yet it is living in oxygen, and should be used by the traveller wisely and sparingly, like any other stimulant, and not to the detriment of more lasting things. "A glorious spin" is a record that recalls many brief deliriums of happiness, and has its proper place in the wheelman's log; yet it is not by far the most valuable entry in it, nor the one most satisfying in after-days.

So, too, with the canoeist. The flash of the paddle as we shot that rapid, the thrill that the brain sent along the electric nerves at sight of sudden rock or unknown fall are untransferable to paper, not from lack of impression as a whole, but because of the blurring of details. Then is not the time for sight-seeing, nor is there aught to think of but personal safety, which requires the swiftest obedience of muscle to thought of almost any sport. But when placidly drifting down the broad and open river, rounding each point as noiseless as a shadow, a watchful eye sees much of nature's house-keeping, and a wise one remembers to record them. Then is the poetry of life, and no man can afford to be insensible to its influence. The soft whisper of the reed along the gunwale has articulate words to him. The quivering mists that turn the shores to indistinct gray masses in the twilight yield picture after picture in dissolving views, and through the rifts the glimpses seem the brighter. The thoughts that come then are not those of prosaic every-day, nor of the earth earthy. They are direct from dreamland; and when the storm sets in from the north-east, and the night rain beats wintrily against the panes; when there is a sougning among the branches of the pines, and the song of the surf comes hoarsely down the wind, — then the canoeist who has been faithful to himself may take down the log and live over "the days that are no more." Then let it storm; let wind combine with rain, — their wrath serves but to deepen his enjoyment.

GLANCES AT OUR LETTER-FILE.

Note on Racing Records.

IN compiling the American Professional Records I overlooked a fatal error in the score-sheets sent me of the Chicago race of last October. Unless this error can be corrected, the records above 83 miles must be thrown out, and the times made in the New York race of January, 1883, will stand as the best on record. The Chicago race was carried out properly, and the records must be allowed, if the error can be explained. I am at work investigating the matter, but up to the time of going to press I have received no definite information.

Abbot Bassett.

The 1884 Meet of the A.C.A.

FROM a canoeing point of view the great event of the year is the annual meeting — camp and regatta — of the American Canoe Association, Time and place, with the collateral points they involve, are therefore matters of great interest to every canoeist.

The time of meeting does not admit of much fluctuation; it has always been the month of August. What particular part of the month it shall be is governed by the lunar phases, because the campers want moonlit evenings. For 1884 the date is fixed to be from the first to the fifteenth of August. This is a much longer time than was covered by the earlier meetings, 1880, 1881, and 1882. These had lasted only four or five days, and the regatta had been their chief feature. But, for 1883, Commodore Edwards suggested and helped to carry out the idea that the A.C.A. meet should have more of the feature of a "settling down" in camp, enabling members to see more of one another, and enjoy some quiet sylvan sport apart from the bustle and work of the regatta. To this end more time was necessary; and, accordingly, the 1883 meet lasted two weeks. The plan was a success, and is to be repeated in 1884.

Lake George, the birthplace of the A.C.A., in 1880, was the scene of its meeting for the first three years. The precise spot was the Canoe Islands, the property of Judge Longworth and Mr. Lucien Wulsin, who kindly placed them at the service of their brethren of the A.C.A. Lake George, however, proved a very inaccessible spot for the Western and Canadian canoeists. Many and bothersome were the portages from railway to steamer, from steamer to railway, from railway car to express wagon, from wagon to boat; many were the lifts; many the bumps and jolts and scratches that the canoes had to endure.

Besides, beautiful as it is, Lake George is a very unsatisfactory place in which to hold a regatta; so that when Commodore Edwards invited the Association to "come to Canada" and hold their 1881 meet at Stony Lake, public feeling was ripe for the change. They went. One very practical result of the visit was that the membership of the A.C.A. was nearly doubled by the Canadian paddlers, who flocked to its ranks, — the most practical canoeists in the world; men who use their canoes for hunting and travelling amongst the network of lakes and streams, with which the northern part of the Province of Ontario abounds. No doubt a portion of this membership will not last beyond one year, being caused solely by the locality of the meet; but a large proportion of it was of a character which could be made permanent; and this was a new and important factor in considering the location of the 1884 meet.

Lake Memphremagog, Lake George, the Thousand Islands, and other places, were proposed. The prerequisites were, that the new camp site should be easy of access, and not too far from houses and population to have an accessible "base of supplies"; yet that it should be far enough away from hotels and summer travel to preserve the privacy and independence of the camp. Such a spot has been found. It is the southernmost point of Grindstone Island, on the river St. Lawrence, about half-way between Clayton, N.Y., and Gananoque, Ont., at the upper end of the Thousand Islands. It looks into a spacious bay, which is named after the wriggling staple of eel-pies, and contains what the A.C.A. meet has never yet been blessed with, — a fine shelving, sandy beach. The spot was located by a committee, consisting of Secretary Neide, of Schuylerville, and Mr. Wm. Whitlock, of New York, who have also arranged details about storage of ice, building of wharves, supply of provisions, laying out courses, sanitary arrangements, firewood, and so on.

This location for the 1884 camp has met with general approval. It combines more advantages than any previous site. Situated on a noble

water-way, members can cruise to it for hundreds of miles, if they choose, or they can reach it by a short paddle or sail from the railway stations at Clayton or Gananoque. It is central, and undoubtedly the most easily accessible spot yet chosen. It is sufficiently sheltered to prevent very rough seas getting up, yet open enough to give a free sweep for the wind, and to allow no hatching-place for continual squalls. Its proximity to Canada will attract and retain a large part of the Canadian membership, while it is equally convenient for the Americans.

Another novel feature of 1883, at Stony Lake, was the ladies' camp. The Peterboro' lasses and matrons, you know, are born "campers-out," and they don't need any A.C.A. to teach them anything about it. And they can paddle, too. For "poetry of motion" commend me to two Peterboro' girls, with single-bladed paddles, engineering an open canoe. Well, the ladies came along with their brothers, fathers, husbands, and sweethearts, and mustered in force under canvas in a nook of their own near the masculine camp. The gallant Knickerbocker Club, of New York, has so warm a remembrance of those jolly times that they recently passed a formal resolution petitioning the Executive Committee of the A.C.A. to set up a ladies' camp for 1884. The Executive Committee, however, thought that would be *ultra vires*; and they therefore contented themselves with assigning a spot whereon ladies might camp together, leaving the A.C.A. members individually interested in said ladies to make provision for their comfort and well-being; which the present writer approveth of.

There has been a good deal of discussion as to whether we should have a permanent camp, or one differently located each year. Each plan has its own advantages, which will readily suggest themselves to the reader. My own idea is that it need not be a practical question this year. If Grindstone Island proves to be the canoeists' paradise that it promises to be, let the advocates of a permanent camp confine their efforts to having the 1885 meet held there, without asking more. The A.C.A. has been thrice at Lake George, and might well be twice at the Thousand Islands. Then, in 1885, we shall be in an excellent position to fight out and settle the question of Shifting Camp *v.* Permanent Camp. Because Grindstone Island will have been thoroughly tested, and the members will all have had a little instalment of Permanent Camp, and can see how they like it.

It is a heart-warming and delightful experience this of the A.C.A. meetings. A man has canoeing friends scattered widely over this continent, with whom his only intercourse is by correspondence, except at the annual meeting; and then, the close hand-gripe, the kindling eye, tell how glad the fellows are to see one another!

Boys, we meet at Grindstone Island.

Robert Tyson.

L.O.W. Meet. — 1884.

THE Cleveland Bicycle Club has a membership list that goes into the forties, and there are three times forty riders who belong to smaller clubs, or are unattached. The wheel has added to the number of its devotees in this city with each season, and a new impulse is to be given in August next, when the Ohio Division of the League of American Wheelmen holds its annual session here. The gathering out of which this organization grew was more social than ambitious, but has been followed by beneficial results. Some forty riders gathered at Columbus, in 1881, and agreed to meet again a year later, when the League of Ohio Wheelmen was formed, with one hundred and fifty members. Last year the organization became a part of the national body, and its name was changed to that given above.

The exact date of the gathering of August next has not yet been decided upon. The Cleveland Club has been charged with all the arrangements, and has gone to work with a patriotism and industry that cannot but produce results. A quarter-mile track is to be built, and the prizes offered will be the best ever given in the State. A variation from former programmes will be arranged, in that business and races combined will fill the first day, and a parade and races cover the second day. The Ohio Division has a membership of four hundred and sixty, and a large representation is expected. An enthusiastic spokesman of the Cleveland Club, in outlining the expectation of those upon whom much of the responsibility rests, declares that the meet "will be the best ever had west of Massachusetts," and then adds, as he lifts his wheel over a small boulder, "I shall be surprised if we do not wrest the laurels from old Massachusetts herself."

J. H. K.

HOME BRIGHTENING.

Interesting the Children.

PERHAPS the best method of brightening the home is to interest the children in the wonders and beauties of nature.

By a little watching and judicious guiding it is easy to have the thoughts and attention of one child devoted to plants and flowers; of another, to bugs and insects; while another collects rocks or stones, or learns about birds. In this way all are interested, and the home is decorated and beautified.

In one of the pleasantest of homes, where there is a large family of boys and girls, the house is full of pretty things gathered by the children in their tramps and rides. Beautiful fluffy white thistle-balls are festooned about the gas-fixtures; vases are filled with pretty grasses; golden-rod and clematis (picked just at the right time to preserve their beauty all winter), bitter-sweet berries, cat-tails, half-opened milk-weed pods, and exquisitely lovely balls which deft fingers formed by fastening the light and airy milk-weed down in some magical way, — are scattered over the house, covering unsightly cracks, and giving it a bright and cheery look on even the gloomiest winter day.

A curious fungus from the woods serves as a bracket in the dining-room; a photograph has a frame of delicate lichens, of such variety as to astonish one who has never closely observed them, arranged with an artist's eye.

A collection of sea-weed on the parlor table is the work of a fourteen-year-old boy; while a little cabinet of minerals is the pet and pride of his older sister.

One of the boys has a taste for mechanics, and out of our pretty native wood he has carved, sawed, and turned various ornaments for different parts of the house.

Every one has had a part in the adornment and arrangement of the rooms, and they all have a pride in their home, and a love for it beyond anything I have elsewhere seen.

From the time that the first sprigs of arbutus can be found under dead leaves in the spring till the last stalk of fringed gentian has been picked on the hill-side, there is never a day but that the dinner-table has a lovely centre-piece of wild-flowers. The children feel that the responsibility of making the home attractive rests upon their shoulders, and, as all their efforts are appreciated, it is seldom that they feel it at all irksome.

Of course this has not been brought about without some effort on the part of the parents. It isn't natural for children to think of much outside of themselves and their own enjoyment; most children would not, unaided, make a study of any branch of Natural Science.

From early childhood these children were taught to notice everything they saw, to ask about all that they did not understand; and they were trained to work together, each helping the other, no one so absorbed as to be uninterested in what his brothers and sisters were doing.

Many fathers and mothers think it too much trouble to attempt to interest their children in such things, or even to encourage their natural taste or love for them.

I wish such parents could see this home which I describe, the beauty and taste of its arrangements, the intelligent and entertaining conversation of its members, the loving family circle, proud of each other and of their home, — and then contrast it with the many unattractive, unhomelike homes in which sons and daughters grow up without taste, intelligence, or love, and go out to make other homes still less attractive.

Let us remember that nothing really worth while can be accomplished without taking some trouble. Is it not better to take trouble in the beginning, rather than to have trouble all through life?

If, by a little thought and care when our children are young, we can direct their minds, so as to make them useful, unselfish, intelligent, and happy, is it not worth while?

Such children will always have resources, something to think about, something to talk about, something to do. If they are kept in-doors by a cold, time will not hang heavily. As they grow older, wherever they live they will find much to enjoy. In the country they cannot be lonely; in the city they will improve the opportunities of reading and hearing about their favorite subjects.

The more out-door life children can have the better it will be for them; the more their eyes and ears are opened to see and hear of Nature's wonders the broader will be their culture, the nobler and finer will be their characters.

In order to have home truly bright its members must each take thought for each other, and must all be interested in something worthy, something outside of themselves. Children will enjoy their home just in proportion as they feel that it belongs to them, — that it would be incomplete without them.

Janet Clark.

A Winter Evening.

"At the doorway of his wigwam
Sat the ancient arrow-maker,
In the land of the Dacotahs,
Making arrow-heads of jasper."

ONE of the pleasantest ways known to archers of passing a winter eve is in the preparation of weapons for summer use. True, they are not equal in finish to Highfield's best; yet the very fact that they were self-made is a source of satisfaction, and — aside from match or tournament — the work done with them afield depends vastly upon the user, to say nothing of the equanimity with which we greet the occasional loss or breakage of an arrow.

Around the kitchen fire, with knife, glue-pot, a sheaf of old deal wands, a box of arrow-heads, a piece of glass, and the wing of that blue heron, which we sent whirling downward among the rushes by a wondrously long shot overhead, and our workshop is complete, although a file and a hand-vise are useful to a degree. The floor becomes littered; but the children are interested, and become animated interrogation-points in their unquenchable thirst after knowledge. The heron-wing points a lesson in natural history; the manufacture offers another in the practical use of various tools, and the kitchen becomes a kindergarten; while the home feeling, the knowledge that parent and children have a common interest in the work in hand, is a source of happiness that can hardly be overestimated, and leaves its mark on the after years. Nothing so "knits up the ravelled sleeve of care," and binds a family together, as the ability to meet in this way in some one occupation, it matters not what, which shall yet be other than the every-day tasks of life; and there is no rein that can so easily guide a child, until self-guidance is established, as that which is imperceptibly rove through the harness of a play. It gives the mother time to sew on those buttons; to read a chapter of that interesting novel, for relaxation; of Emerson, for improvement, — if, indeed, you are not already conscious that she is superior to philosophy of the wisest of men, — and when it is bedtime for the innocents, "Where *has* the evening gone to?" Ask the family cat, dozing with half-closed eyes in the snuggest corner by the glowing range; ask it of the spirit of happy content warming your own heart; and, if you still need enlightenment, ask your wife.

John Preston True.

AMONG THE BOOKS.

With Gun and Rod.

AMONG all the books on field-sports there is none more attractive than the new volume on "Sport with Gun and Rod,"[1] which has recently been edited by Mr. Alfred M. Mayer. The contents, it is true, are not new. Many of the essays appeared in *The Century*, with the same illustrations; the two by Mr. Warner came out in *The Atlantic*, and the one by the Earl of Dunraven in *The Nineteenth Century*, and some others were published elsewhere. They are too good to be left in such seclusion, however; and it has become so common for essays to appear first in the periodicals that one gets to expect it of anything brilliant; and, unless one's memory for details is very oppressive, the recollections of the former view serve only, like early glimpses of a supper table, to give one an appetite for the dainties when the doors are formally thrown open and the guests pour in to share the ordered meal. The ornaments of the table Mr. Mayer sets out for us are charming specimens of that most modern and fascinating of the arts, — American wood-engraving.

There are about a dozen Japan proofs, — two of them scenes engraved by Mr. Kingsley direct from nature, and a long list of others engraved from designs by Beard, Miss Foote, Miss Gifford, Miss Bridges, and others, — all of which are good, and some of them delicious.

The scope of the work takes in much more than mere entertainment. Mr. Mayer begins by describing the prehistoric hunter, with his feeble

[1] Sport with Gun and Rod in American Woods and Waters. Edited by Alfred M. Mayer. New York: The Century Co.

weapons of stone, pitting his puny strength against the gigantic monsters who preceded the glaciers.

The description is interesting, and illustrated with cuts of antiquities from the author's collection; but it would have been better if it had discriminated between the hunter of the river drift, who lived in tropical surrounding, among tropical animals, and the Esquimaux race of cave-dwellers, who came down from the north when the change of climate covered Europe and North America with ice; fur-clad fishermen, whose foes were the cold and desolation of those terrible winters. He might, too, have distinguished more clearly between the simple Iberian hunter, who came in as the ice retreated, and the more powerful blonde Aryan, who followed him with his bronze weapons, domesticated animals, and cultivated grain.

The hunter of those days fought at terrible odds. His feeble bow could not have helped him much, and he must have been driven to hand-to-hand conflicts with his clumsy spear, and stone hatchet and knife, with brutes far more terrible than those that our modern Nimrods dispose of so easily with their death-dealing rifles.

Then follow papers on hunting the bear, the fox, the buffalo, the moose, the caribou, and other deer, the wild sheep, and the musk-ox; essays on trout, bass, and salmon fishing; and on feathered game, the grouse, the woodcock, the canvas back, the rail, etc., — all full of bright stories of adventure, mixed with careful observation of the animals described, and historical sketches of the fish-hook and shot-gun, and lesser weapons; and instruction in bird-stuffing, and the like. Among the most interesting papers are Mr. Charles Ward's descriptions of bear-hunting, moose-hunting, and caribou-hunting, with his own adventures told in a breezy way that is full of the breath of the woods. The descriptions of southern hunting by Wallace and Gordon are equally good; and Charles Dudley Warner never did anything better than his descriptions of how he killed the bear, and fought with the trout. The humor is truly delicious. His thoughts while the bear was chasing him are irresistible; and so is his burlesque trout story.

He describes the cast of the fly, and the swirl of the line as the fish "made off like a shot, and took out the whole of the line with a rapidity that made it smoke. 'Give him the butt,' shouted Luke. It is the usual remark in such an emergency. I gave him the butt, and, recognizing the fact and my spirit, the trout at once sank to the bottom and sulked. It is the most dangerous mood of a trout, for you cannot tell what he will do next. We reeled up a little and waited five minutes for him to reflect. A tightening of the line enraged him, and he soon developed his tactics. Coming to the surface he made straight for the boat faster than I could reel in, and evidently with hostile intentions. . . Luke, who was used to these encounters, having read of them in the writings of travellers he had accompanied, raised his paddle in self-defence. The trout left the water about ten feet from the boat, and came at me with fiery eyes, his speckled sides flashing like a meteor. . . and away he went with all the line on the reel. More butt. More indignation on the part of the captive. The contest had now been going on for half an hour, and I was getting exhausted. We had been back and forth across the lake, and round and round the lake. What I feared was that the trout would start up the inlet and wreck us in the bushes. But he had a new fancy, and began the execution of a manœuvre that I had never read of. Instead of coming straight towards me he took a large circle, swimming rapidly and gradually contracting his orbit.

"I reeled in and kept my eye on him. Round and round he went, narrowing his circle. I began to suspect the game, which was to twist my head off. When he had reduced the radius of his circle to about twenty-five feet, he struck a tremendous pace through the water. It would be false modesty in a sportsman to say that I was not equal to the occasion. Instead of turning round with him, as he expected, I stepped to the bows, braced myself, and let the boat swing. Round went the fish and round we went like a top. I saw a line of Mount Marcy all round the horizon; the rosy tint in the west made a broad band of pink along the sky above the tree-tops. The evening star was a perfect circle of light, a hoop of gold in the heavens. . . When I came to myself Luke was gaffing the trout at the boat-side. After we got him in and dressed him he weighed three-quarters of a pound. Fish always lose by being got in and dressed. It is best to weigh them while they are in the water."

The Sportsman's Gazetteer.[1]

A VALUABLE reference book of some nine hundred and twenty-five pages, with four maps,

[1] The Sportsman's Gazetteer and General Guide. By Charles Hallock. Fully illustrated, revised, enlarged, and brought down to date by the author. New York: Orange Judd Co.

many illustrations, index, glossary, bibliographical list, and directory of game and fish resorts, is this recently-revised work of Mr. Hallock's. Indeed, for the American hunter or fisherman it is quite an encyclopædia; and the canoeing, yachting, or camping tourist, the dog-fancier, and the taxidermist, and even the general reader will find in it much practical information, well arranged and interestingly written. Although condensation is apparent everywhere, and facts are crowded upon facts, there is not a dull page here. Amongst the many practical sporting books and manuals which have given these publishers a reputation, this is one of the best.

By the way, if any reader be desirous of more information as to the noble mascalonge, on account of President Bates' story, begun in this number of OUTING AND THE WHEELMAN, he will find a few very interesting pages in the book under notice.

Habberton's Washington.[1]

IN the series of humorous "lives of American worthies" George Washington has now to take his turn at the hands of John Habberton. He says that our first President has been long enough a statue hidden in Fourth of July smoke, a sort of tea-shop chromo, highly colored and stiff, — and he tries to make a real man of him by telling his story in the way in which men familiarly talk of him.

There is no doubt a tendency sometimes among our authors to petrify our history by giving it a Sunday-school air of goodness. When Sparks altered Washington's letters by leaving out the bad grammar and the naughty words, he did no worse than many another. What Carlyle called "mealy-mouthed biography" is still popular here. It is not entertaining, but we feel safe with it because it is so proper. The little personal details that go so far to make up our idea of a man we enjoy in the newspapers, but seldom find in the lives. We are not so outspoken as the French and English, and that makes our history duller reading. Some of this is going by, however, with the advent of a more genuine culture, and with the lapse of time that gives our past a truer perspective. One of the signs of this is this series of half-humorous lives. The authors do not use their opportunities to exaggerate or mock at the defects of their heroes as a foreigner would have been very likely to do. They simply tell the story in that light and jocular style in which we often talk, as Mr. Habberton says. One does not expect any very profound historical insight, or previously unknown facts, from the authors of "Helen's Babies," and "My Summer in a Garden," or the funny men of the Burlington *Hawkeye*, and the New York *Times*. But, after all, most people will get a more vivid picture of the times from these books than from the solemner productions of professional students.

[1] George Washington. By John Habberton. Henry Holt & Co. 16mo. pp. 345.

"HISTORY OF PRUSSIA to the Accession of Frederic the Great, 1134–1740." By Herbert Tuttle, Professor in Cornell University. (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co.) This fresh and well-executed work is a genuine acquisition to any historical library. It offers, in a readable volume, a continuous account of the State of Prussia and its component parts for more than four hundred years previous to the reign of Frederic the Great; and the reader will agree with the author in rejecting the idea that that reign is "the ultimate field of necessary research"; and, in accepting his conclusions, that "the childhood of Prussia preceded its manhood," and that "even the state of Frederic himself cannot be fully understood without at least an introductory sketch of the elements and processes out of which it grew." The author modestly announces the purpose of his book to be to furnish such an introduction; but it is something more than a sketch.

Professor Tuttle adopts the acquisition of the "Mark of Brandenburg," by Albert the Bear, in A.D. 1134, as the historical beginning of this State; but his account of early Germanic society runs considerably farther back than that. And from that point onward the development of the people of Brandenburg and Prussia, and of their political constitutions, is narrated with perspicuity, a due regard to historical perspective, and great discrimination. The book should become a popular one among the minor histories.

"MERCEDES, AND LATER LYRICS." By Thomas Bailey Aldrich. (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co.) The grace and delicacy of Mr. Aldrich's poetry are as remarkable as its terse transparency of diction. A blush or a grave, love or estrangement, tragedy or comedy, — whatever he touches in these lyrics flashes with beauty and truth, like "the diamond at my lady's ear." "Mercedes" is an intensely dramatic prose sketch, and, in forty-five small pages, contains more and better-wrought tragedy than we have met elsewhere in current literature in five years.

"POEMS FOR CHILDREN." By Celia Thaxter, (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co.) In this dainty book are fifty-eight lyric poems and a bit of elegant prose, — a sandpiper story. They are of birds and pets; they have much variety, from the lullaby to the didactic; and they are full of that quality of sympathy with childhood methods of thought, and a purity and fanciful play of sentiment, which make them charming for the nursery or for the evening hour in the library. The numerous happy illustrations, as well as the letter-press, are in sepia tint, and quite unique.

"THE BAY OF SEVEN ISLANDS," by John G. Whittier (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co.), is finely dedicated to the appreciative critic and friend, E. P. Whipple. The peculiar characteristics of rugged melody, quaint expression, and homely sentiment, which have endeared this poet's writings to so many, seem intensified in this latest volume; and it will be affectionately welcomed.

"ONE OR TWO?" By Two Sisters. (St. Louis: Merriweather Bros.) This is an attractively printed volume of two hundred and thirty pages of verse, written by two sisters, one of whom still lives, and has gathered their scattered metrical contributions to the press into a goodly memorial and dedicated it to the children of both. The authors have written with much poetic feeling and grace; sometimes with rather fluent versification, and yet in passages with genuine "inspiration," but everywhere with high purpose and wholesome sentiment. The book is more charming than many volumes from more famous pens.

"WHIST RHYMES." Mr. Robert E. Day, of the New Haven *Daily Palladium*, has published under this title in a very tasteful and convenient form for the pocket, a statement of the leading principles, leads, returns, and other "correct play," of the modern game of short whist, in mnemonic rhyme. It will, perhaps, aid in the extinction of the antiquated pest of the table, whose system of play is comprised in "second-hand low and third-hand high."

THE LIFE OF LUTHER, by Von Köstlin (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons), which was called forth by the four hundredth anniversary of the great reformer's birth, was the first adequate biography of him that had been written; the first to show him to us not only in his great struggle with kings and princes, but at home as he appeared to those who knew him best. The appearance of this work has called forth a number of brilliant essays on both sides of the water, and amongst them one of the best is that which Froude wrote for the *Contemporary*, and Scribner has just reprinted in an inexpensive form. It should be read in connection with the remarkable Essay on Protestantism which did so much years ago to establish Froude's fame.

THE great historical romance of Sweden, Topelius' "Surgeon's Stories," which Jansen, McClurg, & Co. are republishing, has now reached the third cycle, the period of Charles Twelfth; and the three remaining volumes are announced for speedy appearance. One needs to feel something of the Swedish national enthusiasm to kindle with these famous stories as the Swedes did, and without that they are rather tiresome reading.

"A BACHELOR'S TALKS about Married Life and Things Adjacent," by William Aikman, D.D. (New York: Fowler & Wells), is one of those good and wholesome books in which everything is written in a moral vein, and yet escapes being dull. The author talks quite knowingly, yet delicately, with his readers, lets them into some confidences, and makes them quite acquainted with some of his friends and relatives.

"VELOCIPEDISTEN-JAHRBUCH, 1884." By T. H. S. Walker. (Redaction des *Velociped*, 18 Krausen-strasse, Berlin, W.) This is an excellent combination of diary, log-book, and manual of useful information for all interested in bicycling and tricycling in Germany. The book is also instructive to wheelmen of other countries, and even entertaining, too, for it includes a story, a poem, and a humorous sketch, in addition to a *résumé* of 'cycling in 1883, a list of clubs in Germany, Austrian-Hungary, Belgium, Denmark, Holland, Norway, Switzerland, and other European countries, with some account of national organizations, some routes, a list of wheel publications in German, and a vocabulary of velocipede terms, and a map of Germany. It is also a tasteful and carefully-prepared book, and does credit to the accomplished editor of *Das Velociped*, which is also one of the most excellent of 'cycling publications.

VALENTINE CARDS, like those for Christmas and New Year's, have been raised to works of art and ministers of social good-will by the art publishers. Amongst the latter none have shown more enterprise and discriminative good taste than Messrs. L. Prang & Co., of Boston.

Their designs for this season have been obtained from such artists as F. S. Church, Miss L. B. Humphrey, H. Giacomelli, Mrs. Whitney, Harry Beard, and others, and the sentiments expressed in words with them are very pure and felicitous. Some of the more elegant and less pronouncedly valentine ones will make appropriate birthday gifts, and all are dainty decorations for the household.

TWO ATTRACTIVE JUVENILES. — Tried by the test of juvenile appreciation, the "Tinkham Brothers' Tide-Mill"[1] and "Who Told It to Me,"[2] will rank among the best books for children which have been published this season. Both are lively in action, pure in sentiment, and salutary in their teaching. The latter is peculiarly noticeable for its freedom from the slang that pervades so much of modern juvenile literature.

[1] Tinkham Brothers' Tide-Mill. By J. T. Trowbridge. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

[2] Who Told It to Me. By Margaret Sidney. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.

Books Received.

JOHN BULL AND HIS ISLAND. By Max O'Rell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE NAZARENE. A Poem. By George H. Calvert. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

A BRIEF HAND-BOOK OF ENGLISH AUTHORS. By Oscar Fay Adams. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

LIFE OF ZWINGLI. By Jean Grob. New York: Funk & Wagnalls.

CUMNOCK'S SCHOOL SPEAKER. Compiled by Robert McLean Cumnock. Jansen, McClurg & Co. 12mo, pp. 303; price, $1.00.

ERRING, YET NOBLE. By Isaac Reed, Jr. T. B. Peterson & Bros. 12mo, pp. 464.

OUR MONTHLY RECORD.

Amateur Photography.

THE latest thing in photography, at Boston, has been an exhibition of very quick dry-plates and their manipulation, by Mr. David Cooper, at the rooms of Mr. C. F. Conly, attended by a considerable number of professional and a few amatuer photographers by invitation. Plates which had been exposed during the day were developed by a new method, which gave excellent results. Local amateurs may gain more details from Mr. Conly, but we give here a formula for the developer used, as follows: —

Solution No. 1.

Powers and Wightman's Sulphite of Soda,	4 oz.
Pyrogallic Acid	1 oz.
Distilled Water.	1 qt.

Solution No. 2.

Sal Soda	4 oz.
Water	1 qt.

Use for developing plates of average or unknown exposure, one part of Solution No. 1, one part of Solution No. 2, and one part of water. These proportions can be varied, as any experienced amateur will understand. If a bromide solution be needed for controlling, use a few drops of saturated solution of bromide of potassium (not ammonia). These solutions are both permanent, and the combined solution may be used over and over on several plates. The formula for Solution No. 1 should be exactly followed as to the character of the ingredients, to insure success and guard against oxidizing of the pyro.

There appeared at the exhibition to be no gain in speed in developing, but a great gain in delicacy. Plates that were exposed too short a time to give a clear picture under the old treatment come out perfectly sharp and distinct when treated in this way. It is to be remembered, however, that within certain limits a gain in speed is not always an advantage. The difference between a quarter of a second's exposure and three-quarters of a second is not usually a benefit to an amateur. Though if the gap to a twentieth of a second could be crossed, and a good portrait taken with a drop shutter, there would be a great gain. A shutter which can be set to give, automatically, just the desired exposure, is pretty sure to be arranged before long, and will relieve amateurs of one of their worst difficulties.

Athletics.

THERE was a recent meeting of representatives of the college faculties of Harvard, Yale, Princeton, etc., of New York, to discuss the question of athletics in these colleges, called by the Harvard Athletic Committee; and, after much discussion, it was agreed to appoint a large committee, of which Professor Richards, of Yale, is to be chairman. The committee is to draw up the rules and regulations by which all college athletics are to be controlled.

THE annual report for 1883 of the Young American Club, of Philadelphia, shows a prosperous season. The cricket eleven lost only six out of thirty-three games — a remarkable record. In base ball they won twenty-six out of thirty-seven games; and in lawn-tennis they took prizes in the Longwood, St. George, All Philadelphia, and Newport tourings.

Bicycling and Tricycling.

THE Sergeant-at-Arms of the Senate says that when he wants a message delivered quickly he sends it by one of the mounted messengers, several of the Senate messengers being provided with tricycles.

MR. FRANK A. ELWELL, of Portland, Maine, who so successfully promoted the "Down-East Trip" of last year, has issued a very attractive plan and invitation of a bicycle excursion for this year, in the valley of the Kennebec.

THE Pennsylvania Division of the League of American Wheelmen has adopted very direct and sensible constitution and rules, and is in a flourishing condition.

A GALVESTON (Texas) Bicycle Club has been auspiciously organized; fine roads offer good opportunities, and a racing-track is already projected.

THE "Niagara to Boston Tour," projected for this year, has been already planned in detail, and promises to be one of the leading interests to bicyclers in the touring way. Mr. Burley B. Ayers, of Chicago, is manager of the undertaking.

THE New Haven racing-track has been pronounced the fastest in the country by good judges.

THERE are five bicycle clubs in St. Louis. A State Division L.A.W. has been formed for Missouri.

THE city ordinance of Jersey City, N.J., restricting bicyling in the streets, has been repealed, and a new one passed providing as follows: —

SECTION 1. That the use of bicycles and other similar vehicles in and upon the streets, avenues, and public places in Jersey City, shall be upon condition that the rider of any such vehicle shall keep and observe the following restrictions and regulations: —

First. A light shall be carried on each vehicle when riding at night.

Second. No vehicle when mounted shall be ridden on any sidewalk or footpath.

Third. Vehicles when mounted shall only be used on the carriage-way of any street, avenue, or public place.

Fourth. The rider of every vehicle shall keep to the right, and under no circumstances pass an approaching vehicle on the left, and on overtaking another vehicle shall ride to the left.

Fifth. Care shall be exercised in turning a corner of a street, and speed in riding through any main street or avenue shall not exceed ten miles per hour.

Sixth. In riding strict regard shall be paid to the rights of others to the public highway, and caution used in approaching horses, either standing or driven.

Seventh. In approaching a vehicle drawn by a horse, or horses, the driver's raised hand shall be understood as a cautionary signal, and when repeated the rider of the bicycle or other similar vehicle shall immediately dismount.

SECT. 2. That any person who shall commit or omit any of the acts the commission or omission of which are hereinbefore declared necessary to be done or forbidden, or who shall violate any provision of this ordinance, he or she so offending shall, for every such offence, forfeit and pay the sum of not exceeding $20.

SECT. 3. That all ordinances, and parts of ordinances, inconsistent or conflicting with the provisions of this ordinance, are hereby repealed.

KARL KRON, a valued contributor to the pages of OUTING AND THE WHEELMAN, is preparing to publish a book, "Ten Thousand Miles on a Bicycle," which will be of unusual interest and value to wheelmen.

CHIEF CONSUL (L.A.W.) E. K. HILL has set a good example, and made a good showing of work done in his recent report of League affairs in Massachusetts.

THE Stamford (Conn.) Wheel Club was organized on the 10th January. Mr. W. L. Baldwin is the secretary.

IT is to be regretted that several wheelmen, having a lack of riding and larger enterprises to absorb their attention in these winter months, are interesting themselves (mostly) in personal quarrels, and find some of the weekly editors short enough in "copy" or in foresight to publish their epithets.

THE Lawrence (Mass.) Bicycle Club, which has made itself famous in connection with 24-hour runs, has promoted a double tournament in that city with great success, and followed the gaining custom of issuing a paper, *The Bicycler's Record*. The paper gives a good history of the club.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., has a new club called the Amateur 'Cyclist Association. None but racing-men will be admitted, and the club will build and maintain a first-class race-track.

COLUMBIA Bicycle Club, North Attleboro', Mass. New Officers: President, Fred Northup; Secretary, Charles F. Kurty; Captain, W. C. Ames.

MESSRS. L. B. Graves, Wm. Howard, E. F. Davis, and L. L. Campbell recently made a trip from Northampton, Mass., to Hartford, Conn., covering 100 miles in 13¼ hours.

MR. HENRY L. DANIELS, of Lawrence, and Mr. P. M. Sargent, of Merrimac, two well-known Massachusett wheelmen, went down in the ill-fated "Columbus."

MR. E. M. GILMAN, L.A.W. representative for New Hampshire, and resident in Nashua, has removed to Wichita, Kan.

THE San Francisco Bicycle Club held its annual meeting January 18, at the Hardie House. The following officers were elected: President, Columbus Waterhouse; Captain, H. C. Eggers; Secretary and Treasurer, George J. Hobe. A banquet followed the election.

THE Boston Bicycle Club "opened" its new club-house on Friday evening, January 25. Invitations were extended to the members and their lady friends only, and the evening was spent in social conversation, in an inspection of the new quarters and dancing. The Germania Band furnished music for the reception.

THE Montreal Club celebrated its fifth anniversary at the gymnasium in that city on the 20th of December last. A very fine programme of exercises was arranged and successfully carried out, and this included music, vocal and instrumental, addresses, a farce, and dancing. The Montreal Club is one of the oldest clubs in America.

THE Boston Bicycle Club held its seventh annual election Wednesday evening, January 2, and chose the following officers: President, Edward C. Hodges; Secretary, Edward W. Hodgkins; Treasurer, W. B. Everett; Captain, J. S. Dean; First Lieut., Freelon Morris; Second Lieut., E. F. Lowry.

THE Hermes Bicycle Club, of Chicago, has chosen the following officers: President, C. E. Murison; Secretary and Treasurer, J. O. Heyworth; Captain, J. R. W. Sargent. The club recently conferred a medal upon H. M. Higinbotham, for highest percentage of attendance at club-runs, and medals to E. F. Shard and Mr. Higinbotham, for best riding records.

THE following officers have been chosen for the ensuing year by the Hamilton, Ont., Club: President, C. R. Domville; Captain, A. E. Domville; Secretary and Treasurer, C. W. Tingling.

THE Marblehead (Mass.) Bicycle Club has taken new quarters. The club has a road-riding record of 12,850 miles for the past season.

THE Salem (Mass.) Club has chosen the following officers: President, Frank P. Symonds; Secretary, Chas. H. Odell; Treasurer, C. H. Millett; Captain, Frank P. Ingalls.

MR. CHARLES E. PRATT, ex-president of the L.A.W., has resigned from the Boston Bicycle Club, of which he was president four years.

THE Wakefield (Mass.) Club has elected officers for the ensuing half-year, as follows: President, C. H. Patch; Secretary and Treasurer, E. D. Albee; Captain, F. H. Burrell.

ACCORDING to Chief-Consul Hill, Massachusetts has 592 League members, 60 consuls, in various towns and cities, 40 hotels by appointment, and 24 repair places. The officers of the division are at work preparing a handbook, and a road-book will soon be published.

THE Lawrence (Mass.) Club tendered a complimentary supper, January 16, to Capt. T. S. Webb, and Messrs. John Tacy and John F. Finn, participants in the long-distance run in which 200 1/16 miles were covered within the 24 hours. Souvenir medals were given to Capt. Webb and Mr. Tacy for the record, and the occasion was interesting by speeches from the officers and members.

"EUROPE ON BICYCLES" is the attractive heading of a notice received from Wm. W. Spangler, Librarian of Indiana University, relating to this season's (the fourth) sight-seeing under his management. He proposes, with a party of twenty, to make a tour of England, France, Germany, and parts of Switzerland and Northern Italy, on bicycles. The cost of the trip will be about $350 to each member of the party, which will be carefully made up, and ought to be a successful one.

THE Citizens' (N. Y.) Bicycle Club, at its meeting on the eighth of January, adopted the following amendment to its by-laws:—

"The uniform shall be a Norfolk jacket with belt of Citizens' Club cloth, knee-breeches of the

same material, gray flannel shirt, navy blue necktie with white polka dot, citizens' club stockings, black low shoes, and a regulation navy cap of the same cloth as suit, with a turn-down visor and a black silk cord (except in case of the captain and lieutenants, who shall wear silver), and the club badge of silver (as designed by Mr. Philip Fontaine) affixed to the front. The summer hat shall be a white helmet with the club badge affixed to the front, to be worn when directed by the captain.

"All the insignia of rank shall be of silver. That of the Captain shall be three bars on each side of the coat-collar and on each sleeve; that of the First Lieutenant two bars, and of the Second Lieutenant one bar, similarly placed; that of the Surgeon, a caduceus above a chevron worn on the left sleeve. The following officers shall wear their insignia on each sleeve: That of the First Color Bearer shall be a flag above a chevron, and of the Second Color Bearer, a flag; that of the First Bugler, a bugle above a chevron, and of the Second Bugler a bugle.

"Each member shall, within thirty days after his election, provide himself with a complete uniform, which must be inspected and approved by the Captain."

The adopted "citizens'" cloth is especially made for that club, and is of bluish gray, solid color.

ELMIRA (N.Y.) Bicycle Club officers elected: President, Lawrence H. Brown; Secretary and Treasurer, Guy W. Shoemaker; Captain, H. S. Kidder.

THE Capital Club, of Washington, D.C., held its annual meeting January 12, and elected the following officers: President, Leland Howard; Secretary, D. E. Fox; Treasurer, C. G. Allen; Captain, Max Hansman.

CORRESPONDENCE has been opened between the Harvard and Yale Bicycle Clubs, with a view to an arrangement whereby there shall be races at the annual tournaments of the two clubs, exclusively for the members of the two colleges. Harvard promises to give two such races, and there is little doubt the Yale will agree.

KENTUCKY Bicycle Club, of Louisville, Ky. New officers: President, A. W. Cornwall; Secretary and Treasurer, B. S. Caye; Captain, N. G. Crawford.

DETROIT (Mich.) Bicycle Club. New officers: President, Chas. D. Standish; Secretary and Treasurer, Leon C. Fink; Captain, Chas. Kudner.

MANY of the Boston wheelmen have been enjoying winter-riding the present season, and they have found fewer difficulties than they anticipated. President Williams, of the Massachusetts Club, who lives at Cambridge, rode to his business in Boston nearly every day during December and January, and took many runs for pleasure, besides. Messrs. Parsons and Miller, of the same club, have also been seen on the road, and Mr. Bassett of the Chelsea Club, has taken several runs into the country.

FOREIGN.

FORMAL steps have been taken to organize a Swiss Wheelman's Association, the first meeting of delegates to be held at Biel, in March.

A GRAND racing exposition for Italy, including national and international events for amateurs and professionals, has been projected, and arrangements are in charge of the Veloce-Club Torinese, Turin. An Italian League will be formed at the time and place of the exposition.

MR. J. COPELAND, of Sydney, has taken the Australian tricycle road record, having ridden 120 miles in 20 consecutive hours, 14¾ of which were passed in the saddle.

THE latest novelty is a tricycle race through the streets of a great city at midnight when no teams are out. The Iroquois Club, of London, is the originator, and three of the most fashionable streets of London were the scene of a late event of this kind.

COUNT BOLRINKSY, of the Moscow Club, recently rode 67 miles (100 versts) on a wager. He was to accomplish the distance in 12 hours, and he did so in 11. 40m.

OUR correspondent for Sweden and Norway, writing from Christiana, states,—

"On the 9th January, 1882, was founded the Christiana Velocipede Club; members only nine, with five bicycles. The club has been in steady growth, and can now present seventy or eighty members, and is prospering very well. In the winter we are hiring a hall for instructing beginners, which is going on twice a week. During the summer time the club had its tours every second Sunday, some directions of the neighborhood, when weather permitted. We had a rather rainy summer, and so was the autumn, so that 'cycling was scarce. I need not tell of picturesque Norway, with its beautiful and grand sceneries; Du Chaillu has done it; consequently 'cycling ought to be very common. Our roads are, in the neighborhood of

Christiana, not very good, and it is only in August, perhaps July, that you can ride; because the officials, all years in summer times, repair with small stones (pulssten); but out of town there are some very charming routes, as, for example, Gudbramsdalen, Romsdalen, Lerdalsören, Odmes, first-class high roads; and then you see the most superb scenery of our country. "Our club has not yet a track or hall, so races cannot be spoken of."

Canoeing.

E. R. SMITH, Commodore; G. W. Heard, Vice-President; L. F. Burke, Secretary and Treasurer, were the officers for 1884 recently elected by the Bayonne, N.J., Canoe Club, which is reported to be in a flourishing condition.

SOME discussion has arisen as to the comparative merits of the "Shadow" and "Pearl" models, resulting from the victory of the Racine shadow "Windward" over the pearl "Boreas," in the "full-ballast" race of the Stony Lake regatta. Without championing either model, we give as follows extracts from a letter received from Mr. Robert Tyson, of the Toronto Canoe Club, in which our canoeing readers will be interested: —

In at least two of the published reports of the Stony Lake regatta I have noticed the fact stated that Mr. Willoughby, in his Racine shadow, "Windward," made the two rounds of the sailing course in less time than did Mr. Neilson in his pearl "Boreas," when the "full-ballast" race was sailed on that stormy 22d of August. The bare statement is all right; but it was put in such a way as to imply that Mr. Willoughby's 28-inch shadow, with less beam and light centre-board, could outsail Mr. Neilson's 33-inch pearl, with her iron board of 45 pounds. Now, I want to account for the milk in that cocoanut. I divide my discourse into five heads, as follows: —

1. The race was a simultaneous one for two classes; or, rather, two races were started within five minutes of one another. Commodore Neilson's pearl was in Class B, and started five minutes ahead of Mr. Willoughby's shadow, which was in Class A. During that five minutes there came the furious squalls which capsized three of the Class B canoes, but which the "Windward" escaped, Class A canoes not having started.

2. At Robinson's rock the canoes had to turn to leeward. The "Boreas," being far ahead of all competitors, her skipper did not jibe around, but prudently luffed up and "went about," — an operation which consumed considerable time. Had he been pressed by competitors he would have "jibed."

3. Mr. Neilson had had previously to luff up to recover his sheet, which he had lost in the roaring squall that upset the "Snake."

4. The "Boreas" carried her cruising lug mainsail, with one reef in it. During the latter part of the race, the wind moderated sufficiently to enable "Boreas" to carry her full sail; but she had the race all her own way then; therefore her skipper left the reef in, and took things easy generally, as he was weak from recent illness. The reef having only ties at the ends, — none in the middle, — became a canvas-bag full of wind and water, which did not help speed.

5. "Boreas" was not racing against "Windward"; did not care a continental whether "Windward" made better time or not, and made no effort against her. "Windward" arrived some four minutes after "Boreas"; but as she started five minutes later, her actual time twice around was less.

I hope this will not be taken as intended in the least degree to disparage the excellent sailing of my friend, Mr. Willoughby, which was generally admired. He himself would not claim that "Boreas" was doing her best on that occasion. I want to show that it is not fair to compare the performances of the two boats as if they were racing against one another. "Boreas" took the Class "B" first prize in that race, and "Windward" took the Class A first prize.

A CORRESPONDENT, in a recent issue of the London (Eng). *Field*, writes as follows concerning the use of a mizzen in canoes: —

A greater area of sail can be carried when a mizzen is used.

With a mizzen the mainsheet can be let fly in a squall without losing the power of luffing, as the mizzen supplies this. Even if the mainsail be lowered, the canoe will continue to sail, the windage of mainmast and lowered sail being sufficient, with the help of the rudder, to keep her head out of the wind. In lying-to in a squall, or at other times, the bit of aftersail is very useful. Again, in running off the wind, the mizzen being stowed, the mainsail, which in a two-sailed canoe will be well forward, will pull her along steadily without gibing or broaching-to, especially if an after centre-board is carried.

Add to this the manœuvring power which the two sails give, the convenience of placing the mainsail so far forward as to be clear of the head of the crew, and the occasional usefulness of the mizzen as a storm-sail, and we have a very good case for the two-sail rig, though probably not nearly so strong a one as might be made out.

COMMODORE G. W. Gardner and Secretary W. H. Eckman, of the Cleveland, Ohio, Canoe Club, have made a creditable addition to the record of successful long cruises. On November 29 last they launched their canoes, "City of Cleveland," of Stephens' Sandy Hook model, 14 × 31, and "Cuyahogo," Racine shadow, 14 × 28, at Cincinnati, cruising thence down the Ohio and Mississippi to New Orleans, at which place they arrived on New Year's Day, making the entire trip of nearly 1,500 miles in 32 days. The canoeists camped out at night on the banks of the river, occasionally quartering at houses.

They enjoyed good health, and express much satisfaction with their experiences. The voyagers are middle-aged gentlemen engaged in business in Cincinnati.

AT the annual meeting of the Knickerbocker Canoe Club, of New York, held Jan. 10, the following officers were elected: Arthur Brentano, Commodore; Professor Fowler, Secretary; R. P. Martin, Treasurer.

AT the annual meeting of the Mohican Canoe Club, of Albany, held Jan. 9, there were elected for 1884: R. W. Gibson, Captain; P. M. Wackerhagen, Mate; B. Fernon, Secretary. The titles of Commodore and Vice-Commodore were changed to Captain and Mate, respectively.

Curling.

THE fifteenth annual contest for the Gordon medal, representing the annual championship of the National Curling Association, was held at Cortlandt lake, N.Y., on the 16th and 17th of January. The ice was hard and smooth and the weather cold. The attendance was large; and each club was allowed to furnish but one team of four players. There were three rounds and a final game. The Yonkers Caledonians (N.Y. City), Utica Thistle (N.Y. City), Manhattans, Caledonians (Brooklyn), Americans, Thistle (Brooklyn), New York, Empire City, Jersey City, and St. Andrews clubs joined in the contest, and the Yonkers finally won.

AT the "North and South" Curling match at Central Park, N.Y., January 10, the South won by a score of 3,074 to 2,085.

IN the All Nationalities against the Scotch, at Van Cortlandt lake, N.Y., January 23, the All Nationalities won by 153 to 148.

IN the Scotch against the Americans, at Cortlandt lake, January 29, the Scotch won by 157 to 135.

Pleasure Resorts.

THE Maine railway commissioners have granted their approval of the proposed Mount Desert railroad from Bar Harbor to Fort Green Mount, though they decline to allow it to be constructed through the village of Bar Harbor, which would be needlessly annoyed by steam cars along the shore front.

MOUNT Ktaadn can now be reached much more easily than in former years. A road, passable for buck-boards, was opened last June from Patten to Sandy Stream, leaving only six miles to the Grand Basin to be traversed on foot. At Ktaadn Lake a log-house has been built where accommodations may be secured. Leaving Bangor by the morning train to Mattawamkeag, the tourist can reach Patterson's at evening of the same day.

THE Suwannee Springs Hotel, Florida, was burned in January, and its manager, Mr. Scoville, at once leased the Sanford House, at Sanford, Florida, for the present season.

R. H. SOUTHGATE, lately of the Long Beach Hotel, has become one of the proprietors of Congress Hall, at Saratoga.

THE Hotel Kaaterskill, in the Catskills, will next season be under the management of W. F. Paige, lately of the Grand Hotel.

A DAILY fast mail service between Jacksonville and Palatka has been established.

THE Uplands Hotel, Eastman, Ga., owned by the estate of the late William E. Dodge, is under the management of George A. Farnham, of Saratoga, for this season.

THE new hotel now building by Mr. Isaac Crufts at St. Augustin, Fla., is located just outside the city gates, and will accommodate, when completed, one thousand guests.

A RECENT exploration of the Florida Everglades, made by twelve persons, under command of Major A. P. Williams, results in the statement that the Everglades, from Lake Okeechobee to Cape Sable, are worthless for any purpose of cultivation, that they contain no large tracts of land above water; that they cannot be successfully drained, and that the establishment and maintenance of a telegraph line along the route traversed would be impossible.

Pleasure Travel.

A PARTY of eleven went from Boston to the White Mountains in the last week in January, for a snow-shoe excursion up Mt. Adams; and so little has been done in the way of winter mountain-climbing, that the trip was a notable one, although the weather prevented its entire success. The party consisted of Mr. Scudder, of "Science," Prof. W. H. Pickering, of the Institute of Technology, Mr. R. A. Bullock, Mr. W. B. Clarke, six ladies, and a little boy, and was a very merry one. On Wednesday, the 22d of January, they went to Gorham, and on the following day to the Ravine House and Randolph. On the 24th they tried their snow-shoes, and took a sleigh-ride towards Jefferson, which was arrested by a violent snow-storm; and on Friday

they drove to Berlin Falls, through woods loaded heavily with snow in the most fantastic and beautiful forms. On the following day, Saturday, the 26th, the four gentlemen, with two guides well known to the Appallachians, Watson, of the Ravine House, and Hunt, started on their ascent of Mt. Adams, which has never before been attempted in winter, it is believed. The snow was deep enough to cover the fences, and too soft to bear without snow-shoes. The thermometer was below zero, and a strong wind was blowing; the views, however, were superb, and, owing to the absence of foliage, were very extended. Unfortunately, as the party got above the forest line, and the difficulties of the ascent increased, the fog shut down upon them so heavily that, while they were still six or eight hundred feet below the summit, they were obliged to turn back. All of the ascending party were frost-bitten, without exception, though they did not feel the cold painfully otherwise. On Sunday they drove to Jefferson, and were rewarded with a perfect view from that beautiful spot; and on Monday they returned to their homes, leaving the thermometer 18° below at Gorham. The trip was so pleasant that they propose to try it again another season, taking the precaution, however, to attempt the mountain in better weather, to have the path broken out beforehand by the guides, to wear hoods, and prepare for spending the night on the mountain.

WHATEVER affords more prompt and certain communication between the passengers and engineer of a railway train tends toward *increased safety*. A pneumatic connection through a small rubber hose, enabling the conductor or brakeman to sound a small whistle in the cab, by pressing a button in the car, is now being tested as a substitute for the bell-rope.

DURING the year 1883 the Cunard line carried 9,153 cabin passengers across the Atlantic.

THE steamer, "City of Columbus," with a large number of tourists on their way to Florida, was lost on January 18, off Gay Head, on the Massachusetts coast. Of the 125 people on board, four-fifths lost their lives from drowning or exposure. The steamer, which was new, and rated first-class, struck a rock, and went down in a few minutes.

ON January 12, the Mexican Central railroad had been completed to a point 634 miles from Paso del Norte, and track-laying was progressing with remarkable speed. The completion of this road will open an extremely interesting country to the ready access of tourists.

THE South Florida railroad was completed no the 23d of January, and the first train from Sanford to Tampa ran over the road on the following day.

THE Delaware and Hudson Canal Company has commenced the building of a second track from Saratoga to Ballston, which, when completed, will leave but eight miles of single track between Albany and Saratoga.

A FAST express train from New Orleans to New York, over the several roads comprising the coast line, has been arranged for, and will soon begin running.

Rowing.

THE Inter-collegiate Rowing Association held its annual meeting at the Fifth Avenue Hotel on Dec. 27. Delegates from Princeton, Cornell, Wesleyan, the University of Pennsylvania, and Bowdoin, were present. The election of officers resulted as follows: President, Mr. Bird, '87, Princeton; Vice-President, Mr. Thompson, '84, Bowdoin; Secretary, Mr. Jones, Pennsylvania; and Treasurer, Mr. Scofield, of Cornell. Messrs. Reed, of Bowdoin; Hoyt of Pensylvania; and Downs, of Wesleyan, were elected the Regatta Committee for 1884. The next regatta will be held at Saratoga, July 4, 1884, a committee of Saratoga hotel and railroad men having offered the Association special advantages in transportation and accommodations. The events will be a four-oared shell race, and a single-scull shell race, over a mile and a half straight-away course. The question of an eight-oared shell race was left for decision to the regatta committee. It was voted to admit four-oared crews or single scullers from any outside college, provided the entry is made thirty days before the regatta, such entry to be an admission of the college to the Association. "If the Association," said an old college oarsman, "will only stick to four-oared shell-racing, the glories of the old institution, which once sent thirteen college crews up abreast for a race, will be revived. Outside of the expense small colleges cannot produce the material for eight-oared shell-racing, and so in both ways large and rich colleges would always have them at a great disadvantage. Besides, there is far more science and sport in a crack four than in a lumbering eight with a coxswain. Because Oxford and Cambridge have an annual hurrah over an eight-oared race is no reason why all our colleges should go into such a contest. Our amateur

clubs used to have ten and twelve and even sixteen-oared crews, but they finally came down to fours as the most sportsmanlike and scientific." That the advantages and desirability of four-oared crews is attracting attention, is evinced by the proposition of a correspondent of the Harvard *Herald-Crimson*, who advocates sending a University four-oared crew to the Sararoga regatta.

Shooting and Fishing.

THE province of Quebec Fish and Game Club has been doing some successful work in enforcing the Game laws, and there has been a gratifying increase of fish in Lake St. Louis and the Two Mountain District in consequence.

WE call the attention of our anglers and piscatorial connoisseurs to the following paragraph which we clip from a letter in a recent number of the London, Eng., *Field*: —

While quietly walking one still day last week beside a small trout stream, watching the fish on their gravelly spawning beds, I saw a large water-rat deliberately dive under and proceed to run his nose like a mole among the stones, in search of the ova which the fish had been depositing. This he did several times, coming to the surface every now and then, and poising himself a moment or two for air. The water was shallow and very clear, and I could therefore watch him narrowly. After several searches on one of these small gravel heaps or washes which the trout had made, he quietly swam down the stream to another, which he began to treat in the same way until I sent him off. Many trout-preservers regard pike as their most deadly enemy, and undoubtedly they do kill some fish; but the action of this water-rat convinced me that, while one jack may perhaps kill ten trout in a season, this unpunished four-legged enemy destroys them by hundreds or perhaps by thousands, seeing that the ova which he does not devour he detaches and disturbs from its thin layer of gravel or stones with which the fish had covered it, and it floats away. Henceforth, I am, as an angler, an enemy to the water-rat.

Yachting.

ONE of the committee arranging for the proposed New England Yachting Association has given the following explanation of the movement to the press: —

Among the yachtmen of New England, especially those residing near Boston and belonging to many of the leading clubs, there has long been felt a desire for a greater uniformity in measurement, time, allowances and other details in yacht-racing rules and regulations. In order to effect this and establish a permanent congress for the consideration of these points as well as the best method of promoting their adoption, it is proposed that each club appoint one or more delegates once a year, who shall meet as often as may be necessary. It is suggested that such a congress would afford a proper authority for the settlement of any important questions arising during the racing season. Yachting head-quarters is important and desirable for all yachtsmen. It would be open to members belonging to any recognized club and be supported either by the yacht clubs and individual members, or by individual members alone. One of the advantages accruing to the clubs in joining would be the privilege of holding meetings in the rooms. The advantage of such a head-quarters is manifest to all yachtsmen, affording a rendezvous for meeting those interested in yachting, to discuss the events of interest in seasons gone by, and to arrange plans for the future. Former experiences in cruising, racing, etc., could there be retold, giving pleasure to the older and instruction to the younger yachtsmen, and the best types of hull and the best rigs, spars, and sails could be thoroughly discussed. Yachting magazines, both foreign and American, and such yachting publications as may be desirable, could there be found, and a bulletin for news, exchanges, sales of yachts, etc., could be established.

It would afford a repository for all new inventions connected with yacht building and fitting; a course of lectures could be inaugurated, and numerous other advantages would eventually arise from the establishment of such an organization, which, it is believed, could be started and maintained at a moderate yearly cost.

It should be distinctly understood that the yachting congress before mentioned, though under the same head of the New England Yachting Association, is entirely separate and distinct in its workings, though entitled to the free enjoyment of the privileges of the head-quarters.

THE Boston Yacht Club is in a flourishing condition. At the January annual meeting of the club, at the Parker House, the report of the treasurer, Mr. Augustus Russ, showed a surplus of $546, after paying a deficit of $250 from 1882, and expending more than $700 on the club-house. The following officers were elected: Commodore, Jacob Pfaff; Vice-Commodore, William L. Lockhart; Rear-Commodore, John B. Meer; Secretary, Thomas Dean; Treasurer, Augustus Russ; Measurers, D. J. Lawler, J. B. Smith; Trustees, B. Dean, T. Mack, Edwin Denton; Regatta Committee, C. F. Loring, J. B. Moody, J. A. Stetson, George H. Tyler, C. L. James; Membership Committee, J. B. Meer, C. H. Plimpton, D. B. Curtis. The constitution of the club was amended so as to provide that representatives of yachts, life members, and other members who have paid ten annual assessments, shall have the right to vote. Delegates to attend the convention of the New England Yachting Association were chosen.

AMENITIES.

YE ANCIENT CORYDON.

I.

He lives by hook or crook, —
  He pipes stale meerschaum airs, —
He knows "life" like a book, —
  The life mid "bulls" and "bears,"
And stocks, and bonds, and shares;
  Sometimes "a flyer" dares,
Then, with the big D, swears.

II.

The rural lambs he'll fleece
  That stray anear his fold;
He plucks the silly geese
  That lay the eggs of Gould.
To-day, in wealth he's rolled,
  Next day (the tale's oft told)
Ye shepherd's badly "sold."

III.

So, with a battered "tile,"
(Wrecked in his Wall-street haunts),
He comes to spend his "pile"
With sisters, cousins, aunts;
And don't they have to dance!
To keep pace with his wants,
As round he gallivants
The *grayest* of gallants.

IV.

Alas! and well-a-day.
His cheeks have lost their bloom:
Chloe and Phyllada
Don't to his whistle come.
The pretty maids look glum;
The widows e'en are mum;—
Oh, beware the flattering "*flum*"
Of ye Ancient Shepherd's "*hum!*"

J. Ives Peake.

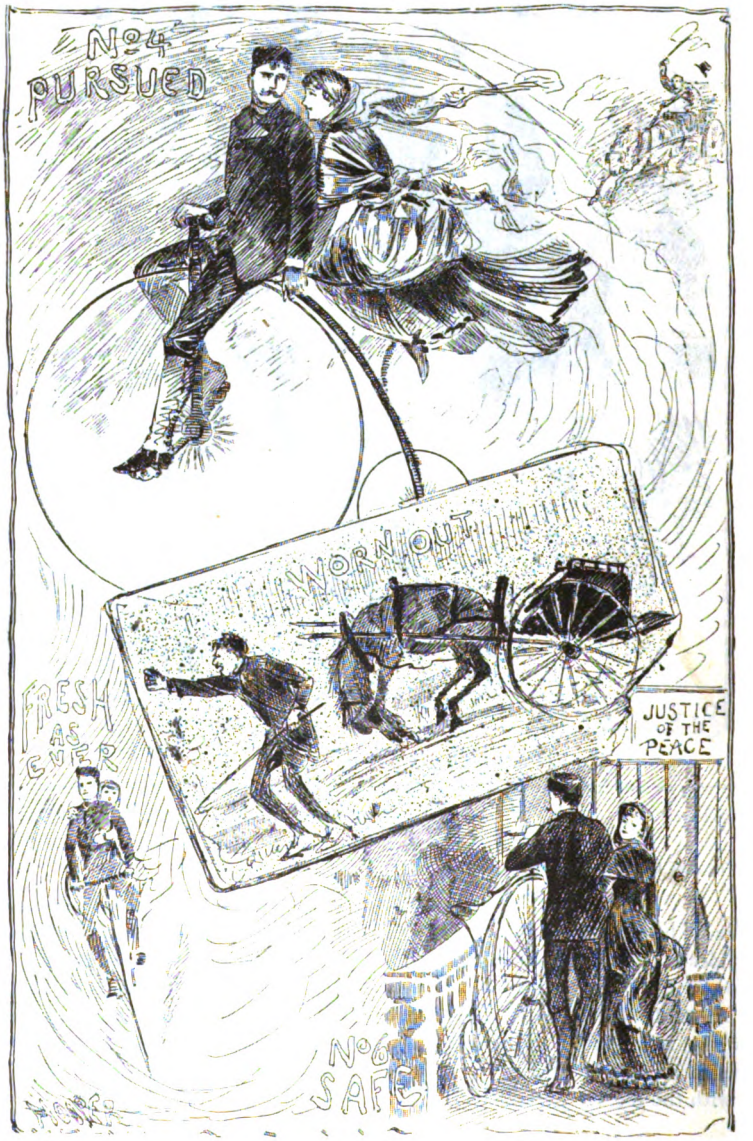
Young and inexperienced house-keeper. — "How much is brown sugar a pound?"

Green-grocer's clerk (not up in prices). — "Ahem — twenty-four cents a pound, marm."

Young and inexperienced house-keeper. — "Goodness! four cents more than white sugar. How is that?"

Green-grocer's clerk (up in expedients). — "They charge more for browning it, marm."

Young and inexperienced house-keeper. — "Ah! yes, to be sure. How stupid!"



THE PUBLISHER'S 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, post-paid, on receipt of price. Booksellers, postmasters, and bicycle agents will receive subscriptions at regular rates. The trade is supplied by the American News Company, New York, our sole agents for the United States and Canada.

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

Volume Three.

THE present issue of OUTING AND THE WHEELMAN closes the volume, and is accompanied by a full index and a title-page, for convenience in binding. Bound volumes will be ready for delivery about the first of March, and will be mailed, post-paid, to any address in the United States or Canada, at $1.50 each. Cases for binding, in brown cloth, with gilt side stamp, will be sent by mail, post-paid, for 60 cents each. Those who possess the last six numbers of the magazine, uncut, in good condition, may exchange them for the bound volume on payment of 75 cents, the purchaser paying transportation charges *both ways*.

The Outing Library.

THERE is no such treasury of literature and art pertaining to the out-door recreations obtainable in any other form, as may be found in the five bound volumes which make up the complete files of the two magazines, OUTING AND THE WHEELMAN, all of which we will send, charges prepaid, on receipt of $6.50. Every out-door club in the country should have this set of bound volumes among its permanent belongings. Their value for reference would be far more than the cost, and the contents, both artistic and literary, will afford a continual feast to the members. We shall be ready to fill orders for the complete set about March 1.

Volume Four.

OUTING will be, during the six months covered by Volume Four, the leading illustrated magazine of the world, devoted wholly to the literature and art of out-of-doors. Its contributors will be those most eminent and broadly informed in their special departments of the general field. Its artists will be among the best in the world, and their work will be better and more abundant than can be found anywhere else in kindred literature. Its editor will keep the magazine *en rapport* with the best and brightest thought of the time on recreative topics, and present each month a rich and varied feast of literature and art for his daily growing constituency of readers. What has been done in the two magazines, now merged in one, is only a suggestion of the work which we confidently expect to accomplish in the months to come.

Words of Cheer.

THAT the new departure of this magazine, and the purpose which underlies it, are heartily appreciated and approved by its readers, we have most agreeable testimony in our daily mails. A single extract so well illustrates the tone and purport of many letters that we feel justified in laying it before our readers. The letter comes from Wyoming: "I wish to compliment OUTING AND THE WHEELMAN, and, of course, its management, upon the position already gained, and the still higher regard in store for it among such of the public as think that the best of the world is out-of-doors, and not included within the four gaudy walls of the modern parlor; that sunlight and the light of moon and stars have not yet been improved upon by gas companies and experiments with magnets and batteries; and that healthy parts are better than attenuated imitations of the human form divine, with bloodless flesh and questionable livers; that the book of nature is as valuable an acquisition for the human family as the latest French novel; that a man may be refined and healthy, and that a woman

may have ruddy cheeks (natural) and at the same time be a lady. The field is a broad one, and OUTING enters upon its work thoroughly well."

AND, while we are about it, let us give a sample sentence or two from the kindly and appreciative notices of the press, which have been so abundantly given. The Boston *Herald*, for instance, says: "The first number is a magnificent issue, invaluable to any one loving out-door recreations. The illustrations are in the highest style of art."

THE *Christian Union*, which is itself devoting a good deal of attention to physical culture and out-of-door life, says: "Good physiques is the watchword of the hour. . . This work is destined to go on till we learn how not only to make the most of what is born, but to insure that the best shall be born. Such a publication as OUTING AND THE WHEELMAN, with its fine art department, and with the push and enthusiasm of young blood in it, cannot but work beneficent results in the present generation."

HERE is the revised verdict of the *American Garden* on the union of OUTING with THE WHEELMAN, which is tersely and heartily stated: "During its two years of existence OUTING had become so endeared to us that we felt unfeigned regret when we read the notice of its combination with THE WHEELMAN, as it seemed hardly possible that improvement could result from combining with any magazine. When the January number appeared, with OUTING all on wheels, we perceived that our apprehensions had become verified. But, lo and behold! there comes the February number, not only full of the familiar ring of unlimited, universal outing, but refreshed, invigorated, rejuvenated: outing on the St. John's, in Florida; outing over the Alps; outing under the Southern Cross; outing by the side of the "Summer Sweetheart"; outing at home; outing everywhere. Mr. Editor, we tender you our apology for doubting your ability to improve OUTING; you have done it! Success to OUTING AND THE WHEELMAN!"

THAT the magazine is of even greater interest to those concerned in bicycling since its modification is the unanimous testimony of the wheeling press, as well as of our daily letter mail. These words from the *Bicycling News*, of London, are a compliment fully appreciated: "The incorporation of the magazine OUTING with the American WHEELMAN, cannot fail to adduce to the success of the latter journal. . . . Once more the unique, practical, and splendidly artistic illustrations in the number are noticeable. . . OUTING AND THE WHEELMAN stands alone in its excellence among magazines devoted to athletics, and we recommend every 'cyclist to subscribe for it."

Sundry Reminders.

YACHTING on the New England coast affords the topic for a picturesque and timely paper soon to be published. It is from the pen of Arthur Dodd, of the Hull Yacht Club, and is richly illustrated by prominent artists. The general subject of yachting, from its recreative rather than its racing side, will receive full attention in this magazine during the current year.

"SUMMER DAYS IN THE CATSKILLS," by Mrs. Abbie Crocker Percy, richly illustrated by D. D. G. Stone, an artist who has spent twenty-five years among the mountains, and knows their secrets most intimately, will be a leading attraction for one of our early summer issues. The mountains are treated from the point of view of the summer visitor, and large amount of a careful information, together with vivid and picturesque description, is given.

OUR new Prospectus and Premium List is uniquely and richly illustrated, and contains information that will interest every reader of the magazine. We send a copy on receipt of two-cent stamp to any applicant.

THE second part of "Le Masq'Allonge," written in President Bates' inimitable style, will appear in our April issue, and will be found to complete a most fascinating sketch.

AN AVERAGE "TABLE OF CONTENTS"

FROM

The Christian Union.