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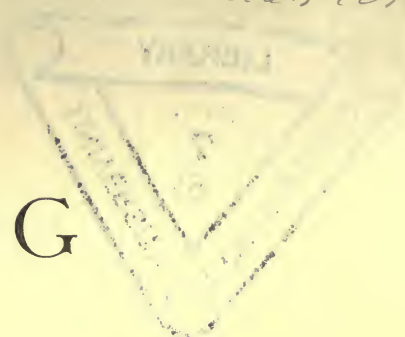




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OUTING

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

SPORT, TRAVEL AND RECREATION.

VOL. XX.

APRIL—SEPTEMBER, 1892.

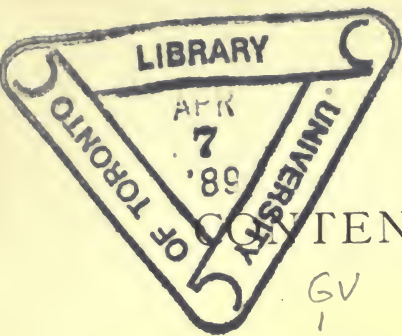
JAMES H. WORMAN, *Editor in Chief.*

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YORKVILLE BELLE.

PAINTED BY HENRY T. STULL.

OUTING.

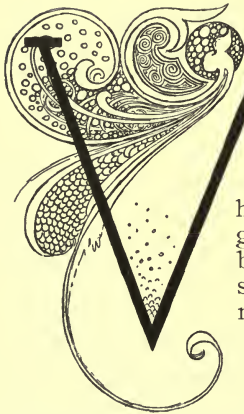
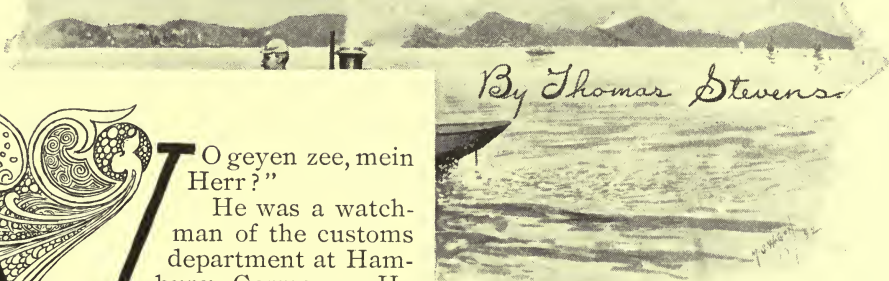
VOL. XX.

APRIL, 1892.

No. 1.

ACROSS EUROPE WITH A PETROLEUM LAUNCH.

FROM THE GERMAN OCEAN TO THE BLACK SEA.



O geyen zee, mein Herr?"

He was a watchman of the customs department at Hamburg, Germany. He had seen me come and go a number of times, bringing my traps and supplies of food and necessaries aboard the

Julia, as the graceful little American petroleum launch, the like of which he had

never seen before, lay snugly havened within his beat behind a raft of Bohemian balks. He had asked no questions. Now, however, as he stood looking on, and perceived that the end of my preparations had come, his pent-up curiosity found vent in words.

"Vo geyen zee, mein Herr?"

"Toot! toot! toot!" answered the *Julia* shrilly, it being the privilege of small steam launches, no less than small humans, to answer saucily the questions of the full-grown world. Her captain, however, returned a civil answer to a civil question: "I was just starting on a river cruise across Europe, up the

Elbe and down the Danube to the Black Sea."

"Mein Gott!—das Schwarze Meer mit dem kleinen Dampfer?"

"Yes, to the Black Sea, with the little steamer." She was little, to be sure, for so great a voyage, only seventeen feet over all; but did my German friend know of any reason why she shouldn't be equal to the undertaking?

"Nein"—none that he could speak of positively. All things seemed possible to Americans. No doubt I was a rich man, and rich people could do anything. Still he had never before heard of anything quite so extraordinary.

"Nein"—he didn't know for certain whether the Elbe and Danube were connected by canal. I could learn that better at Magdeburg or Dresden. If not the *Julia* would, of course, come back to Hamburg, when he hoped the Herr American would not forget to

place it under his charge again. "Adieu!"

"Toot! toot!" It was four o'clock in the afternoon of June 16th when the *Julia* glided out from behind the rafts, and with a piping whistle, started on her long and eventful cruise. Of all harbors in the world, the Hamburg haven, opposite the American Quay, is perhaps the busiest, about four p. m. of a summer afternoon. Space is limited, and in an area none too large for the traffic, scores of craft of many sizes and varieties were plowing the waters, crossing each other's course at every conceivable angle. A swaggering tug darted out from behind a big ocean steamer, and, ere we were fairly in the open, with a screaming note of warning, crossed the bow of the *Julia* within twenty feet. The tug-men laughed derisively as our little "dampfboot" kicked up her heels in the wash, and rolled and pitched through it.

Familiar enough with horse or bicycle as a means of locomotion, the writer, at once captain, engineer, pilot and crew of the *Julia*, was by no means an expert in this multiple office. An hour's in-

struction from Messrs. Clay & Torbensen (the makers), on the Delaware River, was the extent of my experience, and a brief study of printed instructions the sum of my knowledge.

Confidence, inspired by the ease and simplicity with which the boat had been managed at the trial trip on the Delaware a month before, rather than technical knowledge, was my equipment for the venture. A strong wind and a flood tide, together with the wash of tugs and steamships, gave us a sea to begin with that inspired the *Julia* to treat us to a remarkably neat exhibition of gymnastics ere we got clear of the "hafen."

My fellow-voyager was a German-American gentleman, a fellow-passenger across the Atlantic, who had volunteered to accompany me up the Elbe *en route* to his old home at Leipsic. But I was not fated to enjoy the advantages of his companionship beyond that hour or so of tumbling progress through the harbor. Before we were half through the scurrying traffic and the roughened waters, our friend complained of an intolerable thirst, which continued to increase until we reached the smooth water of a suburban inlet, where, the object of getting clear of the harbor being accomplished, the night was to be spent. My fellow-voyager returned to Hamburg, though no longer thirsty, and never honored the *Julia* again by coming aboard.

There is not much on the lower reaches of the Elbe to go into raptures over. The *Julia's* crew of one, however, was in a frame of mind to make the most of anything that might turn up, as she steamed briskly against the current. The sense of possession and mastery, as the mere opening of a valve set the little one-horse-power engine to throbbing at a passionate rate and the propeller to churning the water into a streak of silvery foam, was, to a novice, eloquent of cruising joys, present and prospective. The adverse current seemed to stimulate the little craft to exhibitions of heroic endeavor, as though between boat and captain, as with horse and rider, there was a subtle sympathy almost amounting to a mutual understanding and a common ambition.

Indeed, there can be small doubt as to the ambition, even considered apart from the length of the cruise we had embarked upon; for anything and



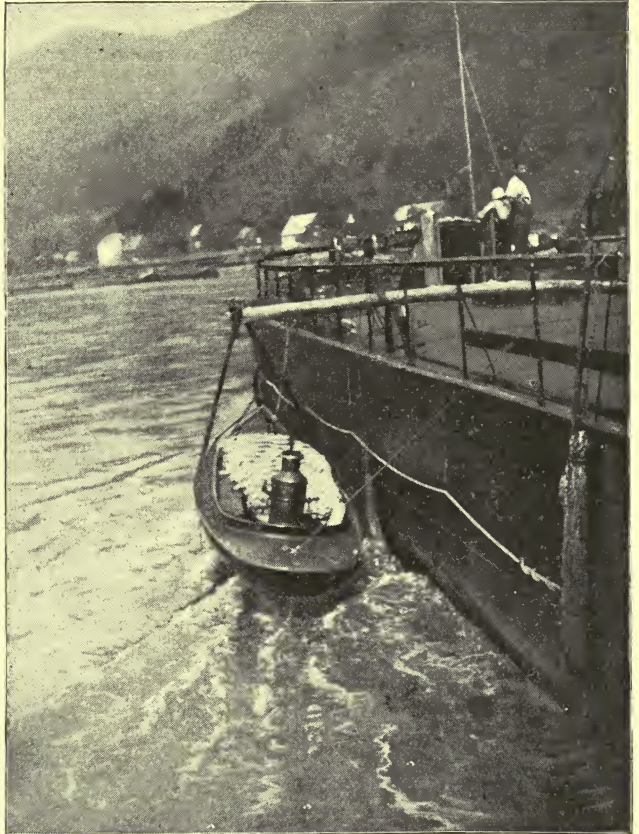
THE SNUG HARBOR AT HAMBURG.

everything bound up-stream was boldly challenged to trials of speed. The express passenger boats plying between Hamburg and Magdeburg quickly gave us their wash, and the passengers enjoyed thoroughly the sight of the small American launch dancing through the swells of the big boats.

We soon gave up these futile attempts and turned our attention sportively to opponents, which, though equally big and swift, bore greater burdens. These were the freight steamers, and tugs towing long strings of huge barges, some empty, others laden with English coal, Scotch firebricks, or miscellaneous cargo from Hamburg to Berlin, Magdeburg and Dresden. No inconsiderable part of the enormous tonnage that arrives at Hamburg, from all quarters of the world, finds its way inland up the Elbe. Berlin, more of an inland city than any other great European capital, is connected to the Elbe by canals that link together the Havel, the Spree, and the navigable "sees" of the Brandenburg plain. Hundreds of barges, of a thousand tons capacity each, are employed in carrying freight by way of the Elbe and these subsidiary streams and canals, between Berlin and Hamburg. Other fleets ply between Hamburg and Magdeburg, Dresden and beyond.

The barges and their families, who live aboard, were bluff and hardy Prussian water-folks, uncouth in speech and manner, but they early won my good opinion by a readiness to oblige, and a genuine concern for the welfare of the *Julia*. They took an enormous fancy to the launch, such a "klein dampfer" compared with craft of their acquaintance. Nor was their interest lessened by a decision promptly arrived at among themselves, that I, being an American, and the owner of a steam pleasure-boat, must surely be enormously rich.

Dear me! is it worth while trying to disabuse the German mind? As Japs are born polite, and tadpoles with tails, so are Germans born with the conviction that Americans are made of money. I was a "rich American," and as honest Prussian barges seldom have the priv-



A FRIENDLY LIFT.

ilege of personal contact with millionaire Americans, they were more than willing with proffers of kindly advice, good will, and cups of coffee, as we exchanged such scraps of one another's language as we knew.

Scenery improves as one gets further inland, and well away from the flat country west of Domnitz. Quaint old villages half hidden in foliage, and distinguished by church spires, dotted the landscape, while in every direction equally quaint, old-fashioned windmills waved their giant arms in the breeze. For hours the *Julia* steamed through a dairy and hay-growing plain, where the meadows were alive with hundreds

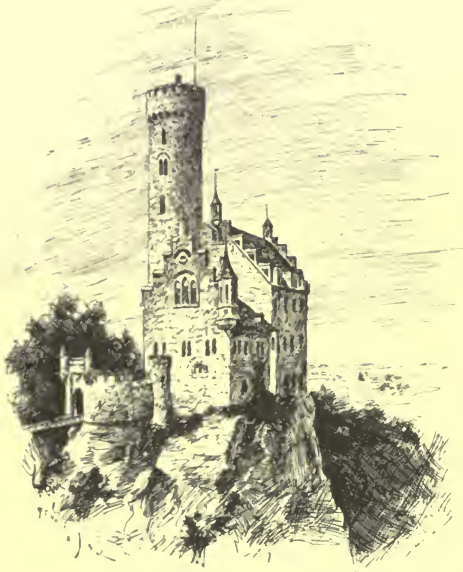


Wm. W. Wood
1891

"AN EARLY DAWN." (p. 8.)



"AFTER SUNSET." (p. 10.)



BURG LICHTENSTEIN.

of Germany's incomparable female slaves, the wives and daughters of Kaiser William's equally incomparable "soldaten." Ten women to one man, I should say, was about the proportion of the sexes at work in field and meadow. They—the women—seemed to like it, judging from the sounds of chatter and merry laughter that came to my ears with every breath of wind. And gangs of them came racing and romping in merry disorder to the river-side, to look and wave kerchiefs at the little steamer with the American flag.

Although I had seen and heard them years before, now as then, their light-heartedness sounded like a mockery of their hard fate. "What is the secret of their light hearts?" one asks with increasing wonder, reflecting upon the uniform drudgery of their lives; their meagre pay of a mark or less a day; their fare of coarse rye bread.

The query conjures up other scenes, other slaves of the same age and sex but dusky hue, slaves in law as well as in fact, on Arab plantations of the Zanzibar islands. And it is remembered that they were gayer and lighter of heart, even than these. There seemed no other explanation than their life of work in the open air, and the absence of ambition, care and responsibility, belonging to the life of people

who have nothing, nor ever expect to have anything, to lose.

But it is an old theme, worn to a thread by every American tourist who pens his or her impressions of European life—this degradation of woman. No need, therefore, of dwelling on it here. There was nothing, outwardly visible, at least, in the crowds of healthy-looking young women who ran to the river to see the *Julia* steam past, to excite commiseration, and I was in no frame of mind for probing beneath the surface of their hard case. Rather let us congratulate ourselves on our own fortunate situation, that enables 60,000,000 people, to do with the mere nucleus of an army. Thanks to the Atlantic, our men do not have to play soldier and compel the women to undertake the drudgery of the fields. The narrow strip of tossing water between Calais and Dover performs, though in less degree, the same kindly office for the people of England.

These are, however, but passing thoughts; and one's nose felt grateful to the merry hay-tossers for the fragrance of their new-mown hay that filled the valley of the Elbe and added zest to the pleasures of the cruise. In a measure, it compensated for the lack of sunshine, for the heavy showers that occasionally descended to the discomfiture of haymakers and voyager alike.

Towns were passed, and near them the inevitable bathing establishments, one for either sex of the civil population, and, in garrison towns, one for the soldiers. They are floating bath-houses, built on rafts moored in the stream a short distance from the shore. Admir-



OUT OF ITS ELEMENT.

able institutions these, and to be found in every German town of any size, where water is available. At the garrison towns, every day during summer, throngs of soldiers are seen at the military baths, learning to swim under the direction of masters of the art. Others are practicing the rescue of drowning persons, and various aquatic feats that are likely to stand soldiers in good stead in time of war.

Soldiers and the probability of war are, indeed, ever before one, on road, rail or river, in Kaiserland. All these river steamers and barges are, like the railway wagons and every other means of conveyance in the country, numbered and scheduled to form units in the vast and elaborate military transport system of the empire. Most of the boatmen are men who have served in the marine, a compulsory term of service, and belong to the naval reserve.

After four days' progress the Elbe developed a variety of scenery. Hills covered with pine forests crop up on the plain. But cold, rainy weather prevailed for the most part on the Elbe, and my camping experiences at night were not always such as to tempt one to dwell on the memories of these earlier days of the cruise.

My plans for the summer were deliciously vagabond in character, requiring but fine weather and ordinary good fortune to insure a very pleasant cruise. I practically lived on the launch, cooking, eating and sleeping aboard. A couple of chafing dishes, a bottle of alcohol and a box of matches enabled me to fire up at any time, while hot water for a cup of tea was always to be had from the boiler by simply opening a valve. At any village on the banks bread, eggs, butter, sugar, as well as petroleum for fuel, could be obtained. Ample lockers afforded stowage-room for food, clothes, books and sundries. Rugs spread in the bottom of the boat, with overcoat rolled up for pillow, was a bed barely wide enough for my shoulders, but sufficiently luxurious for one accustomed to camping out. A light tarpaulin spread over all, shielded bed and sleeper from the dews of fine nights and the rain of wet ones.

My preference for the night was to tie, or anchor, in some quiet nook, sheltered from the current, and out of the way of passing craft. Here, after get-

ting a frugal supper, and whiling away the remaining twilight with hook and line, or a book, I would turn in, and the water lapping against the *Julia's* thin walls would sing a boating lullaby. At towns large enough to sport an hotel, my bill of fare would be augmented by a *table-d'hote* dinner.

The culinary ardor of the average man is apt to expend itself in a very few days; and, discreditable or otherwise, candor compels me to admit that, a week out from Hamburg found the larder of the *Julia* stocked chiefly with cheese, eggs, "wurst" and bread, ingredients eatable without much trouble



SAXON PEASANT GIRLS.

in the way of preparation. Occasionally a fish fell captive to my line, and added variety to my simple bill of fare.

Seven days out I arrived at Magdeburg, and halted for a couple of days. Magdeburg, the capital of the Prussian province of Saxony, a city of 160,000 inhabitants, occupies a strong position on the Elbe. Strong, however, from artificial defenses, rather than from any advantages bestowed by nature. It is the headquarters of an army corps, and a fortress of the first rank, consequently a place of considerable interest and importance from the military point of view. It is one of the hard spots in the

military empire of the Kaisers, against which invading enemies would have to butt their heads, with a fair chance, from appearances, of knocking themselves out.

To peaceful invaders, however, such as the crew of the *Julia*, the city was chiefly interesting as a place of comfortable and well-appointed restaurants, beer-gardens, and military music of an evening. And, neither last nor least, for the excellence of its sausages as ship's stores, "Magdeburger wurst" being famous for many a league up and down the Elbe. Given Magdeburg sausage, Munich beer, saurkraut, and the excellent military music everywhere heard in German cities, and nine Germans out of ten ask for no better heaven.

Magdeburg, too, is the headquarters of the German beet-root sugar industry, and many of the barges of the Elbe fleets, drift with the current down to Hamburg laden with sugar. The development of the beet-sugar industry has been the salvation of thousands of German peasants and landlords, it being, on the whole, their best-paying crop. Land yields from fifteen to twenty tons of beets per acre, which sell at the sugar factories for twenty to thirty marks per ton. Railway cars piled high with beets, form part of every freight train on many German lines in the autumn; boat-loads are seen on the canals, and wagon loads on the roads, all streaming toward the factories. Next to the brewing of beer, the manufacture of beet sugar is probably the largest industrial enterprise in Germany. Beer, however, is at an astonishing distance in the lead.

Above Magdeburg the Elbe flows through a level country, of very little interest for the most part, except for the great "Herzogliche," the forest of the Duke of Anhalt, which extends for miles along the southern shore. It was Sunday, and boat-loads of holiday-makers were passed, their boats decorated with branches of trees. They had been picnicing and drinking beer in the forest, enjoying themselves in the characteristic German way. A keg of beer, a basket of bread and sausages and a couple of accordions are the simples out of which a dozen families of Germans manage to get a day of genuine enjoyment in the country on a holiday. On

the way homeward, after the day's outing, there was song and merriment, but no drunkenness or note of quarrelsome jarred on the ear. They had been towed up-stream in the morning by a passing string of barges, and were now drifting homeward with the current, their skiffs half hidden beneath green boughs, while accordions were playing and manly voices sang appropriate woodland songs.

They, of course, took a friendly interest in the American voyager and his "klein dampfer." They wished I would drop down-stream with them and escort them home, a proceeding which would, as they rightly interpreted, have added considerably to the éclat of their return. Foregoing the pleasure of this invitation, I was advised to reach the village of Klein Wittenberg for the evening, where there was always a peasant ball on Sunday evenings.

I attended the ball in company of a steamboat captain who could speak English. In a large, plain hall some two hundred couples were waltzing to the music of an orchestra, which my friend, the captain, with a German's disdainful criticism of inferior music, declared to be made up of tailors rather than musicians.

But the crowd were enjoying themselves most thoroughly. The entire population of the place appeared to be collected in the room. Fifty beer-tables occupied the space around the walls; and at these sat the old folks, fathers, mothers and grandparents of Klein Wittenberg, knitting stockings, drinking beer and gossiping, whilst the younger generation circled in couples in the central space. Occasionally some spry matron or fat hausfrau, carried away by the sight, and the memory of younger days, would select a partner and take a few turns around the room. The sole refreshments were beer and cigars; but, needless to say, these were consumed in incredible quantities. The place reeked with smoke, and a small host of waiters were kept busy flitting to and fro with glasses and huge mugs of the favorite Munchener and Pilsener to those able to indulge their preferences, and local or "brownbier" to others.

It was amusing to watch the dancers. Many a young couple, yielding to the sentiment inherent in the German nature, and perhaps, to some extent, also

in German beer, literally laid their heads together, cheek to cheek, in the most affectionate manner, as they circled slowly and methodically round and round. While waiting for the next dance many strolled about the room with arms encircling one another's waists, while rustic Romeos, or soldiers, made up to favorite damsels and jocularly chucked them under the chin.

All this under the eyes, and not without the approval, of parents and grandparents at the tables. The whole scene was naively simple; no prudery, no affectation, no presumption.

Beyond Klein Wittenberg the scenery continued uninteresting, until, beyond Torgau, I passed into the kingdom of Saxony, and approached the charming hills and forests of the Saxon Switzerland. The tug up-stream, against a current of ever-increasing strength, through an uninteresting country in rainy weather, had been somewhat monotonous. But now I was steaming through one of the loveliest regions in all Europe; a region of pine-clad hills dotted with vineyards, villages, summer hotels, villas and castles. Whenever the sun shone my camera was leveled at some charming scene, and pictorial mementoes of the spot secured. At one spot, where a number of pretty villas and hotels had been built beneath a cliff of rock, and vineyards graced the slopes of the hills, is painted in huge letters the legend, "Satchen Riviera." And, as the *Julia* passed by, stemming the swift current but slowly, enabling me to dwell upon the beauties of the place, the name appeared to be by no means boastfully applied.

Here, too, I began to encounter long rafts of timber and telegraph poles in charge of top-booted Bohemians, who were guiding them down to the cities of the Lower Elbe. They sported little Bohemian flags fore and aft, and greeted me in the strange Czech tongue. As I neared Dresden the river narrowed in places so that a stone might be tossed across; and so swift was the current that I was glad to accept the friendly offers of a line from passing barges. Soaking rains had been the daily program for several days past, and it was with no slight sense of relief that I reached Dresden, and, making all snug aboard the *Julia*, placed her in charge of a bath-house keeper, resolved to wait for better weather.

Dresden! Dear old Dresden; with its incomparable picture gallery; its Brühl Terrace; its Grünes Gewölbe; its cafés and restaurants, and comfortable and reasonable hotels; its beer gardens and grenadier bands of an evening; its English and American colony, and above all, its American summer tourists! All have been described so often, and in such detail, that any attempt to repeat here would be unpardonable. I "do" the picture gallery, *Baedeker's* in hand, following along in the wake of a party who are doing precisely the same thing.

It is, perhaps, in the picture galleries of the Old World that a certain type of young American womanhood, and her peculiarities, are to be seen to the best advantage. The naiveté and independence of more than one are forever engraved on the memory of the captain of the *Julia*, in connection with the art treasures of the Zwinger.

There is a certain type of our charming countrywomen who have taken of late to racing about Europe, who, when seen in the art galleries, typify, better than anything else possibly could, "Liberty seeking enlightenment." They are to be seen in parties of three, four, or a half-dozen, always without male attendants, and each with a red guide-book in one hand and a pencil in the other. One of the party wears spectacles and seems to be chaperone. She is usually a maiden lady of a certain age, tall, lean, resigned and sallow, very scholarly in appearance, and looking as if she had taught a Sabbath-school class without taking a vacation or missing a Sunday for thirty years past, and was now engaged upon the one novel and interesting experience of her life.

The others are young in years, but over-knowing and preternaturally matured in intellect. Each of them looks so uncommonly capable of taking care of herself, that the fiction of a chaperone strikes you as being peculiarly comical. So far from requiring the supervision of the scholarly lady with the resigned expression and the spectacles, even the youngest of the party looks capable enough, and trusty enough, to chaperone a whole European young ladies' seminary.

This party knows all about the pictures in the gallery, too! Correggio's "La Notte," "Susanna at the Bath," Vanderwerff's "Judgment of Paris"—

all these are "too lovely for words." Others are "tolable," many are "simply horrid" or "stupid," as the case may be.

A strange and intrusive atmosphere of freedom seems to light up each room the moment this party enters, and, for the time, the natives of the place with their subdued movements and reverential remarks seem strangely unimportant. Why, indeed, are these "furriners" so stupid and slow? Why do they sit and gaze like daft people for an hour at one picture, when anybody with eyes can see everything in it in half a minute? Why, indeed! And so this precocious party gallop on from room to room, seeing everything, missing nothing. Or, if you, being slow or sceptical, doubt it, facts are facts, and either of them can prove by her catalogue that every picture has been seen, and checked off with the pencil, in the guide. Not one have they missed; and now there is nothing more to be seen but the Madonna.

Fully five minutes of their precious time is expended in contemplative criticism of Raphael's famous picture, the lion of the Dresden gallery and the pride of the Kingdom of Saxony. That, of course, is "lovely;" so lovely that they greet it with a chorus of half-suppressed "ohs!" The wondrous beauty and simplicity of soul in the face of the mother; the startled expression of the child Jesus, who appears to be fearfully aware of his tremendous destiny, hold captive our party of enthusiasts for all these minutes—this picture for which one million dollars has been offered and refused.

But, far be it from the purpose of the

captain of the *Julia* to describe picture galleries and museums, or to dwell on the peculiarities of our rapidly-increasing shoals of summer tourists. Many of these latter hail from the corn-fields of the West, and never saw a great painting before. Small wonder, then, if they sometimes display more enterprise than knowledge in criticising what they see. It means, not only that they have not had the European's advantages of great national art treasures at their doors, but also that thousands of Americans may be of very ordinary culture, yet rich enough to indulge in the luxury of trips abroad. By which process of reasoning, it will be seen that our party of young people are a source of pride and credit to their country.

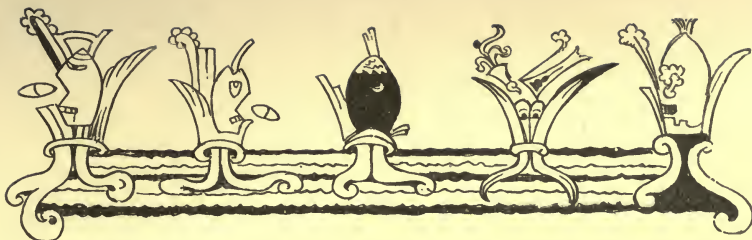
Dresden grows on one, and few are the visitors who do not love to linger in the Saxon capital, with its wealth of art, its dreamy, droning life. But midsummer was hard upon us, the cruise to the Black Sea but fairly begun, and no improvement in the weather.

The Elbe was swollen with the unusual rains, and the current so swift and strong that the *Julia*, with her one-horsepower engine, could make but sorry headway against it. Moreover, every mile up into the highlands would add to the velocity of the current. The more interesting part of the cruise would be the Danube; therefore, no more of the summer must be spent in creeping up, at a laborious pace, against so strong a current as the Elbe between Dresden and Aussig. At Aussig the *Julia* would have to be taken overland to the nearest point on the Danube, anyway, as there is no canal connecting the two rivers.

To be continued.



DIE WALHALLA.



A CIGARETTE FROM CARCINTO.

A BIT OF MEXICAN ADVENTURE.

BY EDWARD FRENCH.



WE were sitting in the hotel in San Antonio, and the conversation had taken that satisfactory turn and confidential coloring which it will take amongst congenial companions round an open wood

fire. We had been expressing our individual opinions about men and things, especially men, and had derived a sleepy satisfaction from our general criticisms. There were men among us who had seen a good deal of frontier life, and, as one man said, "he had seen so many men die with their boots on, it seemed the natural end." My nearest neighbor in the circle was a young artist from New Orleans, known throughout the city as "Jim the Painter," from the art he practiced to get his living. He turned and asked me if I knew Jack Dunton; and when I denied the honor, he said: "Well, you ought to; he is a map of the whole Indian country." This awakened my interest. I found that Dunton was living in San Antonio, that his life had been really wonderful in experiences and adventures, that he was very intelligent as well as recklessly brave, and finally, that his acquaintance was worth any man's time to cultivate. Later in the evening we walked over to Dunton's office, a long, pleasant room in the second story of a flat-roofed *adobe* building that covered nearly half an acre. Both its stories were crammed full of the goods he sold—wagons, harnesses, and all sorts of agricultural tools.

Dunton's own room was a mighty interesting place, principally in its decorations. The walls and doorways were hung with bright-colored and strange-figured Mojave and Navajoe blankets, skins and weapons were scattered around or arranged as trophies, while clumsy and rude implements of Aztec and Mexican fashioning, from Yucatan to Chihuahua, were suspended against the sides, or heaped in the corners. A large open fire, with blazing cedar logs, filled the room with the aromatic odor so pleasant and characteristic of that wood, and lighted it with fitful glares. There were many interesting stories connected with this collection, and every article in the room seemed to remind Dunton of an experience or incident in his varied career. After being introduced and comfortably seated in a chair, he passed us cigars, and while we were lighting these preliminaries to sociability he drew a square of corn husk from one side-pocket of his sack coat and a pinch of tobacco from the other side-pocket, and quietly rolled a cigarette, which gave out a pungent, penetrating odor. It was not disagreeable, but it struck me as being peculiar, even for Texas. Upon remarking that it seemed different from ordinary tobacco, Dunton replied, "It is, and I have good reason to like it, for once it saved my life."

This aroused my curiosity, and with some little urging he told us the story. "This tobacco," said Dunton, "comes from the town of Carcinto, quite a mining settlement of *adobe* houses and stockades, surrounding a Mexican convict station in the center of the state of Chihuahua. It is made by the convicts, who treat the ordinary tobacco with the juice of a native plant, which gives it

the pungent flavor you notice and, I suspect, a slight narcotic power; be that as it may, now that I am used to it, other tobacco is flat and tasteless. I was down there some years ago, trying to sell the mine-owners some carts, harness, and things in my line, and I became well acquainted with the nature of these convicts, and I tell you, I would rather take my chances in a den of mountain lions than among those fellows when they revolt. At such times they are madly insane, and nothing is too hellish for them.

"I had made a good thing of my deal and was anxiously waiting for an escort,—for I had four thousand Mexican dollars, and a man of my shape takes no chances in toting money around in that country.

"The day that I remember particularly—and you will see I have reason to—was the day before I was to go out from the mine with the mule train. That afternoon I went in the levels with Señor Bustino, one of the owners, a gentleman, every inch of him—and I tell you, no finer gentleman walks the earth than a high-caste Mexican of Castilian blood.

"I had sold them a few dozen American pickaxes, and one of the convict gangs was to try them that day for the first time. It was the first lot of pickaxes ever used in that mine, and, as the sequel proved, the last. The men were doing with them twice the business they had formerly done with their clumsy heavy hoes. Two soldiers with *escopetas* were on guard, and two overseers with pistols and heavy canes were directing the work. To get a better and nearer view, Señor Bustino and I crowded through until we came to the rotten ledge filled with the silver, upon which they worked. The convicts stopped and gazed upon us curiously, some of them pushing back their long black hair out of their eyes and staring with undisguised wonder at me, for I was a *gringo*, a *heretico*, and a strange object to them in those early days, with my paler skin and peculiar dress. Near me was a large black fellow, bare to the waist. He was short-necked and broad-shouldered, and his cheeks were so high as to partly close his little fierce eyes; his nose was low and flat, while his chin was sharp and prominent, with a deep scowl; in fact, a

bundle of animal appetites and passions done up in a hideous form. As we passed he drew from the folds of his drawers—the only clothing he wore—a pinch of tobacco and a corn husk, and making a cigarette he stepped to one of the grease-wood torches and lighted it, blowing out a great cloud of pungent, aromatic smoke from his broad nostrils, that filled the space around us with the odor you noticed from my cigarette.

"That was my first experience with that tobacco, and, indeed, my first smell of its peculiar odor, and I have never forgotten it. I dined that evening with the old señor and was introduced to his family; his wife, a Mexican lady prematurely aged—as they all are, two daughters, handsome as angels, and was shown the picture of their son, a young man who was then being educated in Paris. They were delightful people, especially to one who had been trucking for weeks across the dusty plains of Chihuahua, with only *peons* and mules for company, and we had a fiery Mexican dinner, spiced with the jokes of the village priest, who was an honored guest. At ten, with the hearty wishes of the whole family, and after the elaborate Mexican custom of withdrawal, I left them. As I sauntered out in the moonlight I could not shut out of my mind the brutish face of the convict in the mine. Perhaps the round faces and handsome eyes of the señor's pretty daughters may have emphasized the memory of the convict's ugly head; otherwise I was in a happy mood.

"I turned the corner of the street and entered a short dark lane that led toward the prison stockade. There was an occasional *adobe* house, but the street was mostly lined with the miserable mud *jacals* of the poorer Mexicans. I had hardly gotten well into it when I sniffed the same pungent odor that the convict's cigarette had given out. It startled me a trifle, conjuring up, as it did, the hideous mental picture of the man. I had but just realized this association when I heard the clanging of the cathedral bells in that hurried, nervous manner which has alarm in its every note—for the tone of a bell always partakes of the state that its ringer is in. I heard the sound of approaching voices, loud and fierce, mixed with the alarming notes of the bells, and I stepped into the dark doorway of the nearest house. Next, there

was the spitting of bare feet on the hard street, and a yelling crowd hurriedly rushed by my hiding-place, leaving a trailing smell of the same tobacco. I noticed the gleam of white handles in the moon-lighted street that I had seen in the yellow light of the mine, and then I knew that the convicts had revolted, and that they were armed with the pick-axes I had sold the mining company.

"The bells continued to clang out their terror, and the distant shouting became blended into the continuous murmur that you hear from a distant crowd of excited people. Once in a while the roar of an *escopeta* would be heard, and soon I saw a magenta glow in the sky, and I knew the town had been fired. Then followed the rapid snapping of pistols, and soon the bellow of the old brass *escopetas* denoted that the guards had mustered, and that there was an organized resistance to the revolt. All this occurred quicker than I can tell it. I concluded to get back into the broad street I had just come out of, for if there is to be shooting, I want a clear space and as much light as I can get.

"Just as I turned the corner, on a run, with both of my colts on a shooting level—for, by the way, it is always best to come upon your enemy suddenly and surprise him before he knows you are there—I saw several bodies in the street, and in the distance some dozen men retreating. I stopped near by the first body I came to; and to my horror I saw it was the still warm corpse of Señor Bustino. As I paused and stooped to more closely examine, I thought I could detect the lingering smell of that hellish convict's tobacco. Had the fiends attacked my host's home and dragged him insensate through the streets, or had he been slain whilst hurrying to the post of duty, at the sound of the alarm he knew well the meaning of? If the former, good God! what had been the fate of his wife and lovely daughters? The very thought momentarily unnerved me; and if the convicts had not yet wreaked their vengeance, could I reach them in time to be of effective service? Louder and louder roared the tumult, nearer and nearer came the flashing, glinting lights of torch and pistol, and as I swept round into the street in which Señor Bustino's house stood I could see,

pouring down the hill toward it, a demoniac gang led by the bare-breasted convict whose baleful face had haunted me.

"I found the señora and her daughters alone and, thank God! unharmed; but not a moment too soon, for even as I hurried them through into the darkness of the night the convicts, with curses on their tongues, lust in their heart, and red ruin in their hands, swarmed into the house. A momentary check came as their leader and another fell in the narrow door, beneath the fire of my two revolvers, and the flames which leaped up from that erewhile home lent their last protection in the shadow they cast, which enabled us, by availing ourselves of it, to escape. By the time we arrived at my hotel the convicts had flown to the mountains and we heard the story of the revolt. If I had not smelled that tobacco I should not have concealed myself in the doorway, my life would not have been worth a picayune, and you may imagine what would have been the fate of my hostess and her household. Señor Bustino, it appeared, had fallen a victim to the high chivalry which prompted him, hearing the bell and knowing its meaning, to hastily summon his servants, and with five or six armed *peons* hasten out to overtake me and bid me return to his house until all danger was over. He had met the convicts, who had attacked him and struck him down, while most of his servants fled."

Dunton paused, made and lighted another cigarette, and continued: "I could not get away for a month, for it was not safe for a small party to leave the town. I brought out some of that tobacco as a curiosity and learned to like it. I send for more every year where it is still prepared, in the prison-pens.

"It is sometimes said, 'Follow your nose and it will take you out of danger,' and in my case the proverb proved true. Sometimes, when I sit here alone, half sleepily watching the curling smoke wreaths, I can almost see the place again, and the rings of smoke shape themselves into a horde of convict demons killing the poor old noble señor, whose elder daughter I have married. And now you know what I owe to the pungent aroma of a cigarette from Carcinto."

GOOSE SHOOTING ON THE PLATTE.

BY OSCAR K. DAVIS.



WE were four old college chums on an outing—the first we had had together. In fact, it was the first meeting since that bright summer day we said our good-byes down in the old ivy-covered fraternity hall. Oddly enough, we had gone four different ways in pursuit of fortune and fame, and had embraced four professions. Law, medicine, business and journalism had each an advocate in the brown tent pitched among the willows on the river bank. “Doc,” as we all called him, had a brother who had lived in Nebraska and knew something of the game to be found there. Doc himself was overworked and needed a rest, so when his brother wrote to him that there would be good shooting on the Platte in the spring, Doc wrote to me to know if I would go along for a few weeks. I never need persuasion on the subject of lugging a gun or wearing waders. So I penned a gleeful acceptance, and proposed asking Morton and Crane. That had already occurred to Doc.

Well, the boys agreed, of course, and the trip was promptly planned. We met in Chicago and determined to go to North Platte, Nebraska. The baggage-man stared a little when we piled our “truck” into his bailiwick. There were six guns, a comfortable wall-tent, a camp-stove, and the general camp equipment—and ammunition. We had appliances enough for a regiment. We had two dogs, a beautiful Irish spaniel with big, soft eyes that matched his hair, and a knowing wag of his head that said as plainly as words, that he knew what was going on. Doc had a little black, stump-tailed cocker, which he vowed was the “knowingest” quadruped in the Northwest. Some big boxes of shells, wading-boots, geese and duck decoys, and a marvelous cupboard with intricate recesses which were

supposed to contain the rarest delicacies of camp life, completed the outfit. We finally reached the valley of the Platte and from there on to North Platte we ran beside the big treacherous river over country as level as a floor. To the south, across the river, lay the big bluffs where we expected to get our game. To the north beyond a few miles of the level valley land lay the counterparts of the southern bluffs, except that they are not so steep nor so ragged.

At North Platte we arranged with an old farmer who lived near the river, to transport our impedimenta to the clump of willows which we selected for our camp site. We worked half a day setting up our canvas and making all things snug. The farmer had two boats, which we attached “for a consideration.” He also furnished us with milk and sometimes eggs and butter and knickknacks which Morton gathered after he had collected wood for the camp-stove on which Crane displayed astonishing skill and originality. Doc kept the tent and camp in order while I washed the dishes and lariatied the boats. That old clump of willows saw the jolliest camp ever pitched. After one of Crane’s marvelous suppers the pipes would come out and for an hour or so stories of old college life or our after experiences added to the pleasure of the day’s sport.

The first night of our life under canvas, after making everything snug, we turned in early to be ready for a good start next day. Before the sun was up Morton had a roaring fire going and was off for the milk. He had been gone but a few minutes when he came crashing back exclaiming,

“Where’s my gun? where’s my gun? there’s more’n a million geese right here under the bank!”

We were all out in an instant and at once saw that there was some foundation for his excitement in the fact that a small flock was sitting on the edge of a bar close to shore but a few hundred yards below our camp. We decided that as Morton had discovered them he should make the trial alone. He made a wide detour coming up toward the

bank when Crane signaled that he had gone far enough. Morton had never shot a goose in his life, and the way he "sneaked" on that bunch showed how ardently he desired to bag his game. Flat on his face, shoving his gun before him over the sand, and forcing himself along with elbows and toes, he worked up to within forty yards of the unsuspecting birds before Crane signaled to him to shoot. Then he jumped up and ran toward the bank. With a great honking and splashing the frightened geese flapped the water in their efforts to rise. There was a flash, and a sharp report, another flash and another report, and when the little cloud of smoke cleared away we beheld our dignified business man charging over the river bank after a fine brace of Canadas—the first of the season. It mattered nothing to him that the water was four feet deep, or that the dogs were almost at his heels. They were his first geese and he scorned assistance in securing them. But it was with a decidedly wet and rather crest-fallen appearance that he acknowl-

edged in response to our shouts of laughter that "he guessed he got rattled, but any way he got the geese." The rest of that day he spent in camp bemoaning his impetuosity, while he carefully dried his "leathers" as he called his hunting boots.

Our usual time to turn out of the blankets was half-past three in the morning. By four, bread and coffee had been discussed and we were in our "togs" starting for the hill shooting. Two of us tried bluff-cover and the other two went on into the corn fields. To select good bluff cover a sportsman must know his game. If he does, his blind will probably be in the same place on no two mornings, for it is not at all likely that the conditions of wind and weather will be exactly alike any two days, and these things are the greatest factors in determining the path of the principal flight, under which the best blind is, of course, to be had if proper cover can be found. If the morning is cold with strong wind find a low spot between two bluffs; if the wind is very high get into the deep-



est draw you can find, for the geese will have all they can do to "raise" the bluff, and they will choose the very lowest point to go over. Get a bunch of good, long grass. That is better than a clump of plum trees or sumac bushes, for the geese are suspicious of such places, while the grass always looks just the same. All you have to do is to cover yourself up so they can't see you, and wait. And, when a flock comes out over you, don't get rattled and blaze away before they reach you, or until they are low enough so that you can see their eyes. If you do you will waste your powder and spoil your own temper. Let them get squarely over you; you can't shoot through their feathers when they are coming unless you have a rifle, and you can't hit them with that. When they are nicely over you and low enough so that you can see the crook in their necks, blaze away. Hold just on the line, pick your bird and let his bill come over the muzzle. Then give it to him, and the odds are very long that you have killed a goose.

If there is no wind there is little shooting. A high place opposite the bar, where the most geese are, will probably give the best results, but you can generally make sure that the shooting will be at long range and hard, and you may have to "push on the gun" to get game.

Cornfield shooting is different again. You can use decoys there and make any kind of a blind. An experienced cornfield shooter gets his location and has his decoys out before the flight begins. He chooses a low spot or a side hill almost invariably. For a blind he selects a row of standing stalks not more than forty yards from his decoys, in the path of probable flight, if he can. Bending them together he backs them up with a big bunch of loose stalks, gathered near by. Behind the blind he has a pile of stalks into which he can crawl clear out of sight, though seeing very well himself. We didn't know these things at first, but we found them out before we had been many days on the bluffs.

But with all our knowledge and the good advice of the old farmer, we did not succeed in making the tremendous bags we had supposed it would be easy to bring down. The geese were very wary.

The old farmer laughed heartily at our disgust. "The trouble with you

fellers," he said, "is't ye hain't got no 'recept'; ye don't know how to do it." And we were obliged to confess that if a "recept" was a means of getting game we did not have one.

The afternoon flight is but a repetition of the morning, and each day just like its predecessor. The last week of our vacation began with our prospects no brighter. We were having a jolly time of it, and enjoying ourselves immensely. As Crane said, we were "gathering great gobs of health," but the failure to gather great bags of the game that was on every side of us was desperately provoking. We lay around the fire in the evening and tried to devise some scheme by which we could trap the wily honkers. But every new scheme followed in the paths of the old. One day Doc and I laid behind a big log on the end of a bar which the night before had been the resting-place of thousands of the sharp birds. We discussed the results of the trip rather ruefully. Doc finally announced that he had a scheme which he believed would work. He would not divulge it, but asked me to help him carry it out. Of course I cheerfully agreed. I was ready to do anything which would assure success.

"Well, come on, then," he said; "we will have to go to town for the stuff."

We pulled up our decoys at once and went back to camp. We got the old farmer to take us to town, and on the way Doc told me that his plan was to sink barrels in the bars flush with the sand and use them just as sink-boxes are used on the Chesapeake. I did not believe that the scheme would work, and I was sure that barrels would not be large enough. But he was very sanguine, and it was at least worth trying. As I expected, we found that barrels were too small, but we were able to procure two crockery tierces, which were sufficiently roomy for a man to sit down in very comfortably and with space enough left for a dog. These we had hooped up at a little cooper shop so that they would not leak, and, loading them on the wagon, went back to camp.

How the boys laughed when they saw what we had. But the laugh was soon on our side of the tent. It was an awful job getting those clumsy affairs out on the bar without upsetting the boat, but we succeeded and set to work at once to sink them. The bar was not more than

ten inches out of water at the point we selected, and before we had a hole half a foot deep it filled with water and put an end to our digging; for as fast as we dug the sand from the center, that at the sides slid down, and instead of getting deeper, the hole simply grew in circumference. Doc earned his title of "the schemer" then. Setting his barrel up in the hole we had started, he jumped into it and began to wiggle it back and forth. It sank slowly into the sand, just as a man's foot sinks further into the quicksand if he moves it. We kept at this work until the barrel had sunk to within a foot and a half of its top. Then by rapidly digging the sand from around the barrel we succeeded in getting it down to within four inches of the top. There it stopped, but we finished the good job by heaping sand up around it until completely hidden. Then throwing water on the sand where it had been trampled up, to give it a natural appearance, the blind was complete. The same process answered for the second barrel, and it was far into the night before we left the bar. The geese and ducks had been whistling around us all the time. We could not see them, but were sure their flying augured well for our scheme, for it showed they wanted to light on that bar.

In the morning we did not go out to the bluffs with the boys, but made up some of the sleep we had lost sinking the barrels. About seven o'clock we started out. The first flocks were beginning to come in from the fields as we reached our novel blinds. With a newspaper man's instinct, I had managed to find time while in town the day before to hunt up a lot of papers. I did not have much faith in the new blinds, so I took these papers with me. We set out our decoys and got into the barrels to wait. I had made a little stool to sit on, and was altogether very comfortable as I sat and smoked and read my papers. Doc had the dog with him, and I was so thoroughly comfortable that I went to sleep in short order. I was waked up by the report of Doc's gun, and jumped up to find him bringing in a fine big Canada goose. He was greatly elated with his success, and we got back into the barrels in high glee, confident that we would surprise the boys on their return to camp.

But something seemed to be wrong with our decoys. Before we had the

barrels we thought the difficulty lay in the blinds. Now that we had them we transferred our objections to the decoys. So we pulled them up and lugged them back to the boat. The boat was about half way up the bar, and as a matter of further precaution we dragged it a couple of hundred yards further away.

While we were doing this the wind had been having fun with my papers, and when I got back to my barrel they were scattered all over that end of the bar. I was skirmishing after some of them when a shout from Doc sent me flying to cover. A big flock of white brants was bearing straight down upon us. We watched them as they came on, and inwardly cursed those fluttering papers. Doc skillfully worked his call, and the flock came straight on and set their wings to light right among the papers. They were within twenty-five yards of us before we raised up out of the barrels and fired, and when they sailed away four of their number lay on the bar. The reason of their action came to me like a flash. "Doc," I shouted, "the papers decoyed them. They thought the papers were white geese."

That surely was what had done it. We succeeded in securing a number of the papers, and tearing them into three or four pieces, threw sand on the pieces to keep them from blowing away. The loose edges fluttered in the breeze and gave them the appearance of life. The new-fangled decoys worked to a charm. I never saw any device that would approach in effectiveness or in the ease of its use, the simple scheme of plain white paper. I have used them since that hunt, as we used them then with wonderful success. We soon discovered that the best method was to roll a piece of plain white paper into a cornucopia and to stand it up on the big end. Then a handful of sand on the long corner of the base would fasten it down, while the loose corners would flap in the wind and give the novel decoy a realistic appearance of life. The judicious use of a good goose-call adds materially to the effect. I have seen geese drift a mile against a strong wind to light into a flock of these paper decoys, and no combination of iron and paint that I have ever seen—and I have used every kind I ever heard of—proved a hundredth part as successful as these

simple white papers. The black geese go where the white ones do, and the white ones are seldom decoyed by iron.

Our morning's work in the barrels showed the success of the new scheme. The first flock that came in after we had fixed up the papers was a large bunch of "gabblers." They came off the bluff, about a mile above us, and flew straight to the river, as if uncertain whether to go up or down. Doc was a master with a goose-call, and he kept it going all the time they were between the bluff and the river. As they reached the river, they turned down toward us and began to "cut" down to the water. I never heard any other word used to describe the peculiar way in which geese descend rapidly from a great height. They set their wings as if to light, and then turn sidewise and "cut" down fifteen or twenty feet at a time until they are just above the water. When we saw this flock begin to cut we were pretty sure that some of them would not go further than our bar.

As they came nearer, Doc called less and less frequently, and we soon saw them making straight for the decoys. Crouched low in the barrels, with the guns leaning against the edge in front of us, we waited for them. We had agreed not to shoot until they set their wings to light. I took two extra shells in my left hand for a second shot. Nearer and nearer came the unsuspecting gabblers. How big they looked as they loomed up over the water scarce a hundred yards away! Once they circled to light, then on they came again, till I could see their bright eyes. They set their wings and settled down over the decoys, so close that the joints of their legs were plain to be seen. I jumped up and saw Doc standing in his barrel.

"Hold on," he shouted; "they'll bunch."

And they did. Startled by our sudden appearance they bunched together and began a tremendous flapping of wings trying to rise straight up out of harm's way. Then we shot, Doc to the right, I to the left. I dropped a brace with my first two barrels, and instantly reloaded. They had turned and were going down the wind. One big fellow was clumsy in turning and lagged behind. The gun swung up again, and I glanced along the barrels at him and pulled the trigger. He wavered, and I could see that he was

hard hit. The second barrel cracked and he fell, but into the water. I whistled to the dog and with an eager yelp he was away. Doc had good luck too. A fine brace had answered his call.

With the little frames we had prepared for this use, but had not had occasion before to try, we propped up the dead birds among the decoys. Nine geese from two flocks! What would Morton and Crane say now? How they would laugh at our barrels! They had been firing away out on the bluffs all the morning, but we had rarely seen a goose fall in their direction, and we were eager for their return. But we had not much time to talk about our luck. The flight was nearly over, but stragglers kept coming our way all the time and another small flock tried to light with our papers, so that we added eight more geese to our string that morning, besides a good many duck. We were waiting for the boys when they came into camp. They had three geese and a pair of duck and thought themselves lucky. "How do your barrels work, Old Sport?" Crane asked Doc.

Doc took him by the arm and silently led him to the boat. "Jumping Jehosaphat, Mort, look here!" Crane shouted; "they've killed 'em all."

That afternoon he and Morton started to town for barrels and paper, and while Doc and I added a string of a dozen to our experience and score, they were toiling away on a lower bar, sinking a couple of despised barrels. The next day the old farmer came down to visit us. As we showed him the string of game hanging in the trees, he remarked with subdued admiration, "By Jove, you fellers hez got more luck 'n sense! Ye must ha' found that receet."

The day before we broke camp was dark and cloudy and game flew all day long. Up and down the river there went a steady procession of geese and duck. The score we made that day forever wiped out the memory of all former failures.

During that outing we learned three things of great value to goose shooters:—the use of barrel blinds in sand-bar shooting, the use of white papers for decoys, and the use of number six shot. For a first-class vacation give me a barrel in a sand-bar in the Platte in goose time, plenty of fine shot and white paper, and a few genial companions.

AN APRIL FANCY.

EASTER lilies tall and fair,
 Fill with fragrance sweet the air,
 And from out their snowy bells,
 Hark! the wedding music swells.

In that peal of joyous sound
 The wide earth is circled round,
 Youth and life, on glancing wings,
 April's sunshine with it brings.

See! her tears are gentle showers,
 Kissing into life the flowers,
 While her smiles 'neath sheltered hills,
 Make the golden daffodils.

April's dying, leaving here
 All the freshness of the year;
 Call to her and bid her stay,
 'Tis too soon to welcome May.

M. S. TOWNSEND.

SADDLE AND SENTIMENT.

BY WENONA GILMAN.*



CHAPTER XIV.

HOPES AND PLANS.

"But I have
 That honorable grief lodg'd here, which burns
 Worse than tears drown."

—*Winter's Tale.*

AND so the long, weary winter wore
 away.

But for Dick Halstead it would have

been unendurable to both Virginia and Mr. Ormsby. Dick seemed ever present when his presence was a necessity. Still when spring lightened the dreary beauty of Shamble Oak he seemed no nearer to Virginia.

The money which Mr. Ormsby had obtained from the Pimlico meeting through Dick's generous deception had enabled him to pull through the winter, but bills were heavy and pressing, beside other outside affairs that looked threatening, and he was depressed and uncomfortable.

Dick had gone to New York to attend the twin city races and, unable longer to content himself with the brief words from him, Mr. Ormsby sought Virginia.

Once again she had regained her roses, but instead of the old animation, there was a quietness in her subdued demeanor that perhaps was even more attractive in the woman than the charming frivolity had been in the girl.

She received her uncle with her accustomed smile and kissed him, as she smoothed the perplexed wrinkles from his brow with the tips of her dainty fingers.

"What is distressing you, Uncle Jack?" she asked when he remained unusually silent. "You came to say

something to me, I am quite sure, yet now that you are here you are strangely reticent. Has anything unpleasant occurred?"

"Not exactly, dear," he answered wearily. "I have come to ask a favor of you, yet now that I am here I scarcely know how it is to be managed. I wanted to know if you could get along without me for a little while, but there is no one with whom to leave you."

"Are you thinking of going away?"

"I must, Virginia!" The truth is, child, it is an absolute necessity. I may as well tell you that matters are very bad with me indeed, and unless I get a decided lift within the next few weeks there will have to be a forced sale of the stable. You know what that would mean to me, dear! It would be like taking my very life. I should have been compelled to do it last winter but for that opportune three thousand I secured through Dick's putting my money on the other horse. That tided me over for the time, but the entire winter has been one continual outlay and no possible return until the season is well under way."

"And you never told me!"

"It could have done no good, and besides you had trouble enough of your own to bear."

"Not so much but that I could have had some interest in yours and some

sympathy as well. How unutterably careless and heartless you must have thought me!"

"Not at all, my dear. You had your own affairs to think of, and I could not expect you to show the same interest. And then I have had Dick. I don't know what I should have done without him this winter. He has been like a son to me."

"And I have been only a care, keeping you here when you should have been gone long ago, while I mourned like a coward over the inevitable. Oh, Uncle Jack, if only you had told me! I am grieved to think that I have been buried in my own selfish grief, while you, the best, the noblest of friends to me, have been bearing your troubles alone. I did not know before that I was so selfish. What is it you wish me to do, dear Uncle Jack? I am perfectly willing to remain here, if you prefer it!"

"But I don't prefer it. I had very much rather you would go to New York with me, but of course I cannot expect you to return there, where you have suffered so much and where you would be liable to meet—to meet—Lützow."

It was the first time during all those months that that name had been mentioned between them, and John Ormsby sighed as he saw how she shrank from it. Her lips grew very white, but after a brief pause she answered bravely:

"I shall go with you, Uncle Jack. I cannot remain away from New York for ever because of—that. Please do not let us speak of—him, but I am ready to go whenever you are. I had much rather go than remain here alone."

"You are sure?"

"Quite sure."

"You have very greatly relieved my mind, Ginsie, and now that we have decided to go, the sooner we start the better. It is almost June, now, you know. When can you be ready?"

"In two days."

"That will be capital! You are sure you are not making too great a sacrifice."

"Yes, dear. I could not leave you now."

"Then get ready, child, and God bless you. We will hope that there are brighter days in store for both of us. I should hate to see the youngsters go, but they would not have even been in training now but for that



NEVER A DAY IN WHICH SHE DID NOT WHISPER WORDS TO HIS DISTANT HEART. (p. 25.)

three thousand. They are almost like children to me, those little home-bred two-year-olds. Now run away, Ginsie, and let us get off as soon as possible, for there is little time to spare."

She kissed him and left the room, while almost at the same moment a kinky head was thrust in at the door.

"Mars John," exclaimed Watt, "here's anodder one o' dem dar telegrams, from Mars Dick, I reckon."

He brought the telegram and stood back with his cap in his hand while it was torn open, evincing his interest by the mute inquiry of his expression.

Mr. Ormsby read it aloud.

"First Race. Alborac first. Obligation second. Got seven to five for place. Last Race. Heidsick first. Pluto second. Both even money. Shall you be here for Sub-Rosa? Halstead."

"An' mos' o' yo' money wus on Obligation, wasn't it, Mars John?" asked Watt sympathetically.

"The place-money and Heidsick-winning will about even me up, I think. Watt, you will have to go back to the station with the answer to this."

"Yas, suh. You ain't gwine Norf, is you, Mars John?"



"Yes. Miss Virginia is packing now."

"You don' mean it, Mars John!" cried the negro, his yellowish eyes sparkling with delight. "Lawd! I ain't been so glad to hear nuthin' sence Hartland win his fust race. Is you gwine t' take me wid you, Mars John?"

"I think so, Watt, or rather that I shall have you go on a day in advance. I am going to send Pygmalion and Tales-to on to be got ready for July, and you may go with them; but you must stay at the stable when you get to the Bay and only go to town when I give you leave."

"You don' mean it, Mars John!" exclaimed the negro again with even increased delight. "Why—well—Lawd-Lawd! Umph-umph! Dar ain't as proud a niggah in dis heah State. But, Mars John, does you think thar's any thing in dat mar' Talesto?"

"She's an off chance, Watt, but worth trying perhaps."

"An' what Mistah Bates gwine to do widout Watt?"

"Perhaps you'd rather stay."

"No, suh! No, suh!"—with great emphasis—"Watt's a gwine, suh, ef you'll distend him de obligation, an' Mistah Bates, he'll take kere o' hisself."

"I'm not going to take Madison this time," said Mr. Ormsby, "and he will be able to do well enough under Bates' direction. We are going to leave the day after to-morrow. I suppose there will be no doubt about your being ready to start ahead with the horses?"

The negro laughed.

"No, suh!" he replied. "I reckon I kin come 'bout as near it as the nex' un. Thankee, Mars John. Thankee, suh."

Watt waited in delighted silence while the answer to the telegram was written,



HE TOOK HER GLOVED HAND. (p. 27.)

a smile parting his lips over his white teeth and spreading all over his black face. He was as grateful for the permission accorded, as if Mr. Ormsby were taking him on a tour for pleasure alone, and a whoop that a Comanche Indian might have envied emanated from his throat as he reached the stable yard.

"New, Yo'k!" he chuckled. "Gee whiz! Watt goin' on a trip to New Yo'k! Well, I reckon dat Madison Mukes won't be de only aristocratic niggah in dese heah diggins. Not ef de cou't knows itse'f and she thinks she do. Watt gwine t' New Yo'k! What'll dat coffee-colored niggah Mukes say now? An' all de res' o' dem low flung niggahs down at de toll-gate. Won't dey jis' die? Whoop! I'se walkin' on de clouds in de golden sky, I is. Mebby dat scornful Miss Marifee Staffo'd won't hold dat Sunday bunnit quite so high when she goes gallavantin round wid dat yaller scorpion Mukes, pertendin' she skasely sees nobody else but dat ornery niggah, jis' kase he's been t' New Yo'k for a couple o' weeks.

"Tain't no use to grieve 'bout me,
Fo' you'se got to do widout me,
So bye-bye, my honey, I'se gone!"

carrolled the happy darkey in an ecstasy of anticipation. "Den wait till I gits back heah. Won't I jis pa'alize dem common trash? I reckon I'll show dem some pints an' combinations in de way ob a genneman's wardrobe dat'll jis' stun em. Ef I has half decent luck wid dem hosses, I'll spo't sich a buzzumpin dat ef dat Mukes looks twice at me, it'll blind dat mustard face coon, sho'. Come round heah, ole Vinegar Cruet, you sugar-tempered angel you! ef dis heah buck-boa'd holds out, we'll beat ole Ten Broeck's reco'd to de deepo, jis' t' let off some o' de speerits whats a siz- zlin' in us bofe. G'lang dar!"

And Virginia, in her own room, instead of assisting in her preparation for leaving Shamble Oak, was standing motionless before the window, her eyes fixed vacantly upon the vine-garlanded trees where the honeysuckle and roses intertwined.

"Have I been wise in consenting to return there," she was asking herself. "Is it safe for me to risk myself again in the same atmosphere with him? Time does not seem to heal the wound, for my heart is as sore as ever. Oh, Rudolph, why could you not have be-

lieved for my sake? You did not love me, dear, as I loved you. It is bitterly hard that we must live apart, you and I, bitterly hard, and yet it must be so. Will the old, cruel struggle never end, Rudolph? Shall I never learn to forget you or remember calmly? Dear, do you wish that I should do so? Would it make you happy to know that my heart is at peace, or that my love is wedded to your soul? Will the old burning regret never die?"

A sob arose in her throat and mingled with the soft murmur of the breeze-swept trees. Ah! that is the mistaken way in which young hearts endeavor to teach themselves to forget. They embrace grief with loving arms and would call themselves heartless could they remember calmly. The refrain of the old song is the one they repeat:

"For cruel as remembrance is,
'Tis harder to forget."

And that was the way she was starving her heart. It was constant communion in spirit. Never a day in which she did not whisper words to his distant heart; never a night that she did not commend his soul to God before she slept. She was nursing and nurturing her love unconsciously. She was striving to convince herself of her reluctance to return to New York, but in reality there was a feverish longing to be gone. She shuddered at the bare possibility of meeting Lützow, yet her inner self was trembling with an unacknowledged joy in the hope of so doing. She was deceiving herself as thousands have done before her and will do again.

She sighed once more and turned from the window at last to direct the preparations for her eastward journey.

CHAPTER XV.

TEMPTATION.

"Dear, life has changed for me!
The old world wags, the sky is blue,
My heart, as ever, staunch and true;
But the kiss of love that I crave from you
Has changed it all to a cheerless hue."

—Anon.

LIFE had indeed changed to Lützow! To his friends he had endeavored to be the same. He was at the bank every morning at the accustomed hour, he visited the club with the same regularity, was as much interested in

Proctor's reports concerning the horses as he had ever been, and posted up his racing books with the same care that he had always used, but life was not the same in any sense. It was to his mother that the change was most apparent, most cruel.

He had announced curtly, almost coldly, the fact of his broken engagement; she had received it in astonishment too deep for words, and the subject had not been mentioned again. But the very silence stood between them like a wall of stone. He was reticent, taciturn in her presence, she speechless in his. The hours of his home-staying were passed in the seclusion of his own room, poring over books, studying night and day upon the subject that had wrecked his love life, thinking, reading, writing always.

As the days wore on, his perplexities seemed rather to increase than diminish, and a certain irritability that was entirely foreign to his nature oppressed him. A great change was overshadowing his life that he could not quite understand or grasp, and it rendered him extremely sensitive, peculiarly alive to the smallest detail of his daily existence.

His mother tried to bear the great change bravely, but as the weeks lengthened into months, she grew well-nigh reckless under the pain of it all. He had cut himself off from her so completely that she dared not go to him with even the sweetness of her sympathy. She was striving almost hysterically to think of some way to end the strained condition of affairs, racking her brain for some word to say to him in the strain of the olden time that seemed so bitterly far away. One morning, as she watched him reading his paper in silence at the breakfast table, she saw him suddenly turn white to the lips. A moment later he had left the room without a word.

She hastily snatched up the paper he had dropped, casting her eye rapidly over the page he had been reading. A low exclamation fell from her lips and in a trembling voice she read aloud:

"The well-known sportsman and ex-member of Congress, John Ormsby, owner of the celebrated thoroughbreds Hesperis and Iolaos, is at the St. Jaques Hotel. He is accompanied by his charming niece, Miss Virginia Ormsby."

The paper dropped from her fingers,

though her strained, haggard eyes were not removed from it. There was a momentary silence, then she whispered hoarsely:

"How he loves her! Oh, God! Is this to go on forever? If she had brought him happiness I could forgive her for having eternally separated him from me, but he is so miserable that it cuts me to the heart to even look into his tortured face. How is it all to end?"

And Lützow?

From no one did he receive the genuine sympathy for his broken engagement with Miss Ormsby that was accorded him by Sara Austin.

She had always admired and respected him for the sterling worth she had not been slow to recognize, and after the rupture her friendship was more sincerely his than ever before. Very sweet and soothing it was, too, to his sore heart, and he treasured it warmly, perhaps one reason being that she was the only one who understood the situation and to whom he could speak entirely without restraint. And we all acknowledge the relief that lies in that blessed privilege.

Her parents had been living in a pretty settlement on the Hudson, but shortly after the Ormsbys left for New York the Austins came into the city, taking up their residence in one of those charming homes that face the Riverside Drive, and none of her friends welcomed the change with greater pleasure than did Rudolph Lützow. She was his *confidante*, his safety valve, and while the visits of John Hastings were more eagerly looked for than those of Lützow, still his was always a greeting of warmth that was almost affection. He told her everything, and she listened as only a woman can do to the griefs of a man, cheering and soothing him with words of the sweetest comfort and consolation.

It was to her, therefore, that he had gone on the morning when he had just read in the paper the announcement of Virginia's return to the city. He had not the remotest idea of why he was going, nor of what he should say to her when he got there, but there was a feeling that he wanted her to say something to him. His heart was throbbing almost to suffocation and he wanted to feel the cooling touch of her tender, womanly sympathy.

He walked swiftly and pulled the bell with nervous violence.

"Is Miss Austin at home?" he asked of the servant.

"No, sir. But we expect her every moment. Won't you come in and wait?"

"You are quite sure she will not be long?"

"Yes, sir. She said she would not be out more than an hour, and it is up now. Please walk into the drawing-room, sir."

And Lützow entered.

The room was in shadow, but not so dark but that he could distinctly see some one in waiting—a woman. She arose as he entered, evidently believing him to be her friend and took a step forward, then threw out her hand and caught the back of a chair.

"Rudolph!" she gasped.

It had come then so soon, this thing which they both longed for yet dreaded—for it was Virginia Ormsby who stood there, Virginia pale under the excitement of the moment, but more exquisitely beautiful than he ever remembered to have seen her. The passionate bound of his heart almost unmanned him, then very quietly he went up to her and extended his hand. He touched hers and they dropped apart.

"I was not expecting you," he said, unsteadily, "and the—surprise was—startling. I am very glad to see you."

The almost coldness of his words did not deceive her! She heard the throb of his heart in his voice, and knew that his feelings were akin to agony.

"Thank you," she murmured, striving to imitate his quietness, but not succeeding altogether. "I hope you are well."

"Quite well. I need not ask after your health. It speaks for itself. You have come on for the Sub-Rose, have you not?"

"Yes. Have you an entry?"

"Not this year. I see Hartland will run. I suppose you are still interested in him?"

"Yes, as much as ever. I love the old fellow. It seems to me that I began to live on the day of his birth and——"

She paused suddenly, realizing what she, in her excitement, was saying, but the pause came too late. He flushed deeply.

"I shall never forget it either!" he exclaimed huskily. "It was upon that day that I first met you, then merely a

child, and it seems to me that every day since that hour has held a memory, some too exquisitely happy to be real, and others, so full of misery that death would have been a light sentence by comparison. Virginia, do you not see how I have suffered?"

He lifted the changing hair from his temples wearily. An expression of pain contracted her brow. She was silent from excess of emotion and he understood.

"Virginia," he said softly, "after all these long, dreary months, have you nothing to say to me?"

He put out his arms to her appealingly. She hesitated a moment, then stepped back, resting her hand upon the chair again.

"Only this, Rudolph," she whispered in reply. "I love you as I always have."

He took her gloved hand and lifted it to his lips.

"Then, darling, come to me!" he exclaimed passionately. "Life has been nothing short of perdition without you. Every night I have cried in my heart, 'Would God it were morning!' and in the morning I have cried, 'Would God it were night!' It has been horrible! horrible! Sweetheart, has not the bitter, cruel separation taught you that there is a place for love in life?"

"A noble and holy place, Rudolph, second only to that we accord to Christ. Tell me, dear, have you found the great truth yet?"

He dropped her hand and shook his head mournfully.

"Not as you mean it," he answered sadly. "Virginia, that is—hopeless!"

A quivering sigh escaped her.

"I feared it!" she moaned.

"But surely you will not send me away from you again!" he cried with sharp pain. "I do not ask you to embrace my faith, Virginia. Why do you make it a necessity that I should come to yours?"

"Do not let us go over the ground again," she answered wearily. "It is so useless, Rudolph; so bitterly useless. You know why I make it a necessity. Dear, is it so much that I ask? Ah, Rudolph, I love you! Is that so little to you? I am ready, eager to be your wife. Won't you take my Christ and me? See, Rudolph! My arms are extended to you, dear, even as His are. *Darling*, won't you take me?"

She put out her arms and stood there, as sweet a picture as the eyes of mortal man ever feasted upon. And as he looked, the greatest temptation that ever came into a Jew's life, perhaps, crept over Lützwow. He was quivering in every nerve, his forehead damp with a heavy dew like that of death. Every element of his nature was in hideous conflict. A breathless silence had fallen upon them, painful in its intensity. Then the honesty and truth of the man's nature gained the ascendancy. He folded his arms closely, his lips drawn to a white, stiff line. His eyes were glazed, his hands cold as ice.

"I cannot, upon those terms," he answered in a voice that even his mother would not have recognized. "I would give my life for you, but my soul is not my own, and I have not the right to damn that which is God's, by a shameful lie!"

He tried to continue, but words choked him. It was madness to stand there looking upon the face that he adored so passionately, knowing that he must never touch those lips again, that the eyes into which he looked must be closed to him forever, and unable to endure it longer he turned away with a bitter groan, flung himself into a chair and hid his face upon his arm that rested on the table.

A great sob was struggling in Virginia's throat. She knew that this parting was eternal. She hesitated a moment, then kneeled by his side.

"Rudolph," she whispered brokenly, "say farewell to me!"

He lifted his head and took her face between his hands. His lips touched her brow.

"Forever, my darling!"

God knows what the words cost him. It may have been that even Virginia did not realize. Very slowly she arose, fascinated by the awful anguish his countenance held, and as if unable to remove her eyes from him, she went backward with almost imperceptible motion until the portière fell between them. And she knew that it was as he had said—forever!

Out into the brilliant sunshine she went, shuddering as she passed into it."

To Lützwow, the temptation had been frightful! The reaction was maddening!

As he heard her light footstep in the hall, he sprang up once to call her back, to tell her that he could not bear it, that anything was welcome that brought him her, and then honor came to his rescue. Is there no reward for fidelity to conviction such as that? And he listened to hear her go. It might have been easier to have listened to the dull thud of the hammer driving a nail into his own coffin, but he did not murmur. Then, when he knew that she had gone, he took his hat and staggered out blindly, unable to endure the sympathy he had craved from his friend.

Mechanically he started for his home without leaving even a word of explanation for Miss Austin. He was stunned, mentally helpless. He remembered nothing of his sensations, and desire seemed to have suffered extinction.

Then for the first time in months he felt that his mother's love alone could soothe him. He wanted to feel her arms about him. He wanted to pillow his head upon her dear old breast as he had done in his happy boyhood days, and he strangled a sob as a distressed woman does, in his longing for her.

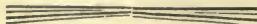
He entered the door of his home with his latch-key and with hasty stride went straight to her room. His arms were about her almost before she had realized the fact of his presence.

"Mother," he cried hoarsely, "I have come to ask your forgiveness for the past. I have come to entreat you to take me back into your heart as I was before this terrible trouble came between us. I don't deserve it, but that is all the more reason why you will grant me pardon. Dear, try to think me a boy again, your boy who is to be soothed and comforted!"

It is doubtful if she had understood enough of what he had said to answer intelligibly, but her arms were about his neck and there was a rain of happy tears from her eyes. It was enough.

He told her the story from beginning to end, strengthened at each point by her assurances of pride and devotion. Then when he had finished, she took his head upon her bosom.

To be continued.



SUNSET.

DASHES of pink and purple 'thwart the sky,
 As if a child with artists' tints had played,
 And then at his bold strokes had been dismayed
 And sought to hide them with a deeper dye:—
 A lurid glow the pink and purple blends;
 Low drops the sun—the deeper tint doth pale,
 And the slow twilight lightly draws its veil
 O'er earth and sky and gruesome Night descends.

VIRGINIA C. HOLLIS.

HORSEBACK SKETCHES.

APRIL RIDES.

BY JESSIE F. O'DONNELL.*

APRIL, month of 'awakening! of anemones and arbutus, of airy raindrops and affianced birds, of aspiration and abandon, when all the restlessness in one's nature rises to the surface. We rebel against closed doors and imprisoning walls, and seek fresh air and sunshine in the country highways and byways, and through the meadow by the river where the yellow-green of the sedges first appears. March rides have a zest and flavor of their own, but April rides, when the earth breaks into blossom and the air into song, are pure delight.

As we ride through the village, the elms, covered with loose, hanging blossom-clusters, wave their pendulous branches over us; the red maple lifts its flowers, reddish-orange in the sunshine, to drink in the sweet light and air; and the plum-trees show faint streaks of white. In the gardens, the snowdrop rings his pearly bell to wake the crocus sisters, who put on purple and white dresses and greet him joyfully; and superb hyacinths, lemon and rose, purple and white, and blue, hold royal sway beside the cheerful, plebeian daffodil in her voluminous robes.

We go up on the hills in the first April rides, and if the roads are sufficiently free from mud and water, take long gallops, which both horses and riders enjoy as they can only after so many winter days indoors. The blood leaps in our veins, we drink in the pure air, and the melody of the birds as we fly along and our hearts grow warm with the eternal youth and vigor of April. At times, we ride slowly to let the eyes have their fill of the spring-time loveliness; past thrifty farms where the owners are turning the soil and plant-

ing for early vegetables, the light brown of the newly ploughed lands, contrasting beautifully with a delicate green the meadows are putting on. In the door-yards red and yellow pendants swing from the maples, and fowls are crowing and cackling as if the world and April were all their own.

The view is lovely from the heights; the villages which a month ago seemed to snuggle close against the hills for the warmth they could not give, now stand out boldly where the sunlight falls on the faint green background; though the trees are yet mostly leafless, many are in blossom; the butternut hangs its sterile flowers in long, swaying catkins, but treasures up the fertile ones in short, close spikes; the blackthorn is venturing out both leaves and flowers; and from the surrounding woodlands we catch a silvery sheen from the bark of the yellow birch, and note that the pines and cedars, loyal lovers of summer, who wear her colors under the very eye and rule of the usurper winter, are renewing their green.

We need to go up on the hills sometimes just to breathe easily. One grows stifled by continual living in the valley. It is the broad outlook into life, and time, and eternity which keeps the soul from growing cramped and narrow, widens its experiences and its sympathies, and lifts it out of the rut of platitude and commonplaceness.

We pause, after a brisk gallop to the summit, and look back over the hills and valleys, rocks and streams and woodlands left behind. A far-reaching panorama, yet it is but a small portion of this great earth, and this world is but one of many. Suppose our view extended till, piercing beyond the translu-

cent, faintly-tinted April skies, it embraced the myriad worlds whirling through space—the amber-pale moon, Saturn with his glittering ring, Jupiter, king of the planets! Venus, miracle of evening loveliness! the blazing comets and shooting meteors, the hazy nebulae, the great sun, and the solar system go on evolving new worlds and destroying old ones, just as here we have spring-time and harvest; all this is but a part of God's universe. A part of the whole, however beautiful, however finished in itself, is imperfect. Such clear April outlooks come occasionally to our souls. Looking forward to the boundless unknown, and then turning back to the known, to the little actually mastered, we see what tiny bits of creation we are. Yet nothing is isolated or insignificant. Every part is necessary to the perfect whole, and the whole may be fair beyond our dreams.

Rainy day rides we have, too, for one never knows just when these liquid April skies will run over in sparkling showers, and many a wild scamper we make to the shelter of barn or shed, where Hal, who is an irrepressible quoter, deluges us with April poetry. Daisy sings low, sweet melodies, and the rafters ring with our fun over Polly's absurd speeches; "Tippecanoe" and "Tyler," too, "Texas" and "Fred" are unsaddled to be rubbed and petted, while the farmers, in their moments of leisure, ply us with questions about our horses, our route, and "what we're a-ridin' for, anyhow!" Then the clouds break, the sun comes out, and we are off once more through the flowing roads which were comparatively dry an hour earlier; the rain has brought out all the woody fragrance of tree and flower; the grass springs greener than before; the branches fling handfuls of raindrops in our faces, the curl comes out of our bangs, the mud spatters our habits; yet we enjoy it all.

We find birds everywhere in our April rides. Merry little comrades they are, chattering saucily at us from overhanging branches or the nearest fence-rail; flying races with our galloping steeds; alighting to feed busily for a moment in some stubble-field, then flying up in great commotion to neighboring trees, and breaking into ringing peals of song.

The robin, the song-sparrow, and the bluebird are usually the first arrivals,

but blackbirds and meadow-larks follow fast. The air is full of their songs. We distinguish the redwing's note, the scream of the jay, the long-drawn call of the meadow-lark, and the song of the blackbird; Thoreau calls it a "sprayey note." There is something cosy and homelike in the robin's note; the song sparrow's is the jingle of sleigh-bells, and the bluebird's warble is divine.

But it is in late April, through the woods by the river, that rides are most delightful. Oh, that blue winding river, with the sunlight dancing on its ripples! with its mossy banks where the alders lean and dip their blossoms in the bright water! where the fish flash like javelins thrown by the water-gods, and the bees hum in the willow catkins as if June were already here. We must cross it and ride some miles further to find that sweetest of all spring flowers, the star-like, fragrant arbutus, on a rich wooded hillside. Such an exquisite blossom it is, nestling under dry leaves and betraying its hiding-place only by its wonderful fragrance!

There too, we find hepaticas left over from March, their velvet calyxes stealing the bright hues most flowers bestow upon the corolla alone. There the fragile wind-flower blossoms, and the Dutchman's breeches (so much daintier than the name) waves its pearl and gold; on the banks of streams, yellow erythronium thrusts up smooth, spotted leaves and yellow, lily-like blossoms, and that fairy-like flower, the Spring beauty, unfolds its pink-veined petals. We have attended many sources of praise in the woods where bird and blossom mingle song and incense in worship of the April beauty.

And if you do not believe that the flower-and-bird service is holy and uplifting, just key up your soul to health and happiness by a long ride on an ideal saddle-horse; enter some bit of rich woodland, choose your pew on a bed of soft, freshly-springing mosses, where countless tiny seedlings are pushing their way to the sunshine, and the partridge vine is creeping, showing here and there a red berry it has treasured all winter; breathe in the fragrance shed by the spice-wood, and listen to the merry tinkle of the song-sparrow and the heavenly warble of the bluebird—and you will say, "the half has not been told."

CANOEING ON THE UPPER DELAWARE.

BY HENRY RUSSELL WRAY.



WHERE can the canoeist find better sport than on the upper waters of the Delaware River? They offer all the most desirable features of an attractive and easily accessible route, they are particularly suited to the canoeist with limited time at his disposal, and the cruise downstream from Long Eddy to the Water Gap is the

best and most picturesque.

For weeks before our start last season it was nothing but route, route, route, finally we settled upon this one as most satisfactory.

Long Eddy is an ideal paradise at all times, and after a journey—the very atmosphere, located as the place is in the mountain's heart, is a tonic; but our object was not the pleasure of the land, but the panorama of the waterway; and with the early morning sun we turned our backs on the town to begin our exploration. We little knew what these waters had in store for us. Five miles' cautious paddling, watching every breaking water ahead, and listening intently for any sound of rapid or fall, brought us to an abrupt bend and the first foaming water. We thought we had achieved much by a successful passage, and drew a long breath of relief after passing safely through it. When at the end of our trip we looked back on this, our apprenticeship effort, we smiled, indeed, at our innocence. Midway 'twixt Long Eddy and Callicoon, some sixteen miles, and at the only low land seen, for the mountains rose directly from the river, we pitched our first camp. With early morn came the sweet notes of a song sparrow; and I can vouch for the delicious odor from the fields and the boiling coffee, for the fire was ablaze and the coffee on when I awoke.

The water here was very wide and shallow, but some five hundred yards below we could see that it narrowed perceptibly and formed very rough water in the turn. Speculation ran high as to who would upset in this dangerous-looking foam, but all passed safely, like arrows from bows, through it, and all the five other rough bits which added their spice of danger between our first camp and the town of Callicoon.

Below Callicoon our Commodore cultivated the habit of standing in his canoe and taking general surveys. This standing was a very delicate feat, and, at the first lead off, his voice was drowned in the noise of the waters, his canoe slid and tilted on a projecting rock, and its occupant, wet from head to foot, held on until quieter water was reached, while the men in the rear, profiting from the sad example of their fore-runner, went safely by at a rapid rate.

At a beautiful grassy spot the crew made their second camp just as the sun nodded its good night to the valley and river before dropping down behind the high mountain. The place is known as Ross Flat, presumably because the mountains rise almost from the river. Next day we were to shoot Cocheton Falls, and the possible danger and excitement acted as an incentive to bundle away the kit snugly, dispense with spare clothing, and in a general way prepare for an exciting time. These falls were marked on our map as "a wise place to carry," but this did not deter us. The scenery was wildly grand, mountains towered overhead, crowned and helmeted with the young day's sun; to the right a dilapidated old saw-mill literally stuck on the mountain's side, and on the left an oxen team driven to the water's edge, one drinking and the other taking in with wonder the peculiar-looking objects ahead. Running close to the right shore the commodore, with pressed lips, paddled rapidly for the center of the stream with difficulty, for the current was strong. As we followed we saw a seething mass of water whipped into foam in its fall of twenty-five feet in a 100 yards; but it was too

late to go back, and into the thick of it we were drawn with irresistible force. The last seen of the commodore was a head and an arm making for an unoccupied canoe, which was bobbing up and down and then darting off like a rocket. He had been thrown out, setting a bad example, curiously, only one of our party passed through this fearful place safely, and the glens below re-echoed his triumphant chuckle.

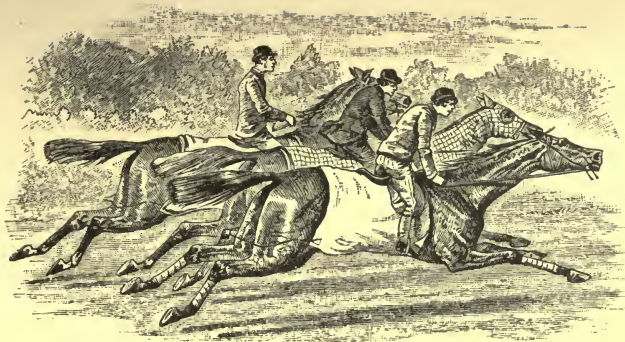
We camped under a huge projecting rock at the base of the mountain, and built a fire to dry everything. In the afternoon a light rain started, and we prepared for a place to sleep by building a groundwork of sand, covered with pine boughs, surmounted by rubber blankets on which we raised our tent, the projecting rock just allowing the necessary room, trenching the outside in case of an overflow of the little stream of water that ran close by. Night came on and brought with it an old-fashioned mountain storm. The innocent rivulet of an hour before now flowed down as a goodly sized stream, driving us further under the rock. Here we made a fire, saturating the wood with coal-oil from the lantern, and wrapping ourselves in wet blankets, we presented as fine models for illustration of worn-out ghost dancers as the late lamented Sitting Bull could possibly have produced. With the first gray tints in the eastern sky we were moving for a point, named on the map as Narrowsburg, some seven miles away. The river had swollen considerably and was very swift, so that in a short time the town was reached, and all our belongings were carried to the hotel to be dried. The river beyond the town was wide and rough, the wind was high though the day was very clear, and the canoes rushed along bobbing like corks when passing through the rifts. The run to our next objective point, Lackawaxen, was some fifteen miles, and between that and us were several dangerous falls, Mast Hope being considered the worst. After about an hour's paddle we entered a succession of rifts which led into the much-looked-for Mast Hope. Passing through it cannot be described to do the sensation justice. In our low canoes we were on a level with the water, extending for half a mile in a boisterous body, with a current which took the light craft in its embrace and

fairly hurled them along. All the canoeists could do was to lift their paddles from the water and trust to the fates, while the shore and the trees flew by as if pursued, and before they knew it they were out into the quiet water, with every nerve strung to the highest tension by the excitement. After this fall the river is wide and deep, reflecting the clouds and the setting sun like an exaggerated painting. We were already thoroughly wet, and determined therefore to make Lackawaxen Dam. Faster and faster we paddled, and below could be heard the noise of the great body of water in its descent. Already the shore seemed a something with life running in an opposite direction, when suddenly a cry arrested attention, and, wildly gesticulating, a man stood calling for us to "paddle in—paddle in, for Heaven's sake!" With the greatest difficulty we did so. He proved to be a young physician and an old canoeist, and his sincere exercise of feelings and assurance that it would be suicidal, altered our intention of shooting those falls; so we paddled to the Delaware House, stacked our canoes, and carried our clothes to its welcome kitchen.

We were anxious to make a good run, and lost no time in getting under way, for we had Big Cedar and Megawad rifts to go through. These were undoubtedly the worst we had as yet entered; the canoes' noses were often buried completely, and the waters rushed into our laps over the combing to the cockpit. About two miles below Point Jervis we caught a raft and boarded her, lifting the canoes on also. It was a novel experience and one which should be embraced by all canoeists who have a similar chance.

At noon the next day we turned our backs on Milford and made a comfortable run to Dingmans Ferry, about eight miles, where, on the opposite side of the river to the town, we pitched our tents. At noon we packed and paddled on until six o'clock, a distance of twenty-four miles to Dimmicks Ferry, stopping only a short time at Bushkill, and early the day after we started for the gap, about eight miles South.

This little run was perfect, and just as the church bells were calling their respective flocks to duty we rounded an abrupt bend to enter a rapid body of water, and passed like a shot through the noted Delaware Water Gap.



THE STATUS OF THE AMERICAN TURF.

II. SOME REPRESENTATIVE STABLES.

BY FRANCIS TREVELYAN.

THE amount of capital invested in the thoroughbred is brought home to the general public by the frequent sales and purchases for racing stables and, to some extent, but in a less degree, by the amounts sunk in purchases for breeding enterprises. But it is doubtful whether anyone who has not followed the matter up closely has realized either the earning capacity of a good stable or the expense entailed by unsuccessful ventures.

That Dame Fortune is fickle in racing has passed into an axiom, and the direction taken by the development of the sport has emphasized its truth. The generation of racing men who can speak from personal experience of the days of four-mile-heat racing, is yet far from extinct, though their ranks are sadly thinned; but such veterans have witnessed a truly marvelous change. To-day the two-year-old is the all important factor on the race-course, and it is for him that the richest prizes are offered. Let an animal be phenomenally successful in his two-year-old form, and, even though he never "sport silk" again, he will be remembered as a great race-horse. Among such are El Rio Rey, probably as good a two-year-old as ever raced, the unbeaten "black whirlwind," Tremont, French Park, etc.

The three-year-olds have a fair chance accorded them to pick up their share of great stakes, as, for example, Tournament, who won \$88,505 for the late Senator George Hearst; but year by year,

the proportion of rich events for horses above the age of two years has grown less.

To the chance of securing a first-class "youngster" a man has to look for his opportunity to become rich out of racing. A first-rate old horse, such as those which formed the backbone of Mr. M. F. Dwyer's string last season, a good handicap horse or a reliable selling plater, is undeniably useful to reap a steady income for the owner, but for the speedy acquisition of ready cash all hopes are centred on the two-year-olds. The constant and rapid growth of two-year-old racing accentuates this state of affairs more and more every season, and the uncertainty of the "great game" undoubtedly increases in proportion.

To obtain two-year-olds, it is necessary to buy yearlings, that is to say, young untried animals which, though they may be nearly perfect in conformation, of royal lineage, and magnificent price, may turn out unable to win a cheap selling-race at a winter track. King Thomas brought \$40,000 as a yearling, and he is now five years old, but still a "maiden," i. e., has never won a race. On the other hand a man may be lucky enough to pick up a yearling at a moderate price, perhaps even for two or three hundred dollars, that will earn tens of thousands. His Highness brought a fair sum, \$3,400, at the end of December, 1890, and the next season he won Mr. David Gideon \$107,285 in stakes and purses alone. Byron McClelland parted

with a good old race-horse, Badge, at the sale to dissolve the partnership between him and Mr. Roche, in order to buy in a chestnut yearling filly by Hindoo out of Red and Blue. Everyone wondered why he parted with such a tried and true friend as Badge, but the shrewd young Westerner knew what he was doing. The chestnut filly was Sallie McClelland, who costing him \$2,500 at that sale, won \$56,000 for him in 1890. Russell cost Messrs. J. A. and A. H. Morris \$625 as a yearling and put \$56,123 to their credit the next year and \$15,395 last year, when a three-year-old. These are somewhat exaggerated examples, but dozens of others have earned large sums. To take two or three at random: Eclipse, who cost only \$300 at the Rancho del Paso sale of 1880, won \$12,278 in 1890, proving a stake winner and a colt of high quality, while Lord Harry, a stunted, undersized yearling that was sold with difficulty for \$250, the next year scored brackets five times, only running unplaced six times in twenty-two starts and winning \$4,980 in money. Small wonder, then, that racing men risk heavy investments in yearling thoroughbreds.

Messrs. John A. and A. Hennen Morris' stable is in every way a suitable one to select first as representative of the American turf. The racing instinct in this family is, unlike most instances in this country, hereditary, Mr. A. H. Morris, the junior partner in the firm, being of the third generation that has been represented by the "all scarlet," the famous "Barbarity" colors that took their name from the grand old brood mare, whose offspring, Ruthless, Relentless, Remorseless, Regardless, etc., so worthily carried the gay jacket to victory. Mr. John A. Morris' father, Mr. Francis Morris, was one of the generation of sportsmen who inaugurated the present era of our racing by founding the American Jockey Club and opening Jerome Park. Mr. J. A. Morris himself had a hand in it as well, and many years before the conception of such a race-course, as he has created at Morris Park, had entered his brain, handled the starter's flag at "the Goodwood of America." Among other racing ventures that his father made was the financial backing of the string that Mr. Richard Ten Broeck took to England in 1857, which included the mare Pryoreess, winner of

the Cesarewitch of that year, after a triple dead heat with El Hakim and Queen Bess. Till after his father's death, in 1886, Mr. John A. Morris did not embark in racing extensively, but in 1889 he started a stable, which has already made an indelible mark on the annals of our turf, and will in all human probability assume an even more prominent position. If bold and well-judged purchases of choicely bred animals and extensive investments in breeding enterprises will render this the leading stable of America—not the leading stable in the list of winning owners for one year, or even two or three, but the stable *par excellence* of the country—then surely shall we see this result.

The value of the richest winning and producing strains of English blood is becoming more fully recognized every year and Mr. Morris, from the very moment that he commenced his real career on the turf, has demonstrated his appreciation of this point.

It was on English blood, proved and tried through generations by the test of actual experience, and so transmitted through a succession of winners of the Derby, the Oaks, the St. Leger and the other great classic events of the English turf, that the late Hon. August Belmont founded his magnificent stud and stable, incomparably the best hitherto seen in America. Mr. Morris has even gone a step further. Finding that English breeders could be induced by no offer within reason to part with their best stallions, he concluded that as "the mountain would not come to Mahomet, Mahomet would go to the mountain," and sent American mares of the choicest lineage to England, to be there mated with the best sires procurable. His establishment at Dunmow, Essex, was mentioned in a previous article, and it is there that he has quartered such brood-mares as Active, by Tom Ochiltree out of Achsah, by Vauxhall; Ermine, by Ten Broeck out of Sallie M., by Longfellow, and Jennie B., by Longfellow out of Brocade, by imp. Bonnie, Scotland. During the coming season the first of these "Anglo-American" thoroughbreds will make their appearance on the turf, for among the nominations made in the names of Messrs. J. A. and A. H. Morris, the chestnut colt Agile, by Springfield out of

Active, and the brown colt Gallantry, by Galopin out of Jennie B., etc., are prominent.

Meanwhile, in awaiting the results of this wise experiment, Mr. Morris has not been inactive, as the record of his stable during the last three years proves. In Wyndham Walden, one of the ablest of American trainers, though one whose methods would not suit all owners, he has found a powerful ally. It may indeed be said that Walden is a partner in, as well as the trainer of, the stable, since he receives, instead of the ordinary trainers' 10 per cent. commission, no less than 50 per cent., a fact which will give some idea of what a really first-class trainer's services are worth. Previous to 1889 Mr. Morris had some few horses in training, the best known of which was Britannic, a very fast horse, though afflicted with a tendency to bleeding during his races. In that year he was represented by a string of twenty that won \$65,482 for him. The best of them was the high-class but unlucky colt, Cayuga, that earned \$22,595, while that speedy but radically unsound colt, Civil Service, since become famous as a sprinter in "Father Bill" Daly's colors, had \$11,432 to his credit. The next year, 1890, saw a great improvement, for the twenty-three horses that carried the "all scarlet" won \$158,863, placing the firm only second to Mr. Belmont on the list of winning owners. Russell headed the list, but Reckon, with \$26,390, Chatham, with \$17,560, and Ambulance, with \$16,200, all did a great deal better than "earn their oats," while several other two-year-olds scored well up in the four figures. The value of the record consisted chiefly in demonstrating what can be done with two-year-olds alone, as the three-year-olds (there were no horses older than this in the string) only won \$7,890 between them.

Last season the stable was again second on the list, winning \$159,497.50, only being beaten by Mr. M. F. Dwyer's string by a very small margin. This great sum was earned by a mixed lot of two-year-olds and three-year-olds, St. Florian, a two-year-old, being at the head with \$37,825, while the three following three-year-olds stood next: Reckon, \$24,995; Russell, \$14,767.50, and Terrier, \$12,560. At the end of the first three meetings of the season, including

Washington, where the purses are small, the stable had won upward of \$100,000, and it really looked as if it would fairly sweep the board. But Walden's policy is to "catch the early worm," or, to put it in Mr. Morris' own words, "We mow them down," and the severe preparation his horses had undergone had its effect, and other strings began to get their share of the money.

In striking contrast to the stable of Messrs. John A. and A. H. Morris was that of the late Mr. D. D. Withers, the most conservative, as he was the most thoroughly sportsmanlike, of all American owners. The sudden and utterly unexpected death of this gentleman, who besides having effectively demonstrated his right to the title of "Mentor of the American turf," was the highest ideal of a true sportsman this country, and, perhaps, any other has ever produced, was a universal shock. The results entailed may be even more serious than can appear at so early a date. As the owner of an extensive stable, as a large breeder, as the founder of the finest race course in America, and perhaps in the world, as an able and indefatigable administrator of turf law, he had conferred endless obligations on our racing community. In his capacity as chairman of the Board of Control he was doing work of incalculable service at the time of his death. During his long and active racing career, which dated from 1869, he was never in any way concerned in any transaction which the most unscrupulous scandal-monger could taint with the breath of suspicion.

Presumably Mr. Withers found that a substantial check at the conclusion of a meeting was a not unpleasing memento of the fact that his horses had been carrying the "all-black" to the fore in important stakes; but money-making was a very subsidiary matter in his racing. He raced horses for the same reason that he devoted a large share of his time to turf management—because he loved the sport for itself, not for the money that is in it. If some one possessed with a sudden inspiration of generosity should have taken it into his head to present the "Sage of Brookdale" with the best race-horse in training, and the gift were accepted, we doubt very much if he would have found the slightest pleasure in seeing the animal win races for him. The

late Mr. Belmont was another of those thorough sportsmen to whom the real pleasure of racing consists of seeing horses of their own breeding win races in their own colors, and the crowning triumph of his career was when Potomac and Masher ran first and second for the Futurity of 1890; but Mr. Withers outherded Herod in this particular.

At his Brookdale Stud he bred a great number of thoroughbreds, pursuing his own theories rather than catering to the likes and dislikes of others. If a certain stallion took his fancy, that horse ruled as lord of the harem, even if the racing world in general were so prejudiced against him that his yearlings would command only the poorest prices at public auction. Again, Mr. Withers might take a prejudice against some horse in his own possession. He did against Ventilator, who with the most limited chances has gotten a great proportion of fair race-horses.

In 1890 Mr. Withers sold all the yearlings by this horse, Mr. M. F. Dwyer buying three. These were Airplant, Airshaft and Airtight, all winners, and the first named at any rate a very fair colt. He alone won \$17,615, and his winnings combined with those of Airshaft, who put \$7,045 to his credit, exceeded the entire earnings of Mr. Withers' stable for the year.

Very naturally the extreme conservatism of Mr. Withers' nature militated against his stable achieving pre-eminent success, and it must be confessed that the good race-horses bred at Brookdale have been few and far between. Probably quite the best horse ever turned out from that establishment was the son of Sensation and imp. Faverdale, by The Palmer, to which no name was ever given. This was one of the peculiarities of this good sportsman that, like the late Lord Glasgow on the other side of the Atlantic, he disliked naming his horses. So it was in this instance that an animal which, if it had not been for the radical unsoundness of his feet, inherited through his sire from the famous old mother of race-horses, Susan Beane, would have been one of the horses of the decade, was still unnamed, when he was retired from the turf to the stud after the season of 1889. The year he was a two-year-old, 1888, was the best on record for the "all black," although the amount of money won,

\$73,265, does not sound so very great now. Of this the Faverdale colt earned \$21,340, while of the twelve two-year-olds that started, all bred by Mr. Withers, ten were winners, a very remarkable showing, especially as none of them were severely campaigned, the entire number only starting fifty-four times. In 1889 the stable was less prominent, only winning about \$42,000, but in 1890 it captured \$63,190 with the three-year-old, King Eric, as the biggest winner, with \$13,180. This colt was undoubtedly a rank counterfeit, but oddly enough he began the season most auspiciously for the stable by winning the Withers Stakes (named for his owner) for the "all black" for the first time since its institution. Last year the stable had a shocking season, though it would be difficult to name any definite reason, since the two-year-olds gave excellent promise both as yearlings and in the early spring. Still the nineteen horses that started only won \$22,455 and scarcely a stake race of any importance. Mr. Withers had not started a horse except of his own breeding since 1880.

The record made by Mr. David Gideon's stable in 1891 will for many a year furnish a handy answer to such as may question whether the ready sale of high-priced promising yearlings can be maintained. Up to last season Mr. Gideon's ambition had not seemed to soar above a few moderate selling platters that would do to have a bet on occasionally. It is true that he paid \$12,000 for French Park at the end of that animal's unbeaten two-year-old career, but unsoundness prevented the colt from ever carrying the "all dark blue" in a race, and that for a time ended Mr. Gideon's investments in high-class horseflesh. When, however, the sale of the Belmont race-horses and yearlings was announced for the latter part of December, 1890, his opportunity had come, and through the medium of James Rowe, the trainer of the Nursery Stable, he was enabled to gain accurate information in regard to the horses. The upshot was that he bought three, giving Rowe a handsome percentage on their future winnings, viz.: His Highness, for \$3,400; Tarantella, for \$3,100, and Schuylkill, for \$2,800, an astonishingly moderate price for the last considering that this is a full brother to the mighty Potomac. Of these,

two were distinct failures. Tarantella "scored brackets" late in the year at Washington; but she is a faint-hearted jade who, unless she manifests extraordinary improvement, will never be a credit to her parentage. Schuylkill proved speedy but a coward, and scarcely won enough to pay for himself. But His Highness compensated nobly for the others. His performances are so recent that it would be merely tedious to reiterate them. Suffice it to say that he was beyond dispute the horse of the year, endowed with the most infinite courage, possessed of the highest speed and in every respect a grand specimen of a first-class race-horse. He captured the two-year-old Blue Ribbon of the American turf, the Futurity, under the most meritorious circumstances, earning in all \$107,285 in twelve races and nine victories, his defeats occurring during the early part of the season when he had scarcely recovered from a mild species of blood-poisoning.

The most widely chronicled stable in the entire history of the American turf has been that of the Dwyer Brothers, the men who, from the lucky purchase of a cast-off from Mr. Belmont's stable, became powers of the first magnitude in the racing world. Their rise having become a matter of history does not concern us here, but since the dissolution of partnership which took place during the winter of 1890-91, and so astonished the community in general, Mr. M. F. Dwyer especially has been a most prominent figure on the turf. That this gentleman should head the list of winning owners during last season with the fine sum of \$163,512, and that Messrs. P. J. Dwyer & Son should have won \$91,545, tells more forcibly than words that their hands have not lost their cunning.

Even without an ultra critical examination, the record made by Mr. Michael Dwyer's stable last year displays an admirable system of management and well-judged "placing" which would be hard to parallel. By "placing" horses, it may be explained, is meant the starting of them in just the company to which they belong and in which they have a right, on their class, to win. It is not too much to say that in the capacity to do this effectually lies quite half the ability of a first-class trainer. In this particular instance the skill manifested

was most apparent. Whenever Mr. Dwyer had a really good race-horse—and there is no better judge than he—there was no hesitation in pitting him against the best anyone could produce, but if some animal was plainly of mediocre quality, there was no vain attempt made to win great stakes at the leading race-courses with him, and his owner was quite content to win small purses at minor meetings. The result is made apparent in the figures. All the horses in the stable, eighteen in number, started 264 times and won no less than 100 races, a proportion which is positively astonishing.

In a few words, Mr. Michael Dwyer is the best exponent we have of racing *as a business*. The "sport of kings" is a business nowadays to the majority of owners of racing stables, and it avails nothing to attempt to blink this fact. The day is probably gone, once and for all, in this country, as also in England, when the turf could be regarded mainly as the playground of the wealthy leisure classes. Though to the race-going public it provides a healthy, pleasant and exciting recreation, to most of the men whose horses provide sport, it is a business pure and simple. In the ordinary acceptance of the term, Mr. Dwyer is not a "plunger," but a consistent speculator, of keen judgment and unexcelled nerve. To attempt to estimate the amount of the unwilling tribute the "ring" was forced to yield to him during the twelve months would be impossible, but the record of the last season in which he and his brother, Philip, raced in partnership, 1890, shows that even though he, like every other mortal, makes occasional mistakes, he is one of the very few men who are able to best the bookmakers in the long run.

A rather lengthy digression has been made on the subject of Mr. Michael Dwyer's racing policy, since he is typical of the coming school of racing men. Now, for a moment let us consider the record made by his stable last year, that being the first season in which his interests were separate from those of his brother.

In one very essential point it presents a striking contrast to what is usually found when a stable leads or is among the leaders in the list of winners. As stated before, the two-year-old is generally regarded as the chief money-maker

nowadays, but in this instance he plays a very unimportant part. In 1890 Mr. Belmont headed the list with \$171,350, of which two-year-olds won \$114,350, and Messrs. J. A. and A. H. Morris were second with \$158,863, of which the youngsters contributed \$150,973; but in this case the five greatest winners do not comprise one animal belonging to that year. The most lucrative was Potomac, undoubtedly the best three-year-old of his year, as he had been in 1890, when racing in the name of Mr. Belmont, the best two-year-old. The record this colt made, although he did not earn a greater sum than \$36,190, is simply astounding when all the circumstances of his case are considered, for he was a radically unsound and ailing animal, even during the short period that he was actually racing. Mr. Dwyer bought him at the Nursery sale for \$25,000—in reality an absurdly small price—but even then his fore-feet were under suspicion, one of them having always been smaller than the other. This defect he inherited from the same source as that from which Mr. Withers' Faverdale colt derived his unsoundness, Potomac's dam Susquehanna being full sister to Sensation. In his case the weakness manifested itself in the complete "giving" of the ligaments of his "frog," so that even when he won the Realization Stakes the whole of one of the "quarters" of his foot had been cut away, necessitating the cauterization of the part to lessen the pain.

Outside Potomac the four biggest winners of the stable were: Kingston, an aged horse; Raceland, a six-year-old; Longstreet, a five-year-old, and Banquet, a four-year-old—these horses all earning sums ranging from \$26,955 to \$19,275. If it were not easy to see that in this case the exception proves the rule, one would be rather shy of starting by saying that to two-year-olds one must look for the money-makers of the turf in these days, and then citing such an example as this; but despite its rarity the matter is susceptible of explanation. In the first place Mr. Dwyer was exceptionally lucky in possessing such a collection of good old horses, for it is very doubtful if a similar lot were ever seen in one stable on American soil. Then again, he was undoubtedly disgusted at the poor success that had attended his own and his brother's speculations in

yearlings, and he had employed the very best of his excellent judgment to acquire first-class old horses, while fortune was exceptionally kind to him in restoring Longstreet to perfect health when he had seemed to be a thoroughly unsound horse. Still in most men's hands it is safe to say that even these animals would not have earned so much money, and the fullness of their success must be largely set down as due to the experienced management they had throughout the campaign.

The original Belmont *ménage* is, sad to say, now but a thing of the past, and though the famous "maroon and scarlet" will again, I am happy to think, be seen on our race-courses carried by horses belonging to sons of the founder of the Nursery Stud, the glory has for the time departed. Still, an article of this description would be incomplete without a few words about it. To the late Hon. August Belmont the American sportsman, who wishes to find a parallel for the leading turfites of the Old World, can point without fear of his country losing in the comparison. Not only was Mr. Belmont a man whose practically unlimited resources enabled him to carry out the well-founded theories which he had imbibed through keen observation and long experience in the breeding of thoroughbreds on both sides of the Atlantic, but he was as truly a leader in the racing world as in social and financial circles. With horses other than the very best he would have nothing to do, and so soon as he was enabled to put his breeding enterprises on the footing he desired, he would have his colors borne by no other horses than those of his own breeding. He was one of the original coterie who started the American Jockey Club, and even at that time, upwards of a quarter of a century ago, so high was the estimation in which he was held by his contemporaries, that he was elected first president of the young body which was destined to play so important a part in regenerating the American turf. This estimation he not only kept intact to the end of his life, but his death was universally recognized as a most serious blow, removing as it did one whose policy in the direction of his stable had invariably been of the most sportsmanlike and honorable description.

Of the same generation and order is Mr. John Hunter, whose return to the

turf in 1890 was hailed with general pleasure, and he also was one of the founders of the American Jockey Club. At the date of its foundation he was an active and powerful factor in the racing world, owning a stable in partnership with the late Mr. William Travers. Since his recent return to the turf he experienced but poor luck till toward the end of last season, and even then only one of the thirteen two-year-olds he had in training achieved anything worth mentioning. However, this one, Dagonet, a son of the unbeaten Tremont, at least made some amends for the others, putting the handsome sum of \$31,321 to the credit of the "magpie" colors, and we may hope that this break in a continued run of misfortune that would have entirely stopped a less true-hearted sportsman, will encourage Mr. Hunter to fresh and successful undertakings.

Only a short time ago it began to look as if the millionaire owner would soon be a *rara avis* in this country, and with the deaths of Mr. Belmont, Senator George Hearst and the Hon. William L. Scott, the retirement of Mr. J. B. Haggin and the temporary withdrawal of Mr. A. J. Cassatt from participation in the active pursuit of turf honors, a decided dearth in this direction would have been already experienced, had it not been for the influx of fresh blood. The accessions have, however, been most encouragingly numerous. Mr. Marcus Daly filled the void left by his partners in the Anaconda Mine, Mr. J. B. Haggin, and even before the "blue and gold" of the latter had entirely disappeared from the turf, the "copper, green cap" of the former had become well known. Mr. Marcus Daly has from the first played for high stakes, buying only the very choicest yearlings, and it is pleasant to note that his courage was well rewarded last season, his stable earning \$79,905 in comparatively few starts. Tammany, a son of Iroquois, won the Great Eclipse and Criterion Stakes, and Sir Matthew, son of imp. Sir Modred, captured the Camden and Junior Champion Stakes, while that rank counterfeit, Montana, was lucky enough to be first past the post in the rich Lorillard Stakes, besides running a very close second to Potomac in the Realization Stakes. Mr. Daly's string is in the charge of "Matt" Byrnes, who previously trained the great Salvator and Firenzi

for Mr. Haggin, and under his skillful management in course of time this comparatively new stable is sure to become most prominent.

Last year young Mr. Frank Ehret, the son of the millionaire brewer, made his debut on the turf and met with a success which was almost startling. Seldom, indeed, has any racing establishment emerged from its first campaign with such flying colors. In Yorkville Belle (the subject of our frontispiece), the "white, red cap, star and cuffs," was represented by far the best two-year-old filly of the year, so good indeed that her winnings of \$35,785 do not nearly represent her merit. In Rey del Rey, Mr. Ehret owned a colt that would probably have stood only second to Potomac, if his heart had been stout, and even as it was, he finished the season with \$30,759 to his credit and the very rich Omnibus Stakes among his victories. How good a race-horse this brother to El Rio Rey really would have been if he had had genuine courage may be inferred from the fact that all through his three-year-old year he could beat the four-year-old Demuth (a very fair race-horse) at even weights at any distance. The entire stable won \$104,853, and its marvelously good fortune is doubtless responsible for the accession of sundry other millionaires to the turf. Mr. Foxhall Keene, the well-known gentleman rider and son of the irrepressible Mr. James R. Keene, who used to own Foxhall, was also represented for the first time last season by the "white, blue spots," and Mr. A. F. Walcott was again found tempting fickle fortune in partnership with Johnny Campbell, undismayed by the fate of his former venture, the Fairfax Stable. Neither of these gentlemen met with any great share of luck, but they are not of the kind to be disheartened by temporary disaster.

Then again, Mr. Pierre Lorillard has resumed an active part and from the energy he has displayed in becoming the owner of the best horses in the market, great things may be expected of the Rancocas stable in the coming season. Entirely new blood is found in the millionaire brewers, Mr. Jacob Rupert, and Mr. Charles Fleischman, and in Mr. W. Schulte, of Lexington, Ky., while to some extent in the same category may be classed Mr. August Belmont, and his brothers, the Hon. Perry Belmont and

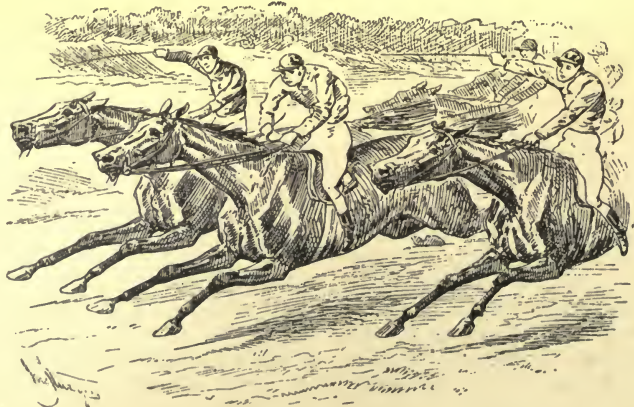
Mr. Oliver H. P. Belmont. Of these Mr. August Belmont will certainly be represented by a stable, while it is quite likely that the other brothers, from the fact that they have invested in some young stock besides brood mares, may be.

While the pronounced success which has attended the débuts of some new owners has been in a considerable measure responsible for this influx of the moneyed element, it must be confessed that, as is also the case in England of late years, some men are attracted to the turf by the chance they recognize to advertise themselves or their business. Even though such gentlemen are scarcely likely to fill the ideal type of the wealthy sportsman, who breeds horses to race them in his own colors, and races for stakes not bets, their advent is welcome since it is certain that their stables will be conducted in an honorable and upright fashion.

With a single specimen of the "poor" owner—often poor in name only and in reality better equipped than the owners of more pretentious strings—we must be content. The name of such is legion, and year by year, as the possible profits of the business increase, they multiply; but there is one representative who, year in and year out, is more or less prominently before the public, W. C. Daly, better known as "Father Bill" Daly, or sometimes "the Hartford Aristocrat." We are aware that many "poor" owners will strenuously object to being represented by this extremely unpolished specimen of the turfite, but since he offers a good instance of success in this class, and his selling platers are seen on all the leading Eastern courses, he must stand for the rest. There are others who, like Green

B. Morris and Byron McClelland, have by keen and accurate judgment worked their way into the front ranks; but with improved circumstances they have become the owners of high-class horses, while Daly's has continued to be the typical "poor" man's stable, containing, in spite of the number of horses he owns, no animal that ranks more than a shade above a selling plater. Yet Daly must be a rich man, since his trotters and thoroughbreds have yielded him a steady harvest. Both he and his less-known brother, Mike, were at one time quarrymen; but "Father Bill" and his cork leg, despite all disadvantageous circumstances, have become indispensable adjuncts of our race-courses, and he always meets with more or less familiar recognition from even the most exclusive American turfites.

Civil Service, a horse that even while a yearling suffered with a prodigious "ringbone" and was therefore cast off as a hopeless cripple from the Morris stable, toward the end of his two-year-old career, has been Daly's chief breadwinner during the past two years. Despite his unsoundness, he has proved a high-class sprinter, and by the end of last year's "legitimate" season had won \$9,600. Of the rest of his string Lizzie, a filly bred at the Nursery Stud, has most pretensions to good class and last year won \$8,155, while if she had not been over-raced in the fall of her two-year-old career, she might probably have done much better. A horse does not stand much chance of being pampered in this stable or others of the same class, and if an animal does not earn his oats, there is some very good reason.



THE SONG OF THE TANDEM.



WHEN the moon with silver radiance
Smiles upon the earth in glory,
Lending to the sight that romance
Often told in song and story,

Then upon our tandem mounting,
Ride we forth from city highways
To a world whose beauty brightens
Country lanes and dusty byways.

O'er the level road our "Quadrant"
Skims as lightly as a swallow ;
Up the hills we toil with courage,
Thinking of the coast to follow.

Thro' the woods, where ghostly tree
tops
Wave their spectral branches o'er
us,
While the filtered moonbeams through
them
Like white fairies flit before us.

On we go with speed unslackened,
Leaving motionless behind us
Countrymen with mouths wide open,
Who a source of wonder find us.

Past the bridge, 'neath which the brooklet
Sings its silvery song forever,
Rippling o'er its gleaming pebbles,
Flowing on and ceasing never.

On we go past field and hamlet,
While the moon climbs high and higher,
And the air is filled with music
From the frog and cricket choir.

On we go until before us
Lies the sea in glittering whiteness,
With its thousand waves all trembling
In fair Luna's glorious brightness.

Now remounting, turn we homeward,
Riding thro' a land enchanted.
For the new-mown hay around has
All the air with perfume haunted.

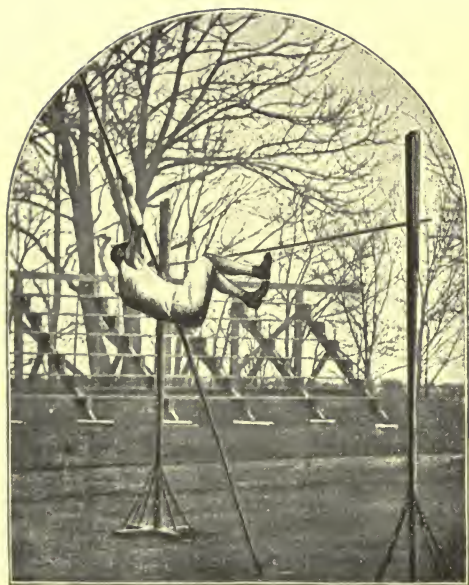
Gentle breezes help us onward,
Stars and moon shine brightly o'er us,
Till our journey home is ended
And the city lies before us.

Ye who sigh for wings to fly with,
If you would enjoy like pleasure,
Try a spin a wheel and see if
That does not fill up the measure.

EDITH ALTON.

POLE VAULTING.

BY MALCOLM W. FORD.



NOT FORCE ENOUGH.

the world's record at this game, 26 feet 4½ inches; but it must be borne in mind that the athlete of to-day has a specially prepared place on which to do his leaping, while the fen men were forced to jump from and on ground which in an athletic sense would be considered rather rough.

Pole vaulting has not been scientifically practiced so long as other more popular events, but soon after the holding of Caledonian games in Great Britain began pole vaulting was added to the programmes, and athletes of to-day may be considered as expert in it, in proportion, as in any other standard event. No other game practiced by the modern athlete equals it in skill; indeed, it has often been remarked that a good man at it does not need much natural strength or activity, for if he masters the fine points he can generally do a good performance whether he considers himself in condition or not. The game is thought, by those who do not practice it, to be very difficult to learn, and the difference between a height which a good vaulter can clear and one which a

POLE vaulting is a most daring and fascinating athletic game. In all probability it had its origin in necessity as a means of locomotion in the Great Bedford Level of the fens of Cambridgeshire, Hunts and Norfolk in England—a vast flat level that has been artificially drained within the past two hundred years. Before then it was, for many centuries, entirely covered with water. The process of draining necessitated a network of open drains varying in width from six to sixteen feet, intersecting the country at right angles with the recurring regularity of the streets and avenues of an American city. No obstacle but the drains interfered with the inhabitants passing in a bee line from one homestead to another, and to effectually negotiate these drains and often obviate long journeys there was, on every homestead, a stack of vaulting poles, which the natives used in the ordinary daily course of life for getting across country.

No mention is made of the length of these poles, which were evidently considered quite an important part of an inhabitant's outfit. A distance vault of sixteen feet is nothing when compared with



H. H. BAXTER.



SHOWING CONFIDENCE.

novice can negotiate is so great as to create an impression that it would be next to impossible for the average athlete to do anything in the event worth looking at. Although there are good grounds for this impression, still the facts are that pole vaulting is not near so difficult as it looks, and although it is not everyone who can clear eleven feet in height, almost anyone of athletic propensities should be able to do nine feet, which is a height looked on as quite wonderful by the average spectator.

The game consists of clearing a bar supported by two uprights, the same as in a running high jump. The athlete runs with a pole in his hands, and sticks the pole in the ground just in front of the bar, at a distance to suit himself; the force of his run carries him up, and by a lifting movement of his arms he swings his body over the bar and, to prevent it from knocking down what he has just cleared, lets go of the pole when he is well over the obstacle. The pole falls to the ground or is caught by someone, and the athlete lands in soft dirt dug up specially for the purpose. The game takes well with spectators, for the heights generally cleared are so great as to be in plain view of and appreciated by all. The movement generally consists of an easy, graceful sail through the air, a twist of the body and a dropping to the ground which is quite thrilling.

The main point in pole vaulting is to feel thoroughly at home while running to-

ward the bar, rising to it, and when in the act of going over. The last part brings in quite a strain upon the arms, and this is where most athletes are weak. The game is essentially so scientific that before one can perform well he must have thoroughly learned the several different acts; but the fact of its being a combination of scientific moves renders great improvement very possible, for were the game simply a matter of strength or activity, qualities which must be born in a man, many of the high-class pole vaulters of the day would never have been heard of in this line. The first trial at the game should consist in jumping a height which can be easily cleared. If the beginner is in a gymnasium he should use a pole with a spike in the end, so that it will stick firmly into the block provided for board-floor vaulting. This block should be about three feet long and two feet broad, varying in thickness from two inches at the front end—the one toward the vaulter—to four inches at the back. This slight wedge shape enables a better hold for the pole. At the back of this block there should be a raised portion running from end to end and protruding anywhere from three to five inches above the block's surface, its purpose being to catch and hold the pole when the user has failed to make it grip the flat surface. For out-of-door vaulting a hole should be dug in the dirt underneath the bar. This makes the best possible arrangement



PLENTY TO SPARE.



RAY DROPPING OVER THE BAR.

for holding a pole, for with much use it becomes large enough to permit a slight irregularity in putting the pole in and it makes the athlete accustomed to aiming at a certain spot, which is a good thing to do whether vaulting on dirt or on boards. The hole should be about six inches deep and the end of the pole should be blunt, so as not to sink in over an inch or two. Many a vaulter has been unable to do himself justice simply on account of his pole being sharp at the end and its sinking in from six to nine inches when the athlete's full weight was upon it.

The styles displayed in pole vaulting are as numerous as in high jumping. Some vaulters clear the bar with their backs to it, others with their side next to it, but the majority when on top of the bar have their chest nearest to it. In England a totally different style seems to be popular, and the climbing motion up the pole, used there, when first seen here created great surprise. Tom Ray, the ex-champion pole vaulter of England, climbs by shoving his right hand, which is on top, up the pole a little, and follows with the left the same distance, which is not the regular hand-over-hand climb, as would be done by a rope climber.

To clear eleven feet Ray will, as he

leaves the ground, have his left hand, which is the lower one, about seven feet from the ground end of the pole, and his right hand about eighteen inches higher. By the time he is in the act of clearing his right hand will be about thirteen feet six inches from the ground, which would show that in the interval he had climbed about four feet. H. H. Baxter, the American amateur champion for many years, in clearing eleven feet will have his left hand between nine feet and nine feet six inches from the ground end of the pole, and his right hand about three feet higher. He clears the bar with his chest to it, and while just on top his left arm is almost straight, having been used to push his body up. Most vaulters grasp the pole with their hands from two to three feet apart, and when in the act of clearing the bar one hand will be about as far above it as the other is below.

The chief difficulty in clearing great heights is to get up sufficient speed, and also to manage the long pole, which one must grasp at a considerable distance from the ground to reach a sufficient height to get up to the bar. The higher up an athlete grasps the pole just so much harder

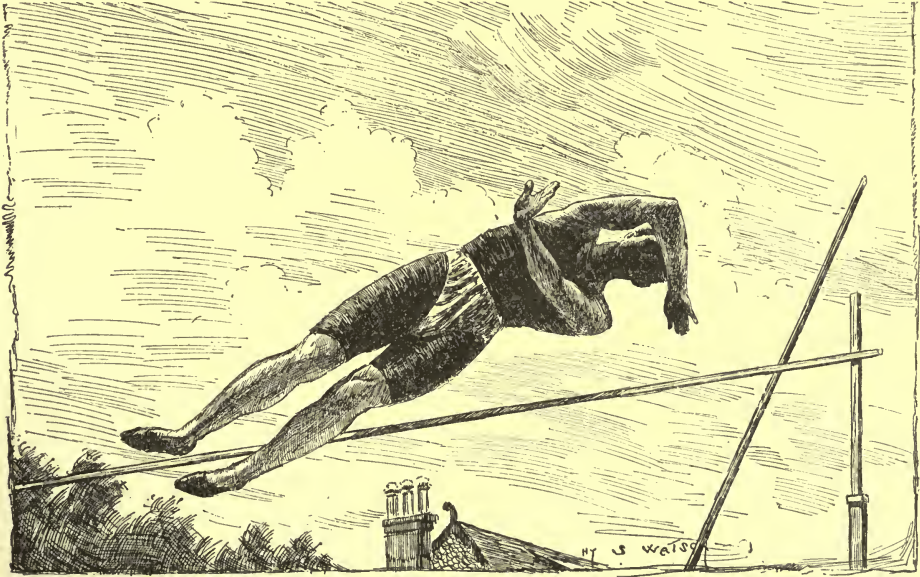


RAY READY TO RUN.

is it to leave the ground, for it can readily be seen that the further from you the end of the pole is, the angle in ascending will be all the more abrupt. Another matter to be taken into consideration is the weight of the pole, which, when grasped near the top, makes quite an unwieldy article to manage in front while running. All these points have to be regulated by the athlete to suit his individual taste. To counter-balance the long end in front when grasping the pole in the neighborhood of ten feet some athletes use an extra long pole, leaving a length at the top end, which relieves to a certain extent the effect of the weight of the long lower end. Poles vary between thirteen and sixteen feet in length. When

in racking one's self in the endeavor to clear three or six inches higher than usual, for the necessary racking comes entirely upon the muscles of the leg, arms and shoulders used in vaulting, and a strain may result.

A beginner is apt to be appalled at a height of five or six feet when he is unused to the exercise, and he generally sprawls over the ground at first when using any force. The best practice for a novice is to use a good stout pole, one measuring between twelve and fourteen feet in length and about one and three-quarter inches in diameter at the thickest part, which should be the middle. A pole of the length spoken of is entirely un-

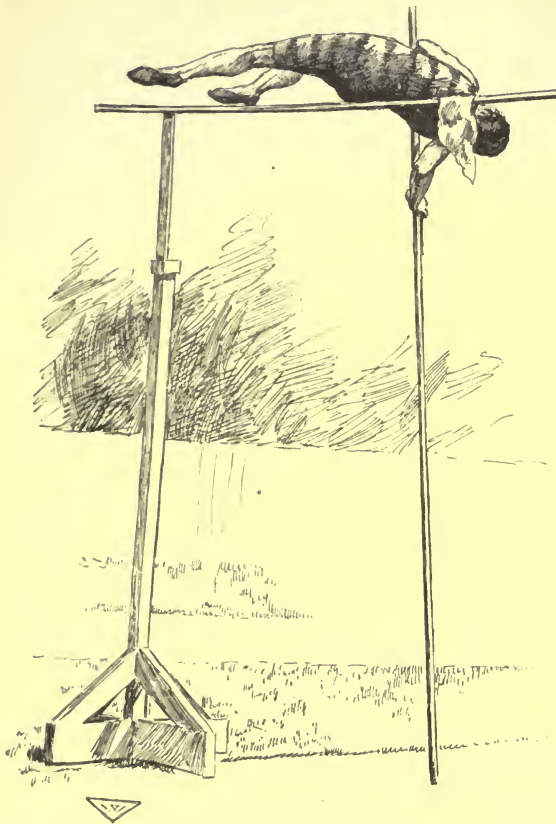


A PECULIAR STYLE.

Tom Ray was in this country in 1887 his hickory stick was fifteen feet six inches long. Baxter's poles are about fourteen feet in length. The best in this country are made of well-seasoned ash. The thickest part is in the middle, and the average diameter will be between one and a half and two inches at that point.

After the athlete is fairly accustomed to handling the pole and to clearing low heights he may with profit put the bar a little higher, but when he finds himself balking, getting out of his step, running against his pole just as he takes off, or jerking his arms and shoulders while taking off, he may know that he has reached his limit for that day. There is no use

necessary for clearing such heights as a novice is equal to, and he may not need to grasp it above the middle in getting over the bar, but it is well for him to get accustomed to using a full-length pole, for should he become at all expert he will find that a pole fourteen feet long is about right. Poles are generally made of ash or hickory or any strong wood not too heavy. Spruce and pine have been used in some cases on account of their lightness, but unless they are large enough they are likely to break when an extra strain is put on them. Athletes should take great care never to use a pole too light for them. The fact that some athletes do use poles that are altogether too



WITH BACK TO THE BAR.

weak is no reason why the custom should not be condemned. It is a dangerous practice. If the beginner acquires the habit of using a strong, heavy pole he will find that there will be no inclination to use a light one.

When an experienced vaulter is in the act of leaving the ground he puts his pole as far forward and upward as possible. The pole and his body with his arms extended upward would describe the letter A if an instantaneous picture were taken at that point. His hands will be extended as far as possible, for in that way the angle in leaving the ground is made easier and there is no running against the pole, which takes place if it is held too low. It stands to reason that an athlete who can reach with his arms between seven feet six inches and eight feet will have a far easier angle to overcome than one who with a corresponding effort can reach only between six feet six inches and seven feet. The fact of the tall men having a less height to go in proportion to their size has no more to do with a good performance

than, for instance, in the running high jump, where it is noticed that medium-sized men as a rule are the best performers; but the great advantage a tall man has in pole vaulting is that he can

reach the pole higher up and at a better angle than a short man.

The illustrations accompanying this article cannot fail to be very instructive to those who wish to learn how to pole vault. The various styles of rising to and clearing the bar will show at a glance how the game is performed.

"Not Enough Force" represents an act which beginners should be most familiar with, for they go through it, perhaps unconsciously though, so often. This athlete is evidently striving to get over a bar which is too high for his ability. He is altogether too far down on the pole and his body is doubled up in a way that

leads anyone familiar with the game to think that he will fall back. One redeeming feature in his attempt to get over the stick which may offset the discouragement in failing to do so is that he may feel better able to handle himself at the next trial; for every time a vaulter grasps a pole, takes a run and rises to any height, the arm muscles are given work which is necessary before they will do their duty when great heights are to be cleared.

"Ray Ready to Run" is a fine illustration of this prominent athlete as he stands eighty feet away from the bar ready to put momentum into his big body to carry him eight or nine feet in the air. It will be seen that his hands are a little over two feet apart, but the other picture of this celebrity, representing him dropping over the bar, shows that his hands are very close together after his having performed the climbing act. Compared with the styles of American vaulting Ray's hands are very far above the bar as he goes over it, the picture showing

them to be about three feet above the stick. It looks as though he were using no effort, but was simply poised comfortably in the air. His legs are well over, and he is about ready to drop to the ground. His pole has not been planted underneath the bar, but is at least three feet before it. This is done so that the vaulter may climb partly between the pole and the bar and also to have the pole in a position so that when the athlete is high enough the force of gravity will send him toward the bar.

How different Ray's style is when compared with the illustrations "With the Back to the Bar," and "An Excellent Style at Ten Feet Seven and Three-Quarter Inches." The former of these two represents a very clean style, although there is no record of any athlete clearing the bar with his back to the stick getting above ten feet, but as a contrast with Ray's method it is an excellent example. The other of these two pictures is a still greater contrast, and when it is taken into consideration what a great height was cleared when this snap shot was made, it will be all the more interesting. The athlete is I. D. Godshall, and the scene is at Easton, Pa., 1886, when he broke the best inter-collegiate record. It shows a splendid style of clearing the bar, for he has given his body a sharp twist, bringing his chest to the obstacle. His hands are about two feet apart, and judging by his position he knew exactly what he was about when at the seemingly perilous height. The height of his hands as compared with the bar would lead one to think he had not done much lifting, for they are high compared with many other styles.

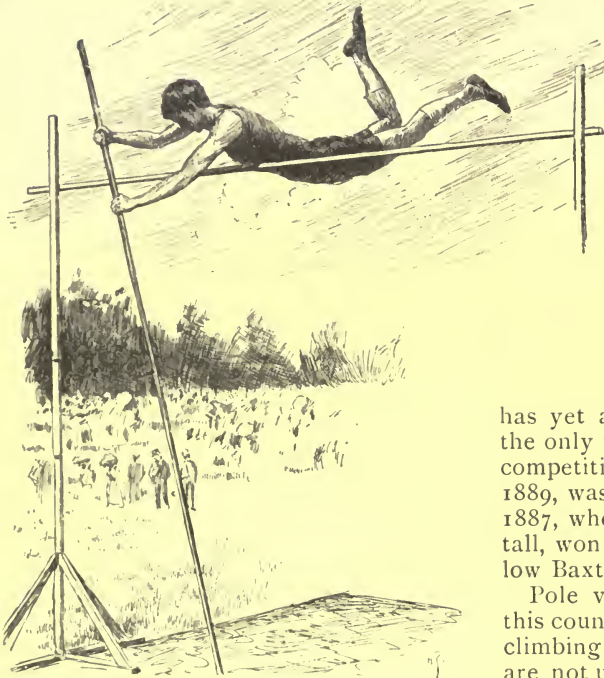
"Safely Over" represents a compromise style of getting over the stick. This athlete had neither his chest nor his side to the bar, but a point between the two was nearest to it. The pole had been dropped, although his trailing hand may bring the bar down. "A Peculiar Style" shows an athlete having vaulted with the body unusually rigid. It is very uncommon that anything like this is seen, for no vaulter can negotiate a good height with the body stiff. There would be too great a leverage on his arms, but this athlete is well past the bar, and all vaulters' bodies are more rigid after getting over the bar than when rising to it. "Plenty to Spare" shows a style very similar to Godshall's, only the athlete is much further above

the bar than the ex-collegian. The bar was either very low and the vaulter went high over it because it was easy for him to do so, or else he had not obtained the proper amount of science.

"Showing Confidence" is a picture that all beginners should study; for the handling of the feet, although it has been overdone, shows very well what should be done with these members when in the act of clearing the bar. The ability to throw one's legs considerably above the head when in the air is a great acquisition, but to do so needs plenty of nerve and a lack of fear of falling. This picture shows that the athlete was not in the least afraid, for he has tossed his extremities in almost a true gymnastic hand-balance way. Beginners should never endeavor to throw their legs high until they are very well at home when in the air; for should an athlete become overbalanced with his heels up, and he and the pole fall back, nothing could prevent his landing heavily on his head, shoulders or back. The reason why good vaulters show so little concern at the feet being so high when they are clearing ten feet



SAFELY OVER.



AN EXCELLENT STYLE AT 10 FEET $7\frac{3}{4}$ INCHES.

and over is that long practice has taken away all fear of falling.

The picture of Hugh H. Baxter, holder of the American amateur best on record for both outdoor and board-floor pole vaulting, reveals an athlete very well built above the waist. He has large biceps and triceps, and these strong muscles enable him to give a great lift on the pole

when occasion requires. His outdoor figures are eleven feet five inches, and he has cleared on a gymnasium floor eleven feet three inches. No other American has cleared eleven feet, and there are no athletes now competing actively who give promise of putting that figure to their credit. Baxter is six feet one and one-half inches tall, and weighed in athletic clothes when in condition a little over 150 pounds.

He had the most graceful way of vaulting of any athlete who has yet appeared before the public, and the only time he was beaten, in a scratch competition between the years 1883 and 1889, was at the championship games of 1887, when Ray, who is six feet one inch tall, won it at a height considerably below Baxter's record.

Pole vaulting is a game in which, in this country, tall men seem to excel. The climbing methods of the English vaulters are not used here at all, and the American vaulters clear the bar with what might be called one motion. E. L. Stones, the Englishman who visited this country in 1889, holds the world's amateur record of eleven feet seven inches. He is a man of only medium height, standing five feet eight inches tall. He climbs the pole, and so the disadvantage which a man of his height would otherwise have compared with a tall man is not noticed. He vaults very similar to Ray.

A CYCLIST'S VISIT TO RIP VAN WINKLEDOM.

BY J. HENRY SHARPE.



GOING to the Catskills, should we take our wheel with us? Why not? We had had some experience in mountain cycling. We had wheeled over the

Alleghenies in Pennsylvania, among the Berkshires in New England, and in old England had

climbed the Peak of Peveril in Derbyshire. On the Continent we had threaded

the passes of the Black Forest of Germany, and never had enjoyed anything more than scaling the ranges of the Swiss Alps. We had not yet tried the Catskills, but we had visited their sisters of the Shawungunk range. In advance of any knowledge of the roads, therefore, we decided not to leave behind us our faithful companion—the wheel.

We made our headquarters at the Summit Mountain House, from whose broad verandas we looked out on Clum Hill, Round Top, Sugar Loaf, the Twin Mountains, the Kaaterskill, the Onteora and other well-known mountains surrounding



W. S. Watson
1892

"WHERE SOME STONES MADE IT POSSIBLE FOR US TO KNEEL AND DRINK OUR FILL."

us on every side, and made daily excursions awheel to Hunter, Onteora Park, Elka Park, Twilight Park, Haines' Falls, Kaaterskill Falls, the Laurel House, the Hotel Kaaterskill, the old Catskill Mountain House, the lonely Overlook Mountain House and other points commanding grand views of the Hudson Valley and its lordly river.

One of the last and most memorable pilgrimages we made was a visit to "Sleepy Hollow." Not the "Sleepy Hollow" of the celebrated "legend" of which Ichabod Crane is the hero, but the not less famous vale in the Catskills, the scene of the legend commemorating the wonderful experiences of old Rip Van Winkle.

Eastward our mountain road carried us first to the village of Haines' Corners, and near the roaring waters of Haines' Falls, a half mile beyond, our descent through the Kaaterskill Clove began. Down the steep road of the Clove we turned, and we had need of all our power, both of brake and back pedaling; indeed the tension of our grip on the brake was so constant and unrelaxing that we had occasionally to leap from our seat for relief.

Down we went, however, and were congratulating ourselves on having reached the lower levels in safety, when suddenly our hand brake broke and instantly our wheel bounded off with us on a run away!

What should we do? What could we do except, like John Gilpin, cling to our steed while it flew before the wind? Below us were wagons in the road. We neared the first and ran round it with a speed that must have astonished its inmates. The second wagon was passed with even greater celerity, for we were running like the headless horseman of Sleepy Hollow on his way back to the graveyard, or like the luckless Ichabod Crane himself in his vain flight to escape from the phantom horseman. Alas! there was yet another wagon load of people, this time quite blocking up the way.

There was no help for it, so we dashed off the road into the high grass and stones in a frantic effort to reach the highway beyond, when the right pedal of our wheel struck on a hidden rock that shied both horse and rider. Fortunately we fell far forward of the wheel in the soft grass and were on our feet in an instant without a bruise or a scratch, amid cheers from the wagon loads of passen-

gers who, breathless, had witnessed the race.

Gliding through the beautiful village of Palenville, we pushed northward up the valley along the base of the mountains. We had descended two thousand feet, and now on our left loomed up, three thousand feet above us, the forest-clad Kaaterskill Mountain, with the great snow-white front of the Hotel Kaaterskill crowning its summit, and several miles further up the valley we had glimpses of the old Catskill Mountain House, to whose lofty outlook we wished to climb before sunset by the old mountain road that winds by many a curve to the summit.

Perhaps it was assurance of being near our destination that urged us at a rattling pace up the first ascent. Presently our ears were filled with the lullaby of a brook in the woods to the left of the highway. Was not this the stream that flowed down through Sleepy Hollow? Leaving our wheel by the roadside we ventured through the trees and thickets down into a ravine where a brawling brook coursed its way down the mountain. Surely we were already in the confines of Rip Van Winkledom!

We bent over the brook where some stones made it possible for us to kneel, and drank our fill. We drank, as we fancied, with much of the thirst of old Rip when he found the liquor keg in the forest so luring and resistless. Whether it was that Rip, after all, had only sampled the same product of Adam's ale we know not, but certain it is that, after imbibing freely, we were incontinently inclined to take our ease on a neighboring heap of pine boughs and there close our eyes on all sublunary sights.

We did not dream, indeed, as the delightful old Dutchman. We saw no vision of old Hendrick Hudson and his merry-making crew of the *Half Moon* carousing and rolling ninepins in the amphitheatre of Sleepy Hollow. But when we wakened to consciousness again beside the shady brook we were startled at hearing the clarion notes of "morning's chanticleer." We were in the heart of a forest and the sounds of a barnyard population must have come down to us from above! Had we overslept? Had we repeated old Van's experience? Then it came home to us that we must be near the Rip Van Winkle Inn.

As it was now after mid-day, and not so early an hour as the cock crowing would

have us believe, we rose and pressed on up the winding road to find the ancient hostelry, and, after what seemed interminable windings, we came suddenly on the object of our search. The road turned and descended rapidly to the bottom of a hollow which it crossed, and there in a crotch of the valley, on the upper side of the road, and partly over the mountain brook that ran under it, was the old inn. The little tavern was evidently in keeping with the supposed past age which it commemorates. A more forlorn affair bearing the name of hotel could hardly be found. Beside it was a dilapidated wooden structure devoted to decanting to thirsty travelers beverages similar to the somnolent liquor which stole away poor Rip's recollection for so long a time.

We did not pause to patronize this mountain bar, but descrying at the top of a precipice further up the hollow a great bare stone, on which was written in large letters "Old Rip's Rock," we pressed on up toward it. A hand rope stretched from tree to tree, and by means of it we climbed the steep path to the rock. Here we found nailed to a tree a placard inscribed "Old Rip's Coat and Vest." Below it hung those time-worn articles, looking as if they might well be relics of a former century, and dangling from a cord were some bones meant to be considered bones of Rip's faithful canine, Wolf. It was on this rock the amusing old vagabond is supposed to have slept out the colonial period and waked in the dawn of the new republic.

Coming down again we stopped at the Rip Van Winkle House to see the wondrous collection of relics nailed on the front of the little barroom. They were certainly old enough in appearance to have been souvenirs of pre-Revolutionary days—a worn-out gunstock, several ancient horse pistols, a knife sheath, a pair of antique high-top boots, sundry horse-shoes and other nondescript articles. Down on the ground, leaning against the wall, was an old inn signboard, which may once have swung in the wind and, for aught we know, have been the original sign that once hung before the village inn which Rip lived to revisit in his old age. It has given way to a picture of Rip at that critical moment when he exclaims: "Oh, that flagon! that wicked flagon! What excuse shall I make to Dame Winkle?" The form of Rip has almost vanished from the weather-beaten

board, but this, and the still more illegible lettering below, leave all the more to imagination.

By this time we were almost as hungry as if we ourselves had fasted for a score of years. We were the only guests for dinner that day, and we were waited on by a solitary servant. We wondered whether this mountain maid was posted on the history that makes the locality so famous. "Was Washington Irving ever here?" we ventured to ask; "he who wrote about old Rip Van Winkle?" We saw at once that we were not understood, but we were not prepared for her reply.

"I don't know, maybe he was; but I know he isn't here now!"

We did not pursue our inquiries, but finished our lonely meal with silent meditation on the vanity of human fame.

This inn and Washington Irving reminded us of another bicycle tour and of another inn, and of the famous author of "The Sketch Book." We had only to close our eyes and we were once more in Merrie England, gliding down through "Shakespeare's country." We crossed the stone bridge over the Avon into the village of Stratford and rode up the main street straight to the old Red Horse Inn.

Entering we met there a maid, to whom we said: "We have come to see the inn where Washington Irving stayed." She welcomed us with a smile, for she had had many an American before. We were shown into the little parlor where he had lodged, and, on asking for it, she unlocked a cabinet and brought forth the veritable poker he used in stirring the fire, the while his muse was kindled to write of Shakespeare and Stratford in such a way as to draw a multitude of his own countrymen to the spot to share with him in the same delightful musings.

How could we help remembering again the pensive Irving, whose genius has also given a local habitation and a name to the humorous legend of Rip Van Winkle here in these mountain wilds? The coincidences and contrasts were equally striking and gave no little zest to our dream of what was not all a dream in Sleepy Hollow.



FISHING ON CHERRYSTONE CREEK.

BY FRANK B. JESS.



IN one of my many fishing trips along the eastern shore of Virginia I happened upon an unpretentious little place known as Cherrystone. I had been dropping my line here and there in the various tributaries of the Chesapeake Bay with indifferent success, and by the time Cherrystone was reached I was firmly convinced

either there were no fish in that section or else that they resented the intrusion of a stranger's hook.

More from force of habit than from any hope of meeting with better luck, I inquired of the several worthy citizens of Cherrystone if there was any fishing thereabouts. From one and all came the encouraging assurance that I might go to the uttermost parts of the earth without finding more fish than were right there in Cherrystone Creek.

After making due allowance for the proportion of local pride, prejudice, and fish-story license in these statements, there still remained some faint prospect at last of reasonable indulgence in my favorite sport.

This hope was mainly inspired by a unique character, Jack Gimpers by name and Captain Jack by title, who derives considerable satisfaction from the knowledge—which, by the way, he imparts to others, almost always without the slightest provocation—that he has lived in Cherrystone all his life and has never been away from it much further than you could throw a stone. He is captain by common consent and not by profession or experience in matters nautical wide enough to warrant the title.

The "captain" greeted me cordially.

"Fishin', I guess, ain't you?" he inquired as soon as I told him I hailed from the North.

"Yes, Captain, I am down here for that purpose, but up to the present I have done a great deal of fishing but very little catching. Will I be likely to find any fish here?"

"Well, 'taint 'tall unlikely that you will find one or two. I've heerd as how a few fish 's been caught in the crick there, and maybe they's a few left yet. 'Twon't do no harm to try, anyway."

The way the captain smiled while he said all this led me to believe that Cherrystone Creek was a veritable paradise for the piscator. He then went on to relate some of the most liberal fish-stories on record.

The outcome of our talk was that Captain Jack agreed to take me out to the fishing-grounds on the flood tide next morning, "for a consideration."

The scene was a very picturesque one. Not far from our boat—a nondescript affair—was a sloop manned by a party of jovial fishermen, and here and there the creek was dotted with old-time canoes, from which negroes—mostly gray-wooled, lazy fellows—were fishing with crude tackle. The captain informed me that a majority of the negroes in that section "get their livin' out of the crick." They are to be found on the creek every day in the week save Sunday.

Their canoes amused me immensely. All that were seen were apparently relics of ante-bellum days. Thirty or forty years ago they were hewn out of solid, knotless logs, and probably belonged to some wealthy planter. Now they are battered and scarred and patched in places too many to count.

We cast our anchor close by one of these black anglers and his worn-out canoe.

"What luck?" the captain asked him.

"Trout bitin' right smawt dis mawnin', Cap'n."

The captain turned to me and, lowering his voice, said: "That nigger ain't done anything but fish for fifteen years. He's out here day after day, year in and year out. If he don't die in that canoe



"THE VICTIM WAS FINALLY COAXED INTO VIEW." (p. 54.)

of his, right on that spot where you see him now, I'll be mighty surprised."

"He mentions trout, Captain," said I; "trout in salt water?"

"Wal, that be his, and one of all our people's name for the fish you Easterners call the squetauge or weak-fish, and what be known about Cape Cod as the 'drummer,' 'silver fish,' and 'spotted boy.'"

"You seem to be pretty well posted," said I, hoping to gain more of this sort of ichthyological information.

"Wal, yes," replied the old man; "maybe I be. A young feller as come down here last summer seemed to know all about fishes, and I jest laid in a store out'n him. He told me, and that very nigger thar, that the trout we were a-catching in this yar crick had more names than the flicker woodpecker. Some calls it the 'spotted squetauge,' some the 'sea trout,' and others the 'silvery squetauge.' About Buzzard's Bay he said it be known as 'yeller fin'; somewhere else as 'blue fish'; he did say where it be called the 'gray trout,' 'sun trout' and 'shad trout,' the 'chick-wit,' 'squit,' 'succoteague' and 'squitee'; and I dunno how many more names he didn't say."

By this time we had reloaded our pipes and prepared several rounds of bait—clam, small fish, crab, shrimp, etc.—and dropped our lines.

Immediately there were one or two sharp nibbles at my hook. Giving my line a little jerk I reeled in a couple of "bony fish," the captain called them—although I have known them as sculpins, "sea robins," and gurnards in different localities.

Renewing the bait, I cast my line again. A few more nibbles and then a bite that would have drawn a tyro's rod under water. I felt instinctively that I was dealing with something worth the catching. The fish evidently realized that its appetite had gotten it into trouble of a very serious nature. But then, it resolved if it must die it would die game, and it did. The way that reel whistled for a few brief seconds was music to my ear.

I knew that too much haste on my part to land the prize would probably result in its escape, therefore I took my time and deferred to the fish's little eccentricities. I gave him all the line he seemed to want, and then pulling

in with practiced care, the victim was finally coaxed into plain view and proved to be a fine "trout."

Captain Jack observed my smile of delight with complacency, and remarked in a manner that bore out his statement, that "that was nuthin'." The captain proved to be about right.

In the course of an hour I had caught several much larger "trout." I actually grew so tired of pulling in the smaller fish that it became a matter of trifling interest whether a captive was safely landed or not. Had we fished as the vulgar rodster does—with more than one hook—we could have easily taken two and three at a time.

The next morning we were at it again, and the fish continued to bite and proved gamy as ever, and the wind still blew a light, refreshing breeze. Hence I was doubly fortunate, for the second day's catch was even larger, than that of the first.

This convinced me that here, at last, was the place I had been looking for, and promptly preparations for a long stay were made. It was an easy matter to get acquainted with the people of Cherrystone, since the population of that unique place is considerably less than sixty, and in view of the fact that hospitality is spelled with a big H, and is universal, it is a man's own fault if he does not rapidly make friends. Then there were the guests at the hotel to meet, and their stories of impossible catches to listen to with a respectful ear. Altogether there was plenty to do to amuse one's self between bites.

The third day came, and with it the planning for yet another expedition against the fish.

Just as I was about to start, a telegram from Chareton arrived, and opening it hastily, I saw that it was dated Philadelphia, and summoned me there in all haste.

If Cherrystone were of sufficient dignity and importance to have a place on modern maps, it would be found about an eighth of an inch above Cape Charles City, near the extreme end of the peninsula land of Virginia.

To be scrupulously accurate, Cherrystone lies directly on a wide and tortuous, though not a very long, stream which ebbs and flows under the name of Cherrystone Creek.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE FORTY-SIX-FOOTER.

BY GEORGE A. STEWART.

EVERY yachting novice knows what a revolution has been wrought in the science of yacht-designing during the past ten years, a development of which the *Puritan* was the leading exponent; how the battles of beam combined with small displacement against depth with low and heavy lead keels, and the fight of "sloop" versus "cutter," have been waged, and how the "compromise" boats have been evolved, both in America and in England. The *Puritan-Genesta*, *Mayflower-Galatea* and *Volunteer-Thistle* campaigns have been wonderful educators in the science of the sea, and they have gone far to solve many vexing questions of naval architecture.

With the attention of the yachting world riveted on the greater actions of this period, it is not surprising that the minor panorama should

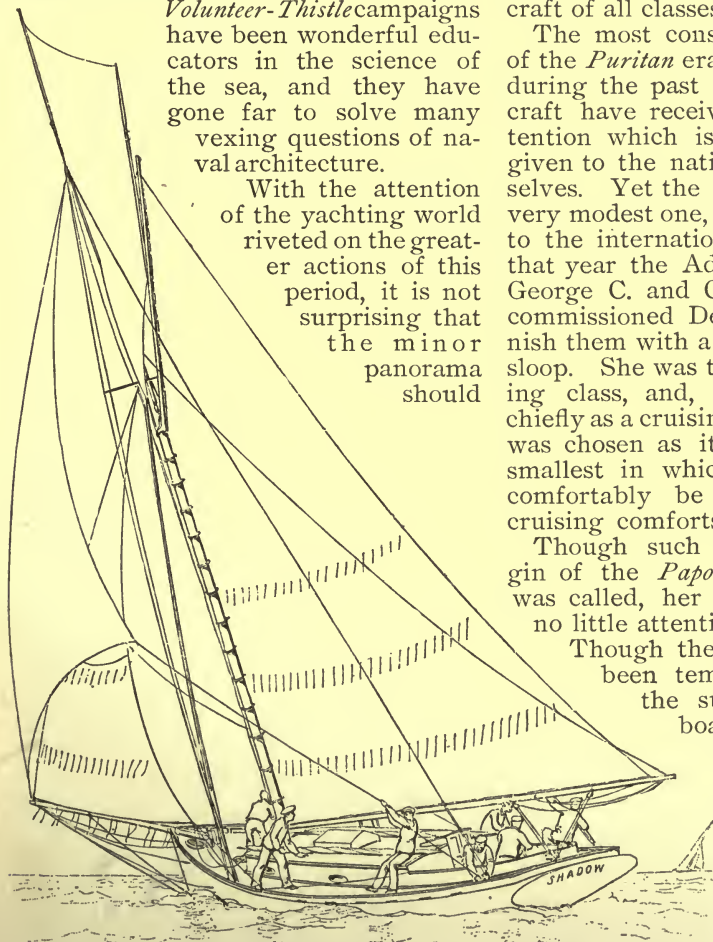
have passed comparatively unnoticed. Yet the events and competitions which have led up directly to the *Gloriana* and her swift sisters are no less interesting than the international competitions which overshadow them, and the results are fully as instructive to the student of naval science. In fact, the value of big international competitions lies not so much in the races themselves as in the stimulus which they give to yachting in general, fostering a wholesome growth among the craft of all classes and sizes.

The most conspicuous of the results of the *Puritan* era are the 46-footers, and during the past Summer these famous craft have received an amount of attention which is second only to that given to the national champions themselves. Yet the origin of the class is a very modest one, its growth dating back to the international year of 1887. In that year the Adams Brothers, Messrs. George C. and Charles F. Adams, 2d, commissioned Designer Burgess to furnish them with a 36-foot water-line keel sloop. She was to fit no particular racing class, and, indeed, was designed chiefly as a cruising yacht; and that size was chosen as it appeared to be the smallest in which a stateroom could comfortably be built and ordinary cruising comforts obtained.

Though such was the modest origin of the *Papoose*, as the new yacht was called, her construction attracted no little attention among yachtsmen.

Though the "cutter cranks" had been temporarily silenced by

the success of the center-board compromises, *Puritan* and *Mayflower* against the "out-and-outer" *Genesta* and *Galatea*, they were by no means convinced. The state of public opinion at that time was still chaotic and not unmixed with prejudice. The victory of the *Puritan* had



Fred. S. Cozzens
86

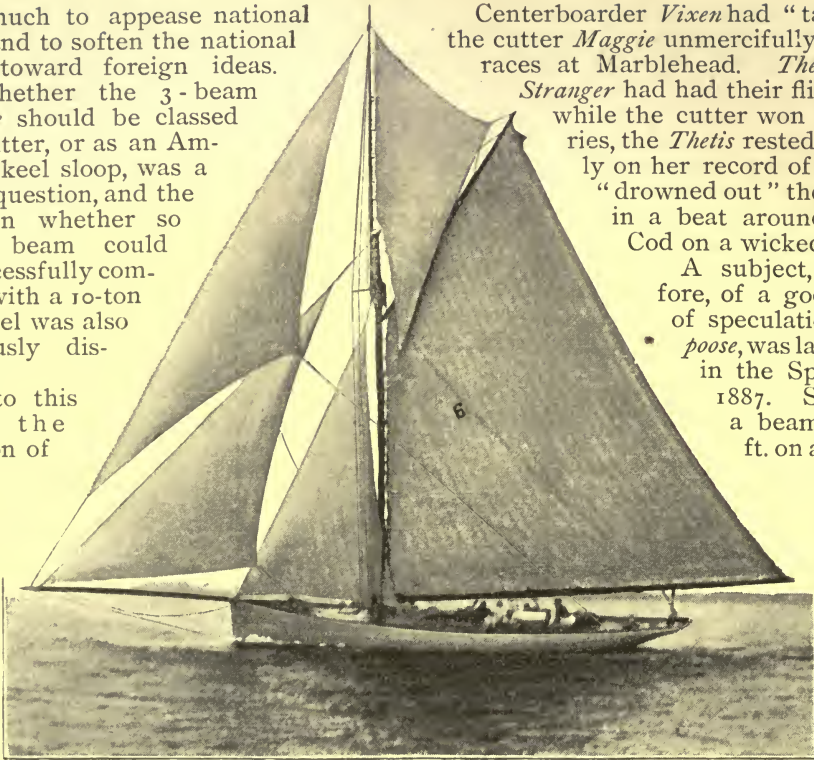
SHADOW.—THE PROPERTY OF DR. JOHN BRYANT.

done much to appease national pride and to soften the national heart toward foreign ideas. But whether the 3-beam *Papoose* should be classed as a cutter, or as an American keel sloop, was a vexed question, and the question whether so much beam could be successfully combined with a 10-ton lead keel was also vigorously discussed.

Up to this time the question of

Centerboarder *Vixen* had "tanned" the cutter *Maggie* unmercifully in two races at Marblehead. *Thetis* and *Stranger* had had their fling, and while the cutter won the series, the *Thetis* rested proudly on her record of having "drowned out" the cutter *Cod* on a wicked night.

A subject, therefore, of a good deal of speculation, *Papoose*, was launched in the Spring of 1887. She had a beam of 12 ft. on a water-



PAPOOSE.—FORMERLY OWNED BY GEO. C. AND CHAS. F. ADAMS, 2d, NOW BY JOHN T. MOTT.

type among the smaller classes of yachts had, in the bouts between "cutters" and "sloops," resulted more or less in a "stand-off." Before the year 1880 honors in New York waters had been borne off by the wide, shoal type of centerboarders, *Wave* and *Schemer* being perhaps the two most widely known. In Eastern waters the centerboarder *Shadow* had enjoyed practically a monopoly of the racing honors since her building in 1871.

The arrival of the Scotch 6-beamer *Madge* in 1881 shook the complacent confidence of the Yankee in his wide sloop. The *Madge* carried everything before her till she met the *Shadow*, which yacht succeeded in fighting the foreigner to a draw, each yacht winning one of two races. The series, however, resulted in a practical victory for the centerboarder, as its conclusion found the *Shadow's* owners eager for a third race, while canny Captain Duncan preferred to rest on the laurels already won rather than risk them in a decisive bout with this tough customer from the East.

line length of 36 ft., and drew 7 ft. 6 in. of water. What a remarkably successful production she was for an experimental boat is shown by her subsequent racing with the 40-footers. Probably no American craft has shown a better distribution of displacement than the *Papoose*, combined with fair lines, as her disturbance of the water, when driven at high speeds, is remarkably small, and under such conditions her absolute speed was barely inferior to that of the 40-footers, in spite of her more than three feet of inferiority in length.

The first public trial of *Papoose* was made in the open regatta of the Dorchester Yacht Club, at Nahant, June 17, 1887. The début was made all the more interesting by the presence of the *Shadow*, and of the Watson 6-beam cutter *Shona*. The *Shona* had beaten the *Shadow* once the preceding Fall in a light air with rolling sea—true "cutter" weather. Consequently there was considerable rivalry between the centerboard sloop and the cutter, while the

presence of *Papoose* made a triangular contest of rare interest at that time.

It was a light southeasterly breeze, and the *Papoose* did not get a quick start, on account of the big fleet crossing the line. Skipper Adams gave her a good head, however, and she slipped through the lee of her rivals amazingly fast. Soon she had head-reached them all, *Shadow* included, and showed to the front of the fleet. Then she began to show what she could do in the pointing line. When she took starboard tacks for the Whistling buoy off the Graves, she had gained such a commanding lead that the others were out of it. She kept on gaining before the wind, and especially on a reach, and the breeze increasing on the second round of the course served but to emphasize her superiority. The *Shadow* defeated all

the remaining competitors with her old-time ease, the *Shona* doing very badly, partly owing to a new and ill-fitting suit of canvas. This made the *Papoose's* victory all the more noteworthy.

At this distance of time it is possible to look back and discount some of the *Papoose's* victory, as she was two feet longer than the *Shadow* and a considerably more powerful boat. But in those days the *Shadow* was considered well-nigh invincible by anything under 40-foot water-line, so that the *Papoose's* victory gave her great prestige. It certainly was a most creditable performance, and showed that a new type had been found that was far and away faster than anything that had gone before.

The success of the *Papoose*, like that of the *Puritan*, went far to put an end to the sloop-cutter controversy. It was



CHIQUITA.—THE PROPERTY OF AUGUSTUS HEMENWAY.

apparent that the 6-beam cutter could not stand before the new "compromise," while it was equally plain that the "skimming-dish" centerboarder was doomed. *Papoose* continued to win all through this year, usually having about half an hour to spare over her nearest competitor. This of course established her as a very fast craft, and made hers the type which should be imitated in future productions. From *Papoose*, in a direct line through the 40-footers, can be traced the improvements which have given us the wonderful 46-footers of last year. The sequence is direct, and a most interesting one. The speed, combined with cruising comfort, that the *Papoose* possessed attracted owners to the sport, and the next year saw half a dozen 40-footers in the lists.

Papoose had held the honors in 1887, but the record in 1888 was pretty well distributed through the fleet. At the close of the season perhaps the *Chiquita* might be selected as a shade the fastest 40, though the margin from first to last was very small.

About the same time with *Papoose* the *Banshee*, a centerboard 40-footer, was designed by Cary Smith. Like *Papoose*, *Banshee* was intended for a cruiser, but showed good speed, and a number of races were sailed between the two craft in New York waters. The keel boat won most of the races, part of the time being helped out by the never-failing "*Papoose* luck."

The racing between *Papoose* and *Banshee*, and the fact that these boats combined advantages never before reached in American designing, led naturally to the building up of a 40-foot class in 1888. For the first time absolutely non-capsizable boats were possible for Americans if they chose the keel type, while practical non-capsizability was attainable if they should prefer the centerboard. The new style craft differed from the old in that they were much better sea-boats, were built and rigged much more strongly and contained accommodations that were a vast improvement on anything that had preceded them.

The international racing, culminating in the victory of the *Volunteer* over the *Thistle*, spurred up great interest in the sport, and attracted new converts. As was natural, Designer Burgess had the most of the designing to do at this time,

and the new craft were all from his draughting board. The year 1888 saw the production of the centerboard forties *Nymph* and *Chiquita*, and the keel boats *Baboon* and *Xara*. These, with *Papoose* and *Banshee*, made quite a respectable fleet, and as all were evenly matched, the victories were well divided among them. This served to keep the interest unflagging till the very end of the season. In fact, some of the best races of that year were sailed in September.

In the four new boats of that year Mr. Burgess tried several different types. The *Nymph* was a fairly wide centerboard sloop, her beam being 14 ft. 6 in., though she was a compromise to the extent that she had a heavy lead keel and drew six feet of water. The *Chiquita* was one step more of a compromise, narrower and deeper than *Nymph*, being 13 ft. 8 in. wide, and drew 7 ft. 6 in. of water, while her centerboard did not hoist above the cabin floor. This last was a very desirable feature, as the cutting of the cabin by the centerboard trunk is one of the disagreeable features of the centerboard type.

The *Xara* was an enlarged *Papoose*, but she was never so successful as her prototype. In fact, later experience has shown that the *Papoose* was herself too wide for the best results, and Mr. Burgess always regretted that he had not given the *Xara* the same absolute beam as the *Papoose*—12 ft., instead of the 13 ft. 4 in. which she actually had. It is evident now that the *Xara*, with 12 ft. beam and the lines of the *Papoose*, would have been a better boat than any of her rivals of that year.

The Adams boys, having disposed of *Papoose*, were out with a new keel Burgess boat. Following their usual penchant for the lucky seven letters and the double "O," they christened their new ship the *Baboon*. She was practically the same dimensions as the *Xara* and about the same type of boat, except that, following the new fashion set by *Volunteer*, she had an overhanging bow in place of the straight stem. *Baboon* was rather a disappointment, probably because the success of her owners with *Papoose* led people to expect more of her than of the others. She had the faults common to all the keel 40-footers of that year—of too much beam and a defective keel plan. This gave a boat of great resistance, but lacking the power to carry

sail enough to make her fast in spite of this resistance.

The commonplace record of the *Baboon* was relieved by her performance in the attempted race during the New York Yacht Club cruise at Vineyard Haven. This was the day, it will be remembered, which gave the schooner *Alert* much prestige. It was a wicked day, indeed, and a heavy southeasterly gale with thick rain squalls was excuse enough for any yachtsman to keep within the shelter of East Chop.

The smaller yachts thought it wiser to keep inside the harbor, and few even of the big craft showed their nose-poles outside of East Chop. The wonder of the regatta committee on the *Electra*, then, can be imagined, as the little *Baboon*, with single-reefed mainsail and second jib set, flew by the flagship, close-hauled on a wind and making splendid weather of it at that. The sea was tremendous, and the little forty seemed to jump clear out of water as she rose on the crest of a heavy wave. Spray flew across her in sheets, and life-lines were stretched fore and aft to prevent her crew from being washed over-

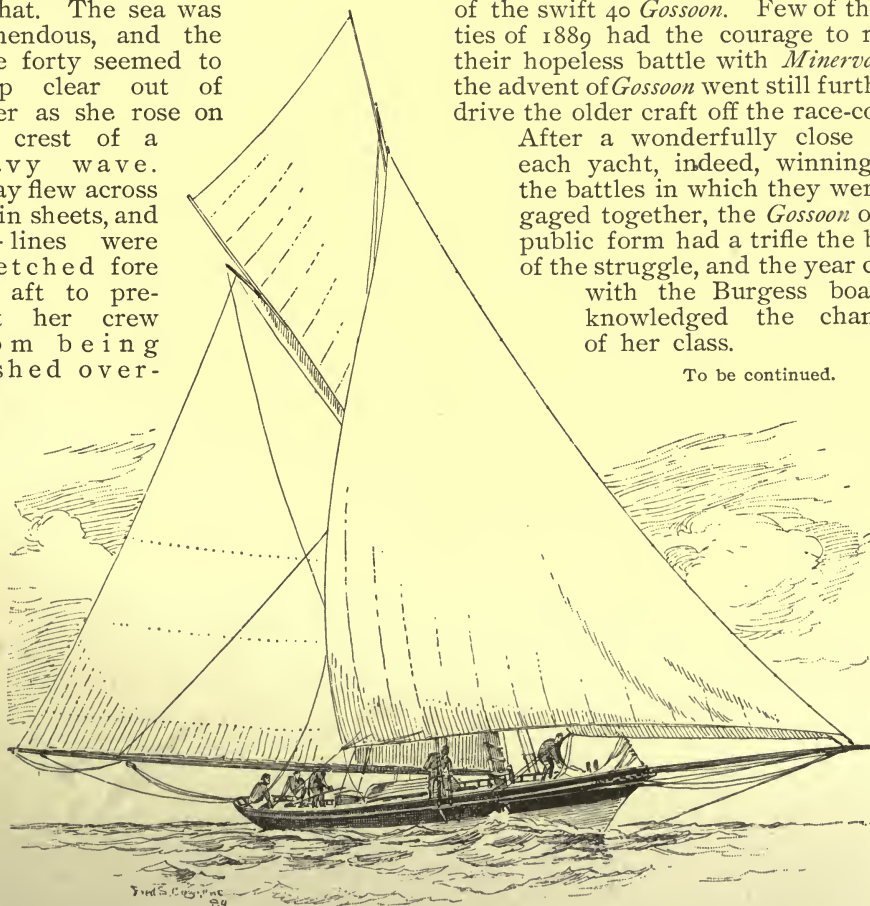
board, but still the little ship stuck it out, and her crew never gave up till the signal was given that the race was postponed. The work of the *Baboon* and her plucky crew that day was the theme of admiring comment throughout the fleet for the rest of the cruise.

A new impetus was given to the sport in 1889, which may be called the banner year of the forties. More than a score of yachts of this size, all built within two years, and all with more or less pretension as racers, were afloat, and the prospect for hot and close contests was excellent. The surprise of that year was the wonderful sailing of the Fife cutter *Minerva*, which put to rout the whole fleet of American forties, winning with such ease that her title as champion for the year could not be questioned.

The year 1890 marks the decadence of the 40-foot class, though that year was rendered memorable by the appearance of the swift 40 *Gossoon*. Few of the forties of 1889 had the courage to renew their hopeless battle with *Minerva*, and the advent of *Gossoon* went still further to drive the older craft off the race-course.

After a wonderfully close fight, each yacht, indeed, winning half the battles in which they were engaged together, the *Gossoon* on her public form had a trifle the better of the struggle, and the year closed with the Burgess boat acknowledged the champion of her class.

To be continued.



MINERVA.—FORMERLY OWNED BY ADMIRAL CHARLES H. TWEED, NOW BY CHARLES LEE CARROLL.

THE CONNECTICUT NATIONAL GUARD.

BY LIEUT. W. H. C. BOWEN, U. S. A.

Concluded.

THE powers in the National Guard of Connecticut, through Colonel Burdett's exertions, showed a wise discrimination in early recognizing the value of the cycle as an aid to the performance of military duties where, as in their own case, there is no cavalry at their command. All those who in recent years have made a study of the art of war, and especially of that most vital portion thereof, the screening of your own force and the acquisition of early and accurate information regarding the strength and disposition of your enemy, are uniform in their judgment that the means of rapid locomotion which the cyclist has at his command, *the silence* and the rapidity with which he can convert his machine (when in company) into a "zareba" or defensive obstruction, which is very much more of a protection against scouting cavalry than its appearance to the uninitiated would indicate, have placed in the hands of infantry an aid which will, in a measure, render it independent of cavalry and which, to say the least, is a valuable military auxiliary.

Military duty at Camp Watson was well done. At roll calls the command "Fall in" by first sergeants was, as a rule, a little slow, but that was the fault of the individual; few enlisted men were absent from calls. The calls were sounded promptly by the chief trumpeter at brigade headquarters, and promptly repeated by the regimental and company musicians. Formations for drills were fairly prompt, and for parades could not be improved upon. When I say that at one parade the different regiments were formed and presented to their colonels within seventy-eight seconds from the first note of the band, the degree of promptness attained may be realized. Guard mounts and parades throughout the week were prompt and went smoothly, showing that much attention had been paid to these ceremonies during the drill season. Guard duty was fairly well done; men generally were fairly well posted and knew their duties.

The whole of each of the eight days

of camp, except Sunday, was devoted to military duties, and there was no shirking. Each man, except the sick, the guard and some few specially excused, was required to attend all roll calls and drills. Reveille sounded at 6 A. M., and from that time till the dismissal of brigade dress parade, at about 6:20 P. M., every officer and man in camp was at work.

The illustrations which we give of "The Rally by Company," "Rally by Fours," "Company Drill" and "Skirmish Line" show in a very graphic mode some of the incidents of this daily routine.

The infantry were drilled each day in company and battalion skirmish drill, and in the school of the battalion; also in outpost duty. The country about Niantic is well adapted for this latter duty, and officers and men took much interest in it. The colored troops particularly should be mentioned, as they make such splendid skirmishers and scouts.

Outpost duty may be said to be a fad with Major Burdett, engineer and signal officer (now colonel First Regiment C. N. G., succeeding Colonel Erichson), and he gives much time and study to this branch of military duty.

Each of the organizations was inspected every morning at 8, also the mess houses, sinks, company streets, etc. This inspection of the company tents, streets, etc., was a revelation. Mattresses and blankets were nicely piled and folded, with clothings, helmets, etc., neatly laid on top; arms in racks; shoes polished and placed at back of tent, toes to front. Too much credit cannot be given to the companies for the neatness and the dressing of the tents, and the cleanliness of the company streets. Within four hours of breaking camp one of the regiments had a mark of 100 per cent. at this inspection, which mark was nothing unusual during the week throughout the brigade, but deserves special mention, reference being had to the time. The companies under arms were not inspected man by man and piece by piece, which I think is to be regretted.



SKIRMISH LINE.

The Governor, Hon. Morgan G. Bulkeley, was in camp from Monday at 5 P. M. till Saturday at 7 A. M. He made frequent personal inspections of tents, sentinels, buildings, etc., and took great interest in the encampment. He also took frequent rides about the country, accompanied by his staff (to which I had the honor to be temporarily attached), and inspected the working of the out-posts. He is a hard worker and a great believer in the Connecticut National Guard, and it is owing to his judgment and firmness that the brigade has such an excellent commander, and that it was in camp eight days instead of six, as was usual.

The review on Friday, "Governor's

Day," was something to be remembered. Twenty-five hundred disciplined men in line were a magnificent sight; the "march past" was steady, lines well dressed and intervals fairly well preserved. When guides are a little better instructed the distances will be better taken.

Of light artillery there is but one battery, A, in the State, officered by a captain and four lieutenants, and having sixty-nine enlisted men. The guns are four three-inch Rodmans. Equipments are poor, but notwithstanding the fact that the horses are taken from the farm and are hitched up but seven days in the year for this kind of work the degree of proficiency obtained is remarkable. Captain Fowler and his battery deserve great



COMPANY DRILL.



COL. H. SKINNER.

credit for the excellent drill and discipline attained.

The earth-works at camp are armed with the heavy artillery, two ten-inch Rodmans and four ten-inch mortars.

Sergeant Cashman, Second Artillery, stationed at Fort Adams, was detailed as instructor in heavy gun and mortar practice, and performed his duties well. Plaster shells were used with small charges of powder, and the drill and instruction were most satisfactory. The four machine guns (one from each regiment) were formed into a battery and drilled as such. Too much praise cannot be accorded this corps for the efficient manner in which its duty was performed. For two days I was with the troops performing outpost duty; on each day a different gun went out with the attacking force, and to see the way in which advantage was taken of every shelter, the manner in which the gun was taken by hand over ground impossible for horses, and the manner in which the whole work was performed would have led a stranger to believe that disciplined "veterans" were doing the work. There was no target practice during camp week, but then all target firing is done by the different organizations during the spring and summer months. In this State there is no skirmish target practice, which I think is to be regretted.

In addition to the equipments mentioned in Part II. of this article, haversacks, canteens and knapsacks are furnished by the State. Each organization furnishes its own leggings. The old pattern McKeever cartridge box is used. The State has no web belts for field service. The State owns sufficient serviceable equipage to fully equip the brigade. It consists of hospital tents and flies for field hospital and offices; wall tents

and flies for officers, and walled common tents for enlisted men, four men to each tent.

The messing at the camp was done by caterers, each caterer having one or more companies. The ration of the men is commuted at 30 cents each, and each organization makes its own contract with the caterer. The system is bad and there is much complaint. I would suggest that the messing be placed in charge of the commissary department.

The State has built good mess houses for each regiment and for brigade headquarters and for the Governor and staff. The kitchens at the different mess houses are simply sheds. Something should be done to remedy this defect. (Action since camp is being taken.)

The important duty of policing of camp was first class in every particular. Tents, company streets, kitchens, sinks, etc., were inspected each day by some one of the brigade officers in addition to the inspection of regimental and company officers. Sinks were kept sweet and clean, all slops were removed twice a day, and police parties were about from time to time during each day and evening to remove any rubbish which might have been carelessly thrown on the parade or about the different headquarters.

The hospital was situated in the rear of brigade headquarters, distance about 100 yards, and in charge of Lieut. Col. George L. Porter, who some twenty years ago resigned from the regular service.

There were two ambulances, kept hitched up all the time during daylight, ready for any emergency. The drill of



LT. COL. G. L. PORTER.



LT. COL. LOUIS VAN KENREN.

MAJ. H. G. HUBBELL.
BRIG. QMR.

MAJ. AND SURG. L. B. ALMY.



RALLY BY FOURS.

the hospital corps of the Third Regiment, under the immediate charge of Regimental Surgeon Major Leonard B. Almy, was something to be proud of. Major Almy has adopted a system which, to my mind, cannot be improved upon. The different regimental surgeons, with their assistants, were detailed in rotation for hospital duty, and together with the hospital corps did good service. The whole corps should receive praise.

There was little sickness in camp, the average number per day being but 5, or less than $2\frac{1}{2}$ per 1,000.

Everything pertaining to the medical

and hospital corps of the brigade should be marked "perfect."

The quartermaster's department, under Brig. Gen. William B. Rudd, ably assisted by Col. Henry C. Morgan (a retired army officer), is a department to be relied on. It is well organized, well supplied and well manned. To go into details would take up too much space; I therefore leave it with the few remarks already made.

General Watson has deservedly earned and won the esteem, respect, and regard of every man in the brigade, from "high private" up. The officers to a man are loyal to him, and it is no false praise



RALLY BY COMPANY.



CAPT. A. J. WOLFF.

to say he is in command of the finest brigade encampment the Connecticut National Guard ever held.

It would be neither fair nor just in the light of the excellence of the encampment to pass severe words of censure upon the minor details that are unquestionably open to criticism, for nothing else that I have seen can be found fault with. The brigade as a whole is thoroughly proficient, and the faults which are apparent are of such a nature that they cannot be criticised, from the fact that with a little more training of the men, which I believe they honestly desire, instruction will overcome the chief obstacles of objection that have arisen, and do away with all the criticisms that would arise. Too little attention is paid in the matter of salutes. There is not enough respect shown for the officers. When men don a uniform their individuality becomes extinct and they should forget familiarity and honor the offices, if they do not honor the men who occupy them. The militiamen of Connecticut are ready and willing to learn, and all they need is instruction in this respect. The fault lies with the officers and non-commissioned officers, who as a rule overlook this matter and are careless.

The non-commissioned officers are not strong and forcible enough. If they would exact more respect it would be gladly given, for, I repeat, the men are anxious and willing to obey orders and to pay respect, only they do not know how and need teaching. Now that the new tactics or drill regulations have been adopted by the State, which give non-commissioned officers so much more responsibility, probably they will take more pains and compel more respect.



CAPT. W. E. MOSES.



CAPT. C. W. BURPEE.



CAPT. J. P. KELLOGG.



CAPT. R. M. ROSE.



CAPT. G. C. BISHOP.

The guard mounts at camp were all that could be desired; executed with snap and vim. I have no hesitancy in saying that there is material enough in the National Guard of the State to make veterans in thirty days if put to the test.

The brigade staff is composed of hard and intelligent workers, while the same is true of the leaders of the Governor's staff. The colored troops are simply perfect, and in getting through the brush, as demonstrated on grand guard, they exhibit the traits of Indians, and in scouting exhibit an acuteness that is absolutely marvelous. The camp was simply perfect, and I have no hesitancy in saying that if the exigency arose to-morrow the Connecticut National Guard could turn out at a moment's notice enough men equipped and with military knowledge to act as line officers for a whole corps. There is one detail of instruction in the Connecticut National Guard

which deserves special mention, and that is the division of each company into squads under charge of a non-commissioned officer, each non-commissioned officer having the business and home address of each member of his squad, each officer having the corresponding address of each non-commissioned officer.

and each battalion commander having the address of each officer. From reports of a trial summons it appears that the average of the brigade was a presentation of better than 56 per cent., uniformed,

armed, and with ammunition distributed in forty-five minutes after order.

HARRY'S CAREER AT YALE.

BY JOHN SEYMOUR WOOD.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE great day came freighted with the hopes and fears of a college year. Would Harvard be vanquished at last? No one knows how much the happiness of college life depends upon these annual contests. No event in after years stands out so decisively. Everything—studies, recitations, stand, college politics—are forgotten, but never the game. At this time, too, but *one* game.

Harry jumped out of bed and, for luck, blew thrice and cut his Bible to the following verse at the right hand upper column: "*Now the height thereof was eight cubits, and the width thereof ten cubits.*"

He closed the Bible and stood meditating a moment. Could the dim meaning of the verse portend the size of the great Archie Bush as he would walk off the field after victory? Finding it was only six o'clock he got back to bed again for another nap. Presently Ella Gerhart was acting as umpire, and pitch and swirl as he would the balls flew anywhere but over the home-plate. The Harvard nine came on the field clad in complete armor. They had large scoop nets, with which they caught the balls of iron, with which they insisted on playing, and instead of a pitcher they shot these balls out of a cannon. It was impossible to hit them. Poor Yale protested, but protested in vain. Ella, as umpire, absolutely refused to listen to reason. The score ran up to 2,801 to nothing, and every Yale man on the ground was in tears. He tried to pitch, but his arm was powerless and hung by his side like a pump handle. From this maddening dream he awoke to see Jack and Thornton standing over him at his bedside.

"Awake, awake, the lark at heaven's high gate sings!" laughed the pleasant-natured Thornton.

"Thank Heaven—it's not true—is it?" asked Harry drowsily. "The game

hasn't been played yet—has it? and Harvard won by 2801 to 0?" "Yes—you were hit by a ball off Archie Bush's bat in the eighth inning," laughed Jack, "and you've been out of your head for a week."

Thornton kept close to Harry all that morning. Made him lie down for an hour, and kept out the freshmen.

"You coddle me like a young infant," said Harry.

"I don't want you to listen to all the rumors and get nervous, my boy. You'll have strain enough. I want you to go on the field fresh."

"Don't fear—we'll be fresh and green enough," laughed Jack from the corner where he was feeding Stamp. "How is your voice to-day Stampy? All right?"

He held up some of the biscuit out of the dog's reach and he began to bark: "Umpty-umph! umpty-umph!"

"That's all right, old man. You want to save your voice for the ninth inning. So don't overbark *now*. Don't you think you'd better lie down now, and soak your head, Stampy? I want you to be perfectly *fresh* when you go on the field."

"See here, freshman, you're letting yourself in for a big licking," growled Thornton, facetiously. Jack intimated that it would be dangerous for the weak little stroke to tackle the bow that morning, and in a few moments they were amiably pulling and hauling each other over the floor. Thornton, strong as he was, had a gentle way with him and never exerted his full strength in these bouts. There was something very kindly in the nature of this strong handsome lad. He was so true-hearted, so modest, so gentle. "They never told their love"—but Jack and Harry had for him an affection which his early death the succeeding vacation, while rescuing two men in the surf, turned into a holy memory of their first year at Yale.

This is what college life gives most of all—friendships—the most enduring and lasting of a man's life. The Latin and

the Greek departs, but the ties of kindly feeling are never quite shaken off.

The great Harvard nine arrived, bronzed and burley, about noon, and put up at the Tontine Hotel, below the beautiful green. Their presence was signified by an army of small boys and curiosity-seekers, who hung about before the hotel doors.

Accompanying the team were fifty to a hundred Harvard students, mostly of the very "swell" type—patronizing the college teams was not so universal as it is now. They came down to New Haven perfectly confident of victory. They affected to look down on Yale as foemen hardly worthy of Harvard's steel.

The Harvard sympathizers wore gentlemanly little rosettes of red, while the Yale men swathed themselves in blue ribbons. Yale hated Harvard and its top-lofty airs, but feared it. The unmistakable air of high "Bostonese" gentility pervaded the whole delegation. The very appearance of the nine on the field was in keeping with the well-bred air of the little knot of swells who came down from Cambridge to back their nine. There was not that terrible over-earnestness of the Yale nine. They played easily and smoothly, while the Yale team, in clumsy uniforms and caps with queer long peaks, made twice the honest effort to play well, but seemed to meet with astonishing ill-success.

Long before the game began Hamilton Park was crowded with carriages and the field was lined with spectators from the little grand-stand behind the catcher to either side of first and third base. The student crowds were not organized as they now are to give concerted cheers, with a view to disconcerting the enemy's pitcher. The rival 'rah, 'rahs rang out, however, and the excitement and nervous tension was as great then as now. The rivalry of the two great universities seems to be bred in the bone—inherited from our fathers who fought on the lakes of New Hampshire and Massachusetts for aquatic supremacy. Old rows never forgiven, old sores never healed, bled afresh on these occasions.

This bitterness gave additional point to victory and intensified defeat.

The umpire was at last chosen, and in the toss-up Harding lost and Yale went in to bat. The Harvard team sauntered out into the field as if conscious of vic-

tory. Their crimson uniforms were neat and "becoming," as Miss Hastings observed from her aunt, Miss Mulford's carriage, which had drawn up in a capital position behind first base. Miss Hastings signified her loyalty to Yale, as did her companion, by wearing blue ribbons galore in her hat and around her parasol. Her companion to-day was *not* Miss Mulford—the elderly spinster had no head for baseball, she said, and ever since the overturning of her landau on the way to Lake Saltonstall, had kept out of the way of "student performances." The young lady at Miss Hastings' side was another Farmingtonian, and it was her first visit to New Haven and her first game of baseball. She was of a lively disposition and at the moments of most intense excitement in the game kept up a rattling fire of questions at a tall senior who stood on the steps of their carriage.

Harry was seated on the players' bench watching Harding, who was first at bat, "slide" to second, when someone tapped him on the shoulder. There were, in those days, none of the present formalities of ropes and policemen to keep back the crowd, and a majority of the students squatted on the green turf, while three or four Harvard men swaggered about offering odds of two to one on their team and finding few takers.

Harry looked up. "Why, hello, Uncle Dick! I didn't know you were coming up."

"I thought I'd run up and encourage you a little, my boy. I think you're going to win."

"I think you've got 'em. They are so cocksure, and when a man is cocksure of anything, he's pretty sure to lose. How they strut about! Perhaps they'll go home and feel sick to-night. I'm so glad you're going to pitch, my boy. Your mother wants me to telegraph her as soon as the game is over. Hello! Harding gets third, and only one out. I always think the first inning is the most exciting in a ball game—Geewhitaker, what a catch!—but Harding gets home, one run, and the inning is half over."

Then came the change of sides, and Harry rose, threw off his blazer and strolled out to the box. No one of that vast throng imagined his heart was throbbing wildly and that he was clenching his fists to hold himself down. The Yale crowd, led by Thornton, gave him

an inspiring volley of cheers. Harry overheard some one of the Harvard nine remark laughingly, "Oh, I guess we're going to have a picnic; I'm sorry for the poor freshman's family—I suppose they're all here to see the kid distinguish himself." He had pitched in games before, but never surrounded by such a turbulent crowd. It seemed as he stood there, ball in hand, waiting for Captain Harding to set his men, as if he could see every face fastened on him inquiringly and doubtingly. He even saw Miss Hastings, in her carriage, who was examining him critically through an opera-glass. In the third row—with Grannis—sat Ella Gerhart, smiling down at him. Behind 3d were about a hundred freshmen, with Thornton standing up waving a cane and leading the cheers. Over by 1st was the little knot of Harvard men, waving red flags and openly guying him. How he hated and feared Harvard that day! The Cambridge men had never yet been beaten by Yale.

If he failed, he failed so openly, so pointedly, that he felt he would rather die than face the college again. He seemed to be alone. He turned around and looked at Jim Danforth who was leaning his hands on his knees off second.

"*I'm here, old man!*" were Jim's words, half whispered, half sung to him. Instantly he felt himself. He knew Jim was ready there whatever happened. He delivered the ball, and then there was a mighty crash, as if every throat had opened and bellowed out of pure nervousness and excitement. It appeared that the great Archie Bush had struck at but had not touched the first pitched ball.

Now, instantly, Harry felt every face to be kindly and in sympathy. The next ball was a foul. The next a "ball," the next a feeble grounder, Bush did not hit squarely, and Jim Danforth, apparently not noticing particularly, and as if it was of marvelously small importance, picked the ball up and carelessly tossed to first, one out.

Henceforth Harry knew that the crowd was with him. They were friends now—they had always been so, of course, but *he* did not *feel* it. He recovered himself, and the next man went out on three strikes. Then a close observance of his pitching on part of the Harvard nine, and a hurried consultation. Gad! the

kid *could* pitch, after all. The next man encouraged the enemy a little; he hit a long fly—but Harding pulled it down after a long run. Score 1 to 0.

Then the game settled down to one of those long, hard, slow fights common enough in the long list of games since. Not one of those eighteen players but was in dead, solemn earnest—except perhaps "Dan," whose nervous tension seemed only to betray itself in a ridiculous *over-coolness* which amounted at times almost to indifference. He played a brilliant, errorless game, having that perfect intuitive knowledge of what he was to do, which marks the best professionals. If he caught a hot fly, unlike most amateurs, he wasn't satisfied with *that*, he sent the ball instantly where it ought to go. He was a rock at second, and came in for the greatest applause.

In those days scores usually got up into the twenties, and by the eighth inning the score was 19 to 17 in Yale's favor. Once Harvard got into a streak of batting and led by 5 runs; then Yale pulled up and passed her. Harry looked up and saw Miss Hasting's face when Yale was behind. She seemed unable to control her tears. But she smiled again when Yale led. And so it came to the eventful ninth inning. No one sat on the ground now. Every play was followed with the most intense excitement. Was Yale destined to win, after the long years of fruitless effort? It seemed so.

Harry nerved himself to do his best, but he was really very tired. It wasn't the mere pitching, it was the strain that told on his inexperience. Yale made no runs during her half of the inning, and the last half came on with Harvard two runs behind.

If Harry was able to hold them down the game was won. Through the entire game our freshman had sent in the ball with a precision and force that even astonished Yale's reliable back-stop. Two runs in one inning was pretty hard to make up, and it would take three to win. Harvard men looked very glum and hardly gave a cheer when Harry failed to strike out their first man, who reached 1st on a fumble by Yale's 3d baseman. The Harvard player started for 2d the third pitch, and Crosby was a little too slow in getting the ball into Danforth's hands. It was a close

decision, but the umpire called it safe. Then the Harvard crowd yelled itself hoarse, but quieted down as their next man retired on a fly to right. The Harvard man on 2d stole 3d. Then a man hit the ball hard to short, who threw home to head off the Harvard man on 3d base and prevent his scoring, but the batter reached 1st safely and on the next pitch stole second. It was now a toss-up who would win and Harding, to steady Harry, walked way in from center and whispered, "Take it very slow and worry the batsman." The wait had a good effect on Harry, who afterwards confessed to Jack that he was nearly in a bad state of "rattles." He struck out the next man, and the crowd breathed freely. But it gave a great sigh of uneasiness as Archie Bush was seen selecting a long willow bat from a bundle the Harvard nine had brought with them from Cambridge. Bush was tall and handsome, with a long, wavy mustache. He was tanned very dark, and as he stood there perfectly cool, waiting for a ball "where he wanted it," he was a perfect specimen of an American college player. Probably Harvard has never seen his like since. It seemed to several as if Harry weakened before him, and sent in balls without much swiftness. He let one or two go past, then swinging his bat with a tremendous effort, hit the ball fair and lifted it in the air. Devin, Yale's crack left-fielder, ran back to the rail which separated the race-track from the field. Even then the ball was ten feet over his head. No such bat had ever been seen on the field. Bush trotted around the bases, following the other two men home, and Harvard had won the day, but won it by the narrowest margin. The Yale crowd went home in gloomy silence. It was like a funeral. Miss Hastings, driven rapidly home, passed the team as the players were slowly riding back to college. She did not recognize Harry and did not bow. The whole world seemed at a standstill to him. The weight of defeat was almost more than he could bear.

"Boys," said Bush, as the Harvard contingent gathered round him and raised him on their shoulders, "that freshman will beat Harvard the next three years—you take my word—another year will make that young rascal invincible."

The great races at Springfield to be held the first week in July, took up a great deal of time and attention. Jack went up with his crew a week before the "annuals" began, and Harry a day or two before the races, partly because New Haven began to fill up with strangers for commencement week, and he felt that a freshman was out of place, and partly because he wished to avoid the assiduous attentions of the Gerhart family. It got so that Father Gerhart began to regard him in the light of a future son-in-law. It was getting to be a nuisance to have him come to the room, and sit and smoke and talk about his new patent electrical lamps, and the millions he had "in sight." Grannis met him once or twice, and when he found he was Ella's father, struck up a warm friendship with him. Grannis, with his rough red beard shaved off, and a mustache only, was not a half bad-looking fellow. In spite of his roughness he was very much of a gentleman and always in dead earnest in everything he did.

He had tasted almost every kind of border life, and he longed he said "to get acquainted" with refined educated women. He appeared to be surprised that he "wasn't invited around more." To him the Gerharts were the only exception, but even the Gerhart girls made a great deal of fun of the strong, gritty, honest red-headed fellow. He was very kind to them. The fact was he was secretly in love with the pretty Ella. But of this fact he never spoke to anyone; he merely said she reminded him of a girl he had known in Keokuk, who had died.

It was the thing in those days, and perhaps it is a custom still honored, to cram for "annuals" while sailing among the pretty Thimble Islands or cruising off New Haven Point. After Thornton, Grannis, Jack and the rest of them went with their crews to finish training at Springfield; Harry and half a dozen of the Gimly gang hired the catboat *Fannie* and spent all their time on the water, except when in bed or in Alumni Hall. The "Annuals were a bore-ore-ore," as the song went—a decided bore! It was only by interlarding these disagreeable torture-chamber ordeals with a day of calm, beautiful sailing on the harbor and Sound that they were able to be satisfactorily endured. The *Fannie* always



W. C. Wood
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"WHAT A — YALE GIRL YOU ARE!" (p. 71.)

carried a good lunch, and it must be admitted that the text-books generally lay unheeded in the cabin—not neglected, of course, but unheeded! Why read in Horace of the "rare violet sea" when it lay all about them? Why enthuse with the soldiers of Xenophon over "Thalassa! Thalassa!" when the blue waves lapped the sides of the *Fannie* so musically and lulled them to repose as sweet as that of Odysseus upon the Island of Cyprus?

On one of these delightful days of *dolce far niente*, they had sailed far out into the Sound and were lying becalmed. Far to the north and east rose the white column of the light-house, like a finger of alabaster in the shining June sun; to the south lay the wooded shores of Long Island, and in the offing a hundred white sail caught the soft glow of the sun and made as beautiful a marine picture as one would care to see. It was high noon, and Best, Coles, Nevers, Steele De Koven, known as the "Immaculate," Ritch and Harry, comprising the *Fannie's* crew of that day, were all stretched out on the deck and on the long side seats asleep, when suddenly, loud and clear, not very far away, came the sharp pop of a champagne cork.

DeKoven and Harry were on their feet in an instant, to repel boarders!

A large schooner yacht was idly flapping her great sails not sixty feet away from them.

"Hello there—umpty four!" shouted a young man, holding a bottle and glass in his hand, beneath the awning at the stern.

"Why—it's Caswell!" exclaimed De Koven. "Where on earth has *he* dropped down from?"

As the boats drifted together an old gentleman came out on deck and called to the boys pleasantly, "Come aboard, youngsters—we're just going to have lunch!"

"Come aboard!" shouted Caswell. "We want to hear the latest news about the race!" Harry turned red and then pale—there was—yes—it was Miss Hastings in a pretty white yachting suit standing at Caswell's elbow!

"We shall be most delighted!" shouted DeKoven, with a polite bow. The "Immaculate" was never at fault, either in knowing what to say, or in appearance. Caswell, who had just returned with Holland from abroad in time

for the 'Varsity races, was overjoyed to get the latest college news. "Who's gone to the senior societies?" was the first question he asked. "And so you made that little, smart Dave Johnson chairman of your Delta Kap Campaign Committee, did you?" Meanwhile he introduced them all to "father" Caswell, a portly old banker who said he had graduated at Yale way back somewhere in the previous century, and one by one they met the ladies of the yacht which flew the pennant of the N. Y. Y. C. at the fore-top.

At last he was formally introduced to Miss Hastings by Mrs. Caswell.

"Clara, let me present Mr. Hazleton—Miss Hastings," she said.

"Chestleton," corrected Harry, blushing and laughing at the same time.

"Oh, we have met before—often, haven't we, Mr. Chestleton?" said Miss Hastings.

"Yes; I feel we are old friends," said Harry. "Do you remember the first time we met?"

"Yes; in the drawing-room car."

"Yes."

The feeling that he was now no longer a very fresh freshman gave him courage. Indeed, he wore on his white scarf the square society pin of Delta Beta Xi. Yes, Miss Hastings accepted him as a sophomore. His bosom swelled with pride. She was not ashamed she knew him.

"I hope you have fully recovered from the upset you got on the Salton-stall road?" he said, by way of beginning conversation.

"Oh, yes; but we have met since then—on the ball field—poor old Yale!"

Miss Hastings pretended to wipe away a casual tear.

"Oh, wait till next year!" laughed Harry. "Archie Bush leaves college this year. Now it will be *our* turn."

"Oh, I shall never, *never* get over that horrid ninth inning!" exclaimed Miss Hastings. "You don't know how I felt. I went home and cried. I couldn't take any tea; indeed, I could not!"

Harry looked at her admiringly. In the first place she had never looked prettier in her life; in the second, she was a true blue Yale girl, and he felt they had a common cause. How different she was from Ella Gerhart! He stood in great awe of her, however, as yet, and there was one thing that

worried him: how came *she* to be on the *Caswell's* yacht?

"Do *all* the students at Yale now pass their days on the water?" asked the old commodore. "In my day we had, now and then, a recitation—just by way of variety, you know."

"Oh, this is 'annual week,' sir," said Harry. "We are cramming for examinations, you see. We have a day in between each exam. It's quieter out on the water, sir, and we are not interrupted in our work."

"Very sorry *we* interrupted your studies," laughed the old gentleman. "But can't you bring your books aboard? Miss Hastings and the other young ladies who are just from Farmington, can assist you."

"I suppose you were worn out with studying all the forenoon, and so fell asleep out of sheer brain fatigue?" laughed one of the young ladies.

"I believe the faculty recommend sailing during annuals," said Caswell, Jr. "Oh, you girls at Farmington never know what real study means. It means wet towels and cold tea all night, and a swelled head next day."

"We study very hard at Farmington," said Clara Hastings, her head very erect. "We don't *graduate*. I despise a girl who does anything so like—*men*. But we have to work very, very hard. And Miss Stout's class in 'the Law of Love and Love as a Law' is famous!"

There was a general laugh. "Ah," said the old gentleman, "I suppose they even *teach* the law of love nowadays. Has love-making become a lost art, then?"

"You don't quite understand," said Clara Hastings coldly, and the old gentleman winked facetiously at Harry. Luncheon was announced presently in the spacious cabin, and a delicious one it was. The yacht *Tarquin*, it seemed, was out for a few days' cruise only, and was, if the wind sprang up, to put in New Haven harbor at sundown. It had picked up the Farmington party at Bridgeport. One of the four Farmington girls was a relative of the Caswells, and the whole party, chaperoned by Mrs. C., was now on its way to the races at Springfield.

After lunch Caswell glanced at his father admiringly, and holding up a glass of champagne proposed a toast to the class of '43.

"Rum boys in those days!" said his father, "a tough, fighting, roaring, devil-may-care lot of dogs. A great many fire-eating Southerners—why we had a duel once a week. What do your little rows between classes amount to nowadays—*pish!*—we always killed half a dozen at least in our fights! I *had* to fight in college. We fought the townies and the firemen then. I carry a scar on my neck still where I was cut with a sabre by a fireman. Did you ever hear of the fireman who was shot? Well, I know who shot the fellow, but it's a secret, and I'm not going to let out his name now, because he is living."

Of course the ladies looked horrified.

"Father, tell us about one of those old banger rushes, won't you, and about the herd of cattle you turned loose in the chapel?"

"Why in *our* day," laughed the genial old gentleman, "we had the faculty all at our feet. They never dared say a word. They were the *under* dogs then, and we students were on top. Why, when a professor walked across the campus and met an upper classman, he always touched his hat."

Harry held his breath.

"And when any tutor became unpopular, we just gave him a coat of tar and feathers in the good old Southern style, and rode him on a rail clear out of town and dumped him in the Quinippiac. Oh, *we* never stood any nonsense from the faculty! We had it all our own way. My son tells me it's the other way now, and the faculty is not behaving as it should. To me it seems that old Yale must be going to the dogs!"

Was he not laughing at them?

"Here is Teddy—'*dropped*.' My son, if you had been in '43 you never would have been dropped. No, indeed! you would have made the faculty conform to *your* standard, and I doubt not but that we would all have had an easier time of it. I tell you, students were scarcer in those days, and the faculty used to encourage every one of us to stay on and graduate. They needed our term fees. They never dreamed of such a thing as dropping us. About those cows we got into the chapel—well, we just did that to show the faculty we had our own ideas of propriety, and wern't to be tampered with."

After lunch, when Harry and Miss Hastings were seated on deck a little

apart from the others, she said: "Of course you didn't take for earnest all that Mr. Caswell said. He's the greatest tease and the greatest joker in the world. He is always quietly 'grinding' Ted Caswell. By-the-way, they say he's going to give Yale a new dormitory."

"Is he?"

"Yes; he's very rich. To *my* mind it was awfully brave in the faculty to drop his son. I think it's that reason he's more inclined to give them the dormitory——"

"I'm glad they did it!" exclaimed Harry, "because he's now in Umpty four."

"I know a lot of professors' families. A braver, more self-denying, hard-worked set of men never lived!" said Miss Hastings, her eyes fairly glowing with feeling.

"Why, I never looked at them as particularly *daring*," laughed Harry.

"But they *are*. Look at their salaries! What men of their ability would not prefer to go out in the world and earn a fortune? Money-getting would be easy enough for some of them. Professor Maynard is very rich now. What with his arithmetics, Aunt Mulford says he is worth half a million. Yet every day he teaches and gives his salary to the college. Oh, I think it is grand!"

"What a—Yale girl you are!" exclaimed Harry with enthusiasm. "You even admire the faculty!"

"Well, I ought to be; I had an older brother who left Yale in his sophomore year and went to the war with fifty others. He was killed. I was a little girl then, but I remember his funeral; all his classmates gathered around his grave and they sang their old time-worn college songs. I cried my eyes out, because the songs weren't solemn—just the songs he used to sing." Miss Hastings looked away a moment. "Oh, Yale is one of my traditions. My aunt, Miss Mulford—you saw her that day—*she* has a history. I'd like to tell you if there was time. It was a love affair, and she was a very beautiful girl in those days, long before the war, and the college was full of Southerners. She was wildly in love with a young Virginian, and nearly eloped with him; but they stopped them and afterwards the Southerner was killed in a duel at Richmond. New Haven was very gay in those days,

not so dull as nowadays. I imagine people entertained a great deal more. Southern families came North and spent the summer there. Oh, I have heard such *romantic* tales from Aunt Mulford!"

"Are *you* romantic?" asked Harry.

"*Can* one be romantic in these dull times?" asked the beautiful girl looking about the yacht, and not realizing the charming romance of the hour.

"Of course—we are more practical," said Harry. "Yale is more of a grind now, I fancy. From what I can gather in those *old* days it was one grand holiday!"

"Caswell is a very handsome fellow—don't you think so?" asked Harry of Miss Hastings in a whisper.

He said this, and watched her lovely face narrowly. Was Caswell his deadly rival?

"I—yes—he is very handsome."

"I'm so glad he's dropped into umpty four."

There was a little pause.

"I hope he will behave next year."

"He will be very popular in our class."

"It was perfectly disgraceful his tipping us over that time. I never told Aunt Mulford."

Harry laughed. "You are a real true Yale girl!" he said. "You never said a word then?"

"No. The fact was, I didn't care—"

"I was glad of it—because—"

He looked straight into her lovely gray eyes, and she looked down.

"I hope we will be good friends. You must call on me next year when I am at aunt's, and you must bring Mr. Rives."

"I have only one more year at Farmington," she said, "then I'll be 'out—'"

"And I'll be a junior!" exclaimed Harry. "I can't realize it. I speak now for every waltz at *our* promenade—"

Miss Hastings laughed a little. "Oh, won't you write your name on my fan, Mr. Chestleton," she said, "and add 'pitcher?'"

"Oh, I've heard so much about you," said Harry. "I've heard that you are a wonderful pianist. I've heard you know Greek and Latin—that you—that you are a wonderful skater—"

"I want you to write your name on my fan," she replied, "and for a motto you might add 'Little pitchers have big ears!'"

AN IRISH OTTER HUNT.

BY CAPT. THOS. S. BLACKWELL.



“I’LL tell you what I’ll give you,” said Fred Stoney, after reflectively watching the curling wreaths that floated upward from his “briar root” for some time—“an otter hunt!”

“How are you going to manage that, Fred?” I asked, rather taken by surprise.

“Well, you see,” he replied, “we are blue moulding for something to do and now we have a chance of some fun with the otters. Here’s what I purpose doing. Tim Ryan tells me that every morning lately, when he has been down looking after the stock, he has seen a big otter in the drain near the Black Grove. I don’t see why we shouldn’t try and knock some fun out of him with the hounds.”

We—Fred Stoney, Alexander Tait and myself—were sitting one fine evening in spring in the sanctum (which was dignified with the name of “the office”) of the first named at his ancestral home, Kyle Park, Ballysloggettery. Kyle Park was a good specimen of a type of residence common enough in Ireland. By a stroke of fortune, about a century ago, a Stoney found himself in possession of some ready money, which so astonished him that he immediately went to work to get rid of it as quickly as possible and resolved to build himself a castle which would quite put in the shade the mansions of the neighboring gentry. Being a great sporting man and the M. F. H. of the district, his first thought was the stables, and accordingly fine ranges of buildings, occupying three sides of a quadrangle, were erected; but funds giving out at this point the contemplated magnificent castle which was to have completed the fourth side of the square was never commenced.

Another Stoney reigned, and as “the ready” had vanished the castle in the air was relinquished, and he decided to convert the stables into the residence, and

after a lot of tearing down of partitions and building up of others, a great rambling, uncomfortable dwelling was constructed—a combination of long, draughty, dark corridors, small sitting rooms and enormous cold bedrooms that would have rejoiced the heart of the ordinary amateur architect.

Fred was the present unhappy proprietor of this conglomeration of stone and mortar, along with a score of hundreds of “dhirty acres.” Most of the estate was let out in miserable little holdings of from three to twenty acres.

In the olden days these tenants used to pay their rents in kind—oats, “turf,” hay, pigs, potatoes, fowl, *et hoc genus omne*—only a few of the larger and more wealthy occupants paying cash.

Now, though professing the same ardent attachment to the “ould stock,” supplies came in in a very casual fashion, owing to their terror of “the Laague,” they said. Be this as it may, poor Fred found it pretty hard to get along and keep up the herd of helpers (?) attached to the establishment.

Alexander Tait was rather an incongruous sort of inmate for a place like Kyle Park. A distant cousin of the Stoney family, residing in “Auld Reekie,” and a staunch Gladstonian, he had taken up the Irish question with all the zeal natural to an unpractical biased outsider, and had come to Ireland to take notes for himself, with a view to publishing a book in refutation of “that tissue of tortuous trash,” as he alliteratively styled the *Times* pamphlet on “Parnellism and Crime.”

A middle-aged man of a grave and serious exterior, heightened by the grim severity with which he glared over his spectacles, and the long unkempt hair pushed back off his forehead, there was a deep strata of genuine good nature in the fellow beneath a crust of bombastic pomposity.

The notes for his book had been chiefly contributed by Fred and myself over our “pipes and poteen,” and if ever the publication appears I think some of the “facts” and statistics will astonish the natives.

As for myself, the least said the better

—beyond that Fred and I were *arcades ambo—not*, I trust, according to Lord Byron's definition—" *id est*, blackguards both."

* * * * *

"Well, Tim," said Fred, as the long, uncouth figure of the herd made his appearance, "come in and sit down. What about this wonderful otter of yours?"

"Be the tare o' war, Misthur Frid, he's there for shure. No later thin to-day mornin' I seen 'im, 'an he's as big 'as an ass!"

"Well, tell us all about him and what chance we have of hunting him with the hounds. Tom, give Tim something to moisten his throat."

I poured him out a glass of whiskey, which he held up to the light in a critical manner, with the remark: "The devil blow the man that blew you."

"Oh, never mind, Tim," laughed Fred; "we'll fill it again for you."

"Long life to yer honor; thim glasses only aggravates wan."

"Well, sorr, about the otthur. Ye's can see him for yirsilf any mornin' or evenin' at all. He's mostly down by the big ould sally stump, at the drain, near the badger grove; but betimes he resorts them furze near the cut-away bog. Is it goin' to hunt him wid the hounds ye are, Misthur Frid? Sorra wan o' me knew that dogs that nivr hunted anything but a fox 'id take after an otthur."

"Oh, never fear, I'll get them to hunt him if you make him out for me. We'll try him to-morrow morning!"

"Tell Paddy Murphy not to feed any of the old hounds to-night, as I want them early. I'll draw the most likely dogs myself in the morning. Don't you be going blabbing to everyone that we are taking the hounds out; I don't want a crowd with us. Have us up early now, Tim, for there's no use if we don't get out before people are stirring."

"All right, Misthur Frid, never fear but I'll have ye's all up by cock shout."

"Well, boys, that's settled," said Fred, as Tim took his departure. "I hope I'll be able to show you some fun to-morrow. You'll stay here to-night, Tom, and I'll send over for your terriers and any togger you want. Of course you'll come out with us, too, Tait—it will be a new experience for you."

"I don't know," replied that individual; "I cannot say I am a votary of the chase, as I have never indulged in

its so-called pleasures; and, besides, I had intended devoting to-morrow to writing on that extraordinary piece of barbarity you informed me of to-day about having seen a woman and a donkey harnessed to and drawing a plough. However, I think I shall go out with you, as I must see the lights, as well as the shadows, of Irish life."

"That's right, old man!" laughed Fred, as he gave him a hearty slap on the back. "We'll show you something better than an ordinary eviction to-morrow, when we give this otter 'notice to quit.' Put on something that you can jump about in, for I can tell you that otter hunting is no child's play."

The remainder of the evening was taken up with reminiscences of former hunts, when Green of the 153d ("Prince Henry of Battenberg's Royal Isle of Wight Highland Light Infantry" they call the old regiment now) kept a pack of otter hounds in a neighboring garrison town.

Fred's hounds had, of course, never been entered on otters, having been kept strictly to their legitimate quarry, but we had no doubt but that if we once got them on the trail of *Lutra vulgaris* they would stick to him.

* * * * *

A glorious spring morning! Tim had us up bright and early, and our first move was to pick out our hounds. Saracen, Swaggerer, Scornful, Sycophant, Stratagem, Satellite, Sentinel, Splendor, Spokesman, and Sybarite (Fred kept up the old Stoney tradition of naming all his pack with the initial letter S) were the ones selected, being old stagers that this new departure could not do any harm to when required again for their legitimate game.

We then returned to the house to take a hasty breakfast and call Tait, who had not yet put in an appearance.

Breakfast over, we went out on the lawn in front of the house, where we found Paddy Murphy, Tim Ryan, the hounds and terriers awaiting us.

Great was the joy and many the "yee-e-oughs" that greeted Fred's advent on the scene.

We had each donned "blazers," knickerbockers and thick boots. Fred was armed with a long-handled gaff, while I had a light pole to help me over the many drains I knew we should encounter.

"Where's that fellow Tait?" cried Fred. "What's keeping him?"

"Hello! Tait! are you ready?" he

yelled out, and an answering hail came back—"I'll be with you immediately."

He came down, and such a cut for a rough-and-tumble run!

Fred and I could hardly keep our countenances, while the two men were fairly choking.

A shiny stove-pipe hat covered his political locks, a high masher collar, a long, tight-fitting frock coat, light trousers, and thin shoes completing his turnout.

"Well, you are a dude," said Fred. "But don't you think these go-to-meeting clothes will come to grief, Tait?"

"Oh, don't trouble about me, my dear Stoney," he answered; "I am not one of your mighty hunters, and intend taking things quietly to-day."

"All right, old fellow," said Fred, "only look out for that swell coat and hat. Now for it, boys!"

We moved off across the lawn and entered the old deer park, once well stocked with a fine herd, but now, alas! with the walls broken down in many places and the gates gone it was but a relic of its former self.

Still nothing could spoil its natural beauty, with its rich, rolling sward, its clumps of noble trees and masses of hawthorns, now bending beneath a wealth of fragrant, snowy blossom which perfumed the balmy morning breeze. The rabbits scuttled about here and there through the tufts of tall bracken, or sat up to look at us, till a charge from the terriers sent the white scuts popping pell-mell into their burrows. Away, a speck in the blue sky, the lark

At heaven's gate sings

his matin song of praise; while from a hawthorn bough the thrush sends up his chorus in a flood of mellow music. From a fir tree in the grove the magpie chatters out an angry remonstrance to our approach; there in the old castle of Ballyfinboy the jackdaws hop in and out through portholes and crevices, and their incessant "kee-aw! kee-aws!" fill the chambers that erst reverberated with the psalms of Cromwell's saintly soldiers. Enough here to charm the heart of an Audubon or a Waterton, but we are on other thoughts intent.

"Look out now, sorr!" whispers Tim. "We'll thry the cut-away bog first;" and, with a wave of the hand from Fred the hounds are pottering about among the rushes, sedge and whins which cover a plot of some acres, from which, at a former

period, the "turf" (or peat) had been cut for fuel.

Old Saracen feathers near the edge of the black grove, gives tongue, and the rest are to him like a flash, and dash off in full cry.

"That's a fox!" cries Fred. "That's no otter."

Sure enough, after skirting the grove for a short distance they wheel, and crossing some rough ground, mark their game to earth in the badger hill, where we find them tearing and scraping in the vain hope of disinterring reynard.

Calling them off, we make for the otter's "resort" (as Tim calls it), and try carefully along the banks of the big drain, beating the thick clumps of gorse and ferns growing along the sides.

At last we approached "the big sally stump," and a hoarse whisper from Tim of "Look out for 'im now!" put us all on the *qui vive*.

A whimper from one of the hounds, a few sharp yelps from the terriers, a vision of some dark object, a flop into the drain, a yell of "Be all the goats in Kerry! there he is!" from Tim, accompanied by a screech that would have put Wagner to "the pin of his collar" to set to music, and then took place a scene of the wildest confusion.

The hounds, unaccustomed to such work, jumped and bounded about on the banks, watching the terriers splashing and dashing in the drain; Fred cheering on his dogs; Tim whooping and yelling; Tait tearing along with the best of us and shouting for all he was worth, with his "stove pipe" waving wildly over his head with one hand and his spectacles in the other, till a root catching his foot, he pitched head first into the black, miry water of the drain.

This created a diversion in favor of the otter, and as we fished out poor, spluttering Tait things quieted down a bit. Tim, with an eye to business, was watching up and down the drain, and when Tait was safely established on *terra firma* and had pluckily exclaimed "Oh, I'm all right; where's the otter?" he cried out: "There he goes, yer souls to glory!" and then darted off with another unearthly war whoop.

With a "toot! toot!" of his horn Fred had his hounds quickly together, and flying along the bank they catch another view of their game and dash into the drain, the otter going under like a flash

and leaving the dogs paddling about in a most mystified manner.

"This won't do!" cried Fred; "we'll soon lose him if we go on in this sort of way. We must get him out of this drain. Someone watch back in case he has turned, and let us stay quiet and see will he take to the bank."

Following silently along, we were rewarded by seeing the otter rise some distance off, close by a high bank, creep up, and go scuttling away through the long grass and brushwood.

On coming to the spot old Sycophant puzzled about for a little, and then hit off the line, quickly followed by the rest of the hounds in full cry, as they began to make out what was required of them with regard to this strange new amphibious sort of fox. Now they come to a check, as Mr. *Lutra vulgaris* takes refuge in the gnarled roots of a large elm growing on the bank.

Quickly the terriers are at work, yelping, tearing roots with their teeth, and sending the soft black mould flying in showers as they vigorously use their paws, until little Grip makes her way in. A scuffling, some yelps and growls, a rumbling as of a miniature earthquake, a dart of a brown object into the water, and another helter-skelter rush.

So matters went on till we drove him to the end of the black drain, where he was forced to take to a small stream leading to the river.

Down this stream the hounds hunted him well, as he was frequently forced to take to the banks here and there; and at last we drove him into the Ballyfinboy.

We were at fault now as to whether he had taken up or down stream, but dividing our forces, and searching carefully, we were rewarded by hitting him off again down stream.

Away we go merrily again, now slowly working him through deep pools and flagger-covered flats, then cheerily through the shallows, where we can sometimes mark the dark, lithe form gliding swiftly over the shingly bottom; then again Patch, Snap and Grip are in requisition to bolt him from some temporary place of refuge beneath roots or in a hole in the banks.

And so the chase went on, until at last we got him into the stream feeding the pond of Hogan's mill, and in a short time we had him in the mill pond.

Now began the excitement!

Paddy Murphy was set on the mouth of the stream, where it ran into the pond, armed with a broken rail, to repel any sorties that might be attempted that way. Tim tore down to the wheel and shut the sluice; the hounds kept running round the banks of the pond, while the terriers splashed or paddled up and down in the water.

Sometimes the otter would rise, when a dash would be made at him, and down he would go; once or twice he crept out on the bank, but a canine foe quickly sent him back again.

Shorter and shorter became the intervals of his coming to the surface, and it was evident that he was nearly done.

Fred tried twice to "gaff" him, but missed.

At last he rose close to the bank, and Stratagem sprang upon him like a flash and grabbed him.

Quickly the rest of the hounds were up, and though poor *Lutra* made a gallant and plucky fight for life he was soon dispatched, Fred with some difficulty saving the skin to keep as a trophy.

After a rest and an animated chat over the incidents of the hunt, home was the word.



Old Bridge
near Killara

MUTUAL AID AMONG ANIMALS.

BY GEORGE E. WALSH.



WAR, in nature is going on continually and the principle of competition is so active and vigorous that many are annihilated in the fierce "struggle for existence." The "survival of the fittest" is the inexorable law, and the plants and animals that cannot overcome their environments must die.

In the animal kingdom this is clearly evident, and the long list of extinct animals is proof in point that many species have succumbed to the adverse circumstances of climate and remorseless enemies. In the forest and prairie, in the steppe and mountains, the principles of this war between animals are perceived, and weaker species gradually disappear before their stronger enemies.

Such continual disturbances, however, in the animal economy impel other species to greater activity, and even to combination, to keep pace with the readjustments of nature around. As a result the struggle between separate individuals ceases, and war is replaced by co-operation for mutual aid and protection.

War in nature is thus often misunderstood. Mutual aid among animals is as apparent to the close observer as the mutual struggle for supremacy. Competition of a fierce and endless nature forces itself upon our attention on every side, but when the animals are studied in their natural haunts a system of mutual

support and defense among certain species must also be noted. Sociability is as natural among ants, bees, birds and mammals as among men, and this universal instinct precludes the possibility of any such law of nature, "that the war of each is against all." With such a universal instinct, harmony in nature could not be maintained and the amount of profitless waste would be great. Scientific teaching has touched largely upon the remorselessness of nature, the care for self, and the absolute disregard for others; but the study of mutual aid and co-operation among animals suggests a higher and better instinct among the small warriors constantly engaged in this struggle for existence. They resemble man in his higher stages in this respect more closely than many imagine.

During the migration season of birds the mutual dependency of the feathered tribes can be closely observed, and abundant facts point clearly toward mutual support and co-operation. Before beginning their migratory journey enormous flocks of swallows, redbreasts, wild pigeons and ducks will assemble in some woods or marshy place. They will come from all directions and from distant points, the main body apparently waiting until all of the stragglers are in, according to some prearranged plan. The old birds will take the lead in the journey, and the whole flock will follow closely in their rear, faithfully obeying all of the orders of the generals. On reaching some feeding and resting place sentinels will be posted, while the main body scatter over the fields and marshes in search of food. On the approach of an enemy a warning cry is sounded by the sentinel, and the small army takes flight. If cold weather overtakes the migrating hordes, and freezes the ground up so that food is scarce and hard to find, examples of mutual help and support may be witnessed that are still more pertinent to the subject. A few of the birds in their wanderings about will discover a good feeding ground—some unexpected prize—and with the sociable desire to have others enjoy their feast with them they will chirp forth their good news until the whole flock is attracted. Not, however, without some good-natured quarrels and

bickerings will the crowd greedily devour the food; but it would be more than one could reasonably expect to see several thousand birds feasting on some rare tidbits in a perfectly orderly and ceremonious way.

In large migrating armies of birds individuals are not looked after so closely as in smaller bodies. If attacked by enemies that they stand a chance of overcoming the whole flock will cling together and fight for the common cause; but when one or two drop out of their ranks the loss is not noticed. It is still a little doubtful whether the flock would not return to the help of a wounded comrade if its cries reached them; but in the case of small gatherings of birds this is nearly always true. The sea and shore birds are especially sympathetic in this way, and they always respond to the cry of a wounded comrade, no matter whether the bird ever belonged to their flock or not. The sportsman's plaintive imitation of a bird in distress will bring a flock of snipe, plovers or gulls to the place in a short time, and if one of their number is shot in their midst they will circle around in spite of all danger, and return to the spot from whence the cries seem to come. This will be repeated several times, until the birds' sympathies are overcome by their fear of death. If the wounded snipe is found its friends will see to it that it is properly fed and cared for until it can rise on the wing once more. In the case of the surgeon birds marvelous tales are told of how they will care for their wounded friends, and even bind up injured limbs with grass, soft hair, and wet clay. Sometimes by the help of other birds they will carry a sick comrade to some soft, downy bed on the grassy bank, or to some half-finished nest in the trees, where they will watch and feed the helpless one until well again. In the breeding season the birds are also always ready to sympathize and help each other when in danger or distress. Rob a nest of its eggs or young ones, and the cries of the distressed parents will soon attract a dozen other sympathizers. A whole chorus of bird cries and fierce invectives will be hurled at the robber, and, as if determined to shame him into repentance, the clamorous birds will follow him for a long distance.

The small wood birds seem to have a secret but universal understanding with each other, and, while they may fight among themselves at times and quarrel over their food and possessions, they will

always band together for mutual protection in the face of common danger. The presence of large crows and hawks will give them alarm, and a wild, shrill cry from some sentinel will cause every throat to cease its singing. Hovering and hiding in the leafy shades they will keep quiet until the dread enemy has passed out of sight; but sometimes, if the enemy is so rude as to venture in their midst, the more warlike small birds will join together and fight like true warriors. The brave little kingbirds will soon justify their right to their kingly name, and under favorable circumstances four or five of them will put to flight one of their large enemies.

Among the sea birds there seems to be another strong brotherhood, which holds the snipes, curlews, gulls, kittiwakes and cormorants into close union and friendship. On a low shore, when the tide is going out, clamorous gulls and eager waders, smartly dressed oyster catchers and brilliant turnstones are busy gathering the rich harvests of the sea. Clouds of sandpipers skim along the surface of the water, and troops of ringed plovers scurry back and forth, lighting and jumping up again in rapid movements, while near them, rocking idly on the waves, are a few herring gulls. Closer in shore a few herons are wading about, and farther out, possibly near some old wreck, the cormorants are diving for their prey. Suddenly a troop of wary curlews jump up from their feeding ground and utter a cry of alarm. The dunlins, plovers and smaller snipe gather closer together at once, and wait for a repetition of the alarm. If it is sounded the second time the vast horde of snipe, gulls, cormorants and other sea birds dive below the water or rise upon the wing with loud, plaintive cries, and then hurry off to some remoter feeding ground. Whoever has watched the birds of the sea shore thus rise upon the wing in general alarm at the sound of a curlew's warning cannot doubt but there is a secret and general understanding between the various flocks that betokens mutual aid and protection among the birds.

Through the other various orders of life the same illustrations of mutual dependency may be traced. Among the mammals we see the war in nature vividly brought before us, and the fierce, unrelentless battles which daily occur in the vast forests between mammals of different size, strength and ferocity almost convert us to the belief that there can be no mutual

bond of sympathy and help existing between them. The strong prey upon the weak, and even upon their own kind if hunger or jealousy is strong enough in them to rouse their savage natures. Yet many of the fiercest animals will herd together and gambol about the woods and prairies in a playful way when there is nothing to rouse their lower instincts. In the presence of a common danger, such as a prairie fire, the strongest and weakest may seek safety in the same lake or river without fear of danger or injury. Common danger makes all living creatures friends. Even the fiercest carnivora show abundant signs of their mutual dependency, and in the forests this is the most interesting feature of their lives. When tortured by hunger, jealousy, or anger the fierce brutes will fight to death for mutual protection and help. The *felidae*, or cat family of carnivora, are the most unsocially inclined of this order, and they are seldom found living and hunting in troops, as do the wild dogs and other flesh-eating animals. Yet many instances are on records where lions and tigers have lent mutual aid to unfortunate comrades, and a caged lion, caught in one of the cunningly devised pits of the hunters, attracted universal attention from the other brutes of the jungles. Cries from the pit would be answered from the brink of the hole, as if the animals were sympathizing with the prisoner and trying to devise some method of escape for him. But our limited knowledge of these brutes of the forests, and of their habits in their natural haunts, prevents any extended collection of facts to prove that there is a system of mutual help and support recognized among them. It is well known, however, that they will sometimes combine to attack a formidable foe.

It is not an uncommon thing to find bears hunting together in small troops, and if attacked by wolves they will huddle together and combine for mutual protection. An unfortunate bear caught in a trap was finally released by another bear that happened to be straying through the forest at the time. The released animal showed his tokens of thankfulness by various growls and actions, and the two shaggy monsters wandered off in the woods to capture some prey to celebrate a goodwill feast. The wolves of the prairies and mountains combine the greatest amount of sociability and ferocity of all the carnivora. They live and hunt in packs, and become sick, cowardly and lonesome when

separated; but should one of their number fall in battle the others, instead of helping and protecting the unfortunate comrade, will pounce upon him and rend him to pieces. The keen competition among these animals is highly developed, but along with their fierce struggle for existence there goes a striking system of co-operation for the protection of the individual and for the rearing of progeny. Descending to the less ferocious mammals, we find this mutual aid for protection intensified. The fierce carnivora are the natural enemies of the other orders of mammals, and the latter have to combine and co-operate in a highly intelligent way to protect themselves from complete destruction. The swift deer and antelopes graze in flocks for companionship, or for mutual warning of danger. The wild horses of the southern pampas rush upon an enemy like an irresistible whirlwind and trample the strongest brute to death with their hard hoofs. The buffaloes of our own western plains would crush an enemy in the same way, and protect the individuals by such a combination of strength. The zebras of the South African plains are likewise socially inclined and graze in herds. Should one of their number be wounded by an enemy the herd will return to its support, and prove a formidable combination to fight against. The wild horses of South America are especially noted for their mutual sympathy and help for an unfortunate comrade, and headed by their leader, an old stallion, they will attack any kind of an enemy to rescue one of their number. A part of the herd will even stop in its migratory journey to another feeding ground to tend a sick or wounded horse, and nothing will force them to leave the unfortunate animal until death or recovery supervenes.

Among the smaller animals co-operation is carried to a greater extent, for among the rodents and ruminants it is necessary to construct houses and villages for their mutual protection against enemies, unfavorable weather and seasons. The small squirrels of the forest live in a close society of their own, and they divide the nuts and berries among themselves. Their immense storehouses of food are filled through the united labor of several squirrels, and often the treasures are bequeathed from one generation to another. One family of squirrels holds friendly intercourse with another, and during the summer days they will frolic about beneath

the leafy forests in great glee. If the stores of one family should give out during a specially cold season the others are sure to come to its relief and give freely of their treasures. The marmots of the fields and plains are no less friendly and sociable in their habits, and the intricate passages which they burrow in the ground are not only formed for individual safety, but frequently for large troops. In localities where the marmots are numerous the underground passages merge into each other at different points, and in this subterranean city they live together on the best of terms. Should an enemy pursue one into his hole the marmot could soon lose him among the labyrinthian chambers, and spread the alarm among the others of the city, so that there would be a hurried gathering in some quarter of the village for mutual protection. The musk rats and beavers are similar in their habits, and their strangely constructed homes illustrate how far combination and co-operation have been carried by the animals. Their strong houses built on the water's edge are so arranged that they afford ample protection for all.

Ants and bees afford abundant facts of real combination for mutual aid, protection and development. Beetles, which ordinarily live solitary lives, will combine to accomplish some particular object. Three or four will join forces to overcome a large enemy which is destructive to their happiness. If one is imprisoned by a heavy object resting upon it half a dozen will assemble around the unfortunate beetle and by their combined efforts endeavor to roll the object away. Half a dozen beetles have been engaged in such arduous work for several hours at a time before they could accomplish their purpose, but they never despaired or gave up while their comrade was suffering and squirming to get free. Even the ungainly looking crabs will render assistance to each other, and show by their actions that

there is a common feeling of brotherhood uniting them. If one is imprisoned by placing a heavy object on its back the other two will crawl under it and endeavor to lighten the burden so that the first one may escape.

The fact that the fishes of both salt and fresh water travel in schools suggests that they render mutual aid for protection and development. When one of their number is wounded the others rush up to him individually and touch him with their mouths as if to ascertain the extent of his injuries and to console him in his suffering. When attacked by a fierce enemy the whole school will rush away to some safer place, and they never turn around to protect those of their number that are caught. Sometimes when urged on by hunger they will join forces to attack an enemy larger and stronger than themselves. In this way their co-operation is of profit to all.

The microscope will yield facts of mutual aid among the almost invisible organisms of the ponds and stagnant pools of water. Their intelligence and strength are combined for mutual aid and development, so that the continual struggle for existence is partly relieved by concerted action. When nature is thus studied in the fields and woods, and observations of the animals are taken direct from their natural haunts, the lesson to be found is that mutual aid and protection is as much of a law of nature as mutual struggle. The idea that "each animal is struggling against all" is not verified by observations direct from nature. The philosophy of the remorselessness of nature, the care for self and the absolute disregard for others, which has largely been the reflections of scientific teaching, must be a narrow interpretation of observations, for it is not difficult to perceive that throughout the whole animal kingdom there extends a common bond of sympathy and mutual aid, which finds its highest type in man.





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“STAY WITH HIM, TILL SHE SINKS!” (p. 99.)

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BY J. WILLIAM FOSDICK.



IN 1416, when the Duke of Bedford destroyed 500 French ships in the estuary of the Seine, he little thought that the harbor of Harfleur, wherein he had won his victory, would one day become green meadow land, the peaceful pasturage for Norman herds; but since the days of the Duke the Seine has deposited wide acres of sand and loam along its banks, and time has cast over them a soft green mantle.

The noble Duke would doubtless also have scorned the idea had he been told that the little fishing village some miles below, upon the eastern bank, would eventually become a fortified city with massive docks and basins, floating monster steel war-ships, any one of which could destroy his entire victorious fleet in the twinkling of an eye.

The world must thank Louis XI. for founding Havre in 1509 as a harbor of

refuge for the French navy. To-day its magnificent system of ponderous stone docks is the admiration of the world. Huge ships can move at will in the great basins regardless of tides, while



THE CHATEAU, TANCARVILLE. (p. 85.)

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the treacherous bars of the lower Seine are avoided by the Tancarville Canal, built at a cost of more than 18,000,000 francs.

The bicyclists of Havre are multitudinous in number and cosmopolitan in character. Along the gay, fashionable, and smooth Marine Boulevard, where they mostly congregate, may be seen every style imaginable, from the old wooden

fore the gaming-tables at the casino outside, upon the terrace, where the Parisians are indolently sipping their *absinthe* in cool, sea-shore attire of most astonishing fashion; along the beach, where the *vrai* and *demi monde* trip into the surf side by side, or, outside of bathing hours, eye each other at a distance from beneath huge umbrellas planted in the soft, mealy sand—all this may be seen in a day if the cyclist chooses, returning to Havre by moonlight on the little steamer, and a very pleasant diversion, ere taking the road, it makes.

When I mounted my bicycle to follow the banks of the Seine from Havre to Paris I knew that, although Paris was but 108 miles away "as the crow flies," I would have to cover some 300 miles of road before reaching it, for the turnings and windings of the Seine are legion.

After the gayety of Trouville I was not sorry to quit the rather gloomy Hotel d'Angleterre and start off on my tour up the Seine. My first afternoon's run of only twenty miles to Tancarville was a short and rough ride. I had only myself to blame, as in my desire to follow the Seine literally, I took the road beneath the cliffs instead of the fine turnpike above.

I descended through a tangle of lanes at Harfleur to the meadows bordering the Seine. All went well for a time. I wheeled along a fine hard road, with the towering cliffs upon my left and the wide marshes and Tancarville Canal upon my right. After I had covered some ten miles the road suddenly became rougher, and taking on the appearance of a cow-path, straggled off into the marsh. A second look, though, revealed a rough foot-path leading up a rocky incline to a solitary little inn perched upon a small wooded plateau. I dismounted and scrambled up an incline of 45 degrees, all but carrying the bicycle in my arms. The inn-keeper was a grizzly-headed peasant, and might from appearance have been the captain of a tribe of bandits. I gladly accepted his invitation to take a cooling glass of *syrop* in the little café, while from the window I had a fine view of the broad sweep of meadow and river below. Our



THE ONLY HOTEL IN THE VILLAGE.

"velocipede" to the latest inventions in modern wheels; and if the cyclist scorns the delights of the almost too perfectly graded boulevard, he can exercise his skill by climbing the hill of Ste. Adresse, where in turn he will again find a resting-place on the grassy slope before the sailor's shrine of Notre Dame des Flots. From this elevation he can look far over the spires of Havre to the shores of Calvados, where the white sands of Trouville shimmer in the sunlight.

The spin over the beautiful shaded road to Trouville should not be missed by the cyclist who loves nature, and the little side-wheel steamers which ply between Havre and Honfleur will take both cyclist and wheel across the intervening Seine for a sou.

If the cyclist be an artist he will delight in the old houses of Harfleur and linger long amidst the ivy-covered ruins of Criquebœuf. If the present be the more interesting he will have ample opportunity to study character amidst the gay multitude from half the countries of the world who throng the fashionable sea-side resort—Trouville. Be-

conversation was interrupted by a flapping of wings from without, and a dusky, solemn, old, tame crow came sailing in at the window and settled upon his master's shoulder with a melancholy croak. They made an odd pair—by no means badly matched—and eyed my bicycle with equal interest as I took my departure.

It transpired that I ought to have turned inland some five miles back, but now not wishing to retrace my steps, I zigzagged upward through a forest of scrub-oak, stumbling over stumps and stones. A half-hour later I had forgotten all these discomforts, as I sped along over the plain and through quiet shady villages. I dismounted near the brow of the hill above Tancarville to gaze at the immense sweep of river and meadow below, where, tradition says, that Gargantua the Giant used to sit and bathe his feet in the Seine (?).

As I rapidly coasted down the ferny, wooded hillside, I could see the ivy-covered walls of the Chateau of Tancarville through the trees, and almost instantly I shot out into the open *place* before the Hotel du Havre, the only hotel in the

village. About the door were hunters and dogs, as the *chasse* had just opened.

The landlady told me much about the old castle as I dined in a little arbor in the door-yard. In the evening I learned more when I joined a company of villagers in the little café of the inn. There was the miller from over the way, the inevitable commercial *voyageur*, the village letter-carrier and mine host himself. The letter-carrier related a legend which he had picked up in the course of his official tramps. He turned to me, saying, "Monsieur is a photographer; he must photograph the Devil's Tower without fail." Then he went on to tell that some centuries ago the so-called Devil's Tower was a source of terror to the village folk, who believed that the Devil had taken up his abode within its walls. Ill at ease at having such a diabolical neighbor, they one day marched in brave procession, cross and banners and curate ahead, intending to dislodge the Devil, and, if necessary, to give battle. But as they neared the dreaded abode of his Satanic majesty their hearts failed them and their knees smote the one against the other, and



MASSIVE DOCKS AND BASINS. (p. 83.)

only the chatter of a squirrel made them flee in wild disorder, leaving their curate to enter and encounter the Devil alone.

What took place within nobody knows, but a few of the runaways who were

weapon of defense, and from that day the tower was freed of its diabolical tenant.

It is easy to understand that the Seine has always been a great highway for invasions, for along its banks are strongholds built upon commanding sites. Some of them are still inhabited, while others can hardly be distinguished from the cliffs upon which they stand. The Chateau of Tancarville is the first of these castles that one encounters in mounting the Seine.

The next morning's wheel to Lillebonne, over a perfect road, was one I shall always recall with pleasure. After passing beneath the grotesquely formed cliffs in the outskirts of Tancarville, you pass the primitive little hamlet of Radicatel, and follow a willow-bordered road up the valley of the Bolbec River to Lillebonne. It is a modern town built over the site of an ancient Gallo-Roman city. Here have taken place all the pastimes of the Roman arena. It was in Lillebonne that William the Conqueror laid before the Norman barons his plans for the conquest of England.

Leaving the bicycle at the hotel, I wended my way to the Roman Amphitheatre, where I spent the morning photographing. I climbed up and slid down the grassy galleries of the ancient theatre, camera in hand, in a way which the Roman athletes themselves would have enjoyed witnessing. The amphitheatre accommodated some 3,000 spectators, and the various tiers and galleries are quite distinct.

Only a stone's-throw from the theatre is the ruined chateau of William the Conqueror. At *dejeuner* the landlord, a jovial fellow, gave a description, more droll and graphic than true, of how the famous Roman mosaic of Lillebonne had been discovered in the kitchen garden of a man who was raising his cabbages, in blissful ignorance of the treasure lying beneath. When he did, by accident, find the smooth, hard pavement, he used it for a bowling-alley until a neighbor, more sage than himself, discovered its true value.

Readers of *OUTING* who have hunted the deer will be interested to know that, with the exception of the central group, it depicts a Gallo-Roman stag hunt.

At this juncture my bicycle tour barely escaped coming to an untimely



"MY INNKEEPER AT TANCARVILLE." (p. 84.)

courageous enough to return, saw the curate emerge from the terrible place unhurt, still carrying the sprinkler of holy water, which had been his only



"A VISTA OF SUNSHINE." (p. 88.)

end, for, when I sauntered into the court-yard, after *dejeuner*, I found a Frenchman mounted on my bicycle, shooting about the yard very much after the style of a boomerang. By a supreme effort I saved my machine as he rapidly bore down upon a stone water-trough. I am quite sure he will never try cycling under such conditions again.

As I intended to spend a day or two at Vieux Port, a little village on the opposite bank, where a company of American artists were painting, I followed the long, straight, willowy road over the marshes to Port Jerome, which is just opposite Quillebœuf. An antiquated ferry-boat makes half-hourly trips between the two places. If the ferry-boat was antiquated, the old town opposite was still more so. I sat down by the edge of the rushing torrent—the Seine runs wild and treacherous at this point—and pictured to myself how Quillebœuf must have looked in the days of the Medici, when the sleepy old quay opposite was lined with gayly-painted barges and ships. I paid the ferryman six cents—two for myself, and four for the bicycle—and upon landing was confronted by two officers of the *octroi*, who asked me if I had anything to declare—a ludicrous question to ask of a solitary,

dusty cyclist. They evidently thought as much themselves, for they grinned broadly when I exclaimed, "Yes; a bottle of tooth-powder!"

The low, marshy right bank which I had just left was almost tropical in its luxuriant verdure, but the hilly left bank which I was climbing became more and more stony and dry as I worked my way up to the summit of the cliffs above Vieux Port.

The glimpses of the valley of the Seine, seen through occasional breaks in the woods, were beautiful—an almost boundless panorama of fertile fields, broken only by long lines of poplars and by the wide, tranquil river. A column of smoke rising here and there indicated the whereabouts of a steamer or a farm-house. The road descended so abruptly to the very bank of the Seine that almost before I knew it I found myself in the door-yard of Père Cabot's little thatched inn. This little *auberge*, with its sanded tile floors, is the only hotel of Vieux Port. Could Cabot himself have crossed the path of Dumas or Dickens he would have been immortalized, for a more original genius in



"I WORKED MY WAY UP TO THE SUMMIT." (p. 87)

blouse and sabots never spoke the abominable *patois* of Normandy.

The functions performed by Cabot were numerous. He guarded the little ferry at the foot of his garden, tended a little café with small, greasy-topped tables, and when most wanted was off shooting birds with an ancient setter that was constantly at his heels.

I found the American artists comfortably fixed in an improvised studio in the attic of a house upon the hillside.

Père Cabot gave me his "best room." From the little honeysuckle-covered window I could see a vista of sunshine bordered by ivy-clad cottages and the great ocean steamers moving up river, looking strangely incongruous amidst the meadows and apple-orchards.

Vieux Port is a veritable sleepy hollow. Its population have intermarried for two hundred years; consequently everybody is *cousin* or *cousine*.

One night, after dining upon one of Madame Cabot's *ragouts* cooked over a fire of colza stalks in the open chimney, we went down to the river-bank to smoke our pipes and chat. The night was quiet, and the Seine so calm that it seemed more like a lake than a swiftly

running river. We could hear a dog bark over on the opposite shore, and the voices of children at play up river, when, suddenly, some one cried:

"Hark! What's that?"

We listened. From far down river came a roaring sound like the rapid approach of a whirlwind, and in the vapory distance we saw a silvery line of white foam stretching from shore to shore. Somebody shouted: "Run, boys, or you'll get soaked! It's the *mascaret*!"

We did run, but not fast enough to escape a ducking. There was a fleeting glimpse of a seething wall of foam and water which struck the bank where we had sat, sending up a column of spray some twenty feet skywards, and went roaring onwards with lightning rapidity, carrying everything which had not been made fast before it.

The "*mascaret*," or tidal wave, caused by the meeting of the tide and river current, travels at the rate of thirty feet per second. Up river, at Caudebec, crowds of visitors congregate periodically to see it.

Large steamers are obliged to anchor in mid-stream, while all small craft are drawn high and dry beyond its reach.



(To be continued.)

LAURELS.

I.

HER azure eyes with tears were dim.
All in the daisied meads of May
She wove one day a chain for him,
And he had flung her gift away.

"Leave daisy - chains for bairns' de-
light—
No simple weeds for mine," quo' he.
"The laurel gleams upon the height :
No lowlier flow'r is fair to me."

II.

Fame brought to him a laurel wreath.
"And she," quo' he, "what will she say?"
He sought her home. At rest beneath
The bowing daisies' feet she lay.

"Alas!" quo' he, "her daisy-chain
Were worth the best that Fame could
bring!
Now she is gone; 'tis all in vain"—
And flung away the worthless thing.

CHARLES PRESCOTT SHERMON.

GEORGE DALE'S AMBITION.

BY LORENZO GRISWOLD.

"WELL, Lucy, here's a surprise ;
whatever do you think of
this?"

MY DEAR OLD FRIEND: Feeling a decided lack
of interest in my duties at the present time, I
have concluded to take a brief vacation, and
am coming to Claremont. Will you do me the
great favor of engaging me a boarding place
for two weeks from the fifteenth instant?

By the way, that is Mabel's birthday, isn't it?
I believe I am right, and that she will be thir-
teen that day—you see how well I remember
some things—and I have ventured to buy a
pony, with cart, harness, saddle, etc., for her.
Hope she will not refuse my gift.

Sincerely yours,
GEORGE DALE.

"The same as ever," remarked my
wife; "he was always surprising us and
—not always agreeably. We can't take
the pony. How can we?"

"I think we had better let Mabel keep
it, Lucy."

"You do? Well! And I suppose you
would next invite him to come here and
spend his vacation!"

It was not a laughing matter; at the
same time, I could not help smiling as
I replied, "You guess right, Lucy; I
would."

"When you passed through New York
last Winter and met him on the street
for a moment, did you invite—"

"O, no, not a bit of it! This letter is
a surprise to me as well as to you. I
saw him, as I told you, for but a mo-
ment; and I liked him as of old. Dale
is a very wealthy man, Lucy, and it is
nothing for him to give these things to
Mabel; and you know they would make

her the happiest girl in America. Let
him do it. Why should he not?"

"And now as to the place where he
shall stop. I would be very glad if you
would consent to my inviting him to
come here. I do not forget the past,
yet I believe in his integrity. If he
came here I am sure you would like
him."

"It would be embarrassing," replied
my wife.

"I think not," said I. "Many years
have passed since you knew him. He
has grown, and is now no ordinary man.
He comes in contact with giants in the
legal profession in New York, and he
holds his own among them.

"Let him come, Lucy!"

"Very well, the responsibility is
yours."

"Mine? I should say it was most-
ly *his*. He evidently desires to be on
friendly terms with us once more; and
I propose to let him have his own will."

"And I may as well let you have
yours," said my wife, smiling.

"It is decided then that we furnish
entertainment for the man—and his
beast, is it?" I asked.

"I am forced to confess that it looks
so," remarked my wife, and so the mat-
ter was settled.

I did not tell Lucy all that was in
my mind concerning the coming visit of
George Dale to Claremont, and I have
since learned that she kept from me
much that was in her own. Perhaps
that accounts for the fact that our sleep
was not continuous and sound that night.

Some time before four o'clock we did get to sleep, and at seven were horribly startled out of a sound slumber by a shrill whistle through the speaking-tube that ran from the kitchen to our chamber. Since that night and other wakeful ones that followed, Lucy and I have confessed to each other what it was that kept us awake. It was this, "What was to be the outcome of George Dale's visit to Claremont?"

I wrote him a very cordial invitation to come and spend his vacation with us.

He came on Mabel's birthday, having sent the pony and the trappings so that they arrived just before he did.

I think Lucy's heart warmed towards him when she witnessed Mabel's delight over her present—and I know mine did.

The morning after his arrival, at the breakfast table, I asked him what he desired to do by way of recreation, and offered to join him in anything he wished to do.

"You know this region pretty well," said I, "and the opportunities it affords for pleasure."

"Thank you," he replied. "For a few days I think I shall do nothing but rest under the shade of your trees here on the lawn. By and by, if my learned brother (my profession was the same as his) will consent to accompany me, I very much desire to try my luck for one day trout-fishing in the brook that begins up at Number Nine and comes down Tolland Hills."

His eyes were on the table as he spoke, which gave me an opportunity to cast a quick glance at my wife to see if the sound of "Tolland Hills" from his lips affected her as it did me. She caught my eye, and I knew that it did.

In the meantime I had replied, "All right. Your 'learned brother' will be glad to go with you."

With the exception of riding out with Mabel a few times with her pony, Dale did not leave the place for nearly a week. And during that time he certainly gained in our esteem. Even to my wife, who was somewhat prejudiced against him, he seemed, as she expressed it, "as noble as he was talented and cultivated."

And to Mabel he was something more than a common mortal. And I do not think it was chiefly the gift of the pony that raised him so high in her estima-

tion, but rather his patience, his subdued manner, his wonderful stories and his *looks*.

His hair was very gray for a man but forty years of age.

I knew his age exactly, for we were class and room mates at college.

Young gray heads were peculiar to the Dale family.

His hair was a puzzle to Mabel. One day she said to her mother, "Mamma, don't you think Mr. Dale is a beautiful old gentleman?"

"But he is not old. He's younger than papa, and you don't call him old, do you?"

That night, after we had gone to our room, my wife rehearsed the brief conversation between herself and Mabel regarding Dale's looks, and then remarked:

"He certainly has aged, Dexter; and he seems a little sad; don't you think so? But it was not illness that made his vacation necessary. Do you think it was?"

"I suppose your last question is all you expect me to answer. My answer is that he is not what you would call an invalid."

"An invalid? Well, hardly. Aside from being a little pale, he looks well enough. I believe, Dexter, that his bodily health is good."

"You do, Lucy? Why didn't you ask him what under the sun he meant by it?"

"Ask him what he meant by what?"

"Why, by coming here in perfect bodily health."

"And run the risk of being told that he came here because my husband invited him? I would rather be excused. I wonder if he has the family trait as well as the characteristic gray hair?"

"What trait, Lucy?"

"Fickleness," was her quick reply.

"Give it up," I answered.

"By the way, Dexter, I never knew—or I had forgotten—that his eyes were gray. You know that I don't like gray eyes."

"The deuce you don't! Mine are gray!" I exclaimed.

"Dexter!"

"Yes'm."

"Yours are *blue!*"

"Gobelin-blue then, I guess."

"*Real* blue, my dear, if not quite as heavenly as they used to be."

"I see but one defect in his make-up, Lucy."

"What is that?"

"His hair and mustache don't match. He ought to get a brown wig, or white-wash his mustache."

"Oh, that combination is quite natural to the men of his family. It is unique, and quite pleasing to the eye."

"To the eye, yes. The fact is, Lucy, to the eye he's quite a handsome man. Don't you think so?"

"Frankly, I do," said she.

"I didn't see how you could deny that, but I am not specially interested in his good looks. I admire him very much because of his power as an advocate. He is called a very able pleader. I should like to hear him in an important case."

"And so should I!" exclaimed my wife. "But whether I hear him or not, I hope the time will come when he will have to plead in a case where he himself as defendant will have at stake all that is as dear as life and happiness to him, and that he may suffer the pangs of defeat before he wins, and — I am not sure that I hope he will win then."

"Ah, Lucy! put him there on the defense, and unless I mistake the man, there would be something worth hearing."

I went to sleep with my wife's last words uppermost in my mind, and perhaps it was not strange that during the night I dreamed that I was present with her at just such a trial as she spoke of, and that I heard George Dale speak in defense of himself. When I awoke in the morning I told Lucy of the dream.

"And how did he come out?" she asked.

"The dream ended before I could discover," I replied.

"Well, no matter; his being here is all a dream to me. I cannot make it seem real and *natural*. And I cannot see what good is to come of it. When do you take that fishing trip?"

"Oh, whenever Dale is ready," I said.

"I wish you would get him ready and have it over with. *That* part of his purpose in coming here puzzles me most."

It did me, too, but I did not mention the fact to my wife. I simply told her that I would hurry him up a little.

But it was not necessary for me to do so. Before I started for the office Dale

brought up the matter and asked me when it would be convenient to go.

"Any day. Can go to-morrow, if you wish," I replied.

"Say we do," he answered.

"All right. To-morrow it is," said I.

And at six the next morning we started. It was about ten miles to Number Nine, in the vicinity of which several of the brooks that came down Tolland Hills took their rise. We were going to our old fishing grounds, a spot once very dear to George and me, and where he had not been for fifteen years. In what high spirits a man, famous with the fishing rod as George had been, would start out on such an excursion! And with what interest and pleasure he would look again upon objects and scenes once familiar to him! And when the man had George Dale's fluency of speech, and so much on every side as he rode along to inspire him, how much he would have to say, and how interestingly he would discourse!

But how was it?

My eloquent friend—eloquent and voluble enough elsewhere—said but little, and that little in an absent-minded sort of a way, or else he rode in utter silence, with his eyes looking straight ahead or on the ground. Soon after we started he made an effort to talk, but he evidently could not do it. And so, in silence, for most of the way, we rode to the fishing grounds.

Once during the journey, as I caught a look at his solemn face and thought of the object we had in view, the grim humor of the situation struck me very forcibly, and I was tempted to slap him on the back and shout:

"That's right! Be as gay as you please, George! It *is* a great day! Nothing like fishing, old boy!"

But, of course, I did nothing of the kind, and by refraining, perhaps, prevented the turning of a farce into a tragedy; for I am inclined to think—judging from his looks at that moment—that had I spoken in that vein, he would either have shot me or run me through with his fish-pole, the butt-end of which had an iron that tapered to a point like a spike.

I was not sorry when we reached our destination. I drove up to the small tavern that stood within half of a mile of where our fishing was to begin, and left our team with orders to have it by twelve

o'clock at a certain place where I had planned that we would take our lunch.

At eight o'clock we began our fishing. The prospect—so far as the day was concerned—was favorable. George also had brightened up a little, and, as of old, insisted upon my going ahead, as I was the poorest fisherman.

To a genuine fisherman time passes rapidly, and before I was aware of it, it was noon. My basket was nearly full. I turned to look for my companion, and was somewhat startled to discover him sitting within a few yards of me with his rod in his hand done up in its case.

"Enough so soon?" I asked.

He looked up with a weary expression on his face, and replied:

"I find I can't stand this work as I used to, Bevans."

"Well, our team must be near here. Let us go to lunch. You'll feel better after that," said I.

Convinced from Dale's appearance that our fishing was over, at least for that day, I took my rod apart, and stepping to the edge of the brook, prepared myself for lunch, as he had already done. We then went to the place where our team was to meet us.

I settled with the man who had brought it and let him return. Then, hitching our horses to a tree beside the road, we took from the wagon the baskets containing our lunch and sat down under another tree near by. We scarcely spoke while we were eating. After we had finished we lighted our cigars; and, feeling refreshed and strengthened by the meal, and with my courage renewed, I determined to make Dale talk.

And so I said:

"I suppose you recognize this locality?"

He was looking down the long vista formed by the maples on the sides of the road as I spoke, and without turning his eyes he replied:

"Yes."

"Of course," I continued, "you remember this shady road, and the old stone watering-trough a little below here that used to be such a great curiosity to us. And the echo-rock opposite it. And then that sudden turn in the road, and the wonderful view in the direction of the ledges——"

"Stop! I beg of you!" he cried, turning suddenly towards me. "I forget nothing, Bevans. And it is because my

memory is so acute at this moment that I am so miserable."

He bowed his head upon his hands, and clutching his handsome gray locks with his fingers, went on:

"I believe that she loved me when it happened. I have lived, and I shall die, with that conviction. She was certainly mistaken—I thought her unreasonable; and I was too proud and hasty on that fatal day."

He raised his head and shot out the sentence:

"She *accused* me of possessing the *family trait*!"

He stopped short and waited, evidently for me to get the full meaning of the words. I thought I could see that the rankling wound made by the charge had not entirely healed.

"Family trait?" he resumed. "I had not the remotest idea of her meaning. But I had some family pride, and I resented what I considered was a reflection upon my family, and—we parted. A word would have brought me back—just a word from her acknowledging that she had been mistaken. I would have come gladly, joyfully! But she was never undeceived. Continuing to believe the evil misrepresentation, she cast me out of her heart. Bevans, I ought to have sacrificed my pride to my love and gone back to her before it was too late. It was the mistake of my life that I did not; and how I have suffered in consequence of that mistake! The consolations and joys of love having been taken from me, I turned to my profession with the determination of devoting to it my whole power in order to overcome my disappointment. In a measure I succeeded. I made for myself a name, and was respected—even envied. If at times, when the strife and bustle of the day were over, as I sat in my room, love mournfully whispered of the past, the voice of pride would break in and silence it, saying: 'Remember your resolution!—and your watchword—fame! You were not to stop short of the topmost round of the ladder. Do not falter!'"

"Thus pride spurred me on. But pride and ambition together could never have carried me as far as I was bent on going. The real basis of my aspirations was a desire to show *her* what was in the man who, for some reason, she had considered unworthy of her. I was

determined, if I lived, to stand as the peer of those who were foremost in my profession. And I had made myself believe that, when I reached that high position, I should find much satisfaction in the thought that she would be compelled to see that this rejected lover of hers was bound to rise in the world in spite of that *family trait* which, whatever it was, was supposed to be a weight that tended to keep him down.

"You see, Bevans, that I am keeping nothing back. But I am talking a great deal, and perhaps you don't care to hear?"

"I *do* care to hear. Do not keep back a word that you feel free to tell me," I replied. The fact was I hung upon his words with intense interest.

"Very well," he said, "do you think that there was a single grain of comfort to me in the thought that I was a renowned, and not an obscure, lawyer when I read the news of her death?"

Absorbed as I had been in the revelation which my old friend had been making to me of that which was most secret and sacred to him, my interest reached the climax as I heard his last words. But I did not speak, and he continued.

"What was a great name and fame to me then? The only one in the world that I cared to have witness my success had gone to a place where earthly honors are never for a moment thought of.

"On the eve of my triumph—triumph! I do not hesitate to utter the word, for that exactly indicates what my aim was. You see now how great and disinterested my love was when I was seeking to rise so far above the object of it that she would view me from afar, and sigh to think of what might have been.

"On the eve of my triumph she died. Died? She ascended to a height so far above me that by no known sign could I convey to her the knowledge of my misery.

"The satisfaction of the fool who thinks himself great, which I had begun to feel, departed from me. I was like a man dazed by a heavy blow. My grasp upon all matters pertaining to my profession weakened, and in power to present my cases, I was but a faint shadow of what I had been. For months I have been fighting losing battles. I have been aware of this—that my power has

not only been waning, but that it had nearly vanished; and yet a strange conceit has continued to rule me until this day—a conceit which, as I view it now, seems contemptible. Under its influence I came to Claremont to show that I could look complacently back upon the fact that a country girl, years ago, rejected me. And swayed by it I proposed the trip we are taking to-day.

"But *now!* and *here!* Oh, my old friend, it no longer controls—supports me! These hills were the birthplace of my—*our* love; and I am overpowered by the memories that rush upon me! I can no longer pretend to be what I am not—indifferent. Sinking beneath my load of disappointment and sorrow, I confess anew my love. I here proclaim it! and own that the years which have intervened since I first told it here have been wasted—worse than wasted—and lost!"

When he had finished speaking, I arose and asked:

"May I tell this to my wife?"

He replied: "Yes, tell her. I desire to have her know all that I have told you. Do not spare me. But, in simple justice to me, say this, that never during all these years have I ceased to love her sister. And to-morrow I will return to the city. I cannot be congenial company to you and her."

In silence we proceeded to descend the long and beautiful avenue.

Here and there the rays of the afternoon sun entered between the leaves and branches of the trees and fell upon the ground—"disks of light and interspaces of gloom."

When we reached the stone water-trough, Dale asked me to stop for a moment, and I did so. He alighted from the carriage and went and stood by the side of the road and looked across to the echo-rock. I wondered if he meant to shout and call out the echo. But he only folded his arms and stood there in deep thought for a few moments.

As I watched him, how vividly I recalled the days when he and I were there before, and with us the "Gladden girls"—Lucy and her sister! Of course, as he stood there, he must have remembered those days.

How terrible the strain which my friend was undergoing as he stood there, with his arms folded upon his breast,

thinking of her as he saw her that day—bright, beautiful and happy—and, then, as sleeping that long, last sleep beneath the drooping willow tree down in the Gladden family plot!

Fearing that the tension, if prolonged, might be tragic in its consequences to him, I prevailed on him to leave the spot.

There was one place on our way toward which I looked with no little anxiety. I had spoken of the wonderful view toward the ledges from that place, but he understood what was there of more interest than that, to him. It was the Gladden residence, a stately, old-fashioned house with pillars in front, that could be seen through the trees the moment the corner in the road was turned. I knew that from the moment we came in sight of the place until we had passed it, it would be a trying time to him.

As we left the maple and turned into the elm avenue, and the "Old Gladden Homestead," as it was called, came into view, I imagined that Dale gave a quick, deep sigh.

The house was some thirty rods or so ahead of us. I had jogged my horses over a third of the distance when, glancing down the arched road, I saw a lady approaching slowly—a lady dressed in white, bare-headed, and carrying a parasol.

Slowly the distance between us lessened—lessened until only a few yards were left, when I felt Dale's hand convulsively grasp mine.

I turned to look at him. His face was that of a man who sees one that has risen from the dead. Doubt, surprise, and overjoy within—the signs of these were plainly stamped upon his face. But all the signs there no man could read, though, having seen that look, he would be likely to carry it with him forever.

"Who, then, is your wife in mourning for?" he gasped out.

"Her aunt Mabel; it was a misprint," I quickly replied. And then reining in my horses and bringing them to a standstill, I at the same time brought George Dale and Mabel Gladden once more face to face.

I am sure that from his lips came faintly but fervently the words, "Thank God!"

I am also quite sure that from that

moment he was unconscious of my presence.

He stepped out of the carriage, uncovered his head and stood in front of Mabel Gladden. I looked at her. Her eyes were fixed upon him. I am confident that there was no one in their world but themselves then.

Why did not the impropriety, the indelicacy of my remaining a witness to their meeting strike me, and induce me to take myself out of the way? I know not. The thought never entered my mind. I remained riveted to the spot.

"Mabel!"

He spoke in a tone scarcely above a whisper, but with intense earnestness.

"To me you are as one risen from the dead. For, a moment ago, I thought you *were* dead; and I would have given the world had I possessed it—I would have given my life and have considered it a paltry price to pay—for the precious privilege of seeing you alive, and of saying to you what I now say, 'I am a miserable man! My life has been a failure because it has been separated from yours. If pride and resentment were in my heart when I went away, love was also there, and that alone has survived—my love for you. It was never as great as now. Before God! I believe that it has been refined by suffering, as by fire, and that it is now pure and unselfish.'

"As one sees a miracle, I see my wish granted; and oh, Mabel! those words reveal my heart. Truer ones will never be spoken!"

He held out his hands and looked longingly toward her.

"Ah, Mabel, my sister, forgive me for being a witness of your agitation! Those long years—long and sad, and marked often by hours and days of *secret* tears and repentance that brought no relief—have left their trace upon you.

"But in spite of that you were beautiful—never more so to me—and to him, I doubt not.

"I saw you start; and the look of wonder and the light of joy that came into your face.

"I saw your lips tremble—and then breathe his name when he stretched his hands toward you.

"And when his arms closed about you, in my deepest heart I said, 'Amen! and amen!'"

HORSEBACK SKETCHES.

MAY RIDES.

BY JESSIE F. O'DONNELL.*

When violets and wind-flowers sway
Against the throbbing heart of May.
—Whittier.

NEARLY two weeks of riding through green lanes fringed with rich blue violets and nodding white ones; crossing rollicking brooks where in sunny, sheltered spots the straw-colored pendants of the bell-wort hang, and where the marsh-marigold stars with gold the swamps; breathing in the basswood's perfume and the beauty of the wild cherry's snow-wreaths; and then, one morning—lo! a marvel. A delicate, pure fragrance and a peal of ringing melody steal in through the open window. I draw the curtain, and the secret is out. The apple-trees are in bloom, and the bobolinks are greeting them with a chime of golden bells!

May, apple-blossoms, and bobolinks; the three are inseparable. And what could more fitly grace the reign of May, beloved of the poets, than the queen of fruit-blossoms, with its roseate-flushed petals and entrancing fragrance, and the darling, happy songsters who delight to steal gay little marches upon us and therefore choose the darkness for their northern migrations? This is the jubilee of the year, for which Mother Nature has been long making ready. I have been conscious a week past of a mysterious "something" on foot, of sweet, secret signals to bird and flower, a noiseless preparation for some great festival. And it is here—the blooming of the apple-tree!

I call to Jim to saddle Tyler, slip into my habit, swallow a hurried cup of coffee, and we are off through the green, blossomy country roads, every nerve tingling with the freshness and fullness of the dewy morning. These quiet May mornings, before the village opens its eyes and takes down the shutters, are very delightful for riding. One can almost hear the leaves grow and the grass springing up tall and green through the stillness, and sweet thoughts unfold in our hearts.

We carry baskets on our arms or our saddle-horns in our May rides by

meadow and woodland, and dismount frequently, tempted by the profusion of blossoms. The moist meadows by the river are covered with bluest Quaker ladies. At a little distance they look like sheets of faintly tinted snow. The flowers are too tiny and the stems too thread-like to admit of picking many single flowers, but we take up clusters with the earth clinging to their roots, and keep them for days in deep glass dishes. It is like bringing home bits of the sky. We find violets in abundance here, the richly tinted purple blossoms and smaller, paler, but sweeter, blue ones by their side. The woods are full of wild oats, dogwood, Solomon's seal, violets blue, and yellow and white fragile anemones springing amidst the fallen brush, the feathery spikes of mitrewort and bishop's-cap, and the brilliant scarlet and yellow bells of the columbine; the wild mandrake hides its great, waxy, fragrant blossoms under the broad, spreading leaves, and the tiny chickweed stars begin to dot the meadows.

May is pre-eminently the month of flowering trees. Many put forth blossoms in March or April, but do not reach their full bloom until May; we find lingering flowers on the leatherwood and spicewood, our earliest bloomers, and the pendulous clusters of the locust make fragrant all the air. Toward the last of May our lilacs blossom, and the perfume of the purple and white flowers is like some rare incense. I can never resist gathering great fragrant clusters from the boughs that overhang the fence of a certain farmyard we often pass; and as I fasten plumes to Tyler's bridle, and bury my face in the delicious mass in my hands, somehow, from somewhere, the lilac fairies whisper to me—

When lilacs bloom, the winds grow still;
The velvet deepens on the hill;
The bee turns giddy as he greets
With long-drawn, happy kiss, the sweets
The lavish, love-flushed blossoms spill.
The daisy dons her whitest frill;
The oriole his gladsome trill
Sings loud, and oft his joy repeats,
When lilacs bloom.

* Copyright, 1891, by Jessie F. O'Donnell.

The wild-cherry and choke-cherry trees by the roadside are masses of white, and pear-trees, plum-trees, and garden cherries are in perfection of bloom. But none are so beautiful as the apple-tree, the common crab, with its luxuriance of rose-pink blossoms, and the delicate silvery green of the unfolding leaves.

The Japanese have a graceful festival, that of the Cherry Bloom, when the inhabitants of Tokio put on gala-dresses and throng the parks to enjoy the bloom of the cherry-trees. What could be more unique and delightful than apple-blossom picnics and teas; to walk or ride through blossoming orchards, where the soft breezes waft snowy showers of petals against you; sipping some cool, delicious beverage from dainty pink and white china; or gathering branches of rosy flowers to carry on the homeward ride, to fill baskets and vases, and make one's room like an orchard in fragrance? Ah! but our wise farmer friends frown on such a waste of prospective fruit, nor would I rob October of the apple-trees' red and gold; but there are trees in every orchard, whose fruit is small and worthless, that, nevertheless, don wonderful pink and white robes for May-time festivals.

It is a gala-day, indeed: to ride through the country roads, astir with "green things growing," through velvety pastures where the cows gaze at us in mild wonder; and, taking down mossy bars, to ride straight into the heart of some great orchard. Then, fastening our horses where they can crop the young grass, to rest on green knolls, to look up at the sapphire sky, frescoed with bloom, and listen to the bobolink's merry jingle—a veritable spirit of joy! he, hiding his nest in the tall grass with the violets and strawberry-blossoms, and flitting through the fragrant branches with liquid trills of song. But he is not the only bird that loves the apple-orchards. The orioles flash by, clad in gorgeous black and saffron, and repeat from the swaying boughs their high, joyous calls; the bluebird loves human companionship, and warbles his sweet and tender love-notes where he can hear the merry laugh of children and the voices of the farmers; woodpeckers chase each other about the trees and drum playfully

in the sunshine; and the catbird's mocking calls resound.

There are mishaps and hinderances which lessen the pleasure of riding, as of other things, but none can destroy it to the enthusiastic horsewoman. Sometimes your horse is on bad behavior—balks, kicks or shies; but there is a great satisfaction in conquering him. I remember one May morning wasting half an hour in getting Tyler past the driveway leading to his stable. Coaxing and whipping were alike useless—indeed, the latter treatment Tyler has always resented, and I have found it serve but to strengthen his natural obstinacy. On this occasion he absolutely refused to go anywhere but toward the stables; so it resolved itself into a match of patience between Tyler and me. I kept my seat and would not let the horse go his way, and after more than thirty minutes he yielded and went mine. Every such victory makes the next one easier.

Sometimes you are so unfortunate as to have an uninteresting companion, and the ride is but a tame one; or, again, you find it hard to throw off private worries and troublesome thoughts, but if you can lose them you will surely do it while riding "over the hills and far away," in the amber May sunshine, through winding lanes that open on lovely glimpses of blue river and sky, or past green fields and roadsides gold-dusted with dandelions—a sight to wake the child-heart in you. Wonderful! last night, only the velvety green; this morning, a million, million spots of gold.

What is your secret, bonny, golden flowers,

That star this shining tinsel through the grass?

Form you the web that in the sunlit hours

Penelope doth weave? At night I pass
The dusty road, and raveled lie the threads,
Nor gleams your gold in e'en the tiniest shreds.

Doth Cupid shoot his golden arrows here

At stately Dian? Or did Hebe fair,
When banished from Olympus and its cheer,

Throw down her golden cup in her despair?
Hath Midas touched you with his fingers cold,
And given you this fairy, fleeting gold?

Or lavish flings to earth the warlike Mars

A million tiny copies of his shield?

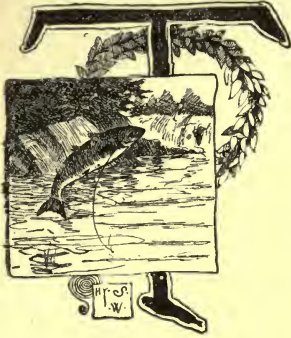
Or wasteful Vulcan, chipping out the stars,

Has spilled his precious gold-dust o'er the field?

Nay! Jove descending from the summer skies
Danæ-Earth still woos in your disguise.

A BOUT WITH A KINGFISH *

BY ED. W. SANDYS.



HUMP—bump
—rackety—
bang—biff!

My head
had not more
than touched
the pillow—I
had not even
got straight-
ened into my
usual position
for slumber—
and “Wet”
hadn’t half got

tuned up for one of his “cello solos,” when this rattling noise brought us back to consciousness.

“Say, you! I’ll teach—whatter—you—tryin’—to—do—*anyhow*?” I roared in righteous wrath, for “Wet” and I had finished a hard day’s work at a late hour, and had to be up and doing ere sunrise.

“It’s me, sor, an’ faith Oi’m only rappin’ the dure fur yez. Oi’ve been tinkin’ a panel ’ud give out afore yez ’ud notis me.”

“Well, confound you, you needn’t rap with the hind legs of a horse!—watye want?”

“Oi’m wantin’ yez out uv thot, an’ to wanst, er yez’ll kill divil a good trout this day. Daylite’s a-comin’ in turty minnits—d’ye moind thot now?”

“Wet” still reposed, and after shouting at him in vain, I proceeded to swing a pillow lustily, letting it land where ’twould do most good. The third crack brought him to a sitting posture, and the fourth knocked him clean out of bed. “Wet” was now fairly awake, and old campaigner that he is, he began to slide into fishing togs at a rate that had him fully equipped and busy with a cup of black coffee five minutes before I followed him downstairs from the Hotel Taylor’s best bedroom.

Five minutes later “Wet” with rod, net and creel, and I with a paddle in each hand, were clambering over the rickety wharf before the Hudson Bay Company’s post at Red Rock, and in astonishingly brief time we were kneel-

ing in “Wet’s” big birch canoe, on the bottom of which lay two stout cedar poles about eight feet long. These were to replace the paddles when we attempted the difficult ascent of the lowest rapid of the Nepigon, only a few hundred yards distant.

We intended working our way, if possible, to about the center of the river, near the head of the rapid, anchoring there and fishing every foot of water within reach, and by alternately dropping down with the current and anchoring, to cover the entire rapid. “Wet” had braced the bow of his canoe, and provided a rope fastened to a heavy bar of iron for just such work, and we were very anxious to kill one of the big Nepigon trout. We had no time to spare for the usual trip up the river to its parent lake; still there was a possibility of taking a good fish in the rapid if we could only get to work before the sun climbed above the hills, for just then is the best time for a big trout in that water.

Beyond doubt it would prove to be a faultless morning as soon as “old-gold face” showed his cheery features above the densely wooded steeps which barred the view eastward. Nepigon’s broad bay was still asleep beneath slowly rising curtains of fleecy mist. In one direction an enormous hazy outline of faint purple marked the giant bulk of famous Red Rock, and at other points faint blue rounded heights and gray, ghostly gnomes of fir-trees suggested vague, spectral shores. For an instant we heard the low, grand voice of the torrent insistently calling us forward; then this was temporarily lost in the measured cadence of the paddles and the foamy music from the hurrying bow of the stanch birch. Swiftly we glided across the still waters of the bay, driving our craft ahead with great, sweeping strokes, for muscles felt strong as steel in that keen, bracing atmosphere, and time was flying. We were racing the sun, and had foolishly handicapped ourselves by a bad start. In a few moments our craft

* See frontispiece.

was in moving water, and as the straight reach of Nepigon between the Bay and Lake Helen opened before us, the magical song of the stream sounded in all its power. Nepigon is something over one hundred and fifty yards broad at the point where the swift current reaches the level of the Bay, and as we looked up the wrathful steep of swirling, foaming haste, we realized that if we intended poling the canoe up the center of the stream, our work would be cut out for us upon a most liberal pattern. The water was not so deep but that the poles could be used to advantage; so, swinging into an eddy behind a huge boulder, we stowed away paddles, and seizing our poles, prepared for the struggle.

One strong shove sent us flying boldly into midstream, where the fun promptly commenced. "Wet" knelt in the bow, and with his pole firmly fixed among the rocks below, held the canoe until I had secured a strong leverage; then with a mighty shove we drove her ahead and braced on the poles again ere the current could whisk us back. Foot by foot we struggled up until we had gained about a hundred yards upon our enemy, and for a moment found quieter water. Here we held fast with the poles to recover our wind, and "Wet" gasped out:

"How d'ye like it, far as you've got?"

I hadn't enjoyed it as much as I might. This poling a birch-bark bath-tub up a Johnstown disaster of lunatic water was not the most enjoyable of pastimes; but we were in for it anyway, so "Wet" sung out, "Give it to her!" and we slowly toiled ahead once more. The water gurgled and gasped with an exasperating resemblance to mocking laughter as we strained at the poles, but somehow we managed to creep ahead, halting, wavering, while the birch fairly shuddered with the mighty strain of current versus Canadian.

Already the highlands ahead were faintly glowing with changeful colors, and we knew well enough that the sun would beat us. Still we bent to our work, and were within sixty yards of our chosen point, when a sudden splash, as though somebody had chucked a boulder into the stream, sounded close beside us, and I saw a fish—Moses! *what* a fish! It showed only for one instant, and during that instant I forgot all about the canoe.

"Wet" was straining and grunting in

the bow, and he yelled frantically, "Give it to her? What the deuce are you about?—we'll go to smash!"

This brought me to my senses, and I put a big pressure on my pole.

"Drive her ahead another length, then drop your anchor—I saw our trout!" I remarked, and "Wet" apparently found another pound of beef somewhere, for the craft staggered forward at a most commendable rate. I held her hard for an instant while he threw the anchor over. For a moment we could hear the iron bar clinking over the rocks, then it caught firmly, and "Wet" eased the strain on the rope with his hands till we rode safely enough.

As speedily as possible he put his Bethabara together and got to work. It was a genuine treat to see him cast, as he was almost as accurate with the left hand as the right, and had beautiful command of distance. The line described circles around my head, but never a fly came near me as I knelt steadying the birch with the pole and having the net within convenient reach.

Finally he had covered every foot of water within range, and then he cautiously raised the anchor and let the canoe glide with the current for about fifty yards, I holding her under control with the pole as much as possible meanwhile.

Once more the anchor was dropped, and at the second cast "Wet" rose and hooked a small trout, a varlet of fourteen inches, which took the tail-fly—a silver doctor. This fish he killed unceremoniously, for we were after a kingfish, if said royal personage was about. A moment later there was a plash, followed by a squeal from the reel, and the Bethabara curved almost to a circle.

"Got him?"

"Yep! Hold her steady!"

For about two minutes the struggle was a merry one, then the fish seemed suddenly to tire, and I caught a glimpse of it near the surface, about fifteen feet up-stream. It was a large one beyond dispute, and as it began to slowly swing with the current towards me I grasped the net. At that instant the good rod straightened with a snap, and "Wet" shouted, "Look out! look out!"

I just caught a gleam of a shining

shape sweeping past in a sudden swirl of water, and making a desperate scoop at it with the net, I felt a shock, and knew I had it. One quick lift placed it in the canoe. Then we stared first at our lusty captive, then at each other, while "Wet" drawled out:

"Well—I'll—be—blanked!"

It was a big pike, and fast in one of its ugly jaws was the "doctor," with an inch or so of gut attached, which had been cut by the wicked-looking teeth. This was the first time I had seen a pike in Nepigon, and also our first experience in fly-fishing for such useless quarry. It made a fairly good fight for a brief time, but I fancy that the swift current helped the fish greatly, and that had it been hooked in still water it would have furnished but trifling sport.

"Wet" rigged another "doctor," and even as he made it fast, a shaft of golden light flashed noiseless from the eastern hills and struck his hands. "Too bad, old man—here's the sun, and we'll get no big fellow to-day," he said; but while he spoke the silk hissed through the air and the flies settled near a foamy swirl. Once more he cast, and as the flies left the water I fancied I detected a faint splash and a shadowy form close behind the "doctor."

"Try again—same place," I whispered, and this time there was no mistake. What appeared to be a trout of about a pound and a half in weight threw a handspring over the tail-fly, but either it missed its mark or "Wet" misjudged his strike.

"Did you prick him?"

"No; I'll have him yet, but he's a little fellow."

"All right. I'll bet he takes the 'doctor'; but cast closer to the stone."

There was trouble behind that moss-back boulder, and it came out from there, and it made friends with the medical insect so quickly that it almost paralyzed us. Whish—chuck—squiz—iz—iz—izz! The reel was quarter-way through its first selection before the accompaniment got fairly started, and the canoe came within an ace of turning turtle as "Wet" struggled round on his knees to get into position to play what was evidently a splendid fish. In that wild rush of water a two-pounder would have felt heavy, but there was something about the way our captive dashed

off in his first wild rush that warned us of coming trouble.

Presently "Wet" got into fighting trim, and, once started, he gave his foe no rest. Tip and butt of the Bethabara approached each other in the most friendly fashion imaginable, and I eyed the marvelous little rod with astonishment, for it was doing a giant's work. The fish fought savagely, something after the manner of a terrier pup worrying a scarf held by the hand. It kept up an endless zigzag jerking very punishing to itself, which caused "Wet" to remark that "If the hook held out we'd have him dead in three minutes." Our excitement increased with every jerk, for "Wet" was experiencing that oft-described angler's thrill, I was getting my joy at the rate of fifteen hundred volts per jolt, and the fish was beginning to complain of "that tired feeling." Every half-minute I'd forget about steadying the canoe, and "Wet" kept up an illuminated address in my direction, of which I now and then caught such words as "chump," "hold her still," and a few others which sank at once, owing to their extreme weight. Suddenly the fish changed tactics and darted down-stream—a most unexpected move, and one which came precious near dumping us into the death-cold flood. "Wet" strove to wriggle around on his knees to face his victim, while I put every ounce I was worth on the pole. The canoe listed more and more, until there came a rush of foam over the wale, and I felt that I was kneeling in water. The idea of a trip down those rapids, without a boat, was chilling, to say the least; but that fish *had* to be either killed or lost fairly. "Wet" should fight it out on that line if it took all summer; so when he yelled, "Can you hold her? What'll I do?" I took a fresh grip on my cedar pole and yelled back, "Stay with him till she sinks!"

But she didn't sink, nor even fill half-full, but slowly righted herself, and a moment later the fish was being drawn, inch by inch, nearer me—still fighting gamely though weakly for liberty. Carefully the net was slipped into the water, and the fish coaxed within reach till the deadly strings had him safe. Very carefully was the spangled champion lifted into the canoe and, once there, I admired him so much that I cut his spinal cord to prevent his jumping overboard, as we

both felt that life without him would be not worth the living. He was a superb fish, though not as brightly colored as smaller ones generally are. We admired him for a time, then filled our pipes and prepared to run the rapid homeward, as something had suggested that fried trout was good for men who had not fed. The anchor was raised, the canoe swung about, and as soon as she caught the full sweep of the current away we sped in a glorious dash down the watery steep to the lovely bay.

At the Hudson Bay post we *scaled* our

fish, and it weighed so close to four pounds that ninety-nine anglers out of a hundred would have sworn that it weighed five.

At the little hotel we found Pat busy preparing breakfast, and we hailed him cheerily.

"Hey! Patsy, me bye, we kilt the king 'av all trout!"

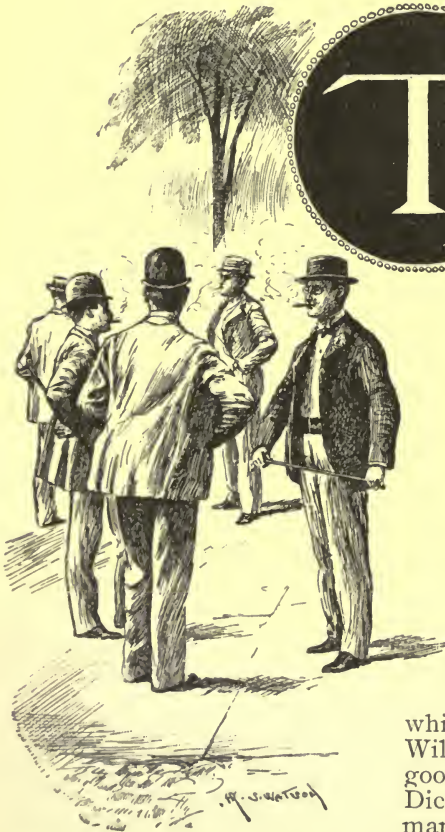
And Pat stood a moment with round eyes in his head and a big fork in his hand; then he whistled softly and muttered:

"Bedad! so yez did."

HARRY'S CAREER AT YALE.

BY JOHN SEYMOUR WOOD.

CHAPTER XXVIII.



HERE was but one day more of the hated annual examinations, and Jim Danforth, who had burned much midnight oil, and who went about looking like a frightened ghost, had every expectation of being summarily dropped. *If* dropped, he intended to punish the faculty, he said, by going to Harvard and beating Yale for the next twenty years at baseball! Luckily for Yale, Danforth managed to slip past freshman year with only four conditions! He went up, with a broad grin on his face, with Harry to Springfield to shout and hurrah over the winners of the great races of the college year, the never-absent Mascotte "Stamp" shambling at their heels to add his trained voice to the din.

The newspapers had already made a great deal of the races, and several New York papers had given columns each day to the solution of the great question—who will win? There was Amherst, which had won the year before. There were Williams, and Dartmouth, and Brown, each with good, stocky crews. There was Harvard with Dicky Dana, a plucky and good second-rate man at stroke, with the great Goodwin at No. 3; and, last of all, there was Bob Clark, with

his "dark horse" Yale crew, whose English stroke, the reporters said, was the combined result of profanity and the hip-joint disease. Who would win? Would Clark force the nose of Yale's shell first over the line? He had some splendid "beef" on his crew. Yale "beef" was always a drug in the market. But beef alone is of no earthly use in a shell except as drilled and regulated by the most

patient coaching. The more beef, the more coaching is the rule. Hamm, the fat Pittsburgian who had put the freshman crew into the "prettiest" shape ever seen on the river, openly sneered at Clark and his English notions. The boat "dragged," he said; "the stroke was too slow;" "there would be no more of Clark after the race." As a proof of what he said, the Yale freshmen did actually pull in very fast time, and won easily over Harvard and Columbia freshmen crews. They swept down the course with a precision and "prettiness" which would have been worthy of a 'varsity crew. Umpty-four shouted itself hoarse. They carried Jack on their shoulders about the streets of Springfield and into all the hotel bar-rooms. Thornton, who stroked the crew, said that it was the easiest race of the year.

"By Jove!" said a classmate, "I wish our freshman crew was our university——"

"You do—do you?" said Thornton. "Well, it's a fact that night before last, in the dusk, the 'varsity beat us two lengths in a two-mile sprint," at which every one opened their eyes.

Pretty soon the cries about the hotel lobbies—it was the night before the race—were: "Even money, Yale against the field!" Thornton had let the cat out of the bag.

The eventful afternoon of the race arrived. A dusky haze lay over the broad river, and a smoke from the busy manufacturing town hung above the high railroad bridge.

All the morning what a noisy, shouting concourse of students it was! There was a band of Williams men, with a purple banner headed by a big bass-drum, visiting hotel after hotel and bar-room after bar-room. Here, at the Blaight House, were the Harvard supporters gathered *en masse*—a noisy, bumptious crowd in those days, accustomed to victory and feeling they belonged to the "biggest university in the United States, and owned the world." They despised the little fresh-water colleges. They wore very stylish clothes and displayed any quantity of crimson ribbon. At the Massasoit House Yale hung out her banners. Men slept sixteen in a room. All colleges were packed in together there. It was a good thing to get the different colleges acquainted

with one another—to rub elbows, as it were—the fine, free-hearted, splendid American college-boy—none pluckier, squarer, quicker-witted than he in all the world! Cornell men were somewhat oddly dressed in those days, many of them in black doe-cloth, looking like incipient ministers, with flaring red neckties and an inclination to blow horns.

Among the stronger colleges little Williams has always been considered the swellest, it being the alma mater of many rich men's sons who are sent up into the Berkshire Hills to pass a healthy, if not an especially studious, four years. Williams men always "showed up well," it was said. They appeared to be men of the world. Their clothes fitted; they went to a good tailor. Not so Amherst or Dartmouth. At Amherst the corrugated brow, the pall of "earnestness," of desperate efforts after the unattainable, were the characteristic signs. Their faces were set; they rarely smiled; they abhorred betting; they avoided the bar-rooms. The Dartmouth boys, on the contrary, were a jolly set of country farmers' sons—hearty, healthy, rough and noisy—always, if possible, introducing in conversation the subject of the great Daniel Webster, who, they intimated, graduated and afterwards wept over their alma mater. Honest New Hampshire boys these, the pith and marrow of subsequent famous lawyers and statesmen. Brown Baptists from Providence were fonder of their cups, it appeared, than the Wesleyan Methodists. The Brown crew was in very good odor, and by many believed to stand a show with Harvard, to whom many of the small colleges conceded the great race. So came on the great eventful afternoon regatta. Masses of people, pushed and pushing, walking and riding, made their way to the grand stand at the end of the course. Pretty girls—such pretty, enthusiastic girls! in all hues of ribbons. Yale girls among Harvard girls, Amherst girls among Brown girls—cheering, Wah—who—wahing, after the manner of Dartmouth, or Rah—rahing, after the manner of Yale and Harvard. There were agitated young men in college colors and enormous badges, who were supposed to be the Regatta Committee, running about here and there among the carriages and the crowd. There were policemen trying to keep

some semblance of order, and there were very crimson students shouting, "Harvard even against the field!" Such a crowd and such a scene met the eyes of Caswell, Harry and their party as they drove down from "Idlewild," where the young ladies had been stopping—the pretty country villa of Miss Garland on the heights above the river to the north.

When the coach took its stand Harry amused himself by calling out to his classmates who passed by mingled in the crowd, and pointing out to Clara Hastings some of the "great men" of the senior class. "There's Munroe, the man who never smiles," he said, pointing to a handsome melancholy young man with an intellectual air about him. "There's Jenkins—that short man with him."

"What has the great Jenkins done?" asked Clara, amusedly.

"He simply *is* Jenkins," said Harry—"the most popular man in his class. And there's Aldis, chairman of the *Lit.* Board—the greatest literary light that ever came to Yale. See what a fine mustache he has! And there is Dodge—in red—"

"A Harvard man?"

"No; oh, no! He can't help his hair. Don't you see the blue ribbon in his button-hole? He's the most pious class deacon, they say, in college; and there is little Starkas, the poet."

"Hello, Harry!" called out a cheery voice just below them.

"Hello, Uncle Dick!" and Harry was off the coach in an instant, being hugged and shaken hands with by Mr. Lyman, who, with a lot of old Yale men living in New York, had come up to see the race.

"This is my nephew," said Uncle Dick, proudly, as he introduced the tall handsome lad to his various friends. "He pitched on the nine—and we came nearer beating Harvard than we ever did in ten years. Well, Harry, my boy, so you're a sophomore! How time flies!

"Yes. I feel as if I had been in college a lifetime."

"How comes it you are in the Garland coach?"

Here Uncle Dick bowed to several ladies on the coach he knew.

"Oh! I'm one of the party," said Harry. Then one of Lyman's New York friends said in a whisper: "There's that beautiful Miss Hastings

—the belle of Farmington—she's Collins' niece. Say, Dick, get Collins to introduce us old fellows! She's a Yale girl, and we want to know her!"

Presently the whole party was introduced all around, and Clara Hastings, swathed in blue ribbons, found herself the center of the admiring Yale delegation.

The scene was a charming one. The coach, together with several hundred other carriages, occupied a grassy bluff above the river, opposite the finish-line. Below and at one side was the grand stand, now closely packed with students and ladies wearing every shade of color. Blue prevailed; but blue is not a striking color, and in masses has an unpleasant way of appearing black. The river was smooth, with scarcely a ripple. The western banks were lined with people as far north as the eye could see. It was very hot, and a mass of thunder-claps foreboded, in the west, the usual afternoon's storm of the Connecticut River Valley.

The Garlands had put up some hampers, and the coachman was getting out their magnums of champagne for a bumper to "dear old Yale," when the cry came, "They're off! They're off!" But this proved to be a false alarm, and the solemn coachman proceeded with his duty without looking round. "Here's to dear old Farmington—by some pronounced *Charmington*"—said uncle Dick, raising his glass to Miss Hastings, who sat above him as he stood by the side of the coach, holding a glass in her hand.

"And here's to the belle of Farmington," laughed one of Lyman's New York friends—"who's just graduated!"

Miss Hastings frowned. "We do not have 'belles'—nor do we 'graduate' at Farmington," she said, icily. "It isn't considered ladylike."

The other Farmington girls gave her glances of high approval. "No!" cried Uncle Dick, who was engaged in shaking hands with Mr. and Mrs. Caswell, who came up in another carriage. "Nothing so absurd and *low* is ever done at Miss Stout's."

"No one can—it is impossible to pass her rigid examinations," laughed old Mr. Caswell. "No young lady was ever yet able to take a degree at Farmington."

All laughed, and there was another

cry, which made every one leap to their feet and frantically wave handkerchiefs—"They're off—and Yale's leading!"

"Oh, glory!" cried Harry, mounting to the highest seat on the coach where he stood, one foot on Uncle Dick's shoulder, waving a flag. "*Rah—rah—rah—Yale!*" roared up and echoed from across the river.

On came the slender, narrow racing shells—Amherst and Cornell and Brown over in the center; Harvard close to the east shore; Yale to the west; hardly visible in the dusk; Harvard just beneath them, tugging and straining in beautiful form. It was a grand race between these two great rivals—leaving the others far behind. On sped Harvard just beneath the bank. They were going very fast, and Uncle Dick shouted up to the coach.

"Yes; it's Harvard's race!"

"Heavens and earth! why don't they bear an oar!" cried Harry.

"Dickydana—Dickydana! rah—rah—rah!" jauntily shouted the Harvard men near them, "we've got it all right!"

But see Yale! It is something new those six men are doing out there now in the middle of the river. The great English stroke is beginning to tell in the last half-mile. The crew is not pumped—is not pulling as if they were at all excited. It's a slow movement of the back, but lightning with the arms! But see the boat *jump!—jump!—jump!* It is a revelation. It is science. It is what forty years of rowing in England is teaching America. Harvard pulls and pulls with desperation. The men are pumped with that quick, "snappy" stroke which looks so pretty and is so heart-breaking to pull. The cannon booms. All is over—except the little colleges coming togging in one after another in hopeless confusion. The cannon booms again, and rowing in America from that moment starts on a new basis. Yale has won the day, and Bob Clark is the greatest man in the universe!

At the grand regatta ball that night Jack, Thornton and Clark of the crews were the heroes of the hour, and Harry yielded to Thornton two one-halves of his dances with Miss Hastings. How glad he was he did this afterwards when that flower of his class, that handsome lad, met his death. The last time Harry ever saw Thornton was when he, in his

immaculate dress-suit, smiling with victory and handsome as an Apollo, was dancing with the beautiful girl so elegantly that others stopped and admired. The lights, the music of the ball, the dancing—ah! The "Beautiful Blue Danube" waltz never sounded to Harry's ears again without his remembering the picture of that fine young friend of his who, when the moment came, quietly and without a word gave up his life to save the life of a stranger. Thornton! May he rest in peace!

CHAPTER XXIX.

LONG vacation found Harry home after another day at Springfield—a day devoted to a picnic, a garden party and a dance at Miss Garland's. He went home very much disturbed in mind. He was in love with Clara Hastings, and he believed that Caswell was by long odds the favorite in the beautiful girl's good graces.

His mother had taken a pretty cottage for the Summer on the south shore of Long Island. Mrs. Chestleton was a tall, pale, rather nervous lady who had as yet rather crude ideas of college life. From Harry's yarns, with which he regaled her and his sister, she made up her mind that Yale College was a very "rough" place. Uncle Dick spent his Summer with them at Seaside Beach, going up to business every day but Saturday and Sunday. The cottage was large and roomy, and there were always some people visiting them. Kitty Chestleton had, it seemed, innumerable friends. She was a charmingly healthy, red-cheeked, jolly, young girl, who could ride as well as her brother, and who seemed to have as decided taste for outdoor sports as he. She was just at that age when college students were beginning to be, as she said, "glorious fun." She had begged her mother to send her to Farmington. Harry had not been home a day before she was wearing, in her innocence, his Delta Kap pin. When Jim Danforth arrived he gave her his Beta Xi badge. She thought Jim Danforth one of the "nicest" men she ever knew.

To their mother, who had been brought up delicately in the old-fashioned method of keeping the girls of the family housed up within doors, all this outdoor life was something very queer.

Of course Uncle Dick Lyman, her brother, explained to her the great change that had come over things since the war. Harry's father had not been a college man. He had been fond of horses and billiards. These were *his* relaxations. He had been very brave in the war, being an old Seventh Regiment veteran, and rising to a position on General Rives' staff in the Army of the Shenandoah. He had been twice shot, and the second wound, through the lungs, had been the indirect cause of his death years after the war and two years before our story opens. The friendship of Jack's and Harry's fathers had dated from the battle of Antietam. Harry never forgot the sight of General Rives—the one-armed veteran, pale and stern, with his sorrow over his old comrade's death, marshaling some of the old Seventh veterans at his father's funeral. From that day—and even before it—General Rives had been a second father to him. Bessie, Jack Rives' sister, had been at school with Kitty. It was a natural thing that Jack and Harry should be chums at college.

"You boys," said General Rives one day, "shall go through college together, and then, when you graduate and come down to New York, you shall go through your five years in the dear old Seventh together. I know of no finer experiences in all our splendid American life for young men than Yale *and* the Seventh! If you are not gentlemen *then*, God help you—I know of nothing that can help you—I wash my hands of you both!"

"I never had any militia valor!" said Jack, laughing.

"Militia valor!" burst out the old gentleman. "What is peace given us for except to prepare for war? Peace means preparation, drill, learning to be soldiers. I marched down Broadway with the Seventh in '61—captain of my company. Harry Chestleton was in the front rank—although he'd only been married then a few years. I didn't know him then. The Seventh was at once dissipated into officers. I got a regiment. Harry was made captain in it. By George! our 'militia valor,' as you call it, my boy, served us in good stead."

"Oh! but there'll never be another war——"

"Don't be too sure! War is not an unmitigated evil—and there will be wars to come, and you may be in them. I

want you to be ready. By ——! I want you to understand that a country like ours, worth living in, is worth fighting for and dying for, too. The war changed many things. It changed college life at Yale in one way—it made it much more cosmopolitan. The West sent very few of its sons to college before the war. The South sent only the scions of wealthy families. But since the war, which brought the States together shoulder to shoulder, and nationalized our country as no other event could do, the great universities of New England became the centers of national university life as never before. Take the catalogues of Harvard and Yale in 1860, and compare them with the catalogues of 1870. Harvard is no longer Boston, and Yale is no longer New York and Connecticut. The West is sending her sons East to be educated. And the Western money-making, pushing man of practical ideas admits that the old colleges of New England are the best educators of youth."

Then Uncle Dick took up the same line of thought, and Harry and Jack and General Rives and he, out on the sands of Long Island that day, organized a little Yale Alumni Association all by themselves.

Thus the long Summer days sped away, happy days of idleness.

CHAPTER XXX.

BEFORE the vacation terminated came the death of poor Thornton and his funeral, at which Harry was present.

Harry mourned for poor Thornton, and would not be comforted. "There was half the class up at Hillsborough, where his father's country place is," he told them. "I don't know—somehow we all loved Thorny."

They were sitting in the twilight on the piazza, and the soft air of the sea came over and across the flat marsh, laden with a delicious salty odor.

"Oh! why was he so brave?" he asked, sadly. "Why wasn't he like the rest of us? He knew he was so strong—he never mistrusted his strength. Poor Thorny! Why, he was so full of life, so vital! He never seemed to have an idea that wasn't like a girl's for purity and goodness. I don't see what the college will do without him."

Uncle Dick and Kitty strolled off on the sands, and Harry continued: "I could tell just what a boy he had always been from the poor farmer folk who came to the funeral. They'd let Thorny shoot, ride, fish—anywhere in the whole township. They worshiped him, and when his crew beat the Harvard freshmen at Springfield they turned out and burned blue fire at Hillsborough, and Thorny made 'em a speech. Why, it was just as if a calamity had broken out in the town. There's a girl they told

in love with every pretty face he saw," said Harry, gloomily and self-recriminatingly.

His mother looked away. Harry came and sat down near her, and his head fell on her lap. She caressed his hair a few moments, and then said, sadly and slowly: "Harry, dear, there is one episode of your father's life I have never told a soul. I think the time opportune to tell it to you. You know that he was a very handsome man—a splendid soldier—brave. We had not been long mar-



SEEING BOB CLARK WIN THE DAY FOR YALE. (p. 103.)

me about who had loved him—they were engaged—and she's ill in bed and won't recover——"

"Oh, Harry! she *will*," said his mother. "Time heals these terrible things. We forget them."

"I wish you would not go out so far when you go in bathing."

"Oh! *I'm* not good like Thornton, my dear mother."

"I want you to be, Harry," sighed the good woman. "I want you to be like your father."

"I wonder if he went about falling

ried when he went to the war. It broke my heart. You were a little boy then. I was so nervous and afraid the news would come any moment that he was wounded, that I kept a trunk packed in readiness to set out for Washington. Those were trying times. Now, in one of his marches your father had occasion to stay a month on an old plantation in Culpepper County, Virginia. There was a family of women gathered on the old plantation. Two or three families of the higher class country folk were gathered together there, and of course they

made no pretense of opposing the Union forces. General Rives made it his headquarters, and your father was with him, and several other young officers, who had little or nothing to do.

"There was there a daughter of a rebel general—a very beautiful girl, Marion White. She was tall, had dark hair and dark eyes, a laughing, sweet mouth, and eyebrows penciled in the most beautiful arches. She was a great rider and loved outdoor life. She was a great flirt, too. She set out to flirt with your father. To do her justice, she did not know he was married.

"All those weeks of September I remember when your poor father *I* supposed and imagined being riddled with shot or lying dead on some battle-field—for he wrote then very seldom—he never was a very good correspondent—not as good as you, Harry—all those dreadful weeks he was sunning and basking in the light of Marion White's beautiful eyes. I forgave him when he confessed afterwards, but it was only after a long while."

"I can't think of father, whose books and sword I revere—the idea of *his* flirting with a pretty girl!"

"Well, men are all alike, my dear boy, and when you get older I doubt not but that the day will come when you will flirt too."

Harry writhed, but said nothing. Hitherto the boy had never had anything he was ashamed to confess. He had told his mother of his many boyish *affaires*. It seemed to him that he had almost always been secretly in love with someone very much older than himself. He remembered as a boy in church secretly worshiping the back-hair of a young lady who afterwards became the wife of their clergyman. "He never told his love, but let concealment, like the worm o' the bud, feed on his damask cheek!" He cogitated as to whether he would speak of Ella Gerhart to his mother, while she continued:

"Your father, I am sure, did not discourage Marion, neither did he particularly encourage her. She was beautiful, and she possessed a daring soul.

"It shows how a man can't have any intimate relations with a woman unless one or the other sooner or later really falls in love. This Platonic love they talk about exists only for old, steady-

going, tea-drinking people, who are more or less *passé*.

"It must have been very pleasant in the old Culpepper Virginian country house during that month. I never blamed your father very much. After a week or so of protestation and love-making, to his horror he discovered that Marion White was wildly in love with him in earnest!

"She had started out with the idea of winding him round her finger, but she ended, he told me, in following him about, wherever he went, like a pet spaniel.

"He, of course, felt like a villain. It got so that he *dared* not tell her he was a married man. She was so horribly tragic that he feared she would commit suicide. The agony *he* underwent was of course very severe. It had been agreed that no one should let out his secret. Indeed, each one of the officers went in to have a good time and tell no tales.

"Oh, father! father!" laughed Harry, "I'm afraid you were not *all* that we could wish in your young days!"

"Your father was the soul of honor. He felt it his duty to confess to the beautiful Southern girl that he was married, but exactly *how* he could not determine. He was afraid to shock her. Her high Southern pride was so great that she would as lief kill herself as not. He grew cold and distant, and did everything to send her to the right-about—but it was of no use.

"She wished to go North; although she had three brothers at the front fighting under Stonewall Jackson—just out of love for him!"

"Poor father! what did he do?" asked Harry.

"I tell this story to you, Harry, because it will be a lesson to you—a warning.

"The time came when the army moved on toward Richmond, and General Rives changed his headquarters. Your father welcomed the day when he could depart and leave his inamorata at Culpepper. What was his chagrin to learn that Marion White proposed to accompany him! At his wit's end, he went and told General Rives. The general gave your father a severe lecture, then told him to leave matters with him.

"Marion followed the army with a

faithful colored servant woman. Your father says it wrung his heart to see the girl, so wistful, so lovely, following on in all the ragtag and bobtail, so as to be near him. On the second day she was suddenly arrested as a spy, and she and the servant were sent to Washington and put on parole. They were treated with especial favor and were soon allowed to go home. Then a report was sent that your father was killed. Marion White survived that wretched announcement, and afterwards married a rebel colonel, who is now in the Senate. She is Mrs. Senator Collingsby; and her hatred for the North, and Northern men, is still proverbial. But your father said that he had had suffering and remorse enough from that affair to cure him of flirtation forever. How is it with his boy?"

"A chip of the old block, I guess!" laughed Harry.

"I hope there is no girl in New Haven whom I don't know about, Harry?"

"Freshmen are not supposed to have love affairs——"

His mother playfully boxed his ears.

"Tell me, Harry."

"Tell you—what?"

"Who is it?"

"Mother—I—I——"

"I don't intend to scold. A mother makes a great mistake in not entering into a son's real feelings, and trying to sympathize——"

"You would not think it was right in me, mother. You would tell me never to see her again——"

"I would want my boy to be honorable and high—just as his father——"

"Wasn't!" laughed Harry. "Ah! yes; I know he *was*," he added, as his mother's face fell. "But, mother, college is queer. There are lots of things one doesn't speak about at home. . . . You wouldn't understand——"

"Ah, Harry! you will make me suspect dreadful things——"

He threw his arms around her and kissed her. "Poor little mother," he said, coaxingly, "don't ask me and I'll tell no tales. Don't suspect dreadful things—please don't!"

"Then tell me all about her." There was a silence of a few moments. The sea moaning and rolling along the shore.

"There were two," said Harry, and his mother, like Rory O'Moore, took comfort in numbers and gave a sigh of relief.

"One was a shop-girl—far below; the other was a Farmington girl—far above." He laughed, while his mother said not a word.

"You see freshmen are not tolerated," he went on, "and—at a cake-walk——"

"A cake-walk?"

"A ducky affair—lots of fun—all the fellows go—I met Ella Gerhart—a nice, honest, jolly girl—pretty as a fawn—nothing bad about her—full of fun. Her father's a mechanic—an inventor. Oh! I—I took her riding a few times—and—oh! it's nothing——"

Still his mother said nothing, and Harry, feeling rather encouraged, went on. "Oh! I'm rather drawing *off* now. She was always so jolly! There's a fellow named Granniss in our class, a rough, good, honest fellow, who *now* is more devoted than I am. But she seems to care for me a good deal. She has written me three times, and she is going to join her sister in a variety troupe this Fall!"

"Oh, my boy!"

"Why, mother! what's the matter?"

"You've made her care for you, poor girl! and now you mean to coolly throw her overboard!"

"No," said Harry, with affected earnestness. "I mean to leave college and marry her. The old inventor and I get along very well," and he laughed.

His mother didn't seem to like this side of the case any better, so she mur-



MRS. CHESTLETON.

mured with a sigh, "Well, tell me about the other one—the one you look up to——"

"Her name is Miss Hastings. She's the niece of Miss Mulford, of New Haven. She was on the train when I went up with Uncle Dick to college. Oh! she will never look at me—*that way*. Then, her carriage tipped over once and I helped her up. She's perfectly beautiful—and she can say *awfully* sharp things right to a fellow's face and never let on. I'm hoping *next year* to have a better show—but mother—after all—don't worry over me. It's nothing. I care more for winning the Harvard game next year than for any girl that ever lived. Girls don't seem to be a part of college life very much in the early years. Now, don't lie awake nights and fret. I have been perfectly frank and told you everything."

"Harry, my boy, I had no idea——"

"I never told you about the fem. sems. at Andover, did I?" laughed the young lad. "Well—there were two *there*—but now, see—I've almost forgotten their names!"

"But I am so sorry for the pretty young shop-girl. I dare say she is perfectly innocent. She probably thinks a student is next to a young god. Ah, my boy! your duty is to be chivalrous, to protect the innocent, to be strong where they are weak; but I'm afraid you have the ignoble idea of girls—they are lawful prey. "*That is the old-fashioned notion——*"

"I mean no harm——"

"But suppose some one should treat Kitty—should make love to her and not mean it?"

"Oh! that's a different matter."

"But is it?"

"If any man treated Kitty unkindly, I—I would thrash him within an inch of his life!"

His mother rose and went to the cottage door. "Think of these things a little, Harry. That pretty young shop-girl touches me. Oh! it is so sad for a girl to have to be sent out to work to earn her own living. She needs so much *more* respect and more kindness. Her life is so dreary. She is apt to be easily influenced. She has so many trials, so many temptations. If she is pretty, it's so much the more dangerous for her. And you say she is going on the stage?"

"Yes; so she writes."

There was a short silence.

"Oh! I'll give her up," he said.

"Harry, I don't want you to. I want you to use your influence over that poor girl *for her good*."

Then his mother went into the house, and probably, poor lady, up to her room, to weep and pray for her darling boy.

Harry walked out on the sands in the moonlight alone. "*For her good*," he muttered over and over to himself. It was a new idea to him. The remembrance of Ella flooded him with a mild kind of remorse. She had been so confiding. He was filled with a boyish anguish of soul. He feverishly hurried into the house and wrote her a long letter full of *brotherly* kindness and advice. Henceforth he *would* be a brother to her.

The next day they set out for the mountains, and left Uncle Dick alone in New York. At lunch, after Harry had gone out, Mrs. Chestleton said, the day they left, "I'm afraid Harry is very wild."

"I hope so," said the old fellow.

"Hope so?"

"A man *has* to sow his wild oats sooner or later. Sometimes he doesn't sow them in college. They grow up later and are far worse. Let him have plenty of rope *now*. Depend on it, his athletics will keep him from going very far. What has he done?"

"Nothing."

"Well, don't nag him, sister—that's all."

To be continued.



"STAMP."



THE INTERNATIONAL FIELD TRIALS OF 1891

BY "DAMON."



annual event. The fact of the trials being international encourages a healthful rivalry between owners and adds a keener interest than is found in other trials, though less important to winners, judged from a financial standpoint.

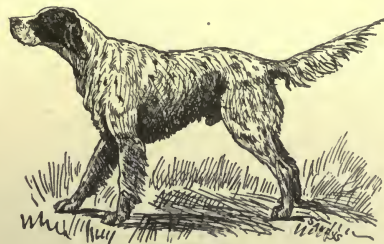
When the formation of the club was first discussed, about three years ago, many predicted or anticipated failure. Some sportsmen viewed the matter with suspicion, thinking doubtless that the scheme was merely in the interests of a limited number of dog-owners, and not at all likely to benefit the game in the vicinity of Chatham, Ont., where the trials are run. The prevailing idea was that there were already too many dogs and too much shooting done in the covers of Kent County for the welfare of the quail, and that such things as dog trials would be certain to increase the number of dogs and the number and efficiency of dogs, and thus result directly to the disadvantage of the existing head of game.

This sounded well in theory, but it was a great mistake as events have proved, for instead of increasing the shooting and the destruction of the quail, the trials have worked in exactly the opposite direction. A far greater interest was immediately evinced in train-

ing and encouraging better work by the dogs; and every sportsman knows a man cannot devote the needful attention to his dogs to fit them for field-trial work and at the same time hope to make big bags when afield. While attending these trials in November last, I met many old friends whose guns used to keep very busy in days gone by when the famous covers of Kent County were my favorite shooting grounds. Naturally enough, I asked each of this erstwhile hard-shooting fraternity about the sport they had enjoyed that season, and in nearly every instance the reply was that while birds were very numerous the man in question had been too busily occupied trying to bring some puppy up to "Derby" form, or putting the finish on some veteran candidate for the "All Aged," to do much shooting. More than one also assured me that the tone of sport had changed greatly—"It was all field trials now; everybody was more interested in training than merely shooting." Hence the trials have not only encouraged the possession of a higher class of dogs, but have fostered good sportsmanship and played no insignificant part in maintaining the proper proportion between the production and destruction of quail.

With these points in mind, sportsmen will see the value of the international

will see the value of the international



CANADIAN JESTER.

trials, and wish the club a prosperous future.

The first regular trials of the International Field Trial Club were held in 1890, near Chatham, Ont., and proved a marked success. The club was particularly fortunate in receiving for the opening events a number of entries from the English kennels of Mr. Haywood-Lonsdale, whose dogs competed at the international and some of the American trials. The English dogs made practically a sweep of the board that season, though in the Derby they met a worthy competitor in the Canadian-bred setter dog Mingo II., by Mr. W. B. Well's Mingo, out of Dr. Jos. Kime's Lady Thunder. Mingo II. won second place, the English pointer Tyke, by Ightfield Dick—Perdita, winning first, the setter Phœness, by Woodhill Bruce—Lady, and the pointer Ightfield Upton, by Ightfield Dick—Peachum, being third and fourth. The race between Tyke and Mingo II. showed the latter to be well worthy of his honors, but unfortunately the good young dog did not live long enough to prove his real merit.

In the All Age Stake the English dogs greatly outclassed the rest of the competitors, Ightfield Dick (pointer), by Dick III.—Belle of Bow, being first; Ightfield Rosa (setter), by Ross—Pitti Sing, second; Ightfield Blithe (pointer), by Dancer—Ightfield Bloom, third, and Ightfield Deuce (pointer), by Wynnstay—Dainty, fourth.

From this unceremonious drubbing the Canadian and American owners learned two useful lessons. First, the value of careful and thorough breaking, as exemplified in the work of the imported dogs, and, second, the fact that the native dogs were of excellent material—good enough to meet anybody's dogs if given equal advantages in the matter of training and handling. The winners had been schooled to perfection; the losers were many of them "half-broke." It was one of those instances where *blood* did not tell, for education won the day.

Profiting by this Waterloo, the Canadian and American owners interested determined to have their charges fit and fine for the struggle of '91, and unquestionably a marked improvement

was apparent in the trials of November last. Among the thirty-two actual competitors were many really good dogs—not all of field-trial type 'tis true, and a number still showed imperfect training, but, taken as a whole, they were a fine lot, and several of the unplaced ones were just the sort for a gentleman sportsman's use.

Successful field-trial work demands speed, nose, bird sense and style imperatively, but they must be accompanied by thorough breaking to show to proper advantage. The typical field-trial performer of to-day and the typical sportsman's dog are of different types, and that such a difference exists is to my mind a serious fault of all field trials. Still the good accomplished by having a recognized series of annual competitions, conducted fairly and openly and ruled by experienced judges, much more than counterbalances any possible drawback.



The best sportsman's dog—*i. e.*, the pointer or setter that is in reality the most companionable, sensible and satisfactory animal to shoot over for a week or an entire season—may never win a field trial. Much more time is required to develop the full worth of such a dog than could possibly be devoted to any system of heats or "dashes"—and field trials practically amount to a hurry-scurry, rapidly stylish bit of work for a brief space of time.

Luck, too, favors many a candidate, and a long-headed handler can give his dog advantages too numerous to mention. Yet, for all that, it may be taken for granted that a poor performer has seldom or never been helped by circumstances into a prominent position in good company. A "star" field-trial performer may not be a pleasant dog to shoot over. He may be so thoroughly imbued with field-trial methods as to be naught else but a whirlwind of stylish speed, astonishingly brilliant for a thirty-minute dash, but by no means the sensible, methodical, persevering, all-day and every-day companion that a sportsman's dog should be. Comparing the two types would be something like comparing a brilliant campaigner of the trotting track with a gentleman's model roadster. The one is a racing machine, the other a thoroughly trained servant, perfected for long, comfortable and fairly rapid service. Now

and then a horse is found that combines the two types—that is, the racing machine when hooked to a cart, or the perfect roadster when driven merely for pleasure. Needless to say, such an animal is almost priceless. So it is with dogs. Some field-trial winners combine all the needful brilliant speed and style of the racing machine with the intelligence, bird sense, pluck and staying power of the systematic worker for a sportsman's use. Few men are so fortunate as to own more than one such dog, and the man who does own one is sure to be the object of envy and financial temptations from those who have seen his dog perform.

Three such dogs at least participated in the international trials, and Judges John Davidson, L. H. Smith and Dr. I. L. Nicholls appreciated the work done, and placed the dogs where they belonged. The placed dogs in the Derby and All Age Stake not only did excellent work, but they did it more after the fashion of the typical sportsman's dog than the hurricane style of the thirty-minute flyer too frequently seen at field trials. Whether or not the second place in the Derby and fourth place in the All Age were awarded to the dogs really best entitled to them has been questioned. But that is now a decided point, and whether the decisions were absolutely correct or not, no great injustice was done. Unquestionably some rattling good dogs met defeat, but they were beaten by good dogs, and no question could be raised in regard to first place in each event. First honors earned and placed right beyond dispute, and second, third and fourth positions decided so fairly as to only leave room for a very close shading of merit, is an excellent record for field-trial judges to make, for it must be borne in mind that it is no easy task to place three dogs out of a number nearly equal in merit. And now to glance at the conditions under which the trials were decided and at a few of the prominent contestants.

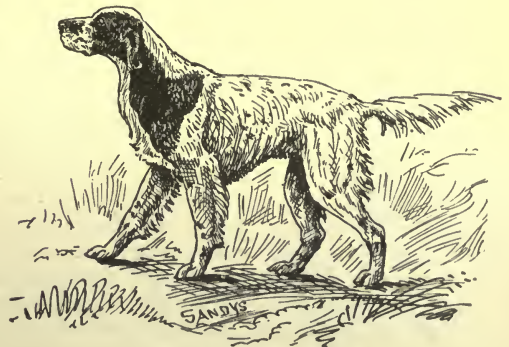
The club was rather unfortunate as regards weather, for rain necessitated a postponement of one day, and the first brace in the Derby did not go down until the morning of November 11th. Dark, threatening weather and a bit too much strength in the wind marred the greater portion of the three days as good weather for the business in hand. The grounds

worked over were not as good as they might have been, but this was due to no fault of the club in their selection. Lack of rain at the time when weeds make most growth had left the ground too bare for good quail cover, and this fact, coupled with the rain of November 10th, accounted for the birds being mostly found in the woods, heavy slashings, and thickets too dense for first-class dog-work. As it was, when necessary, dogs were run on the short stubbles to test speed, range and style, and then worked on birds in the cover.

Among the more prominent owners, Mr. Thos. Johnson, of Winnipeg, Manitoba, had two in the Derby and three in the All Age Stake; Mr. T. G. Davey, of London, Ont., had two in the first and four in the second event; Mr. W. B. Wells, of Chatham, Ont., four in the Derby and three in the All Age, and Dr. Jos. Kime, of Chatham, had one string for the Derby and a brace in the All Age.

The winner of the Derby, T. G. Davey's blue belton setter dog Rhwilas, by Down—Scondiah, is just the style of dog to gladden a sportsman's heart. Handsome enough to win on the bench in good company, he is also thoroughly broken, easily controlled, a systematic, persistent ranger, and is fast enough for all purposes. He is an intelligent and careful worker, possesses plenty of bird sense, a fine nose, and, taken altogether, is a dog that a man would enjoy shooting over.

May I., second in the Derby, is a tidy little black and white setter bitch, by Tip Gladstone—Queen of Counts. She is owned by Mr. E. H. Gillman, of Detroit, Mich. May has plenty of style of her own, an excellent nose, and worked very carefully, being well under control. Watching her on scattered birds gave one the



CAMBRIANA.



LUKE.

idea that a goodly number of quail had already been killed to her points, and she will probably develop her greatest qualities as a stanch, reliable worker in cover.

Luke, winner of third, belongs to Mr. W. B. Wells, of Chatham, Ont., and like most of that gentleman's dogs, is a promising candidate for future honors. He is a black, white and tan, by Toledo Blade—Cambriana; he is a useful sort of setter, has plenty of speed and vim, a good nose, and is a dog that should improve greatly with more work.

Manitoba Patti, fourth, is a blue belton bitch, by Duke of Gloster—Flora, and is owned by Mr. Thos. Johnson. She is a fast, stylish worker, showing evident results of a schooling on the prairie. Quail were of course new game to her, but for intelligence and dash she compared favorably with all rivals. Mr. Johnson has a valuable possession in her.

While many sportsmen watch the Derby keenly to learn what the "young 'uns" can do, the majority of spectators prefer the All Age Stake, for in that the work of aged and experienced dogs is seen to full advantage. And if there had been but one dog, instead of the half-dozen or more "cracks" in that event, a man might have been well repaid for a long journey by watching the work of Mr. Johnson's grand little liver and white pointer bitch, Ightfield Blithe, by Dancer—Ightfield Bloom. There, if ever, was the ideal sportsman's dog—fast, stanch as a rock, stylish, good as gold all through. Blithe is the kind of dog a man only owns once, and her owner may possibly regret having sold her so soon after the trials. Never a word was said nor a whistle blown for her while at work. She sailed away, fast

as a bullet, apparently never seeing her rivals, but backing at once when occasion demanded, and pinning birds for herself in a fashion that did one good to see. No hesitation, or pottering about for her, a dead stop from rapid speed and most showy position marked her points, and with all her gameness and dash she is a gentle, lovable little thing. At the conclusion of her final heat with Canadian Jester, while the latter was holding a beautiful point, Blithe apparently backed him. She was standing perfectly erect upon her hind paws, the fore paws resting against the side of a huge fallen tree. It was a most awkward position, and she fairly tottered as she stood. The birds flushed and Jester dropped to wing, Blithe still clinging to the log. Johnson remarked to me, "She won't go down till I tell her—she's backing yet."



Moments passed, and still the good little beast held her painful position, though her hind legs were almost giving out. Then I noticed the fixed expression of her face, and remarked to Johnson, "She's pointing, sure as a gun."

Her big, good-natured owner went closer to see, and "whirr" went a quail from the top of the log, and Blithe collapsed like a rag. It was as beautiful a piece of work as I have seen, and showed her stanchness admirably, as a number of dogs and men were moving carelessly about within twenty-five feet of her, and this, with her uncomfortable position, might well have excused excitement or a flush.

Being beaten by such a cracker as



ONE OF BLITHE'S SHOWY POINTS.

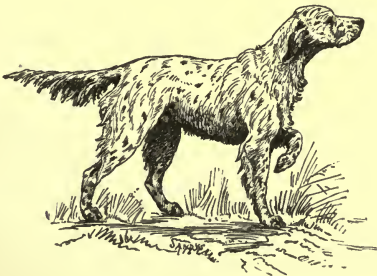


WESTMINSTER DRAKE.

Blithe in no way disgraced Mr. T. G. Davey's fine blue belton setter dog, Canadian Jester, by Knight of Snowdon—Liddersdale. He is a very showy worker, fast but careful when needs be, intelligent, has a keen nose and is a genuine prize for a sportsman's use.

Another capital dog in the All Age was Mr. Davey's Westminister Drake, winner of third place. He is a strong, well-put-together, liver and white pointer, by Lad of Bow—Kate VIII. Few better pointers have been seen in Ontario, for he is a fast, fearless, stylish worker and shows unlimited pluck and plenty of staying power.

Cambriana and Lady Patch, dividers of fourth honors, are a useful brace of setter bitches. The former is a hand-



RHWILAS.

some black, white and tan, by Cambridge—Romp. She is full of quality, has proved a most valuable matron and had won honors in good company on the bench for her owner, Mr. W. B. Wells. She is a sharp worker, especially in cover, being in fact an exceptionally good one on ruffed grouse.

Lady Patch is another black, white and tan, by Mingo—Lady Thunder, and she is fast, stylish and quite good enough to satisfy even such an experienced judge as her owner, Dr. Jos. Kime.

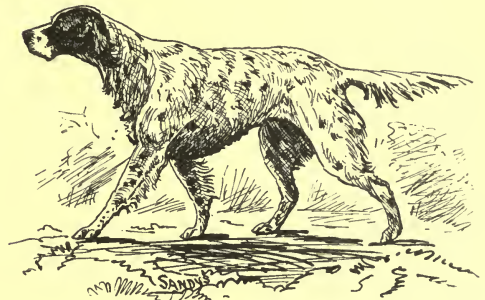
Among the unplaced dogs were three

of unquestionably high quality, and they were all pointers—namely, Mr. Davey's Axtel King Don and Lady Gay Spanker, and Mr. Johnson's Ightfield Upton.

Axtel King Don is a rare, good one, and was possibly entitled to better treatment than he received in the judging.

Gay Spanker can hold her own, both in the field and on the bench, and she did excellent work in her heat against the redoubtable Blithe. In fact, the contest between these two was one of the most interesting features of the trials; but subsequently the Lady Gay ruined her chance.

Ightfield Upton, slashing fellow that



MANITOBA PATTI.

he is, appeared rank that day, and though he is an acknowledged "crack" for all-round use, he fell far short of his proper form. But such is frequently the fortune of a field trial, and taken all in all, a well-satisfied crowd of sportsmen voyaged home per steamer *Vick* after the final day's work.

In my opinion a most attractive feature might easily be added to the International Club's present programme, by opening a stake for dogs owned, trained and handled solely by amateurs in canine education. Under present conditions gentlemen sportsmen who may have good dogs trained by themselves solely for field work are placed at a manifest disadvantage

if they undertake to handle in a trial against professionals who make a life-work of breaking and handling dogs. No amateur can devote such time to a labor of love as a professional does to what is purely his business; moreover, there is the





the opening of a stake for amateur broken and handled dogs would furnish

class of ubiquitous one-dog men—the keenest of sportsmen, but too poor to pay the somewhat heavy fees charged by first-class breakers and handlers. These men should have a chance allowed them, and

a capital opportunity for gentlemen to handle their own dogs and test respective merits upon as even terms as possible. No injustice would be done, as the Derby and All Age Stake would still be open to all comers, and unless my judgment is seriously at fault, the amateur event would prove fully as interesting, and possibly even more interesting, than the regular fixtures.



A DAY WITH CANOE AND GUN.

THE rushing, discolored river, bankful still with the last waters of the regular spring freshet, tugged at the good canoe as though 'twould bear it bodily away before we could get our duffle aboard and slip the taut painter. Spring shooting was a lawful abomination in those days, and we were starting upon the first trip of the season in quest of duck. In the canoe were finally stowed the two guns and sufficient ammunition and supplies, as well as two pair of rubber waders.

I knelt in the bow with both guns before me, for nothing will induce me to allow a gun with the man behind in boat or canoe. H. stepped aboard and knelt astern, then I slipped the painter; a few vigorous strokes of the paddle sent us to mid-stream, and we sped away with the current at the rate of six miles an hour. It was a faultless day, and we had nothing to do but just glide along downstream, merely dipping a paddle now and then to keep her head right. A run of about a mile took us clear of the town, and then we filled pipes, keeping a sharp lookout for any stray duck that might appear.

The sensation of sliding bodily away on a mass of brown water a hundred yards wide and twenty feet deep was delicious, and at last I got lazy and shifted from my knees to a comfortable sitting posture. This was better, and was still further improved when I stood a cushion against the thwart and lounged against it with true Oriental indolence. H. attended to the canoe—

he generally attended to everything but the loafing when he went with me; but he was a rare, good fellow, and when it came to downright paddling I would help him, and he knew it. Furthermore, he knew that it was just laziness that bothered me, and that in an emergency—which fortunately seldom arose—I could paddle his head off—at least that was what I used to *tell* him. He wasn't much of a shot; in fact, he was just a dear, sweet thing, with never an evil thought in his mind, and I loved him, particularly when he had allowed me to have evil thoughts in *my* mind and appropriate all the shooting and none of the work. He was thoroughly unselfish, and I believe almost enjoyed seeing me stop a bird as much as though it had fallen to his own gun. This state of affairs, of course, only ruled when, as in the case in question, chance shots might offer. When we were both really at work in the field, everything was done in strictly sportsmanlike fashion; I was not lazy then, as H.'s tired legs often testified at night. So we slid on and on—seemingly a part of the gliding flood, basking in the lazy sunshine and breathing the gladdening air of spring. It was good just to lounge in that canoe and slide frictionless, soundless, heedless, whither the river willed, feeling as though we were swung in dreamy space, while hurrying shores and all the world drove past us unheeded. I had almost yielded to the dreamy influences of the scene, when a low voice from behind said:

"Under the willows—to the left! Fan-heads!" Reaching forward, I secured my number twelve and sat upright. I could feel by the tremor running through the canoe that H.'s paddle was cautiously turning the bow inshore. Noiseless as a cloud we glided on, until a pattering of wings sounded barely twenty yards away and half a dozen fowl shot from the cover of the willows and wheeled down-stream directly in front. I saw at once the handsome black and white markings, and the snowy wedges on the heads of two hooded merganser drakes, and made each ornament a target as speedily as possible. Following the second report came a roar of wings from the other shore, and a cloud of buffle-heads rose from a sheltered cove and essayed to pass us on their way up-stream on the right. Seizing H.'s big "ten," I fired from the left shoulder (a handy thing to be able to do in a canoe) and dropped four. The recoil was so severe that the second barrel failed ingloriously, the only palpable result being a small split in my under lip, and next day a fairly representative bruise on my left arm. After reloading we paddled after the victims. One of the mergansers and a buffle-head drake were strikingly beautiful, and after shaking the water from their plumage, I laid them carefully away, intending to skin and mount them.

A mile below we saw a bunch of seven butterballs, or ruddy duck, swimming, as they frequently do, directly against the current. They were close inshore, and the bank where they were was about ten feet high, almost perpendicular, and utterly devoid of cover. H. ran the canoe ashore, and after carefully marking the duck by a tree on the opposite side, we made a hurried circle and crept down upon where we guessed they would be. Peering cautiously over the edge of the bank, I saw the chestnut back of a little drake directly below me and not more than fifteen yards distant. This was H.'s chance; so drawing back, I told him to take the shot. He sneaked forward, and taking deliberate aim at two swimming close together, blazed away. At the report every ruddy duck disappeared, but two promptly popped up again and floated away dying, whirling round and round as they went.

"Shove in another shell—quick!" I said, and then we stood waiting. In half a minute one came to the surface almost where it had gone under, for they could make trifling progress against the current. As I leveled on him, out of the tail of my eye I saw another pop up, and swinging quickly, bagged him too. An instant later H.'s gun cracked twice, and he stopped one as it started to fly, after killing the first on the water. The sole survivor sped off up-stream and had made good fifty yards ere I could reload one barrel and cover him, but he came down with a broken wing. He required another shot. The entire bombardment occupied less than a minute and a half, and I fancy two fellows seldom killed single birds quicker. It was one of those little experiences which linger in the memory long after much more important matters have been forgotten. Hurriedly retracing our steps to the canoe, we pushed off and paddled hard in pursuit of the "ruddies." After rounding a bend, we saw some of them floating along, strung out many yards apart, and at last, after considerable trouble, we secured the seventh, fully half a mile below where it had been killed.

For the next hour we glided along without adventure, now flushing an old heron from a minnow-haunted pool, now sending a spotted sandpiper fluttering ahead on bowed wings, and listening to his plaintive "weet-weet-weet-pitti-weet," raised in feeble protest against our trespass on his domain. Meadow-larks buzzed in straight flights from shore to shore and sent musical challenges to each other; kingfishers sprang their rattles from stakes and leafless limbs and plunged headlong into swirling eddies; bluebirds quavered soft greetings to gentle mates, and bobolinks chased their loves in mad tangles of arrowy flight, or gushed forth bubbling cascades of rollicking melody from tireless ebony throats.. It was good to be there and float along listening to nature's merrymaking, and it seemed almost a pity that the noiseless, gliding canoe was freighted with death.

In time we reached a portion of the river where tall walnuts and Norway maples, heavily draped with grapevines, stood thickly upon either bank. Some hundreds of duck could be seen scattered about in flocks a couple of hundred yards below us, and H.

remarked softly "that now was our accepted time."

They certainly looked very tempting, but I feared they would not allow themselves to be drifted upon, for about the center of the assemblage I saw a bunch of long-necked, wary old mallards. There was no use trying to go ashore and creep on them; every big duck in the lot was staring keenly at us I knew, and the moment our arms moved and the canoe turned they would be up and away. The sole chance was to remain perfectly quiet and drift. At this instant I caught a gleam of sunlight upon bright metallic plumage, and saw the form of a bird perched upon a vine-laden limb which stretched far out over the water, overhanging our course. As we passed below it a whistle of wings and a beautiful quavering cry sounded—"o-week, o-eek." The gun leaped to my shoulder and roared a commanding "halt!" at the swift-winged beauty, and he struck the water with a sounding spat.

"What the mischief did you do that for?—You've scared them all—yonder they go—you're a deuce of a fellow!"

"All right; let 'em go. I've got a full-plumaged wood-drake, a noble specimen for mounting, and I'll steal the feathers off one side of him for flies, my boy—think of that!"

We secured our drake, lovely with curved crest, painted bill and plumage burning with bronze and purple and green, and as I laid him tenderly away beside the fan-head and buffle-head, I felt so elated over the possession of three such specimens that I actually volunteered to change places with H. He, good fellow, yielded after much persuasion, and once again we drifted on. My sacrifice was not so creditable as it might have been, for H. would trust me with a gun anywhere, and I took my little "twelve" astern with me. As H. put it—"I'd never blow his head off on purpose—he never could shoot with a popgun, anyhow; and, besides," he added, with a quiet smile, "I need your help, old man, sometimes, to cover miscalculations." Soon we heard several shots down-stream, and as we rounded the next bend a storm of green-winged teal burst upon us—ping! ping!—bur-rum—burr-rum-m! Big and little guns hailed them merrily, and the torrents of lead cut great holes through the driving cloud of beauties. Spat—

spat—spat! they struck the water, apparently by the dozen, and when we had gathered in everything in sight that wasn't nailed, we had added nine birds to our score. We laughed for good five minutes as the stanch craft bore us smoothly on.

During the next hour H. knocked over a couple of duck, a coot and half a dozen yellowlegs, and then the most exciting episode of the day occurred. A great loon bore down on us, and H. generously declared that I should take him. He was about fifty yards high, flying fast, and when he got within forty yards I gave it to him in the head, following with the second barrel at once. With a queer, hollow cry he came whizzing down—he seemed to actually fly downward straight at us. I yelled to H.—"look out! look out!" and he flattened down in the bow. The black and white form was whizzing at me, and I ducked my head and humped my back and waited one-quarter second of agony. A rush of wind in my ears, a glancing thump between my shoulders, and the loon struck the water with a crash, just missing the stern of the canoe. For a moment we nearly capsized, and it was sheer luck that he did not strike me fairly. Had he done so I should in all probability have been knocked overboard or been seriously hurt.

Whilst we floated past a marshy spot I marked a tiny, brownish shape, drifting wildly to and fro high overhead, like a wind-driven leaf. As I watched, it stooped swiftly earthward like a night-hawk, and the next instant a curious, hollow, rushing, booming noise filled our ears. "Run her ashore, H.; there's a fat female snipe squatted in the marsh, near where that rascal stooped," I said, and we exchanged our shoes for rubber waders. I had barely taken twenty steps from the canoe, when—wiff-whiff—scape!—scape!—bang!—and a long-billed, cork-screw flyer joined the things that were. Five snipe to the two guns completed the bag.

After this we turned the Peterboro's shapely nose against the stream. We had stripped to our work, and by dint of hard paddling and taking advantage of every eddy and slack water, we reached home late that night, satisfied with a delightful day, but doubtful if it would not be better to have sport on a river that would reverse its current. NOMAD.

SADDLE AND SENTIMENT.

BY WENONA GILMAN.



CHAPTER XVI.

A STRAIGHT TIP.

Generally nature hangs out a sign of simplicity in the face of a fool.—*Fuller.*

THE soft glow from waxen tapers alone, held by silver candelabra in unique design, lighted the dining-room of the Austin residence, where a dinner party was in progress. The light was caught up and reflected by the sharp, polished edges of cut glass in prismatic fashion, until the table looked as if it were strewn with flashing rainbows, begun in a glass of champagne and completed in the very heart of the brilliant-hued floral center.

The conversation had drifted mainly through every channel of interesting nothings known to this day and generation, when thought and digestion are regarded as incompatible; but as the gentlemen present were more or less interested in the great Sub-Rosa Handicap to be run next day, gossip of the turf, for

at least this one day in the year, was more absorbing than the fashionable chit-chat.

Each had his own hopes with but few fears, and laughter and merriment flowed as freely and with as much unrestraint as the champagne that filled their glasses—from all but one of the fourteen present.

That one was Dudley Dixon, as characteristic an adjunct of dudedom as that portion of attempted swelldom can ever boast. He was as much in love with Ethel Austin, the younger sister of Sara, as his overweening attachment unto himself would permit, and each time his glass was replenished and promptly emptied, his gaze lingered longer upon her, more sadly, more reproachfully, until to old William Congrieve, privileged friend of the Austins, who was watching the young man, he became like a death's-head at the festival. The young man had neither an idea nor a dollar with which to bless himself, but was of a most excellent family and harmless; therefore, when he proposed for Ethel's hand with her consent, her parent, while disgusted with the brainless acquiescence of his offspring in the demand, thought he would put a quietus on the matter forever by replying:

"It is absurd, Dudley. You've got nothing, and Ethel will have very little when a division is made of my estate. You would only starve—both of you. But I don't want to be hard upon you, for I was young myself once. I won't hear of your being engaged while matters stand as they do, but when you can come to me and tell me that you have five thousand dollars to your credit in the bank, then, if Ethel still wishes it, I shall see what can be done."

And old Melville Austin bowed the crest-fallen youth out, feeling that he had done his duty by his daughter and had saved his politeness as well.

"Little idiot!" he muttered as the door closed. "She'll thank her stars some day that I got her out of that!"

What should she do with a monkey like that eternally at her fireside? Lord! What fools these women are!"

Ethel did not distress her pretty, brainless head very much over the issue, but it was a great blow to poor Dudley. He sat down and thought. It never occurred to him that he might go to work. Oh, no! He only thought. And the thoughts of genius do not bring in five thousand dollars very easily.

Sara had, out of pity, asked him to that dinner, but as the champagne began to take effect, Ethel's laugh jarred upon him. How could she be so light of heart when that awful five thousand was standing between them like an emblematical representative of eternity? Old William Congrieve thought there were tears in his eyes. The poor boy's very appearance annoyed the testy old gentleman, and more than once he whispered to Virginia, who sat upon his left:

"What possessed Puss to ask that ape here? He irritates me! He does, indeed! Who is he?"

"Why, he is Ethel's young man," laughed Virginia.

"Ethel's? You don't mean to tell me that Melville Austin would allow that jackanapes to marry a daughter of his? Absurd! Preposterous!"

"I believe there is some sort of a condition about it, but I don't exactly know what."

"Let us hope for her sake it will never be filled. He would give me the horrors to look at him for half an hour. Ugh! He is the first individual I ever saw that filled me with such antipathy that I absolutely long to injure him in some way. I always hated a dude, but this one goes beyond that. I must ask Puss to take care never to bring him into my sight again."

Virginia laughed heartily as she exclaimed: "Poor boy! After all, anything like that is more to be pitied than censured."

"I can't see any pity for it! It is a positive relief to turn one's eyes on Halstead. What a fine, manly fellow he is! No womanish beauty about his face, but he is a man whom men admire. I don't know a more athletically built young fellow, and what splendid eyes he has! Your State ought to be proud of a production such as he, Miss Ormsby."

She did not reply. Her eyes were

fixed upon Dick, who, fascinated by her gaze, glanced across the table at her. She colored as he smiled and leaned toward her.

"What heresy do you think Miss Meredith is talking, Virginia?" he exclaimed. "She actually wants to lay me odds that Hartland will lose to-morrow."

"Take it!" Virginia answered, nodding at him brightly.

"You believe in Hartland's chances, then?" asked Congrieve.

"Implicitly."

"Not seriously?"

"Most certainly!"

"Why, he has't the ghost of a show, child. I would be willing to stake my head against a football on that."

"Then you'd lose your head."

"Not a bit of it! I'll lay you any odds you like——"

"It's a great temptation, but I never bet now. Who do you think will win?"

"The Western horse is as sure of that race as if he had it. I tell you he can't lose. Pooh! Why, Hartland won't be in the first six. Fiametta can beat him, so can Grandee, and Eros, and half a dozen more. Why, even old patched-up Tom Totten has a fair chance against him. Hartland? Absurd!"

"You shall see to-morrow."

"Certainly I shall. He couldn't win a brick if the prize were a house and lot. Royal Worcester will walk in ahead of the whole field. Fiametta is the only one who will give him any trouble at all, and I doubt whether she does. Hartland, indeed! I'd match Master Mason against him and win the money."

"He won the Garden City Handicap last year."

"To be sure he did—by a fluke—and he didn't have Royal Worcester against him."

"And you are proving your belief by backing the Western horse?"

"Certainly I am. I backed him in the books two months ago," answered Congrieve emphatically. "I'll almost go broke if he should lose—but he won't."

"Puss is giving the signal and I must leave you," exclaimed Virginia. "I hope you'll change your mind before to-morrow, because you'll lose your money if you don't."

"You don't believe that, but are only talking because you have a sentimental interest in the horse. Women are essentially sentimentalists, but race-horse

backers very quickly get over that—or retire to the almshouse. I say! Take that boy with you, can't you?"

"I'm afraid not!"

"Heavens! That will give me indigestion so that I shall be under the doctor's care for a month. Why will people afflict their friends with things like that?"

"I'll try to find an answer to your conundrum, but in the meantime I must follow the order of my hostess. Good-by!"

She nodded smilingly, and Dick Halstead closed the door behind her.

"Charming girl that!" exclaimed Congrieve when the cigars were lighted. "Don't you think so, Hastings?"

"Who?" asked that gentleman, lifting his Burgundy with elaborate care, and admiring its color between him and the light. "Miss Austin?"

"Yes, to be sure; but I meant Miss Ormsby that time. I thought you indifferent men-of-the-world could see more than one figure at a time; but all men are alike when Cupid is in the foreground."

Hastings laughed good-naturedly, capable of accepting, if he could not parody, any amount of chaff.

"You forget that the little rascal blinds the eyes, Mr. Congrieve, and that therefore we are not even capable of seeing one figure," he answered. "But I assure you that Miss Ormsby's charms are very apparent to me. I am always interested in contrasts, and no two could be more opposed in type than she and Miss Austin."

"Quite right!" exclaimed Dudley Dixon, his articulation not over-clear, his voice a trifle raised. "It's artistic! I should like to have a painting of the three of them together—Miss Ormsby all black, Miss Sara all gold, and Miss Ethel all brown."

Congrieve glared at him ferociously.

"What races do you suppose people would think they were?" he demanded shortly. "Miss Sara a Mongolian, Miss Ethel an Egyptian, and Miss Ormsby an Ethiopian, I suppose! Young man, was it your intention to be complimentary?"

"I could never be anything else where Miss Ethel is concerned."

Mr. Austin frowned, but said nothing. Dick, observing, changed the conversation, and a few minutes afterward they

left the dining-room, adjourning to the library to examine a picture that had just been sent home.

Congrieve was looking at it earnestly, when he felt a light touch upon his arm. Turning, he found himself facing Dudley Dixon. He scowled heavily.

"Well?" he interrogated.

"Yes, I just wanted to call your—ah—attention to this portrait of Miss Ethel. Lovely, isn't it?"

"Looks too old for her by a dozen years. Ethel is only a child."

"Oh! indeed you are mistaken, sir. She is eighteen."

"Seems to me you are wonderfully well posted, young man."

"I ought to be, sir," the poor boy answered sadly, his brain confused under a combination of wines. "I love her."

"The devil you do!"

"Yes," cried Dudley, growing more confidential as the influence of the wine increased. "I love her very dearly."

"Then why don't you cure yourself by marrying her? Won't she have you?"

"Oh! yes, sir. She loves me too—very dearly, but you see I am unfortunately poor!"

"Surely a young lady who loves very dearly don't pause to consider so worldly a thing as that?"

"No; not she, sir—not she! She has a father!"

"True—They are a nuisance sometimes, aren't they?"

"I must not say that, sir. Mr. Austin has been very good in a way. He has promised his daughter to me if I can show him five thousand dollars to my credit in the bank. But five thousand dollars is as far away from me as the moon. I wish"—sadly—"some one would tell me a way to get it, for upon it not alone my happiness, but Ethel's depends."

"Does it really, now? Well, why don't you back the winner of the Sub-Rosa to-morrow?"

"But I have never bet on a horse-race in my life!" cried Dudley, almost dancing under the excitement of the thing.

"Neither did you ever win five thousand dollars and a girl into the bargain, did you?"

"No, sir; no, sir, of course not! But

—but what horse would you recommend me to bet on?"

"Why, Hartland, of course. He's sure to win that race."

"And how much would you recommend me to bet?"

"All you can get! Raise all you can and put up every dollar; then, if you don't get the girl, go and drown yourself!"

Congrieve turned away puffing like an engine, his face crimson, and John Hastings, who had heard every word, slipped his arm into the old gentleman's, leading him away, while he indulged in a quiet laugh.

"You don't believe Hartland will win!" he exclaimed.

"I *know* he won't, sir!" exclaimed Congrieve, angrily.

"Then why did you want to tell that boy to back him?"

"Because when he's lost every dollar he can raise I hope he'll go and shoot himself! At least it will teach him not to come sniveling around half-way sensible men with his love grievances. The infernal little imbecile! Austin is almost as great a fool as he not to have wrung his neck long ago. But"—with a sardonic grin—"I guess I've settled him this time!"

They left the room together, but Hastings, having forgotten his cigar case, returned a few minutes later and found Dudley Dixon still seated where he had left him, staring moodily into vacancy.

"What's the matter, youngster?" he queried. "You look as if you were in the doleful dumps. Or is it that you are still 'harping on my daughter?'"

"That's just what I *am* doing, Mr. Hastings. Oh! if I only *could* get that money somehow. Do you think Mr. Congrieve really knows anything about horses?"

"What he *don't* know on that subject would fill a very large book. Canvasbacks and terrapin are much more in his line. Still he was right about the tip he gave you, I think." "Now, go home and take a good night's rest. I'm going down to the St. Jaques to hear the gossip, and will go with you as far as your house."

Making their excuses to the hostess, they departed, and Hastings, after repeating his formula of procedure for the morrow, left Dudley Dixon at his own door.

ON the evening preceding the day set for the great race the St. Jaques Hotel, the turfmen's headquarters, was full of life and bustle.

The brilliantly lighted rotunda and corridors were thronged with a motley gathering of turfmen, race-goers, touts, trainers, breeders and gamblers, all eager to obtain some trustworthy information as to the chances of their several fancies in the great race now so near. Rumors of all kinds, some authentic, some unreliable and many wildly improbable, were circulated among the anxious listeners. The shining lights among the breeders and turfmen were all present—from Kentucky, Virginia, Tennessee and the West, even the far-off Pacific slope having its representatives eagerly awaiting the contest.

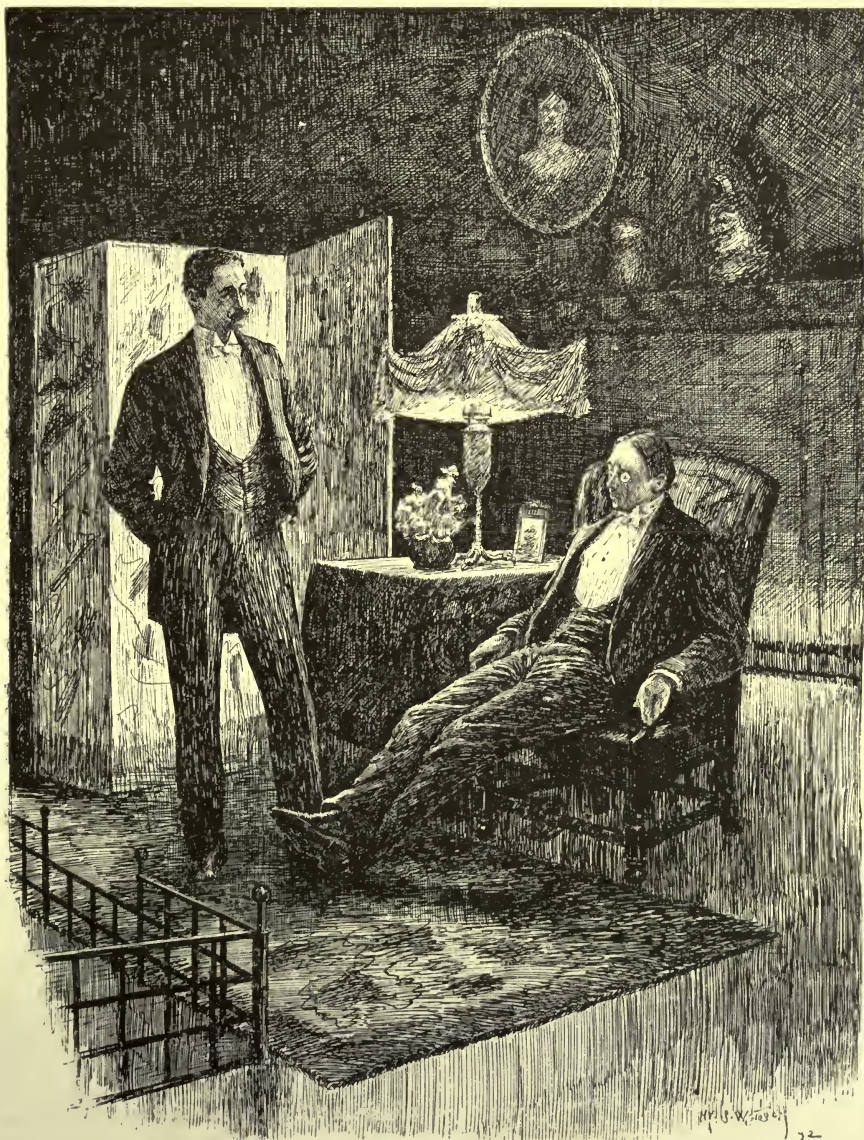
The memorable saying of Lord George Bentinck, that "on the turf and beneath it all men are equal," was never more strikingly illustrated than in the party grouped around the foot of the broad stairway. There was Gen. John Johnson, of Tennessee, a robust, portly man with red hair and mustache and florid complexion, showing plainly that the good things of this life were not unappreciated by him. The general wore the Southern gray during the war, and a braver man or better fighter never drew sword for the "Lost Cause." Gray-haired veterans who fought under him never weary in telling of "Red Jack's" deeds of valor. He was more than proud of his great breeding establishment, "Beautiful Meadow," by the banks of the Cumberland. His favorite stallion, Old Ireland, who stood so long at the head of his stud, had passed away full of years and honors, but a mere mention of his name would make the general's eye kindle and glow with pride as the deeds of his mighty descendants were commented upon.

In front of him stood a man his direct contrast in every particular, of medium height, spare of figure, his brown hair slightly sprinkled with gray, his Vandyke beard and mustache giving him a decidedly foreign air. His manner was cold and distant. He had but few friends, a matter which seemed to trouble him not at all. He was George

Reen, of the glorious State of California. The stock market had claimed his almost undivided attention, he having been a millionaire and a bankrupt alternately half a dozen times during the last three or four years. When in the height of his power on "the street" he went on the turf—more as a relaxation than anything else—and his success was almost immediate. His famous three-year-old, Squanderer, was the crack of his year. Encouraged by his success, and sighing for more worlds to conquer, Reen sent part of his stable across the

broad Atlantic, boldly meeting the best race-horses of both France and England on their own ground. Again success crowned his plucky venture, and the Union Jack of England and the tricolor of France were trailed in the dust as the mighty Wolfgang swept all before him, bearing the "white and blue spots" to victory in many a gallant race.

The third of the queerly assorted group was a curiosity. He was scarcely five feet high, round as a ball, with a broad, fat face and beady, twinkling eyes, a huge mustache and the nervous,



excitable manner peculiar to his race. His full name was Giovanni Guiseppe Falazzi, but it had been summarily contracted to "G. G.," by which he was generally known. His had indeed been a varied career. Tradition went so far as to say that his first business venture in this country of his adoption was closely connected with a hand-organ and its attendant monkey. Certain it is that he had been by turns a street peddler, bootblack, eating-house keeper, racing tout, bookmaker's clerk, and was now, at least in his own estimation, a full-fledged turfman. Fate, with the irony peculiar to her, had bestowed upon him the fairly good race-mare Fanny Fanlight, who, in better hands, would have made quite a name for herself; but "G. G." was owner and trainer, and, if his size had admitted, would have been rider also. In the talk of the race of the morrow his sympathies were all with the great mare Fianetta, principally on account of her Italian name, for he would not have been able to have recognized her if she had stood before him. He had misgivings, however, owing to the proverbial uncertainties of mares in the Spring.

"Looka, general!" he exclaimed. "Race-mare no gooda tiil Fall. Looka my mare, Fanny Fanlight, lasta week. Work a mile betta forty-two; beata de record; breaka my watch. Start in da race; getta beat out o' sight. Race run in forty-fo'. Breaka me; maka me seekk. Going to sell her! Quitta de whole demm beezeness!"

"Well, G. G.," replied the general, laughing at his mercurial companion, "I'm looking around for a few young mares for my place. I'll give you a thousand dollars for her for breeding purposes, as I don't race any now."

"Wat!" almost screamed the excited Italian. "Tousand dolla for that gooda mare Fanny Fanlight! You tink G. G. crazy? Wouldn't taka ten tousand dolla for her. No, sir! Tousand dolla! You maka me more seekk."

And the disgusted Italian retired in high dudgeon amid the loud laughter of his hearers.

Near the window was Spenser Olds, of Kentucky, tall, angular, and smooth-shaven, with a sharp, keen look on his face, and a quick, decisive manner of speech as he expounded some of his pet theories of breeding. 'Twas but a very

few years ago that his name was utterly unknown to the turf world. Starting with a very ordinary selling plater, by shrewd and careful exercise of sound judgment his stable, in less than two years, increased to nearly a dozen horses, none of very high class, but all good bread-winners. He quickly made his way into the front ranks of racing men. From racing to breeding was but a step, and the same care and good management had made him the rising breeder of the country.

Talking to him was a squarely built, snowy-haired, full-bearded neighbor from the Blue Grass country, Major Lomax, whose record on the turf antedates the war. He was one of the most popular breeders in the country, and his "magenta and salmon" have been borne to the front in many a hard-fought struggle. The major has raced very little of late years, the calmer and more sedate delights of the breeding farm having claimed his attention; but when any great race is on hand his kindly eyes, beaming through his gold-rimmed glasses beneath his huge sombrero, are sure to be watching the combat as eagerly as ever.

Near him stood the two most celebrated racing men of the decade, the world-famous Darrell Brothers, who have owned more good horses and won more money than any half-dozen other turfmen combined. The elder was small and slight, peering through his glasses with that searching expression peculiar to near-sighted men. The younger was somewhat taller, and plainly though tastefully dressed, wearing a thick brown mustache with a decidedly Mephistophelian twist at the corner of his mouth. Both were rather taciturn men, speaking very little except to their intimates. Silence had indeed been golden to them, as their great success from the most humble beginning amply attests. Such a power are they on the turf that there was a saying that, "If the 'dangerous Darrells' were to start a cow in a stake race, she would find plenty of backers."

There was another group, members of "The Young Guard," Barclay Alstyne, John Hastings, Wilbur Grey and Horace Morewood, the latter one of the best, if not the very best, gentleman riders in the country. He was of medium height, rather round-shouldered and pale-olive complexion with a feminine

cast of features, showing no indication of the dogged determination, added to reckless daring, that had made him catch the judge's eye first at the finish of many a desperate ride "between the flags."

Picking a winner seemed to be the last thing the jolly quartette thought of, for chaff and badinage seemed to fill all their time. As John Ormsby joined the party, Barclay Alstyne was gravely advising Horace Morewood to try to cultivate a more upright carriage, claiming that the great cross-country rider was a servile imitator of the celebrated English jockey, Fred Archer, in everything, even to the "Archer hump" of his shoulders. When the laughter, in which none joined more heartily than the subject of Alstyne's chaff, had subsided, John Ormsby said:

"Well, boys, I hope we'll all laugh as earnestly this time to-morrow night!"

"Amen!" replied John Hastings. "But I'm going to emulate the Irishman before the bull tossed him over the fence, and have my laugh now."

"Good idea," said Grey, "for some of us will feel rather solemn then, I fancy."

"What a dismal croaker you are, Wilbur!" exclaimed Alstyne. "I firmly believe that if your horses were to run first and second to-morrow, you would drape the stable in crape."

"Hardly so bad as that!" laughed

Grey. "But I'll feel like it if rain should come. I had the horses ready to run in the Gravesend races a fortnight ago, but rain has kept the old horse from starting ever since. He was at his best then, but whether Stayner has been able to keep him on edge all this time is quite another matter."

"He worked well enough yesterday, they say," remarked Ormsby.

"Yes, 2:10½," replied Grey; "but they brought out Grandee about an hour after and he marched around in nearly a second better, and did it much easier than my horse, who was ridden out for nearly every ounce there was in him. Then Nate Kerns, sly as ever, worked Fiametta, up above here, in 2:09—something marvelous for the old 'saddle bags track'—and she had all her weight up, too, for Harrison rode her. Kerns swears she will run in 2:06 to-morrow, if necessary, and that will win away off! Between the two of them, they've got Stayner in the dumps just now, but he'll feel better to-morrow. If it don't rain, and it looks and feels very much like it, my old stand-by will be 'thar or tharabouts;' so don't you fellows say I didn't give you a tip. Now you know as much as I do, and I'm off in time to see the second act of the play. Come on, Hastings!"

And the stoical young turfite and his friend started for the Casino.

To be Continued.



THE EVE OF THE BATTLE.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE FORTY-SIX FOOTER.

BY GEORGE A. STEWART.

SECOND PAPER.



"HELEN," OWNED BY MR. EDGAR SCOTT.

THE *Papoose* having been practically alone in the racing in 1887, it was natural that her new owners, Messrs. Bayard Thayer and John Simpkins, who had bought her almost as soon as she was laid up in the Fall, should enter the racing season of 1888 with plenty of spirit.

In 1888 the racing began at Larchmont, and *Papoose* went on to the races there. All of the forties were under-rigged for racing, and as they all had approximately the same amount of canvas, they fought it out very closely together, the differences in the designs coming out in the different conditions of weather. The victories were distributed quite impartially through the fleet. *Chiquita* had rather the largest sail-plan, and she was, on the whole, perhaps the fastest of the fleet. *Nymph* was probably next in ordinary racing weather, while *Baboon* and *Xara* had it nip and tuck. Little *Papoose* plugged along, being rarely far out of her allowance and winning her share of first prizes. On the cruises she dogged the

leaders all day, occasionally going to the front in a not-to-be-denied fashion, and in general making life a burden for the owners of the 40-footers, which should have beaten the 36-footer easily by reason of their greater length.

In the Fall of 1888, without much heralding, a little black cutter sailed across the Atlantic and anchored in Boston harbor. This boat was destined to work a revolution in the forty-foot class, and to make an unsurpassed record for a foreign yacht sailing against the fleet in strange waters. Needless to say, this yacht was the *Minerva*, designed by Fife, of Fairlie, Scotland. She was built for a cruiser, and was what would have been considered on the other side a powerful sail-carrier, though of small power compared with the American type. The *Minerva* was a "sweet-looking shippy," and her graceful lines excited much favorable comment. There the wise-heads stopped, however, as Americans were so wrapped up in their belief in wide beam and big sails that they had no fear of a craft which was

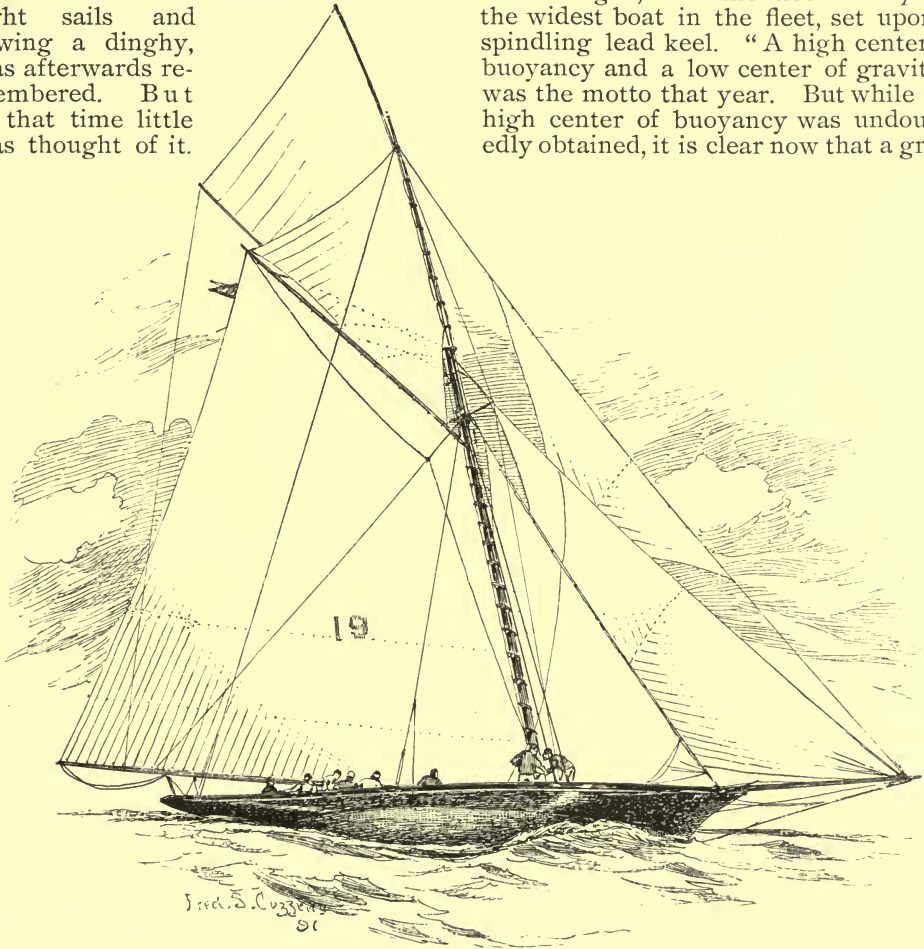


"MARIQUITA," OWNED BY MR. HENRY F. LIPPITT.

only 10 feet 6 inches wide and carried several hundred square feet less canvas than the yachts she would have to meet.

The *Minerva* was not raced that Fall, but she followed the racers at times, and the way in which she would keep up with the forty-footers in light winds, when without light sails and towing a dinghy, was afterwards remembered. But at that time little was thought of it.

added the flush-deck centerboard racer *Gorilla*, and William Gardner turned out the keel *Liris*, the biggest-powered craft of the fleet. Burgess designed the centerboard *Verena*, an improved *Nymph* with bigger sails; the keel *Tomahawk*, a steel craft with 12 feet beam and 10 feet draught; and the keel *Mariquita*, the widest boat in the fleet, set upon a spindling lead keel. "A high center of buoyancy and a low center of gravity" was the motto that year. But while the high center of buoyancy was undoubtedly obtained, it is clear now that a great



"NAUTILUS," OWNED BY MR. J. ROGERS MAXWELL.

"Cutters always sail fast when they are not racing," was the comment, and nothing more was thought of it.

But with the year 1889 a change was inaugurated. The presence of the *Minerva* had absolutely no effect on the designing, and American designers simply tried to outvie each other in the matter of power and big sails. The interest excited by the forties the year before increased the building, and a big crop of new boats was the result. This time Burgess was not alone, as Cary Smith

failure was made in obtaining a low center of gravity. Designer McVey added the *Helen* and *Alice* to the list. These boats, while creditable to their designer as first ventures, failed even more than the Burgess boats in getting the requisite stability, though *Helen*, with some improvements, showed up very well the next year.

The season of 1889 reached the high-water mark in the history of American yachting. Never has there been a year in which the outlook for sport was so

inspiring, and the season fulfilled anticipations. A score of 40-footers were booked to do battle with each other; the three crack 70-footers *Titania*, *Katrina* and *Shamrock*, improved to the last degree, were breathing fire and slaughter at each other; while throughout the clubs of the country a general awakening was evident among the smaller yachts. Until its record is surpassed by a better, the year 1889 will stand as the banner year in American yachting.

The racing of 1889 was one long triumph for the *Minerva*. Blow high or blow low, in smooth water or heavy seas, it was all the same to the wonderful little Scotch cutter. She beat the fleet with perfect ease, at times distancing her competitors, and showing an all-round superiority which put her in a class by herself.

Little was thought of the *Minerva* as a racer at first, and Mr. Tweed, her owner, had no intention of putting her on the circuit. A delay in preparing the *Liris* for the first race in New York led the crew of the Gardner cutter to ask for the loan of the *Minerva*, in order that they might not go unboated. The natural speed of the Fife cutter was so apparent in this first race that thereafter Mr. Tweed could not resist the pressure brought to bear upon him. So the *Minerva* came to be a racing cutter pure and simple, and her owner, who never sailed in her in a race, was able to get only one or two sails in his yacht that year.

A queer ending for a yacht built for a "cruiser!" but Mr. Tweed's experience is not unprecedented in the racing fleet. Unlucky indeed is that owner who loves not racing, but who owns a fast yacht. He is looked upon as little better than a criminal if he keeps his ship out of the races, and at last he yields to the importunities of his friends, and sadly stays ashore while his yacht is sailed to victory by some one else. Such an owner has no salvation except in building a boat so slow that no one of his friends would compromise his reputation by sailing her in competition with the cracks.

After a fairly successful "Spring opening" in New York the *Minerva* came to Marblehead, where she electrified Bostonians by winning two races right off the reel. Back to Newport, with just the same result. "*Minerva* first, the rest nowhere," usually described the racing where the conditions were equal. During the season the *Minerva* won nine races out of twelve starts. In one race she broke down, and she was beaten but twice, once by the *Nymph* in the Seawanhaka Spring race, and once by the *Liris* at Larchmont.

The *Minerva's* best contests of that year were given by the *Tomahawk*, *Liris*, *Verena*, and *Papoose*. The *Tomahawk* was a big-powered craft, but with too narrow a keel, so that she did not get as much power as she should have had. She had a big wetted surface, and was not particularly fast off the wind. But



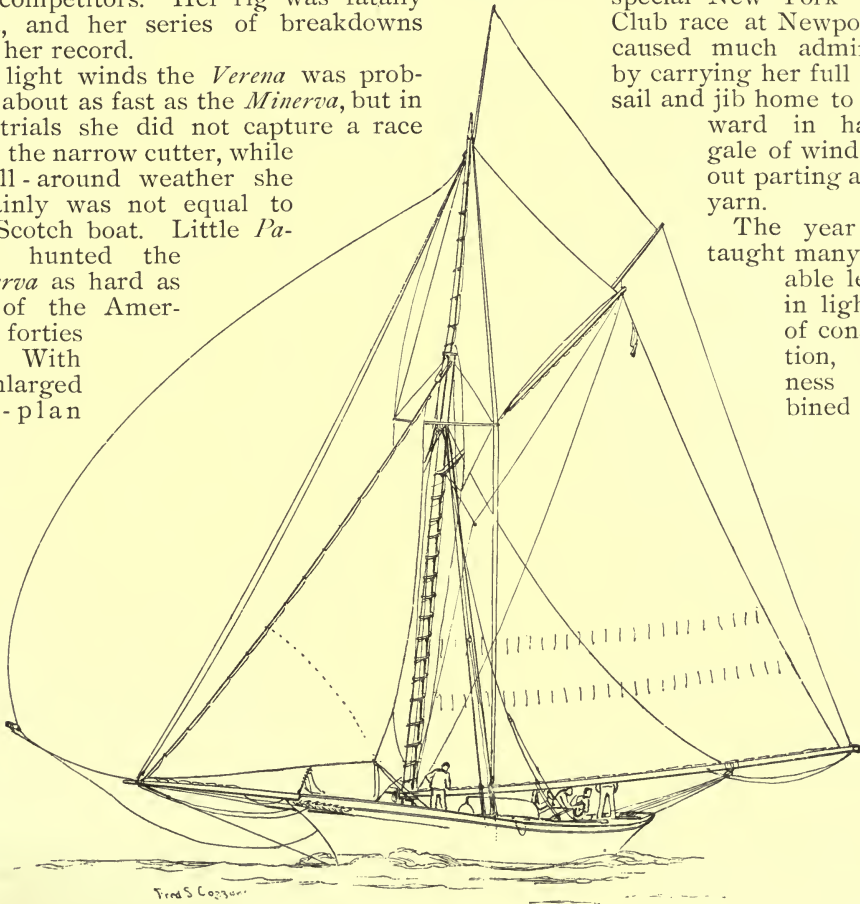
"GOSSOON," OWNED BY MR. CHAS. A. MORSS, JR.

on the wind she was the best boat in the American fleet, and was very nearly as good as the *Minerva* on that point of sailing. With the *Minerva's* greater speed on the other points of sailing and her time allowance, however, the Scotch cutter was always safe to win. The *Liris* displayed spurts of speed at times, especially in smooth water, and she beat the *Minerva* once that year. Light construction and light rigging were carried to a greater extent in the *Liris* than in her competitors. Her rig was fatally light, and her series of breakdowns hurt her record.

In light winds the *Verena* was probably about as fast as the *Minerva*, but in two trials she did not capture a race from the narrow cutter, while in all-around weather she certainly was not equal to the Scotch boat. Little *Papoose* hunted the *Minerva* as hard as any of the American forties did. With an enlarged sail-plan

deal had been expected of her, and, in fact, her lines were capable of high speed, as was afterwards proved. But her lead keel was woefully thin, which brought its center of gravity so high that she failed to carry her big sails, so she simply lay down on her side and "wallowed" in strong winds. Cary Smith's *Gorilla* was not up to the first notch in light winds, but she was a splendid sail-carrier and made her best performances in hard weather. In the special New York Yacht Club race at Newport she caused much admiration by carrying her full main-sail and jib home to windward in half a gale of wind without parting a rope-yarn.

The year 1889 taught many valuable lessons in lightness of construction, lightness combined with



"GORILLA," OWNED BY MR. WM. KENT.

the *Papoose* kept close after the champion at all times, and she worried Captain Barr more than any other boat, as she was the only one to which he had to give time allowance. It was hard work for the American forties to give *Papoose* her time, and in the races she was often placed either second or third.

The *Mariquita* was a grievous disappointment in her first year. A great

strength of rigging, etc. The best steel wire was demanded, and every superfluous ounce was whittled off spars, blocks and upper iron-work. The saving in weight and windage was considerable, and compared with the forties of 1888, those of 1889, and especially those of 1890, showed a vast improvement in rig. Sails also received a looking over, and many

improvements were made in cut and material.

The racing record of the 40-footers for 1889 was as follows :

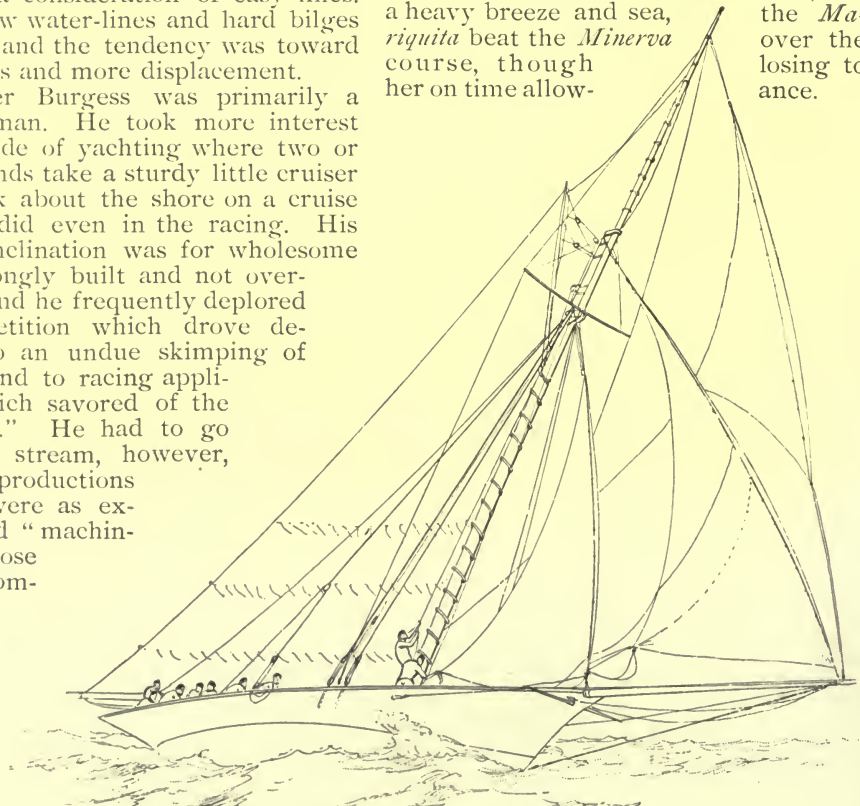
	Per cent.	Number of Times.									
		Starts.	Firsts.	1st.	2d.	3d.	4th.	5th.	6th.	7th.	8th.
MINERVA .. 12	75	9	2	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0
VERENA .. 5	60	3	0	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	0
NYMPH ... 9	44	4	2	1	2	0	0	0	0	0	0
LIRIS ... 13	35	4	4	4	1	0	0	0	0	0	0
GORILLA ... 21	24	5	2	4	5	1	4	0	0	0	0
PAPOOSE ... 11	18	2	5	2	1	1	0	0	0	0	0
TOMAHAWK. 6	17	1	1	2	0	1	0	1	0	0	0
CHIQUITA .. 7	14	1	2	1	2	1	0	0	0	0	0
MARIQUITA. 15	0	0	6	3	4	1	0	0	1	0	0
BANSHEE... 5	0	0	2	0	2	1	0	0	0	0	0
HELEN... 5	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	0	0	0	0
ALICE... 10	0	0	1	2	1	5	0	1	0	0	0
XARA... 4	0	0	0	2	1	1	0	0	0	0	0
LOTOWANA. 4	0	0	0	1	2	1	0	0	0	0	0
AWA..... 2	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	1	0	0	0

In the design of the yachts, too, the season of 1889 effected great changes. During the preceding two years the tendency had been toward abnormally large sails, which brought in boats of big resistance. The success of the light-powered *Minerva*, and the graceful ease with which she would slip round a course, while her big-powered rivals struggled and panted in a hopeless effort to keep up, led our designers more to a consideration of easy lines. The hollow water-lines and hard bilges went out, and the tendency was toward fuller lines and more displacement.

Designer Burgess was primarily a cruising man. He took more interest in that side of yachting where two or three friends take a sturdy little cruiser and knock about the shore on a cruise than he did even in the racing. His natural inclination was for wholesome boats, strongly built and not over-spurred, and he frequently deplored the competition which drove designers to an undue skimping of weights and to racing appliances which savored of the "machine." He had to go with the stream, however, and his productions of 1889 were as extreme and "machin-ish" as those of his competitors.

The influence of the *Minerva* was plainly visible in the *Gossoon*. While adhering to the big sail-plan which characterized the American yachts, Mr. Burgess narrowed the beam of the *Gossoon* to 12 feet, and gave her a less crooked mid-ship section than her predecessors had. More displacement, and especially a thicker lead keel, made up for the power lost in beam, and the success of the *Gossoon* seemed to approve the value of the changes.

Minerva's unquestioned superiority in 1889 relegated the other forties of that year to the cruiser class, though Mr. Belmont, with characteristic pluck, had extensive alterations made to the *Mariquita's* keel-plan, and had a new try at the racing. The alteration worked wonders. From being fatally "tender," the *Mariquita* became one of the most powerful boats in the fleet. She was now able to hold up her sail-plan, and her good lines brought her well to the front. It was a great victory for Mr. Belmont's perseverance when, in the Seawanhaka Yacht Club race, in a heavy breeze and sea, the *Mariquita* beat the *Minerva* over the course, though her on time allow-



"LIRIS," OWNED BY MESSRS. SAMUEL MATHER AND C. W. WETMORE.

THE AMERICAN TURF.

THE RACE-COURSES OF THE EAST.

BY FRANCIS TREVELYAN.



THIS country teems with racing associations of greater or less importance, from the Pacific to the Atlantic, from Maine to Texas. Scarcely a city of any size but has a race-course of some kind in close proximity to it, and many a settlement that hardly merits the name of village boasts its "track." To attempt to accord even the briefest mention to those alone which have some national reputation would be hopeless. The best one may hope to accomplish is to convey some general ideas in regard to a few representative organizations. To most successfully accomplish this purpose it seems advisable to confine one's-self to a sketch of the leading associations of the metropolitan district, the New York Jockey Club, the Monmouth Park Racing Association, the Coney Island Jockey Club and the Brooklyn Jockey Club.

In choosing this course it may for the moment seem as if an injustice were being done to such associations as the Washington Park Club, of Chicago, Ill., which is even now setting a general example by the initiation of a policy of almost startling liberality, or the Saratoga or Kentucky Racing Associations, which have a flavor of antiquity wanting in the Eastern corporations. In the case of the Washington Park Club, however, its prominence lies chiefly in the future; with the other two mentioned, in the past; though it is possible that the Saratoga Association may, under its new management, regain a certain popular favor, though never its former status. And it appears a sounder policy to make mention of those bodies that have at any rate to some extent already given

practical evidence of their determination to keep abreast with the times. Moreover, it must be remembered that each successive year proves more clearly that New York is essentially the metropolis of racing in the United States—the Mecca to which all faithful pilgrims imbued with the love of the sport turn their steps. At the race-courses we propose to mention the best racing in the country is seen. They are all within easy reach of New York, three lying within the compass of a short drive and in the State of New York, and the remaining one, Monmouth Park, reached by a railroad journey of an hour, is close to one of New York's great seaside resorts, Long Branch, on the New Jersey coast. That they are not all equally representative of the highest development of the sport in this country is, perhaps, another recommendation, as not affording a falsely flattering view.

If any one fails to comprehend what a great, overgrown baby the American turf really is—so young and yet so forward for its age—let him, after taking the train to Fordham, walk up to Jerome Park and spend an hour or two in contemplation of that race-course and its appointments, which, when opened in September, 1866, evoked unstinted laudation. Speaking of it, a very conservative and temperate writer of the day said: "We come upon a race-course, stands, stables, etc., which far exceed any we have hitherto seen in this country, and which are not surpassed, we believe, in any other." Again, in describing the scene on the first day of the inaugural meeting, he writes: "The place and its beautiful buildings and surroundings were filled with thousands of delighted people, whose admiration of that which the club has so speedily effected was intense." This, be it noted, was the opinion of a man of experience, who, as he expressly stated, was determined to avoid fulsome rhapsody.

Then, if our inquiring student be of a fairly active turn, it will be but a pleasant walk for him over to Westchester village, where he can make a cursory examination of the magnificent appointments of the New York Jockey Club's race-course at Morris Park. If by the time he is ready to take a train back to the city he is not filled with wonder at the vastness of the progress the sport has made within the space of three decades, it may be ascribed to the fact that his mind is unable to fill in the details rather than that such facts have not been presented to his eyes as should have served to convince him.

By the light of the present day it is not, however, so much to be wondered at that comparatively primitive arrangements sufficed when, after a considerable lapse of time, racing was once more revived from a condition which almost merits the term "non-existence," as that the necessity for improvement on these did not more speedily make itself apparent. When Jerome Park was opened there was the greatest room for doubt whether the better classes of society would countenance the sport in any degree, yet long after all ground for hesitation on this score had been removed and the number of race-horses in training had increased—not ten-fold, but a hundred-fold—but little improvement had been attempted in the accommodation for the public, and the pattern of race-course remained much the same as it had been even in antebellum days. Had it not been for the foresight and liberal-mindedness of one man, Mr. John A. Morris, who grasped the fact that the race-going public had reached a point when they were bound to get better accommodation for their money and would show their appreciation of it, it is not at all unlikely that things might yet have been in the same old groove. The late Mr. D. D. Withers, it is true, long had it in his mind to construct a race-course of such proportions as that he since opened, but had not Mr. Morris aroused competition by taking the initiative, we might very probably have still been awaiting the advent of an inaugurator of a new régime.

Fortunately Mr. Morris proved eminently qualified to act as a pioneer in the new movement. Being a man whose ideas are bounded by no narrow limits, he set the example with so lib-

eral a spirit and evinced himself so little hampered by precedent that he may be fairly said to have totally revolutionized all the preconceived ideas on the subject of race-courses that the American public had entertained. Most fortunate was it that this was the case, for the adoption of a penny-wise - and - pound-foolish policy would have inflicted a most lamentable blow, as affording others an excuse for cheap improvements. Luckily, however, Mr. Morris saw that at Westchester, within easy reach of his own home at Throgg's Neck, there was room for a model race-course, to be the home of a new racing association, with himself for the moving spirit, while the site would be increasing immensely in value every year.

It would be difficult to find a more appropriate location for a representative metropolitan race-course than Morris Park, for not only does Westchester County teem with interesting memories of historical incidents, but with its name very many important points in the annals of the American thoroughbred have been connected. Long before Jerome Park was dreamed of, even prior to the Revolution, a broad meadow near Eastchester Church bore the name of the "Racefield," and afforded a meeting-ground where the gentry of the district tried the merits of their nags. After the War of 1812 the sport again came to the fore, and Westchester County being found admirably adapted to the rearing of the thoroughbred, became the home of various horses that have left their mark on the stud-book of this country. As far back as 1830 imp. Barefoot, the winner of the Doncaster St. Leger of 1823, stood in the vicinity of Westchester village, with American Eclipse as his most important rival, the latter being quartered at West Farms. In 1847 imp. Trustee, the sire of that renowned broodmare, Levity, ended his days at the latter place. At Mr. John Hunter's farm at Pelham the great Leamington made several seasons, and there, also, Censor had his home, while at Mr. Morris' stud at Throgg's Neck imp. Eclipse stood from 1860 to 1873.

In the first half of the present century an efficient substitute for a race-course was found in a straight mile of road at Fordham, and this was succeeded by the Bathgate track at Morrisania, which ran from what is now One Hun-

dred and Fifty-ninth street, in a northerly direction along the line of Third avenue. After this was cut up, during the forties, there was a blank till the Jerome Park race-course was opened.

In November, 1887, Mr. Morris' scheme of constructing a race-course which would revive the old racing glories of Westchester began to take practical shape. It was not, however, till the beginning of June, 1888, that the first sod was turned and the work actually commenced, which was not only not completed when the gates were first thrown open to the public at the inaugural meeting on August 20, 1889, but is actually still in progress.

It is an almost hopeless task to attempt to convey to the general reader any exact impression of the dimensions and appearance of the respective race-courses, for while it is true in many connections that "figures talk," they are completely lacking in eloquence when it comes to description. It may possibly, however, afford some idea of what is to be seen at Morris Park to mention approximately the sum invested in the enterprise. Last Fall the race-course property of 360 acres was assessed at \$3,000,000, and though, as was very natural, considering the fact that previously the entire township had only been assessed at \$2,800,000, Mr. Morris raised a protest against this, the sum that has first and last been expended in purchasing and improving the property cannot be much less. The money spent on drainage alone, and so put out of sight underground, was itself far more than sufficient to construct a race-course of the old-fashioned type. Obstacles of the most forbidding character were encountered, a bog having to be filled in and the rocky nature of the soil proving a constant difficulty. The latter, characteristic of the land, has indeed presented some almost insuperable obstructions and, to begin with, frustrated the original intention of constructing a race-course one mile and a half in circumference. Then, again, the expense that would have been incurred in removing a solid table of rock prevented the obliteration of that "hill" in the course which has aroused so much criticism. As it is, this inequality of the ground involves an ascent which has been facetiously dubbed "the Matterhorn," and a descent in the

main course. This is a shade more than a mile and three furlongs in circumference, and is provided with a "chute" which allows of a mile-and-two-furlong race being run with one turn. The hill again crops up in the Eclipse course, which is a straight six furlongs, or, if not exactly straight, having so slight an elbow in it that no horse can gain any material advantage through its existence. But in this case the inequality of the ground is entirely in favor of the horses, presenting a considerable decline. This, of course, accounts to a great extent for the many phenomenally fast times which have been made here.

Nearly all the records at short distances, six furlongs or under, and not a few of those over greater distances of ground, have been created at Morris Park. In 1889—the year the course was opened—the 4-year-old filly, Geraldine, a phenomenally fast sprinter belonging to Mr. R. Porter Ashe, went $\frac{1}{2}$ mile in 46 sec., carrying 122 lbs.; while during the same season Mr. Morris' own horse, Britannic, then 5 years old, with 122 lbs. up, and Fordham, 6 years old, with 115 lbs. up, both ran 5 furlongs in 59 sec.; and Hindocraft, a 3-year-old, with only 75 lbs. on his back, went 1 mile and 5 furlongs in 2.48. The next year—1890—the 2-year-old filly, Sallie McClelland, carrying 115 lbs., ran 5 furlongs in 59 sec., and Mr. Belmont's great filly, Fides, 4 years old, won the Toboggan Slide Handicap at 6 furlongs, in $1.10\frac{1}{4}$, with 116 lbs. on her back. Last season records were again made here. Two 2-year-olds, Annie Queen and Johnny Heckscher, carrying 110 and 115 lbs. respectively, again made 5 furlongs in 59 sec.; La Tosca, 3 years old, with 111 lbs. up, ran $5\frac{1}{2}$ furlongs in $1.04\frac{1}{4}$, and, with 105 lbs. up, a mile in $1.39\frac{1}{2}$, this latter being as fast as that distance has ever been run around turns; and the 6-year-old Tristan, 114 lbs., won the Metropolitan Handicap, at one mile and a furlong, in $1.51\frac{1}{2}$. This last-named event was one of the best and most hardly contested races ever run in America. All these are standing records up to date, so that it will be readily seen what a large proportion of the honors in this line rests with Morris Park.

To attempt to describe the appointments of either this or any other race-course in minute detail would be but

a thankless task. At Morris Park the race-goer has every chance to extract the greatest enjoyment from the "sport of kings," for all possible accommodations for his comfort are provided. The club-house is not the mere cottage which generally answers the purpose, but a magnificent building, fitted throughout with consummate luxury and good taste, every feature, from the ball-room down, being elaborated regardless of expense. The grand stand, which measures 650 x 100 feet, seats 8,000 persons comfortably on its single tier, while a spacious promenade and wide aisles render locomotion easy. In place of the regulation hard benches, settees of a comfortable pattern are provided. Underneath the grand stand are the betting-ring, 300 x 50 feet, dining-rooms, lunch-counters, etc. Both in front of the club-house and the grand stand a sloping lawn stretches down to the rails, which separate it from the course. Whether from the buildings or the lawn, the view of all that is taking place is perfect, with the single exception that the starts on the Eclipse course are, owing to the conformation of the ground, only plainly visible from the extreme end of the stand. The method of conducting the catering department is a radical departure from all previous systems, as the public are enabled to obtain excellent refreshment at city prices. This was made possible by the liberality of Mr. Morris, who charges nothing for the privileges, provided the public are supplied well and reasonably. The saddling-paddock, which lies beyond the club-house, is provided with a spacious shed and boxes, and is possessed of a charming feature in a pleasantly shady grove.

Admirably, however, as everything was done to start with, Mr. Morris is not content to let things remain if an improvement suggests itself. The grand stand has, even during the short period since it was erected, undergone extensive alterations, an overhanging roof having been added in front. This is merely a specimen of the manifold improvements that have been made. Only this Spring the original supply of water, has been supplemented by a more complete system, laid on all over the course.

The "number-board," to take another example, is now the most complete ar-

range of its kind ever seen on this side of the Atlantic, while the automatic electrical timer, the glass weighing-house, the extended platforms, which enable the starter to keep out of the mud of the track and yet command his field of horses, and a number of other minor points demonstrate how liberally not only money, but thought, have been expended on attaining a pitch as near perfection as possible. Absolute perfection is, of course, unattainable, and much has been said against the inequalities of this course as being extraordinarily hard on horses and apt to cause them to break down. Racing has been carried on in this country so much on dead-level courses that doubtless anything approaching to a hill does prove trying.

Turning from Morris to Monmouth Park, the most concise idea of the dimensions of the new race-course there, which owed its origin to the late Mr. Withers, may be conveyed by the quotation of a few figures. To cover the entire surface of the race-course itself, a harrow has to travel 87 miles. The extent of roof which covers the grand stand, club-house stand and saddling-paddock, etc., is 7 acres. The frontage from the end of the grand stand to the end of the club-house stand, which adjoins the other, is 1,100 feet. The main or oval course is 1 mile and 6 furlongs in circumference, having, however, an inner turn which makes the circumference 1 mile and 4 furlongs. From a short "chute" at the end of the back-stretch a race of 1 mile and 4 furlongs, or of 1 mile and 2 furlongs, can be run with one turn on the oval courses. There are two straight courses, an absolutely straight 6 furlongs, and one of a mile and three furlongs in length, in which there is a very slight elbow, much less than that in the Eclipse course at Morris Park, where the junction with the 6-furlong course is made. If Morris Park is to be termed a race-course of magnificent dimensions, then must those of Monmouth Park be called gigantic; and yet everything is so thoroughly in proportion that the enormous mass of structure does not look too great. If the grand stand is huge, so is the course itself. Everything is on a scale which not only makes one of our old-fashioned race-tracks appear puny and insignificant, but dwarfs even Morris Park.

The construction of such a racing property had long been in the mind of Mr. Withers during the period that the association of which he was the *fons et origo* had been holding its meetings on the old race-course which was originally bought from Mr. John Chamberlin, but it was not until during the meeting of 1889 that ground was actually broken. Unlike the state of affairs at Morris Park, the land here, both in composition and conformation, was admirably adapted, being of a light loam and unusually level, so that, despite bad weather and the proverbial dilatoriness of contractors, everything was in readiness by the beginning of July, 1890. The public had heard much about the place, but when at last they had a chance to judge for themselves what the completed property looked like, and saw the straight mile-and-three-furlongs course, there was a general exclamation of wonder and, from such as realized the advantages that would ensue, of genuine admiration.

At Monmouth Park there is no such elaboration of details as is seen at the New York Jockey Club's course, and just such a difference exists as those who knew the two men primarily responsible would expect. As at Brookdale Mr. Withers had everything very good and substantial but essentially plain, so it is at the race-course he founded. All the arrangements are made in an admirably practical fashion, which did much to make the public take kindly to the course. The way the land lies aids in producing a good effect, for to the occupants of the grand stand the race-course in its entirety appears like a map before them, and, as a matter of fact, with the exception of races run on the straight mile-and-three-furlongs course, the horses are on no occasion further removed from the spectators than at points in the Sheepshead Bay race-course. The grounds are, in their extreme levelness, almost like a billiard-table, and absolutely no obstructions to a full view exist. Even from the lawn, though the proportions of the stand somewhat dwarf its elevation and dimensions, a good view is obtainable of all events, while the stand seats upward of 10,000 persons comfortably. As at Morris Park, there is a single tier, while the plan is better than at that place. The so-called clubhouse—this being in reality a misnomer,

since no club, in the proper sense of the word, is attached—is comfortable but not luxurious.

Mr. Withers had a well-founded dislike to the term "jockey club" as generally applied in this country, and hence the racing corporation of which he was the central figure bears the name of the Monmouth Park Racing Association, which far better designates its scope. This body has, moreover, another far more material dissimilarity to other kindred institutions in that it has not been run to make as much money as possible for the shareholders. When a fair dividend, 6 per cent., on the invested capital has been paid, all further profits are applied to the promotion of the sport. This was one of the many reasons which rendered it gross and glaring travesty of justice that a body of such standing should be driven to make a forced exodus from its home as it was in 1891 and compelled to hold its meeting on a strange race-course, while the elastic qualities of New Jersey law permitted the indefinite continuance of race-meetings at Guttenburg and even Gloucester.

Even to Americans, accustomed as we have become as a nation to extraordinary vagaries in the domain of politics, the action taken by the officers of the law in closing Monmouth Park was astonishing. The reason is of course found in corrupt politics—that need scarcely be stated—but happily in this case good may come out of evil. While at the time of writing chaos reigns in the State of New Jersey, so far as racing legislation is concerned (this state of affairs having been greatly increased through the death of Mr. Withers), it seems certain that in the long run common sense must prevail and an equitable measure, protecting and fitly restricting racing, become law. It is not, of course, unnatural that the law-abiding citizens of the State should have become deeply prejudiced against the sport, owing to the wretched travesties of it that have been seen within its borders, but a recognition of the true value of racing when honorably conducted must come in process of time.

The new Monmouth course, during the one season it has been given a chance to do so, afforded the strongest evidence of how fast and good it is for racing. At the present time four records made there hold good, three of

them being, at any rate, notable, while one has attracted world-wide attention. When Mr. J. B. Haggin consented to let his gallant son of Prince Charlie, himself the best "miler" of his day in the world, try his speed over a mile against old Father Time in August, 1890, few thought that Salvator, even with the advantages of the straight course, would succeed in making such a record as he did. That he would beat both Ten Broeck's long standing record of $1.39\frac{3}{4}$, and Racine's recently acquired one of $1.39\frac{1}{2}$, was thought possible if not probable, but that he would clip $4\frac{1}{4}$ seconds off the former on a course which undoubtedly was not at its best, by very nearly 2 seconds, seemed impossible. Nevertheless Salvator ran his mile in $1.35\frac{1}{2}$, and it will be marvelous if this feat is excelled in many years to come. Here also that very fast but jadish mare, Bella B., ran 7 furlongs in $1.23\frac{1}{2}$, a rate of speed which excelled by a minute fraction of a second that of Salvator; while Banquet beat Tournament at one mile and a quarter in $2.03\frac{3}{4}$. Perhaps still more convincing proof of the fastness of the course may be found in the fact that Raveloe, a very mediocre 3-year-old, ran a mile in $1.39\frac{1}{4}$ over the straight course, the best time ever made in an actual race.

When the first race was run over the long, straight course in 1890, the occasion was made use of for a frantic query as to how it was possible for any one, even with the aid of the strongest field-glasses, to see what was going on. Indeed, it was a rather heroic measure to ask people who had been objecting to races on straight six-furlong courses, on the ground of it being impossible to note the every movement of the various horses, to accept an arrangement by which they saw horses start at distances of a mile and upward away from them. That during the meeting considerable and deep-rooted antagonism was aroused there is no gainsaying, the daily press contributing far more than its fair share; but by the end of the Monmouth meeting this had begun to evaporate, and the public was learning to appreciate the advantages of truly run races. It was most unfortunate that the unique administration of New Jersey justice prohibited last year's meeting, for if racing had gone on as usual the lesson would have been fully learned by now. As it is,

it is still incomplete; but there is no need for apprehension lest in the long run the full advantages of these improved courses will not be understood. If arguments were needed to establish the case, the rule that the English Jockey Club has adopted, of refusing a license to any new race-course that has not a straight course of at least one mile, might be quoted, and would possess considerable weight. After all, nearly all our racing law and principles came originally from England, and there is nothing to be ashamed of in the fact that we can still at times pick up useful hints from the old country. Practical racing men appreciate this perhaps more fully than the race-going public. When the system of "classified" handicaps was first proposed, which has since met with but very slight approbation, I was not a little astonished at the reply made by an ultra-American trainer when asked his opinion of them: "Oh! there can't be anything in the idea," he said, "else they'd have tried it in England ages ago."

When in June, 1881, the Coney Island Jockey Club held its inaugural meeting, the day had not arrived for the necessity of providing what one may call palatial accommodations. The pretty race-course at Sheepshead Bay was fittingly equipped according to the then existing standard, and remains to-day the most picturesque of metropolitan race-courses. In 1890 it became evident that extensions must be made to the grand stand, though the course itself needed no alteration.

At Sheepshead Bay there is no "straightaway" of such magnificent proportions as that at Monmouth Park, but to this association belongs the honor of first providing a straight T. Y. C., though the Futurity course again is not absolutely straight, but has a slight elbow at the junction with the home-stretch of the main track. It was constructed subsequently to the opening of the course, and though, owing to the impossibility of securing sufficient land at the starting point so as to give a full 6 furlongs to the regular finish, there are some drawbacks to it, it has without doubt been of the greatest advantage, if only in setting a fashion in this direction. As a matter of fact, nearly all the races that would be at 6 furlongs if the length of the course permitted it without trouble, are "over the Futurity

course," *i. e.*, at a distance lacking 170 feet of the exact 6 furlongs. Some few races, among them the Futurity Stakes, have hitherto been run at precisely 6 furlongs, necessitating the use of a temporary judges' box placed the same number of feet beyond the regular finish.

The main track is a fine specimen of the comparatively old-fashioned pattern, being one mile and a furlong in circumference and of liberal dimensions, though not of the extreme roominess of the new style. A "chute" renders it possible for a mile to be run with but one pronounced turn. With the public, notwithstanding the disadvantages entailed by the most abominable train service under which, in common with all the other Long Island race-courses, it labors, it has always been a most popular track, though last season, for some reason which we will not attempt to fathom, the average of attendance fell off at both meetings, especially that in the spring. The delightful nature of the surroundings, which include a great variety of charms, glimpses of the great Atlantic, pretty timber, well-kept turf and flower-beds, and last but not least, during the warm days of summer, a pleasant sea breeze, no doubt accounts in a great measure for its popularity. But one feature which, alone of all American race-courses, it possesses has a special attractiveness; this is the grass course, of a circumference of one mile, lying within the main course. The events "on the turf," though few in proportion, invariably arouse keen interest and enthusiasm, and the wonder is that other racing associations do not copy this feature.

The question of "dirt" vs. "turf" courses is far too broad to permit of its discussion here, and it does not seem that any good end would be accomplished in doing so. Personally I do not believe that there would be any insurmountable difficulty in maintaining grass race-courses in proper order. It is done in Australasia, where the climatic conditions must be even more adverse, and this, though it is generally quoted as being so, may not be the real reason why the American racing public is so wedded to "dirt" tracks for general use. That the events "on the turf" at Sheepshead Bay are appreciated is the exception which proves the rule, and there is an

innate picturesqueness about racing on grass which is lacking in our usual style. To the foreigner who sees racing on "dirt" for the first time it amounts almost to a hideous eyesore; but the American race-goer is looking for "fast time," and there is no question which is the faster.

The new grand-stand at Sheepshead Bay, which was opened for the spring meeting of last season, was unfortunately not an entirely new structure, but an enlargement of the old one. The drawbacks to the present building are somewhat numerous. The extensions which were made at both ends had necessarily to be only of the same depth as the old stand. When it is considered that the new structure is 640 feet long, it can be readily imagined that the depth is not in proportion to the length. In the same way, the breadth of lawn which extends from the stand to the track looked ample enough under the former circumstances, but is now dwarfed by the length of the new edifice.

It is, however, somewhat ungrateful to grumble at the improvements, since the extended accommodation was very acceptable, especially in view of the fact that at Sheepshead Bay it is *en règle* to expect on at least two days as great, if not greater, crowds than any gathered on a metropolitan race-course during the season—*viz.*, on the days when the Suburban and Futurity are run. The alterations have made room even for the Suburban Day crowd, and that is saying a great deal. Luckily, in changing the location of and enlarging the saddling-paddock, the charm of the old one was not lost. The Sheepshead paddock, with its fine turf and trees, was always one of the pleasantest features of the place. The course has always been fast, though, since the new Monmouth and Morris Parks have come into existence, many of its honors have passed away, especially the records for shorter distances. How fast a track it is may be inferred from the fact that Badge, a good but not first-class race-horse, twice ran a mile in 1.40 here in 1889. Tristan holds the record for $1\frac{3}{8}$ miles in $2.00\frac{1}{2}$, made here, and the best time for 1 mile and 2 furlongs ever made on an oval course was the 2.05 in which Salvator ran the distance on the occasion of his memorable match with Tenny in 1890, while the record for one

mile and a half was made by Salvatore's stable companion, that grand little mare, Firenzi, when in 1890 she won the Coney Island cup in 2.33. At the longer distances, which are so little affected now, two records were made here—viz., Enigma, 1 mile and 7 furlongs in 3.20, and the famous gelding, Drake Carter, 3 miles in 5.24.

Of the Brooklyn Jockey Club's race-course at Gravesend, though this is reckoned among the four leading Eastern associations, little need be said, inasmuch as no effort has been made to keep it in line with the others, so far as either the course itself or the accommodations are concerned. As it was when the Dwyer Brothers first saw that in the holding of stock in and the management of a race-course there was even more money than in a racing stable, so it is to-day, with but very few and trifling exceptions. In justice it must be said that the situation of the grounds, bounded as they are on all sides by public thoroughfares, absolutely prohibits any extension beyond its present limits. Perhaps it would, therefore, be but a waste of good money to attempt to improve it as it stands. Still the fact remains that neither the plain, narrow, oval track, one mile in circumference, with difficult turns, nor the grand stand, is on a par with what the public has a right to demand in these days. Such tracks cannot be expected to produce anything like the class of racing to be seen on the improved kind. In sprinting events, especially among two-year olds, a really true-run race is here virtually an utter impossibility on account of the turns, while to start such fields of horses as are constantly seen at the post nowadays in the confined space is a task worthy of Hercules himself. Even in the longer races the most confirmed *laudator temporis acti* that prates of the comfort of a race-course where the horses are always so close to the spectators that the naked eye requires no aid in discerning their movements, cannot affirm that the running is one-half so true as on courses of the approved fashion. With the immense spread of racing has come a gradual understanding of this point, which clearly indicates that the days for one-mile tracks are gone.

That the Dwyer Brothers and others financially interested in the Brooklyn Jockey Club will be content to let their

association go to the wall, and let slip their valuable franchise—as must inevitably be the case in the long run unless the place is brought up to the requirements of the modern standard—is highly improbable. One may expect at any time to hear that some other site has been selected to which the association will transfer itself. Not a few were of the opinion that the foundation of the New Jersey Jockey Club and the construction of its track near Elizabeth had a considerable bearing on this subject, and such opinions may eventually prove to have been well founded, provided measures are passed in the State of New Jersey to insure the proper legal protection of the sport when fittingly conducted. Should no change be made, despite the undoubted and apparently attached *clientele* that the Dwyers have, the Gravesend meetings must dwindle to mere shadows of their former selves. As matters stand, Gravesend has come to be regarded chiefly as a safe and desirable training-ground; while as a further proof of its complete unfitness for the home of a leading racing corporation, the fact may be cited that no single record of the present day was made there.

In order to show with the greatest readiness the proportionate division of the money that the various associations add to stake events in the course of a season, I have prepared the three tables which are appended, from the records of 1891. These take no account of the sums added to overnight races, which vary from \$1,500, in some few cases, to the regulation \$1,000. The number of overnight races averages nearly five a day throughout the season of five months, so that it will be seen that this alone means a very large sum. The non-racegoing reader must not suppose that the "added money" is the entire amount that a stake is worth, for, in addition to this, which comes directly from the pocket of the association, owners race for each other's money. To take an instance at random, the Hickory Stakes at Morris Park was worth to the winner last year \$18,020, to the second horse \$2,000, and \$1,000 to the third, of which amount the association "added" \$10,000, the balance coming out of the pockets of those who made entries for the event.

The tables do, however, show the



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SALVATOR.

amounts contributed by the associations and the consideration shown to the different ages of horses. The figures are taken from the actual returns of last year's racing, and though there is an evergrowing tendency to increase the value of the stakes, there will be no very material difference during the coming season.

Table I. shows the number of stakes given by the different associations, and how many of them are for two-year-olds, three-year-olds and all ages, also indicating the amounts of the added money, and including events of which the gross value is guaranteed to be so much by the associations on whose course they are run.

Table II. shows how the horses of various ages fare at the hands of the respective associations, as well as the totals of added money given, exclusive of the guaranteed stakes, which require a word to themselves.

RACE-COURSE.		No. of Stakes.	Two-year-olds.	Three-year-olds.	All Ages.	\$1,000 Added.	\$1,250 Added.	\$1,350 Added.	\$1,500 Added.	\$1,750 Added.	\$2,000 Added.	\$2,500 Added.	\$3,000 Added.	\$3,500 Added.	\$5,000 Added.	\$10,000 Added.	\$12,500 Added.	\$5,000 Guaranteed.	\$10,000 Guarant'd.	\$15,000 Guarant'd.	\$20,000 Guarant'd.
Monmouth Park	.	53*	20	16	17	4	—	—	30	3	3	7	—	—	3	3	—	—	—	—	—
Sheepshead Bay	.	24	10	7	8	2	5	2	8	2	2	2	—	—	1	2	—	—	—	—	—
Morris Park	.	32	13	6	13	2	8	1	12	2	—	3	3	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Gravesend	.	24	9	8	7	—	9	—	6	—	5	1	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Gravesend	.	19	11	6	2	—	6	—	4	—	3	2	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Gravesend	.	20	8	5	7	—	6	—	6	—	1	2	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Gravesend	.	16	5	5	6	—	5	—	7	—	1	2	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Gravesend	.	188	76	53	59	8	30	3	73	7	15	16	4	—	8	7	—	—	—	—	—
Gravesend	.	598	200	150	248	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—

* Exclusive of match between Longstreet and Tenny, to which \$2,500 was added.
 † Including the Maturity Handicap for four-year-olds.
 ‡ Dagonet won both divisions of the Sea and Sound Stakes, so \$1,000 extra was added.
 § Including races for three-year-olds and upward and two-year-olds and upward.

TABLE II.

RACE-COURSE.	Amount Added to Two-year-old Events.	Amount Added to Three-year-old Events.	Amount Added to All-Aged Events.	Total Added Money.
Monmouth Park	\$43,500	\$48,000	\$31,250	\$122,750
Sheepshead Bay	55,200	29,250	30,350	114,800
Morris Park	41,500	34,750	17,500	93,750
Gravesend	18,500	15,500	25,250	59,250
	\$158,700	\$127,500	\$104,350	\$390,550

Table III. further indicates the division of the money among the various ages.

TABLE III.

ADDED MONEY.	TWO-YEAR-OLDS.			THREE-YEAR-OLDS.			ALL AGES.		
	Added	Guaranteed	Total	Added	Guaranteed	Total	Added	Guaranteed	Total
Added money, \$12,500	—	—	1	—	—	1	—	—	1
" " 10,000	3	—	3	4	—	4	—	—	4
" " 5,000	1	—	1	1	—	1	—	—	1
" " 3,500	1	—	1	1	—	1	—	—	1
" " 3,500	1	—	1	1	—	1	—	—	1
" " 2,500	5	—	5	2	—	2	—	—	2
" " 2,000	2	—	2	2	—	2	—	—	2
" " 1,750	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
" " 1,500	—	—	—	33	—	33	21	—	19
" " 1,350	—	—	—	2	—	2	8	—	10
" " 1,250	—	—	—	20	—	20	8	—	11
" " 1,000	—	—	—	1	—	1	2	—	5
Stakes guaranteed worth \$20,000	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
" " " 15,000	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
" " " 10,000	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
" " " 5,000	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
	76	—	76	53	—	53	—	—	59

The guaranteed stakes, six altogether in number, require some explanation to show how great an actual expense they entail. In some cases the amount disbursed is heavy, yet it is possible that an association may actually be in pocket over them. The Monmouth Park Racing Association has never adopted them, in

TABLE I.

this, as in other matters, adhering to what may, without disparagement to others, be described as "straight-up-and-down business." The Brooklyn Jockey Club gives two, each last season guaranteed at \$20,000, these being the Brooklyn Jockey Club Handicap, which opens the legitimate season, and the Great American Stakes for two-year-olds. The expense of these two events to the club last year was about \$16,000. In the latter the total amount paid in forfeits, starting-money, etc., was about \$14,900, and in the handicap some \$9,100. In the White Plains Handicap, the one event which the New York Jockey Club guaranteed to be worth \$10,000, the amount that remained to be added was about \$3,150. The Coney Island Jockey Club has three such races—the Suburban Handicap, last season guaranteed worth \$15,000, and the two sections of the Double Event, each \$5,000. The Suburban cost the club nearly, if not quite, \$11,000, but in the Double Event the expense, if any existed, must have been small. It will be seen that the money added in these stakes increases the total amounts added by the associations to some extent, though that is not included except in the first table. Thus the Brooklyn Jockey Club might be credited with adding about \$5,100 more to two-year-old events, and about \$10,900 more to all-aged events; the Coney Island Jockey Club, with \$11,000 more to all-aged events, which, by the by, would bring its added money to a greater total than that of the Monmouth Park Racing Association; and the New York Jockey

Club, with about \$3,150 more to two-year-old events.

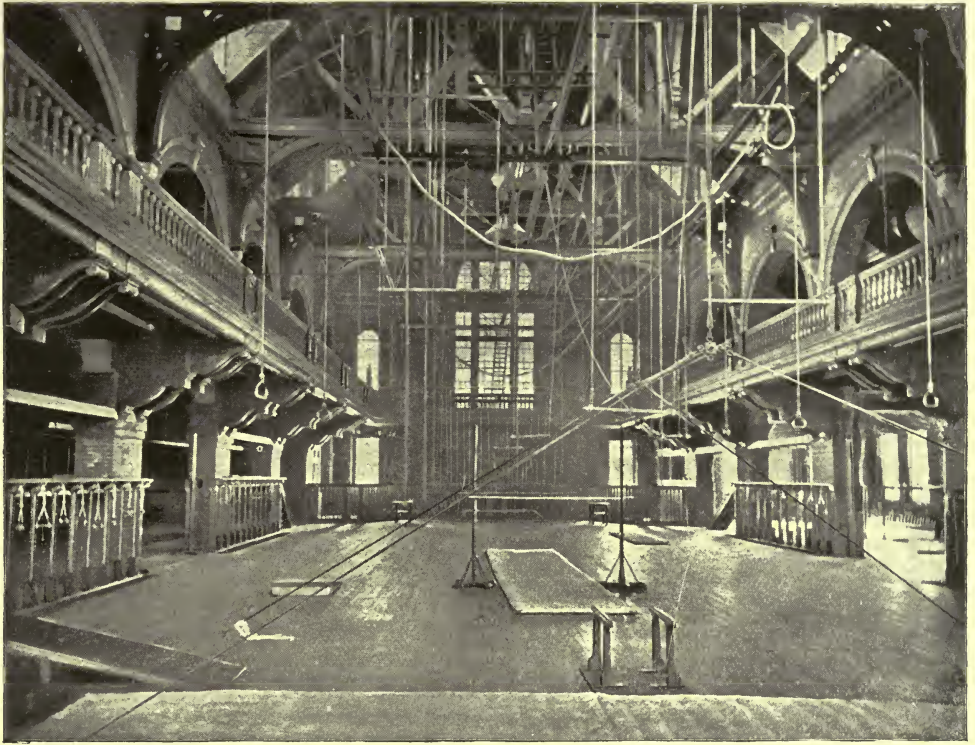
In other particulars the tables tell their own story, and afford some rather interesting information as to the various policies pursued.

It was not, of course, to be expected, in view of the vigorous growth that our turf has manifested during late years, that there would not be some additions to the stakes for the present year as compared with those of last season. Of these the most important are found in the two great Spring handicaps of the Brooklyn and Coney Island Jockey Clubs, of which the gross values are raised to \$25,000 apiece, while the latter club now makes the Bridge Handicap, for three-year-olds, worth \$20,000.

With this slight sketch of a great subject we must rest content, omitting mention of many corporations that work in the best interests of the sport to the extent of their ability. One advantage ensues—that we are also enabled to pass over other bodies that present but a travesty of the real thing. The most important point, however, is that racing has taken a firm hold on the American people as a national sport. Happily, despite that growth of "professionalism" to which allusion was made in a former article, the right element continues to enter the ranks of our owners and breeders. Racing is still in its babyhood, but it is a big, healthy youngster who, though he will need much correction before he can fitly recognize the way he should go, gives glorious promise of future achievements.

(The Monmouth difficulty has been happily settled, and the course will be open this year.—ED.)





HEMMENWAY GYMNASIUM.

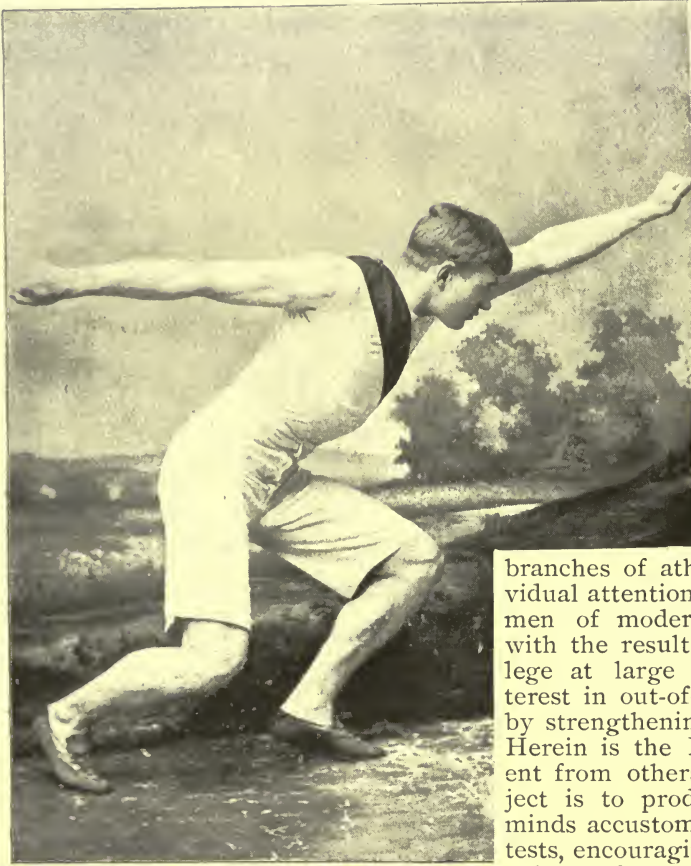
THE TRAINING OF THE HARVARD INTERCOLLEGIATE TEAM OF 1891.

BY JOHN CORBIN.



IN a year's athletic training at Harvard there are, roughly speaking, four stages, at each of which the work varies and assumes new features. From the time college opens till Winter shuts in is a period of informal preliminary field exercise, intended partly, indeed, to keep the athletes of the previous year in trim, but chiefly to break in new men. The second period begins after the Christmas recess, toward the middle of January, when the candidates for the intercollegiate team register with the captain and give themselves over to a routine of indoor Winter work in which the exercises are as regular and

the attendance as closely watched as in the college courses. Next, in the early Spring, as soon as the cinder track is dried out and the east wind tempered to the half-naked colts, out-door work begins for novices and veterans alike. During this period, by a series of trials and races ending with the 'Varsity Scratch Meeting about the first of May, the sifting process takes place which determines the composition of the intercollegiate team of the year. Then comes the fourth and last stage of all. During the month of May the unsuccessful candidates fade from prominence, and the instructor's efforts are given individually to the thirty-odd chosen men who are to win the cup, or lose it, before the first of June. Thus, it will be observed, training of some sort or other is kept up throughout the col-



A. H. GREEN,
In starting position.

lege year, with the exception of the weeks from the shutting in of Winter to the middle of January.

The direct objects of the first or Fall period are three: (1), to afford the new men such light field exercise as shall bring in play the proper muscles, developing them and making them subservient to the will of the athlete; (2), to accustom each man in the track events to running under the stop-watch, so as to cultivate the sense of pace—valuable in a quarter mile and indispensable to one who would run the longer distances with judgment; and (3), to accustom new men to races and to contests in order to overcome that excitability and nervous exhaustion which waste away an inexperienced athlete's vitality even before he comes upon the field. As the work is done in the presence of the older athletes, it tends also to give the novice confidence by en-

abling him to measure himself against the men of known standing in each event. This Fall period culminates in the Freshmen Games, open only to members of the lowest class, and in the 'Varsity Handicap Meeting, where—as the handicaps are made out by Mr. Lathrop, the instructor, on the basis of the previous performances under his supervision—opportunity is given to all men who have trained faithfully to win the association cups. Thus, as in all

branches of athletics at Harvard, individual attention is given for a period to men of moderate or untried ability, with the result of creating in the college at large a healthy personal interest in out-of-door sports, and thereby strengthening the university teams. Herein is the Harvard method different from others—that its essential object is to produce sound bodies and minds accustomed to races and to contests, encouraging intercollegiate sports only so far as they are necessary to keep up a general participation in physical exercise.

Of course a system of such thorough and universal training can exist at its best only where the athletic fields lie adjacent to the dormitories. It could scarcely flourish at Yale, for instance, where the fields are accessible only at certain periods of the afternoon and by means of barges. It is not overstepping the bounds of truth to say that a runner at Harvard can do his day's practice and return to his studies in the time it takes the Yale men to make their journey to and from their athletic field, and it is only strange that there are not fewer track and field athletes in New Haven. In another way, also, Harvard is fortunate in having the athletic interest concentrated so near the college. A single instance will illustrate what I mean. One day in the Fall, as one of the guards of the football eleven was crossing Holmes' Field to practice with the eleven on Jarvis', he picked up the ham-



Pach Bros, Photographers.

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THE HARVARD INTERCOLLEGIATE ATHLETIC TEAM OF 1891.



FINLAY PUTTING THE SHOT.

mer that the Mott Haven men were throwing in practice, and, in a spirit of fun, flung it across the sod. His throw measured eighty feet, and it was evident that he was material for the team. Proper training made of Finlay a world's record-breaker, and in both the Yale-Harvard and the intercollegiate games he brought ten points to Harvard. Had it not

been for this accident, due to fortunate facilities and methods in training, it is quite possible that Finlay's power would never have been developed.

When Winter sets in and ends out-of-door training, all regular exercise is given up until after the Christmas recess. Then the captain issues a call in the college papers, and the candidates assemble. In 1891 no less than 149 men registered and began daily work in the gymnasium. And this number, though the largest then on record, was by no means anomalous. The following figures will illustrate how uniform and rapid has been the increase of participation in athletics at Harvard. In 1889 there were 75 candidates for the team ;

in 1890, 115 ; in 1891, 149, and in 1892, 216 candidates. It is plain that such numbers could not be handled together, even if it were possible to get them all from their lectures at the same hour. Daily exercise was therefore carried on in three divisions—at 11, at 12 and at 4, of which the one at 4 was by far the largest. A man could train with any of these divisions as his studies permitted.

The daily work consisted of pulley-weights, hurdling a single bar, dumbbells, "starting," and, finally, a practice run. These exercises were arranged so as to bring in play the body and leg muscles alternately, as may be observed in the following account. The work at the weights was led by some experienced member of the team, and in the



START FOR THE HURDLES.

4 o'clock squad by Captain Moën. It consisted of a series of motions with 2- to 5-pound weights, varied so as to exercise successively the muscles of the arms, trunk, and back. These motions were calculated to produce strength of muscle rather than agility. The work was sharp, but not severe, and before anything like exhaustion set in, the

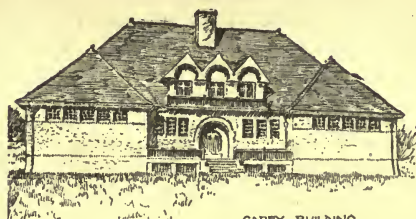


THE THREE-MILE WALK.

R. S. Hale making Harvard three-mile record.

squad was ordered to the jumping exercise. This consisted of hurdling a bar with a run of twenty yards, the bar being slowly raised to about the height of a high hurdle. Next came the wooden dumb-bells. These brought in play the same muscles as the pulley-weights, but the exercise was adapted to train the nerves to agility rather than to strength.

The most interesting exercise, and the one most anticipated by the men, was the "starting" in the baseball cage. This practice is very important, especially to the sprinter for, as the saying goes, a good start is the race half-won. Every division was separated into squads of six, which ran successive heats of about ten yards. The winner of each heat was announced, and after four starts for each squad came a heat of "semi-finals" among the dozen or so preliminary heat-winners. The first and seconds in these "semi-finals" went into the final heat, and so each day had its champion "starter." The value of this practice can hardly be overestimated. It trains the men to a spirit of competition and friendly rivalry, enlivens the otherwise dull work of training, and gives each runner firmness and courage on the scratch, where unsteadiness is so often the cause of being seriously handicapped. As for excellence in starting, it is by no means an indication of sprinting power. Of those men who were most often champions of the day—Green, Bloss and Hawes—only the last is a sprinter of note in the one hundred and two-twenty yard races. It is an interesting question and a very suggestive one, wherein lies the power of the starter. One answer is that starting requires strength. But a quick start is practically nothing but a succession of leaps accomplished as soon as possible after the pistol-shot. It therefore seems more plausible that, in addition to mere strength, a high degree of muscular spring, combined with quickness of mind and absolute control of the muscles, is requisite. This supposition finds confirmation in the fact that Green and Bloss are jumpers, not properly sprinters at all. It is not necessary to discuss at length the virtues of the different styles of starting. It is worth remarking, however, that neither of the much-championed styles prevails at Harvard.



CAREY BUILDING

In the place of the standing start, the "down start," or crouching start, was largely used, and with good results.

As soon as "starting in the cage" was over, the final exercise of the day, the practice run, was in order. Out-of-door work at Harvard is kept up to a certain extent all Winter. The means of doing so is due to the ingenuity of Mr. Lathrop, the instructor in athletics. At the side of the gymnasium, running down to the Jefferson Physical Laboratory, is a wide board-walk, 150 yards in length, which is kept clear of snow and ice by the college plows. At each end of this Mr. Lathrop constructed a loop so that the walk made a six-lap track somewhat in the style of the new kite-shaped race-courses. The runners are provided with short spikes in the soles of their shoes to take the turns without slipping. These also are an invention of the Harvard instructor's. At the end of each day's work the sprinters dashed down the seventy yards straight away, often under the stop-watch, after which the distance-runners took a few rounds of the whole track, going a quarter or a half mile, as directed. It not infrequently happened that an ambitious runner, bare-legged and with body thinly clad, would try to take the loops too quickly, and go sprawling into a snowbank or into puddles of water; but no serious accidents occurred.

During this Winter period the work was not calculated directly to fit the men for the Yale-Harvard games in the Spring, where of necessity only a small part of the athletes could compete, but the object was rather the open handicap games in Boston, where all men training steadily might possibly prove winners. Thus many men of moderate ability were kept interested in training, and in a few instances material for the team was unexpectedly developed.

With the opening of Spring the third stage of training began. By this time the number of men on the captain's books was reduced to 115. The crowded gymnasium and the treacherous board-walk were abandoned for the cinder track and the open field, and everybody rejoiced to be free again. Hitherto the hurdlers and broad jumpers had been able to practice very little, if at all, and the high jumpers only from the hard oak floor. It had, of course, been impossible to work with the hammer. But now each man was free to do his best to the best advantage, and all indoor work was abandoned. The enlivening influence of Spring is not to the athlete a mere myth of the poet. It thaws out his blood and supple his muscles for faster runs and better jumps. He loves it as a friend, for he is able to give up the dark monotony of the gymnasium and to exercise in the sunlight of the track, the baseball field or upon the river.

With the intercollegiate team all thoughts now turned toward the Yale-Harvard games of May 16. A period followed of internal rivalry and strife—good-natured, it is true, but none the less earnest, to determine what men should represent Harvard in the games, for the 'Varsity Scratch Meeting was at hand, which was to be the last competitive trial. On the track the work of this period varied from day to day, so that no man ran in his special distance oftener than once a week, and trials of speed were even rarer. For instance, a quarter-mile man would run 220 yards one day to train for sprinting power, and the next he would run 500 yards to cultivate endurance; and in the field events the training was no less careful. Great pains were taken everywhere to make the work gradual, with as few severe tests as possible, so that, when the height of training was reached, every part of the body was so strong and sound as to be incapable of rupture or strain, even in the fiercest competition. In the 'Varsity Scratch Meeting the wisdom of this policy of gradual training was manifest. In more than one instance new men found themselves vastly more able than they had ever hoped to be, distancing even veteran athletes. For instance: In the class games two or three days previous to this meeting

but two men entered one of the half-mile events. The race was won by a shoulder's breadth in 2 minutes and 10 seconds. In the 'Varsity Meeting the loser in this race won his event against a field of six, making the distance in 2 minutes 2 $\frac{3}{4}$ seconds. The simple fact is that the stimulus of general competition developed his real strength, of which he had previously been unconscious, and brought down his time 7 $\frac{3}{4}$ seconds, which is equal to about 50 yards in a race.

On the Monday following the 'Varsity Games the team was selected from the winners, twenty-two going immediately to the training-table, the other ten being taken in from time to time; and the last stage of training was begun. For the next month the bills of fare were made out daily by the instructor. With the exception of soups, pastries and rich desserts, the food was about what is served on any table. Everything was abundant and of the very best quality and cooking. It gives but an inadequate impression of the excellence of the food to relate that it cost the university eight to ten dollars a week for each man. To those who have ever broken training it may be more significant that, after the first week of freedom, most of the men would have gladly given up the flesh-pots for another month of such fare. Indeed, the effect of proper diet on a healthy body is oftenest to destroy all cravings for indigestibles, and even to create a distaste for the so-called table luxuries.

During the following fortnight work was continued much as usual. As the days passed, the resources of the team became more and more evident. Finlay began to show championship form with the hammer; Hale was making astonishing time in the mile walk, and Fearing in the hurdles; and, though he was not in form for the high jump, both ankles being weak, still there was no one whom he need fear. One morning Wright ran a quarter in 50 seconds even, and repeated in the half, doing it easily in 2 minutes and 2 seconds. Such a performance was never seen on Holmes' Field, except in the time of the champion Downs, whom Wright very much resembles in style and speed.

Every scientific trainer recognizes that there is a point in physical training where the athlete reaches the summit

of his powers. After this a decline almost inevitably sets in, and he becomes over-trained. In the following two weeks it was Mr. Lathrop's care to see that all the men should reach this climax together on the day of the Yale-Harvard contest. In some of the track events, and in most of the field events, notably in the hammer, shot and high jump, work ceased as

soon as the men were thought to have attained their maximum form—in some cases a week or more before the contests. Following is a detailed score of the games. Though they were held during a series of drenching showers, it will be seen that the records were uniformly good. A first counts five points; a second, two; and a third, one point:

Event.	Harvard.	Yale.	Winner.	Time, height, distance, etc.
One hundred and twenty yards' hurdle,	2	6	Williams, Y.	16 sec.
Throwing the hammer,	7	1	Finlay, H. §	108 ft. 5 in.
One hundred yards' dash,	5	3	Hawes, H.	10 3-5 sec.
Two-mile bicycle race,	8	0	Taylor, H.	6 m. 14 sec.
Mile walk,	3	0	Hale, H.	7 m. 14 2-5 sec.
Quarter-mile run,	7	1	Wright, H.	52 sec.
Mile run,	6	2	Nichols, H.	4 m. 35 4-5 sec.
Two hundred and twenty yards' hurdle,	7	1	Lee, H.	25 2-5 sec.
Two hundred and twenty yards' dash,	8	0	Cook, H.	22 2-5 sec.
Half-mile run,	6	2	White, H.	2 m. 1 3-5 sec.
Pole vault,	4*	4*	Finlay, H.	9 ft. 6 in.
Putting shot,	6	2	Williams, Y.	40 ft.
Running broad jump,	3	5	Green, H. †	21 ft. 1 in.
Running high jump,	8	0		5 ft. 9 in.
	85	27		

* Four men were tie for first place—two from Harvard and two from Yale.
 † Peering and Green were tie. Green won the toss.
 § Making the world's record.

Harvard thus won 11 1/2 firsts, 9 1/2 seconds and 8 third prizes. Yale won 2 1/2 firsts, 4 1/2 seconds and 6 third prizes.

The team had been in strict training now for some time, and after this meeting the utmost care and caution were necessary to insure good physical condition for the intercollegiate games. During the two remaining weeks greater range was given in diet, soup and ice-cream being occasionally permitted, and the daily work was much less severe. Occasionally the mile men would run a quarter, the half and quarter men twenties, and the two-twenty men make their distance in thirty seconds or so. If trial races were run, it was in order afterward for each man to have his pint of ale at dinner. In such ways the men were prevented from getting fine, and by the intercollegiates were again in good condition. If they failed to do as well as was expected of them, this was owing to bad luck and a neglect of opportunity rather than lack of ability. J. P. Lee, having just broken his own world's record on the hurdle by almost half a second, chose to try the two-twenty flat, leaving the other event to his old rival, Williams, of Yale. Although he ran a good race, he was beaten easily by Cary, who made the marvelous time of 21 1/4 seconds, equaling the world's record. This experiment on

Lee's part was the more disastrous, as it shut out Cook certainly from a third and probably from a second in the event. And it also may be remarked that had Lee gone into the hurdles, Princeton, instead of Yale, would in all probability have got second place in the final score. In the final heat of the quarter Wright was so unfortunate as to be placed on the extreme outside of the track, while Shattuck, the winner of the event, had the pole. This difference of position alone is equal to about 15 yards in the race, and, considering all misfortunes, it is not strange that he was beaten. In the mile walk a sure first was lost by the judge's disqualification of Hale. However, Harvard was unusually fortunate in the field events. Sherwin's performances in the pole vault and high jump, and Green's work in the broad jump, could scarcely have been expected. With the good fortune of May 16th Harvard's score might have reached sixty points, but this was not to be; and, take it all in all, the team had very little to regret. From the score given at the top of next page it seems probable that the Harvard team at this time was the best ever put in the field by an American university.

It will be seen that Harvard made as many points as Yale and Princeton together. The score was the greatest,

Event.	Harvard.	Yale.	Princeton.	Columbia.	Amherst.	Winner.	Time, height, distance, etc.
100 yards' dash	—	—	3	—	—	Cary, P.	10 sec.†
120 yards' hurdle	—	6	—	2	—	Williams, Y.	15 4-5 sec.
Mile run	6	—	2	—	—	Carr, H.	4 m. 34 2-5 sec.
Mile walk	1	—	2	5	—	Collis, C.	7 m. 5 1-5 sec.†
Quarter-mile run	2	—	—	1	5	Shattuck, A.	49 1-2 sec.†
220 yards' hurdle*	2	5	—	—	—	Williams, Y.	25 1-5 sec.†
Two-mile bicycle	8	—	—	—	—	Taylor, H.	6 m. 13 3-5 sec.
Half-mile run	—	5	2	1	—	Wright, Y.	1 m. 59 1-5 sec.
220 yards' dash	2	—	6	—	—	Cary, P.	21 4-5 sec.§
Throwing the hammer	7	—	1	—	—	Finlay, H.	107 ft. 7 1-2 in.†
Pole vault*	2	5	—	—	—	Ryder, Y.	10 ft. 9 3-4 in.†
Running high jump	8	—	—	—	—	Fearing, H.	6 ft.†
Putting shot	5	2	—	—	1	Finlay, H.	39 ft. 6 3-4 in.
Tug-of-war	—	2	—	5	—	Columbia.	
Running broad jump	3	—	—	5	—	Mapes, C.	22 ft. 11 1-4 in.†
	46	25	21	19	6		

* Swarthmore took one point in the pole vault, and Cornell one in the 220 yards' hurdle. No third prize was given in the tug-of-war. Harvard refused to enter a team in this event on the ground that the strain is so severe as to be injurious, and that the sport should, therefore, be abolished. This event was stricken from the programme at the annual meeting of the Intercollegiate Association last February.
 † Intercollegiate record. ‡ World's record. § Equaling world's record.

with the exception of that made by Harvard in 1888, ever made in the intercollegiate games, and never before were the events so hotly contested or so successful. How wonderful were the performances, and how uniformly hard-fought, may be seen in the fact that out of the fourteen events, the inter-

collegiate records were broken in ten. The world's record in the 220 yards' dash was equaled, and that in the 120 yards' hurdle race broken. It will be years before Harvard sees another such team, and, without doubt, such a day of record-breaking can never come again.

A RUSTIC CONVERT.

"You kan't ketch nothin' with them thar things,
 With yarn fer bodies an' feathers fer wings.
 You must think trout is terrible fools
 Ter be ketched with such outlandish tools."

"An' look at that pole—why, that won't do;
 A good, big trout would bust it in two,
 An' never think nothin' ov what he did,
 As quick as lightnin' away he slid."

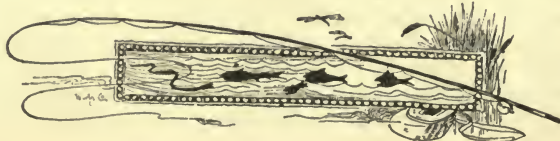
"Well, I'll be durn, you can shoot me dead
 Ef here ain't a windlass filled with thread,
 An' ther littlest sort ov thread at that—
 Why, man, that wouldn't hold a gnat!"

"You'll find a good place over here,
 Under ther rapids deep an' clear.
 You'd better take worms an' er hick'ry pole,
 Or you won't ketch nothin', 'pon my soul!"

* * * * *

Sixteen beauties, speckled bright,
 The basket bore ere the fall of night.
 He counted them o'er on the bank of fern,
 And all that he said was, "Wa'al—I'll be durn!"

J. T. RICHARDS.

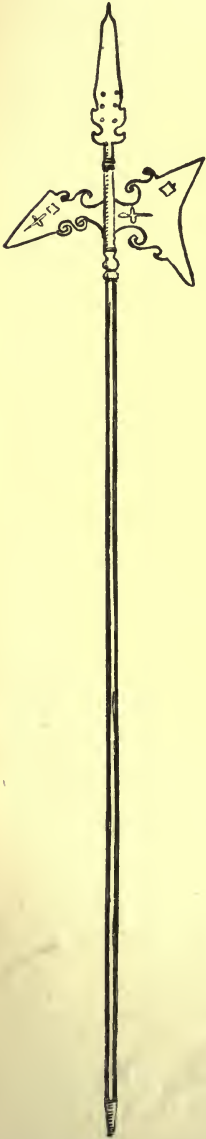




THE MARYLAND NATIONAL GUARD.

BY HANSON HISS.

FIRST PAPER.



FROM the period, in 1634, when Leonard Calvert, with his train of well-born adventurers, landed on the shores of the Potomac, at St. Marys, and in the name of Charles the First assumed possession of his grant, to the present time, the people of the Old Terrapin State have been of an intensely martial nature, and in five bloody wars, exclusive of innumerable battles with the Indians, have shown the iron in their souls to be of no mean quality. The continuity of their love for military display and the pomp and glory of war have been preserved for nearly two hundred years. A writer of merit asserts that since the year 1700 every section of the colony or State, no matter how sparsely populated or remote from the legislative halls at Annapolis, has maintained a military company of more than local fame. Some were noted for the remarkable accuracy of their shots, some for their endurance while on the march, others for their deftness in executing the manual of arms, and each preserved some distinctive characteristic of which the people are wont to boast even to the present day, and which has been handed down through many generations of crude militia companies, until their successors constitute the First Regiment and Second and Third Battalions of Infantry, and are embodied in the Maryland National Guard.

The charter granted Cecilius Calvert by the King was despotic in its character as regards military powers, and made him virtually a sovereign. The Lord Proprietor had the privilege of forcing any citizen within the colony into the militia and of making him do military duty. He could declare war, make peace, and pursue an enemy without the limits of the colony. When the palatinate became a State, many of these features were embodied in the constitution, and, in a modified form, are there to-day.

The march of Leonard Calvert with a small body of trained and uniformed musketeers against the insurgent inhabitants of Kent Island, in the Chesapeake Bay, in 1637, was one of the first distinctively military operations on the American continent. They prepared the affair in strict accord with the military usages of the time, as is shown in the Calvert papers recently discovered and published by the Maryland Historical Society. In true martial array, and under the orange and black banner of Maryland, they marched to the island, and after making a



OLD MARYLAND GUARD,
1860.

few arrests they marched back again. Two other events in Maryland's early military history were the expedition against Fuller and the execution by Major Trulman of several Susquehanna chiefs on the Potomac, in 1675, for alleged pillage. Major Trulman was afterwards impeached by the General Assembly for his action.

The earliest militia companies of which we have any authentic record were formed by the Maryland Assembly in 1659, which organized two regiments, officered by reputable citizens, for defense against the Indians. All males capable of bearing arms, between the ages of sixteen and sixty, were mustered in, and of these the ablest were enrolled in trained bands and drilled regularly by their respective officers. The two regiments varied in the number of their companies. The First was commanded by Jonas Fendal, Governor of the colony, its district extending from the Potomac to the Pautuxant. The Second was commanded by Colonel Nathaniel Utie, and guarded the territory extending from the coves of the Pautuxant to the Seven Mountains. Each company was given a specified district to guard with jealous care, its duty being to see that the peace of the settlement was neither disturbed by turbulent spirits from within nor by the red-skins lurking in the woods without.

Though Maryland was averse to taking part in the French and Indian war, and the General Assembly held aloof, in spite of the demands of England, Virginia's appeals for help and the remonstrances of the Governor, yet the people were forced to take up arms in self-defense. Col. George Washington's forces had been captured at Little Meadow by the French and Indians, who by murder and plunder had rendered desolate the western portion of the colony. Fort Duquesne was the enemy's base of supplies. To reduce this stronghold the General Assembly, on July 17, 1784, voted a supply of six thousand pounds, part of which was expended in aiding Virginia and encouraging the friendly Indians. The people organized companies of rangers and frontier guards, and erected a strong fort at Cumberland, then a frontier settlement. Governor Sharp, by royal commission, was made commander-in-chief of all the American forces. The Maryland troops through-

out the war fought with commendable valor and bravery.

The Maryland militia after this remained in an apparently comatose condition until the Battle of Lexington made war with the mother country no longer an uncertainty, and the magic word, independence, disturbed its long slumber and evoked the greatest activity throughout the colony in preparation for the impending war.

The General Assembly passed a law ordering all white male citizens between the ages of sixteen and fifty to be enrolled and organized into companies. They were drilled regularly by experienced officers, and were soon in readiness for any emergency. In addition to her quota of 20,636 men to the continental army, Maryland sent to Boston two companies of independent sharpshooters, under the command of Otho Holland Williams and Michael Cresap. These companies were from the fertile county of Frederick, and were made up of the bone and sinew of the western part of the State. Before starting for Boston the riflemen gave an exhibition of their skill with the rifle and tomahawk in the streets of Frederick. One man would hold an acorn between his thumb and forefinger and another would carry it away with a rifle bullet at a distance of thirty-five feet. An old narrator is responsible for the story that on this occasion they repeatedly cut in twain with a tomahawk an apple resting on the head of a man twenty feet distant. These men marched all the way to Boston, but, much to their chagrin, arrived too late to participate in the Battle of Bunker Hill. They were objects of the greatest curiosity in the North on account of their backwoods dress of buckskin trousers, hunting-shirts and moccasins, and the brilliant Indian paint on their faces.

News of the Battle of Bunker Hill did not reach Maryland until fifteen days after the action, and when the courier did arrive at Annapolis with the intelligence the news spread like wildfire. The minute-men swarmed together in thousands. The Maryland convention immediately formed a battalion of militia, and nominated Colonel Smallwood its commandant. This battalion consisted of seven independent companies of infantry, besides two batteries of artillery and one company of marines.

The Association of Freemen was formed July 24, 1776. Besides sustaining the action of Congress, the convention voted that forty companies of minute-men should be raised, and it mapped out in a comprehensive and far-reaching manner a complete military system, which subsequently proved a never-failing source of supply to the Maryland line engaged in defending their country, both in the northern and southern colonies.

It would be impossible, in the limited space at command, to give even a brief outline of the glorious record made by the Maryland volunteers in the War of the Revolution. As Dr. William Stand Browne, of the Johns University, truly says, "the history of Maryland's share in the War of Independence is the history of the war itself." No troops in the continental army rendered better service, endured more fatigue, or won greater glory than did the Marylanders. In proportion to their numbers, no body of men suffered more severely. Entering the war with two strong battalions, they were soon reduced to a single company. Again swelled to seven fine regiments, they were once more reduced by their losses to one small regiment, and before the campaign had well closed they were again recruited up to four battalions of more than 2,000 men.* When weighed in the balance they were never found wanting. General Washington once remarked, in the presence of La Fayette, that he could always place implicit confidence in the bravery and gallantry of the Maryland line. General Greene said "the Maryland troops can stand unlimited cutting." A peculiarity of the Maryland soldiers was their great faith in the power of the bayonet, and the deadly effect with which they used that weapon. They were the first body of men on the American continent to make a charge relying solely upon cold steel. When called upon to lead the Americans in a bayonet charge, they never faltered nor succumbed. At Long Island a fragment of a battalion shook with repeated charges a whole brigade of British regulars. At White Plains they held the advancing columns of the enemy at bay. At Harlaam Heights they drove the enemy from the ground with terrible slaughter. At Germantown they swept triumphantly through the enemy's camp far in advance of their own column.

* McSherry's "Maryland."

And at Cowpens and at Eutaw their serried ranks bore down all opposition with unloaded muskets. At Guilford and at Camden, though victory did not settle on their banners, they fought with a courage and heroism which won the admiration of their enemies.* Everywhere they used the bayonet with deadly effect. Watching their gallant charges at Long Island, Washington exclaimed, in the deepest anguish, "Good God! what brave fellows I must this day lose!" The use of this weapon has been a marked characteristic of the Maryland soldier ever since. Through the war of 1812, the Mexican war and the Rebellion the bayonet was almost their only weapon. The Fifth Maryland Regiment rendered itself justly famous in 1877, when it scattered the mob of Baltimore and Ohio rioters by a single bayonet charge, and without firing a shot.

After the ratification of a treaty of peace with Great Britain, the militia forces of Maryland fell into a state of innocuous desuetude.

Eight out of every ten companies disbanded, and the few that did continue as organizations met but seldom; so that when the war of 1812 burst upon the country, it found the State in a helpless condition. The Legislature had ignored the old adage, "In time of peace prepare for war." But very little fighting was done on Maryland soil, however, the principal battle being that of North Point, just on the outskirts of Baltimore. A short account of the engagement which took place at this point deserves a place in this sketch, owing to the fact that the American force was composed entirely of militia and volunteers who had never seen service before, or known the smell of gunpowder. They were men ignorant of the first principles of military drill and discipline. But one regiment was in uniform, and that was the Fifth. Barely a majority of them carried firearms, and many volunteers went into the fight armed with pitchforks, hatchets and axes. When the militia learned that General Ross, a distinguished soldier under Wellington in his peninsula campaign, with a strong force of 9,000 British regulars, after laying Washington under tribute and burning the public buildings, was advancing on Baltimore with sinister designs upon the city's treasury, they gallantly massed

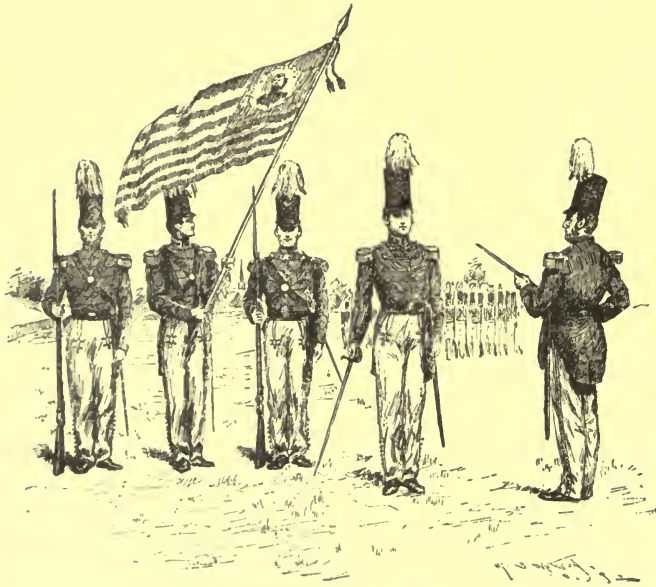
* McSherry's "Maryland."

themselves between the enemy and their homes. The entire force consisted of but 3,000 men, under command of General Stricker, divided as follows: Rifle battalion, under Major Pinkney; Baltimore Hussars and two companies of light dragoons, under Captains Horton and Boulden; Fifty-first Regiment, Colonel Amey; Thirty-ninth Regiment, Colonel Fowler; Twenty-seventh Regiment, Colonel Kennedy Long; Sixth Regiment, Colonel McDonald; Fifth Regiment, Colonel Sterrett; and Montgomery's artillery, under Lieutenant Stile.

Before the engagement the Independent Blues, under the command of

the intention of turning the right flank of their enemy—a plan which was successfully accomplished, though the line quickly reformed, and in an engagement lasting two hours the British were signally defeated, with a heavy loss in killed and wounded. The same evening the British ships were driven from the harbor by the guns in Fort McHenry. Francis Scott Key, a name dear to every Maryland heart, wrote the immortal lines of "Star Spangled Banner," based on this heroic deed.

Maryland has seldom been so strong in point of armed men as in 1824, when that splendid soldier and statesman, Marquis de la Fayette, visited Baltimore on his way to Virginia in October of that year. All of the State militia and even the school-children turned out to give him an old-fashioned Maryland welcome, and it is said the city of Baltimore on that occasion saw one of the most brilliant military pageants in its history. Besides a number of militia companies from that part of Virginia bordering on the Potomac, the following bodies of men, who had attained distinction in the war of 1812, were in line: Fifth Regiment Infantry of ten companies, First Regiment of Artillery with ten field batteries, four troops of



THE INDEPENDENT GRAYS—1835.

Captain Levering, the Mechanical volunteers and one company of sharpshooters, with Captains Howard and Asquith at their head, and all commanded by Major Heath, were sent forward to ascertain the position of the invading force. About two miles in front of the American line they met the main body of the British, and this small force of a few hundred raw, undisciplined volunteers charged 9,000 of the enemy, effectually stopped their passage, and throwing them into confusion, the first volley killing General Ross. The Americans then returned to their position in line. The British advanced and deployed in front of the force, inclining to the right with

Horse National Guards, Baltimore Hussars, DeKalb Cadets, Butchers' Troop, Infantry Light Dragoons, Fifty-second Regiment of Infantry, First Regiment of Riflemen, one battalion of the Second Regiment, and independent companies from York, Pa., Annapolis, Elkridge, Frederick, Prince Georges, and several troops of horse from the western counties.

One of the most famous regiments in Maryland's military history was the old Fifty-third, which was organized in Baltimore in 1835. At that time there were three independent companies, composed of the wealthiest and most aristocratic young men in the city, which formed



MAJ.-GEN. JOHN SUMMERFIELD BERRY,
Organizer of the Maryland National Guard.

the nucleus of the regiment. Of these three volunteer companies the most important was the Independent Grays, commanded by Captain—now General—James M. Anderson. The Grays were famous the country over for their proficiency in drill, *esprit de corps* and fine marching qualities. Their uniform was an exact pattern of that worn by the West Point cadets. Another splendid company was Captain James H. Milliken's Baltimore City Guards; their uniform was also gray. The third was the Washington Blues, commanded by Captain Grafton D. Spurrier. These three companies formed the first battalion of the regiment, which was commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Samuel D. Walker. The Bank of Maryland riots in 1843, when an armed mob threatened the life of the bank officers, and was only quelled by the Baltimore Independent Volunteers, a company of which little is known, proved a great boon to the Fifty-third Regiment.

The disturbances created a widespread interest in military affairs, and made the people realize the importance of a well-trained militia force. The outcome of this feeling was the organization of the following companies and their incorporation into the Fifty-third: The National Guards, Captain John Spear Nichols, whose uniform was dark green and presented a very handsome appearance. The Maryland Cadets, commanded by Augustus W. Newman; they wore a uniform of dark blue, similar to that of the United States army; and the German Jaegers, Captain Gustav Lurman; they also wore green, and were noted for their large attendance on all

company formations—a characteristic not peculiar to the Maryland National Guards of to-day. The last company was the Baltimore Invincibles, commanded by Captain Thomas Wheeden. They wore a tall bear-skin shako and the brilliant-red uniform faced with blue, similar in every respect to the uniform of the famous Coldstream Guards of the English army. Being now a full regiment and entitled to a complete line of field officers, the following gentlemen were appointed: Samuel D. Walker, colonel; John Spear Nicholas, lieutenant-colonel; Samuel Owings Hoffman, major, and Columbus Dunham, adjutant, with the rank of captain. At a later period, some of the companies having practically disbanded, the following independent commands were added to the regiment: National Blues, Captain Samuel Chestnut; Lafayette Guards, Captain Thomas P. Chiffelle—these wore a blue uniform, and were named in honor of the General; Montgomery Guards, commanded by Captain George P. Kane, and uniformed in green; National Grays, Captain Edward W. Salmon, and the Mount Vernon Guards, the latter in a handsome blue uniform. In 1860 the following independent companies were added to the command: Company C, Captain Harry Dorsey Gough Carroll; Company D, Captain William H. Murray, who eventually organized and commanded the famous body known as "Billy Murray's Company," and who was killed at Gettysburg in a Confederate charge; Company E, Captain Richard Conway, and Company F, Captain Woodville.

The regiment had its days of prosperity, and the reverse in 1851, when the Baltimore City Guards withdrew from the command and formed an in-



ADJT. GEN. H. KYD DOUGLAS,
In the Uniform of the First Maryland Regiment.



GENERAL JAMES M. ANDERSON,

At one time Captain of the Independent Grays and formerly Colonel of the Fifty-third Regiment.

dependent battalion of four companies. Both bodies were disbanded in 1861, when the Federal Government disarmed all the State militia. It is estimated that after the attack upon the Sixth Massachusetts Regiment, during its passage through the city on April 19th, 1861, eight-tenths of the members of the Fifty-third Regiment crossed the Potomac. The few that joined the Union Army attained high rank and became distinguished officers. The following-named gentlemen, many of whom won rank and fame on both sides during the Civil War, were the field officers of the regiment: Colonels: Samuel D. Walker,

John Spear Nicholas, Jacob G. Davies, James M. Anderson, Charles E. Egerton, Jr., J. Alden Weston and Charles W. Brush. Lieutenant-colonels: Samuel Owings Hoffman and Wm. A. Poor. Majors: James O. Law, James H. Miliken and Robert Hall.

The Maryland Guard, a fine organization, the name of which will never be forgotten, and which furnished much fighting material, was organized in 1860, and held its first public parade on October 19th of that year. It was composed of six companies—300 men—and was disbanded and deprived of its arms when the rest of the State militia suffered the same fate. The survivors of this battalion organized the Fifth Maryland Regiment in 1867.

How well the Maryland Volunteers fought on both sides during the Civil War abler pens than mine have already chronicled. They never turned a deaf ear to the appeals of either North or South, and whether fighting for State rights or National unity were an honor to their State and a credit to their cause. Though the vast majority of her fighting material was found in the ranks of General A. P. Hill's brigade, and later in the Maryland line, yet the State furnished many thousands of men to the Union Army.

To be continued.



ARTILLERY DETAIL.



FROM THE GERMAN OCEAN TO THE BLACK SEA.

Continued.

BY THOMAS STEVENS.

IT is difficult to conceive of river scenery more picturesque than the grotesque peaks and pinacles, pine-covered heights and precipitous cliffs that environ the Elbe as it winds its way through the region between Dresden and Aussig.

Nature here seems to have set the pattern for medieval castles, for it is not always easy to distinguish at a distance the handiwork of one from the other. One sees perched on some lofty crag what appears to be the well-preserved towers and bastions of an ancient stronghold; only to find, on closer observation, that the towers are solid sandstone, in the fashioning of which hammer and chisel played no part whatever.

Nowadays, indeed, man appears to be playing, artistically, a destructive rather than a contributive part to this charming region on the upper Elbe. Vast stone quarries are rapidly changing the face of the country. Few miles are

passed that do not reveal the gigantic vandalism of the age, in the form of long chutes leading down from the spoliated battlements, to the riverside, where fleets of barges await the plunder. At other points the river is half covered with rafts of timber from the Alpine forests.

We arrived late on Sunday evening, July 21st, at Aussig, in time to witness an amusing rencontre between a spruce young Bohemian corporal and an old German umbrella peddler. It was on the veranda of a restaurant. The military spark and several jovial companions were drinking beer from enormous cow-horns, when the peddler ventured in and endeavored to sell them of his wares. It was, forsooth, good umbrella weather; but the young soldier, flushed with beer and Czech patriotism, flew into a passion at the intrusion, and, springing up, confronted the peddler in a most abusive manner.



"NATURE SEEMS HERE TO HAVE SET THE PATTERN FOR MEDIEVAL CASTLES." (p. 155.)

The gallant old fellow stood his ground, however, and gave back oath for oath; and, what was more interesting to the spectators, excitedly drew an umbrella from his bundle, and presented guard in orthodox military style. The onlookers roared with laughter. The corporal was beside himself with rage; but finding the laugh and the sentiments of the crowd against him, hurled a volley of insults at the peddler's head and strode away into the darkness. The victor sent after him a shout full of mockery and derision; talked wildly for a few minutes anent the comparative swordsmanship of Germans and Czechs, then sat down to compose himself with a tankard of beer and a plate of bread and cheese, which the captain of the *Julia* had, in admiration of his prowess, ordered to be placed before him.

Regarding the temperament of the people, passing from Saxony into Bohemia is much like crossing over from England to Ireland. The population near the border is German and Czech, races between whom not much love is lost.

And now appeared on the horizon a German-Bohemian of a new and amusing type; a small man in a pair of enor-

mous hussar boots, and with a nose so exceedingly red that one might easily be excused for turning unwittingly to it to light a cigar. This man was a gentleman of leisure, in so far as he had no visible occupation beyond the profitless task of dragging about with him the heavy burden of his awful boots. This seemed to tax to their utmost the working capacity of such legs as he had; and by handicapping him in his movements reduced to a cipher any usefulness that might otherwise have been in him. On looking him over, one's first thought would be as to the excuse such an one might be able to offer for remaining alive. The reason, if given, would have been, "beer, schnaps and tobacco." This interesting gentleman early sought my acquaintance, and admitted to numbering among his accomplishments the genius of the poet. In proof thereof, he called my attention to a couplet that hung, neatly framed, against the wall of the *Gasthaus*:

"Grüß Gott, Grüß Gott, mit hellem Klang!
Heil deutschem Wort und Sang!"

He was the author of it, he said, a statement confirmed by others present. It was his contribution to the spirit of

bitterness and strife that keeps alive the race-hatred between the Deutsch and Czech elements of the Austrian Empire.

Though a poet, my friend was anything but proud; and, though the dragging weight of his boots caused him to sigh wearily at short intervals as he walked, so anxious was he to make himself useful in my service that a mile was not too far for him to walk to borrow a hammer, or bring a packet of tacks. Though it was painful to see him exert himself physically, this was more than compensated by the pleasure of seeing exemplified in his person the unutterable satisfaction a Bohemian poet gets out of beer and tobacco, if supplied to him in unlimited measure at another's expense.

The poet's idea of me, from a financial point of view, was simply stunning. He seemed to be on a familiar footing with half the people in Aussig. To these he explained that I was an enormously wealthy man who was traveling about in a private steamer. The people of Aussig were soon pointing me out to one another, with wonder and reverence.

Such men as the poet are not easily to be shaken off when they scent American gold; they stick closer than a brother. Hints are worse than useless, and kicks are accepted as special marks of favor. Such as he never get hanged or drowned, or die early. They usually marry a handsome, splendid woman, bring up a large family of helpless children—heaven alone knows how!—and live—heaven only knows why!—to a ripe old age. His idea of America was, a wild place where a man was very apt to get his throat cut. This was, perhaps, why he had never ventured west of Aussig, as his is a type of humans that place an enormous value on their personal safety.

The *Julia* was the most novel article of freight the railway authorities at Aussig had had anything to do with for many a day. The facilities for hoisting her out of the water and aboard the car were excellent, by reason of movable steam cranes and a walled embankment. But of all the dunder-headed workmen in the world commend me to a gang of Deutsch-Bohemian freight men. I happened to appear on the scene just in



"PRESENTING GUARD IN ORTHODOX MILITARY STYLE." (p. 156.)

time to prevent them hoisting the *Julia* with an enormous chain passed round her that would have damaged her slightly hull more in one minute than the entire river cruise across Europe.

At length, however, the *Julia* was resting securely in a crate of my own making, in an empty coal-car, billed for Linz, the nearest point on the Danube. My first impressions of the Bohemians were not improved by the extraordinary precautions against thievery that were insisted on by the railway officials ere they would accept the responsibility of forwarding the launch. Everything movable, even to the valves, steam-gauge and whistle, were required to be taken off and packed away, and the entire boat covered up and secured with tacks. Any movable article, they declared, would be stolen long before the boat reached its destination. I had, at the time, a better opinion of them than they had of themselves; but in the end I found they knew best, for when the *Julia* reached Linz, the cover had been slit open and my fishing-rod and several small articles purloined.

The Bohemians are brighter-witted than the Germans; but their brightness has a tendency to display itself in dark ways and vain tricks. Hotel and res-



AN UNUSUAL SPECTACLE. (p. 160.)

taurant employes in Germany are servile and expectant, but honest. The first gentleman of the same profession whose acquaintance I made across the Bohemian border, when handed a ten-florin note in payment of refreshments, returned, with Chesterfieldian grace and politeness, change for a note of half that denomination. "Oh, pardon!" said he in quick apology, as my actions showed him that I understood the size of the note I had given him. "Oh, pardon!" and his readiness in rectifying the mistake seemed a positive pleasure, which left no doubt in one's mind that it had been the merest mistake. But when waiter after waiter in Prague as well as in Aussig and other places, did the same thing, it early became apparent that it was one of the vain little ways of the Bohemian waiter.

A smack of the unspeakable East is discernible in the character of the Czech populations of Bohemia. And as the shadow of the Turk appears simultaneously with that vein of moral delinquency which betrays itself in commercial trickery, and which seems characteristic of all Christian peoples who have known the scourge of Moslem rule, the subject assumes real interest. It sets one to wondering whether the influences which inspired Greeks, Armenians and Bulgars to swindle the Turk commercially in revenge for blows and taxes, until honesty among these subject races became a rarity indeed, has not also slopped over and corrupted the Bohemian; or whether the trickery in them is innate.



OUR POET. (p. 156.)

At Linz, one is again, though in Austria, among Germans, in politics, temperament and habits. No longer was it necessary to keep one's wits preternaturally on the alert when changing gulden notes.

Days were spent at Linz awaiting the arrival of the *Julia*; pleasant days devoted largely to wandering about, camera in hand, in quest of interesting material. The center of attraction was the market-place. There was to be seen, every morning, scores of the queer teams composed of peasant-women and big work-dogs that so offend the American eye in Austria.

pomp and conservative pride of race, one of the saddest and commonest sights of the road are these two, literally harnessed together, toiling along with wagons loaded with country produce or city merchandise, sometimes with huge cans of milk.

The dogs always seemed to me to be pulling under protest, and out of fear of a cutting little whip which is ever in the woman's hand, hanging above them like the sword of Damocles. After stopping they usually bark excitedly when ordered to resume their task. The Austrian tells you this barking is for joy, and because they positively love to pull.



THE AUSTRIAN TELLS YOU THE DOG LOVES TO PULL.

Women and dogs! Why are these two, the only two of God's creations that are capable of giving themselves, entirely and unreservedly, body and soul, over to man's service; the only two capable of kissing his hand if he strikes, and of loving even the foot that brutally kicks—why are they so often coupled together in their humiliation? In the churches of holy Russia there is an inner sanctuary where men and boys may go at will, but which is "forbidden to women and dogs." And here in Austria, stronghold of haughty and "chivalrous aristocracy," of imperial

Gammon! A dog toiling along harnessed to a wagon is a painful sight, and this most devoted of man's four-footed friends, when in that position, wears the unmistakable stamp of the degradation of slavery. He has descended to a scale of society immeasurably lower than that to which he, by virtue of his character and intelligence, belongs.

Somehow, one's sympathies go out to the dog even more than to the woman. One unconsciously reasons the matter out on a descending scale. The woman is her good man's slave and helpmate, but the work-dog looks the very slave

of a slave. The woman with the whip seems to be revenging herself on him for the humiliation of her own position. Rivals, rather than friends, in degradation, they seem; and one's most spontaneous sympathy seeks out the humbler and most helpless of the pair, over whose back forever hangs the scourge.

Linz, the capital of Upper Austria, is situated on the right bank of the Danube, amidst beautiful scenery, near two hundred miles above Vienna. It was my starting-point down the Danube. Unnecessary to say, it was with no small degree of satisfaction that I stood on the bridge that spans the Mississippi of Europe at this point, and reflected that the cruise of the *Julia* was to be, henceforth, with the aid of a swiftly moving flood, instead of against it. Come what would now, I had but to keep afloat, and the hurrying waters would, sooner or later, bear me to the sea.

The Danube at Linz is swifter than the Elbe at Dresden, and the sight of

the swirling flood, now a friend to assist instead of an enemy to oppose, made me impatient to be afloat and away. In four days the *Julia* came, and three hours after her arrival the good citizens of Linz opened wide their eyes at the unusual spectacle of a small steam launch passing through their streets on a wagon. The railway station and the place where she was to be launched on the Danube were a couple of miles apart, and a small crowd of men and boys followed along behind, consumed with curiosity at so unusual a sight.

At three o'clock in the afternoon of July 27, steam hissing from the safety-valve of the *Julia*, told the spectators that the "Herr American" was all ready to resume his long voyage. A murmur of admiring "adieu" escaped the crowd, as, with a saucy toot or two of her whistle, the steam-valve was opened, and the little launch glided gracefully as a swan out into the moving flood of water and began her long journey down the Danube.

To be continued.



MY FIRST GLIMPSE OF THE DANUBE [AT LINZ.]



Painted for OUTING by Cozzens.

Engraved by Hoskin.

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Lawrence is the marvelous lake region of Muskoka, rapidly becoming one of the most popular resorts in Canada, and favored alike by natives and their cousins from this side of the "Imaginary Line." Nor is this to be wondered at, for in all the grand expanse of the North American continent there

is not to be found another region of fresh water so extensive, with an atmosphere as healthful, or possessing such an infinite variety of scenic attractions, and at the same time offering so many facilities for sport with rod and gun.

The Muskoka region is simply the *beau ideal* of a holiday resting-place for families, artists, anglers, sportsmen and canoeists—a great expanse of lonely beauty, embracing every phase of the wildly picturesque, yet softening at many points to the simple loveliness of mossy rocks and baby islets, floating like green turtles upon a dreamy flood of silver sheen and velvet shadow.

Among the great rocks nature seems to have worked at times when in a savage mood; but close beside such evidences of power lie fairy scenes, as though the great hand which dressed this charming wilderness had lingered here and there with loving touch. Of similar



MOST people know, or have heard about, the famous Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence River—that

magnificent watery cornucopia crammed with island treasures of every conceivable size and shape and of every imaginable degree of picturesque beauty—but not many people understand that even the varied attractions of a river now world-renowned are equaled in other portions of the Dominion of Canada. The close-clustering rock-gems of the Georgian Bay outnumber their rivals of the St. Lawrence twenty to one, for it has been officially stated that there are at least twenty thousand islands studded over the cold, silvery bosom of Lake Huron's grandest bay, near its eastern shore. Another worthy rival of St.



A BIT OF ROSSEAU.

geological formation, and in the main rather closely resembling portions of the Thousand Islands, Muskoka yet claims the important advantages of being more elevated and possessing a more healthful climate and being far more interesting to lovers of sport and canoeing. Such a region—ruggedly wild and for the greater part well forested; spangled all over with lakes, great and small, and threaded in every direction with crystal streams, which formed canoe routes for the red man hundreds of years ago, and which enable his white dispossessor to traverse the entire country almost without getting out of his canoe—cannot well be improved upon. And best of all, this attractive exploring ground is easily accessible and can be “done” at an exceedingly small expense. Muskoka wharf is readily reached by a comfortable railway journey of only about five hours from Toronto or Hamilton, and from the wharf the tour to some of the most popular points is completed by steamer.

The name Muskoka is said to be derived from the Indian “Musquoto,” which can be freely translated into “Clear Sky,” and the Muskoka district embraces some forty townships, extending eastward from the eastern shore of Georgian Bay, and northward from the Severn River to French River and Lake Nipissing. Within this broad area, roughly outlined, are about one thousand lakes—some large enough to command respect of prohibitionists, others mere ponds, useful only to slake a deer’s thirst. In addition to the lakes are unnumbered streams, stringing the lakes together like pearls on a silver net. Many of these are mere rivulets, but quite sufficient of them are navigable for canoes to furnish all the waterways the keenest canoeist could desire. A man bent upon a paddling holiday with “birch” or “cedar” and camera or sporting outfit can traverse Muskoka for hundreds of miles by water without getting beyond the bounds of the district, or doubling upon his track, by simply exploring the lakes and the streams that supply them or connect them

together. What better employment for a holiday than tracing out the intricacies of a watery maze which leads one into the lonely haunts of the bear and deer, wolf and grouse, where one can come and go at will, camping where he pleases and by no man’s favor, killing his meat in the thicket or lake with rifle or tackle, and surrounded ever by a wealth of natural beauties unrivaled as subjects for brush, pencil and camera?

The game found in Muskoka in sufficient numbers to be worth pursuit comprises the following: Bear, deer, grouse, hare and duck of several varieties. In addition to these are beaver, mink, lynx and lesser furred possibilities, and there are far too many of the despised wolves. The good fish comprise salmon-trout, bass, pickerel, perch and speckled trout. All but the last-mentioned are generally distributed and plentiful enough, but the brook trout best repays attention in the waters of the northeastern portion of the district.

The most easily bagged game is the deer, if one is content to follow the custom of hounding to water and shooting from a boat or canoe paddled close to the swimming animal. I don't fancy this method, being a dyed-in-the-wool "still hunter"; but men's tastes vary, and no matter whether the visitor to Muskoka be "hounder" or "still hunter," he is almost certain to get one or more deer in a week, during which time he may have half a dozen chances. An experienced hunter could readily kill all the deer he is legally entitled to in a fortnight, if he located either in the northern or northeastern part of the district. I have enjoyed capital sport with deer and grouse a short distance from the little town of Huntsville, and even better sport in the territory immediately contiguous to Lake Nipissing and French

panse of country extending from the northern boundary of Muskoka along the north shore of Georgian Bay. That bit of country is a sort of *plantigrade paradise*. Ruffed grouse are generally distributed, as they are in most wild, forested parts of eastern Canada. Often heavy bags of them can be made, and the same may be said of waterfowl. An occasional moose wanders through the northern covers, but as I have no intention to mislead readers, I do not include the great deer in the list of available game—besides the law of Ontario protects him entirely until 1895.

The resources of Muskoka as suggested, its salubrious atmosphere—fatal to hay-fever—its elevation above the great lakes, its marvelous natural beauties and the facilities for reaching any part of it by combined rail, steamer and ca-



"Every leaf, every hair-like twig, is as distinct in water as in air." (p. 168.)

River. In fine, the northern portion of Muskoka and the Haliburton country, north of Lindsay, are the best districts for red deer of all the many good grounds in Canada. Black bear are as numerous in these districts as anywhere in Canada, excepting, perhaps, an ex-

noe routes, are the secrets of its growing popularity. Bathing is delightful at the points on the larger lakes, where civilization has placed its seal. The water, while almost amber-color as a rule, is free from lime, and certain medicinal properties are claimed for it which act



BALA FALLS. (p. 167.)

beneficially upon kidney troubles. A feature of Muskoka holiday life, which recommends it to many an overtaken paterfamilias, is its cheapness. Canadians, as a rule, do not go in for the expensive methods of swell American resorts. Muskoka cottages are of the cheapest description in most cases, and hotel rates are very moderate. I could name, if necessary, half a dozen men whose incomes are less than fifteen hundred dollars a year, who, with their wives and families, spend a couple of weeks each season in these charming wilds. Of course many of the proprietors of cottages are men of large means, but one and all live in a simple, friendly fashion, the poor having the same enjoyments as the rich—for the real pleasures are free. The rapidly increasing army of American visitors quickly appreciated this, and as quickly discovered that patrons of Muskoka, while they live simply, are people of social standing, culture and refinement, ready to welcome the stranger and make things pleasant so long as the stranger chooses to comply with the easy-fitting social laws.

While the first people to discover the charms of Muskoka were perhaps Indians of the Huron breed—subsequently *Iroquoised* off the face of the earth—the first to take advantage of pleasures not necessarily connected with lifting the hair from man and brute were citizens of Toronto. Less than quarter of a century ago very little was known of the country, save by an occasional venturesome sportsman or lonely trapper. Subsequent explorations and facilities of

road and railway revealed what the attractions were; gradually the number of visiting sportsmen and Summer campers increased, until a Summer spent in Muskoka came to be considered *the thing* by the good people of Ontario and within recent years by many Americans.

The most important of the waters are Lakes Muskoka, Rosseau and Joseph, and they are also the favorites with Summer residents. They are connected together by navigable waterways, and the route of the regular steamers traverses them all in their voyages from Gravenhurst to the turning-point, Port Cockburn, situated at the head of Lake Joseph. In addition to having most picturesque shores, each of these flawless lakes is gemmed with lovely islands. The most desirable of these have been for some time in private hands and bear neat cottages, and the infrequency with which transfers of such properties take place proves that owners fully appreciate them. However, strangers need not fear failure to find plenty of accommodations. Those who prefer to live under shingles will be well cared for at the hotels, while those who find the most happiness 'neath a tent's snowy dome, can pitch canvas at will. From Gravenhurst, situated at the southern extremity of Lake Muskoka, the tourist proceeds by steamer through the curious "Narrows," and thence traverses a goodly expanse



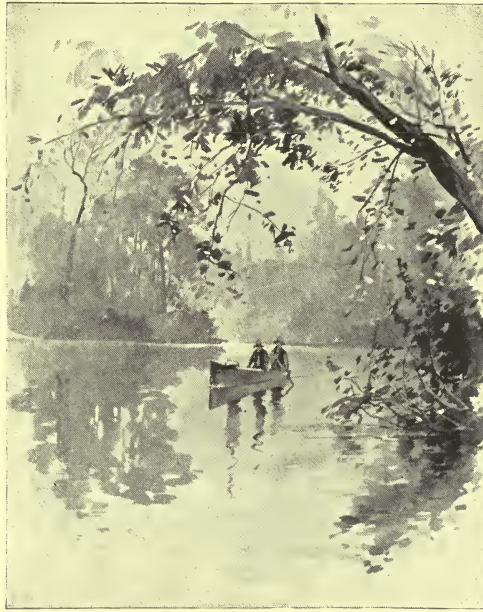
A FAVORITE SPOT.

of water, nearly twenty miles in length by nine miles at greatest breadth. Perhaps ten miles from the "Narrows" the north and south branches of the Muskoka River bisect the eastern shore of the lake, and steamers can ascend this stream as far as the town of Bracebridge, half a dozen miles above the river's mouth. Here the twin streams unite, but the steamer's further upward progress is prevented by cascades. Bracebridge boasts a couple of flourishing tanneries, and is a prosperous little place in its own peculiar way.

The Moon and Musquash rivers form the outlets of Lake Muskoka, carrying

ascend the narrow, winding, difficult passage of Indian River for about five miles, to Lake Rosseau, passing en route the village of Port Carling, a favorite resort, where boats and supplies may be procured. The most important feature of Port Carling is the lock for the assistance of steamers passing.

The first view of Lake Rosseau will at once recall the Thousand Islands, and before leaving it the tourist will discover for himself why it is so frequently compared with Killarney Lakes. It looks as though it had been shot at by a Gatling gun loaded with lovely little islands. Two steamer routes diverge



ON BASS INTENT.

surplus water to the level of Georgian Bay. They leave the lake at a point nearly opposite the mouth of the Muskoka River, and gradually diverging in their courses, cascade merrily through the wilderness to the great reservoir. Roughly picturesque scenery and foaming rapids characterize these streams; but while they present many difficulties and portages, they offer a couple of attractive canoe routes. On the western shore, a short distance above these outlets, is the village of Bala, famed for a beautiful fall and as being one of the most promising centers for fishing parties. From Lake Muskoka steamers

from the commencement of the Indian River, one traversing the easterly portion of Rosseau to the village of Rosseau, about twelve miles to the northward at the end of the lake. The picturesque surroundings of Rosseau attract many visitors, as does Maplehurst, situated on the opposite side of the bay.

The second steamer route traverses the southern part of Lake Rosseau, thence through a short artificial channel at Port Sandfield, to Lake Joseph. The steamers upon these routes are supply-boats, and call during each trip at many private landings, thus affording passengers ample opportunities for inspecting

the Summer residences and lovely islands.

In the shadowy, cool recesses of the deeply indented shores of Lake Rosseau the canoeist can find a wealth of those lonely beauties which make a holiday in the wilds such an enjoyable experience. The greatest feature of Lake Rosseau—in fact, the masterpiece of the whole Muskoka district, and perhaps the most beautiful thing of the kind in the world—is the now celebrated Shadow River, which enters the lake at its northern extremity, being easily accessible from Rosseau and Maplehurst. It is quite a small water, but it is very potent. I have been in the most picturesque corners of the Dominion, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, trailed through many lonely haunts of game from Acadia to Vancouver Island, and have never set eyes on a more unique spectacle than this seemingly magic mirror of Muskoka. Your canoe seems to swim in space; upon either hand and above is graceful foliage, below extends an inverted forest, pointing toward a Summer sky. Every leaf, every hair-like twig, is as distinct in water as in air; a bird or insect flits unseen above you; its inverted counterpart wings its way across the view below. The wealth of lights and shades simply baffles description, and I have photos of the Shadow, which may be viewed upside down and still present perfect pictures. The canoeist can work his way upon this wonderful water for a few miles, and those who ascend it should not forget the Bridal Veil Falls, located upon a feeder of the Shadow.

Lake Joseph, generally admitted to be the queen of these three fair sisters, sprawls like a silver cuttlefish in the midst of nature's picture gallery. Its long tentacles closely embrace some of the prettiest fragments of North America, and wind hither and thither among islands too numerous for mention. This cuttlefish would represent a monster squid, capable of secreting a backbone some sixteen miles long about its person without feeling any great inconvenience. Yoho is the center of Summer life for Lake Joseph—the capital of the surrounding camps and cottages.

Near the upper end of the lake is Stanley Bay, an admirable spot for location. Many campers who formerly devoted their holidays to Lake Muskoka, or Ros-

seau, now declare that the gem of the whole district is the head of Lake Joseph. Its best known features are Echo Rock and Hawk's Nest; but those keen fellows who never want to lay down the paddle, save at the portage, or to pick up the rod or gun, should remember that they can rest a bit at Port Cockburn, at the head of the lake, and thence seek what are undoubtedly "crack" game covers and fishing waters. The "Northwest Carry" is neither very difficult nor very long, and from its farther end extends a chain of waters famed for lusty lunge and hard-fighting bass. Quite a few Toronto rodsters know the mysteries of Crane Lake and sister waters; and while in the "Queen City" of Ontario a few weeks since, I was formally invited by an old camping friend, who knows more about lunge and bass than he does about law, to give up my annual trip for trout, and go along with him and canoe down this very chain of waters to the Sound.

From Burke's Falls, half a hundred miles due north of Gravenhurst, one can cross Muskoka from east to west, the route being via steamer down the erratic Maganetawan River, through a changeful panorama of beauty, including Cecebe and Ah-Mic lakes, to Ah-Mic harbor, forty miles west. This is a fascinating trip by canoe, with the stream, and if the voyageur has the true canoer's stout heart and sturdy back for portages, he can safely follow the tumultuous Maganetawan to Byng Inlet, at the juncture of the river with Georgian Bay, whence steamers will convey him back to a more refined civilization within reach of the iron horse at Collingwood, Penetanguishene, or Midland.

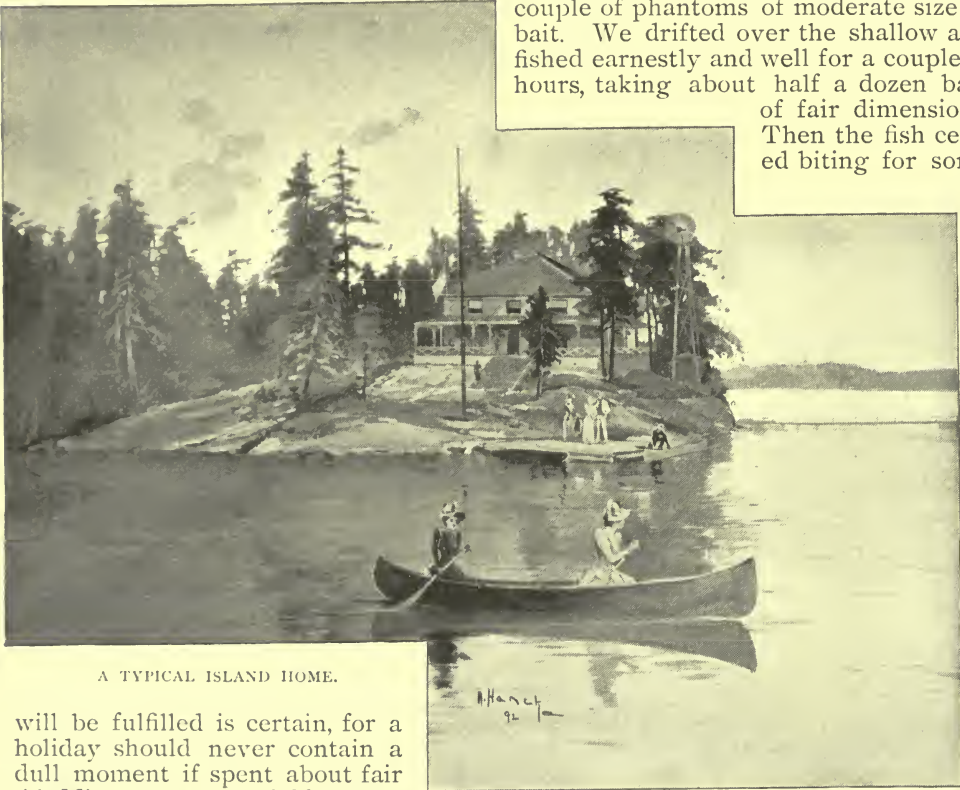
As a proof of the merits of the new territory contiguous to Lakes Cecebe and Ah-Mic, I may mention an important addition to the patrons of Muskoka district. The fame of these lakes has been secretly whispered to chosen friends by a few keen explorers, and at present a new organization, the St. Bernard Dominion Club, of Chicago, composed of members of St. Bernard Commandery, the largest, except one, commandery of Knights Templar in the world, has under construction a handsome club-house on St. Bernard Island, one of the most beautiful sites in Lake Ah-Mic. When complete, the club will have a delightfully snug, rustic retreat, perfectly in keeping with its purpose



"FROM A CIRCLE OF HASTY RIPPLES LEAPED A GLEAMING SHAPE." (p. 171.)

and surroundings. Within doors greater elegance will prevail, and the house will be equipped throughout in a manner to secure perfect comfort. Colonel Hy. Turner, Captain H. G. Purinton, H. O. Shepard and John G. Neumeister are leading spirits in the enterprise, and the club confidently expect a merry time the coming season. That their hopes

folks have caught 'em all round my anchorage. I remember one morning leaving Bala in good time, with a keen fisherman in the bow of the canoe, and paddling lazily to a sort of sunken reef or shallow that he knew well as a favorite resort of hard-fighting black gladiators. We had small spoons, worms, some live minnows, and a few selected, high-jumping, small, green frogs, and a couple of phantoms of moderate size as bait. We drifted over the shallow and fished earnestly and well for a couple of hours, taking about half a dozen bass of fair dimensions. Then the fish ceased biting for some



A TYPICAL ISLAND HOME.

will be fulfilled is certain, for a holiday should never contain a dull moment if spent about fair Ah-Mic, or any one of fifty lakes in these Muskoka marvel-lands.

I have enjoyed fine shooting in Muskoka, as have many other admirers of the Winchester. I have also fished in the northern waters of the district to my heart's content, and not only fished, but caught fish—big lake trout with long hand-line and deadly night-line, several fine baskets of fair-sized brook trout (for the trout of Muskoka do not run excessively large, half-pounders being good fish in those waters) and some rattling good black bass. I have also seen some huge bass killed there, though I never myself played and landed anything much over two and three-quarter pounds. But that was merely the fortune of war, and other

unaccountable reason, and, despite my most artistic efforts with all kinds of bait available, nothing came to creel for half an hour. I pined for a few sharp-nipping crayfish, or something to tempt the capricious feeders, and finally, in sheer disgust, gave the word to paddle ashore.

Among the wrecked pines on a point, I barked fallen logs and moused around, and finally managed to secure two fat white grubs with copper-colored heads. It wasn't a good day for grubs, and the two were all I could find. Just for experiment's sake we paddled back to our fishing station, and not expecting too marked results, I presented the two forlorn grubs to my friend and told him to

fish if he wanted to, as I would have no more of it.

He baited with the smaller of the two grubs, and dropped his hook where a darker shade of water denoted an unknown depth. Up from the shadowy depths there came most promptly a vigorous Muskoka black bass which enfolded that grub and surged on the line until the reel yelled and excitement ran high. When safely drawn aboard the canoe, the fish scaled possibly three pounds, and revealed considerable dignity among our previous captives. Fortunately, the grub had slipped up the gimp during the set-to, and remained fairly intact after the fish was secured. Once again he cast with the mangled remains of the grub, and again a high-jumping black fellow laid hold and fought his zigzag battle to the death, and another fish was added to the string. This one weighed less than two pounds, and the prospect of anything heavy was mediocre, to say the least.

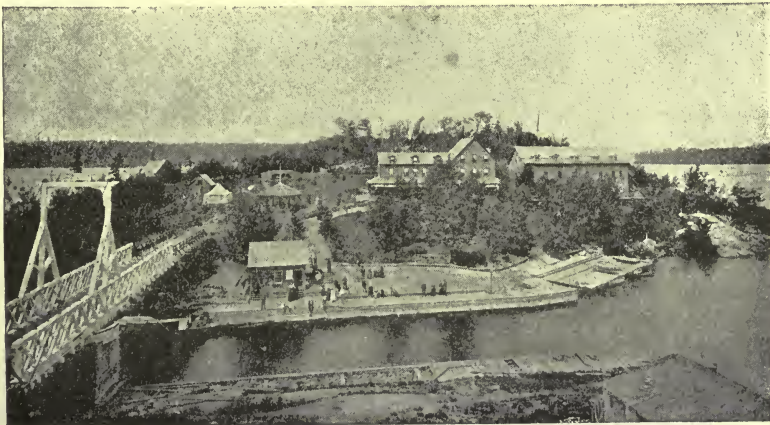
"Take the last grub, old man, and see if fate is determined to give you the cold shoulder."

"All right," I replied. "I'll probably catch a fingerling; in any case, we can hardly do worse than we have done."

The grub sunk slowly, wavering to and fro, downward through the amber-tinted water till it was lost to view. I attempted to raise it gently, but suddenly it seemed to gather weight and amazing strength, and a nervous twitch at the rod aroused a hurricane fighter. The

rod arched to a semicircle, the reel squealed a song of anticipated triumph, and the line cut the water in hissing angles and a genuine mill royal had commenced. Suddenly straight upward he came, as black bass will, and from a circle of hasty ripples leaped a gleaming shape full two feet in air. The good rod took in the slack, and the savage shaking of his head proved futile. With a sounding plump he disappeared, and once more he adopted bull-dog tactics and worried vainly to get free. A few seconds of give-and-take fighting, and for the second time he broke water and fell back baffled in his wild attempt to rid himself of the burning torture in his mouth. Another interval of aimless tugging, and for the third time he leaped in air and disappeared, but a moment later he came feebly wavering to the surface and lolled over on his broad side, with back fins stiffly erected, staring eyes and mouth agape—a dead-beat black bass. He was respectable—a fish worthy of a master-hand to play—and when he was safely hauled out of the wet we felt better. In his final struggle the injured grub floated loose from the hook, and as we watched it vanishing into the lower glooms, a larger, swift shape flashed ghost-like from below, and we knew that our last grub was placed where 'twould do most good. Had we possessed thirty grubs (generally easily obtained) that morning we would have killed a noble string of Muskoka's game black beauties.

ED. W. SANDYS.



"THE LINK" BETWEEN LAKES ROSSEAU AND JOSEPH.

INTER-CITY AND INTERNATIONAL CRICKET IN AMERICA.

BY THOMAS WHARTON.



LORD HAWKE.

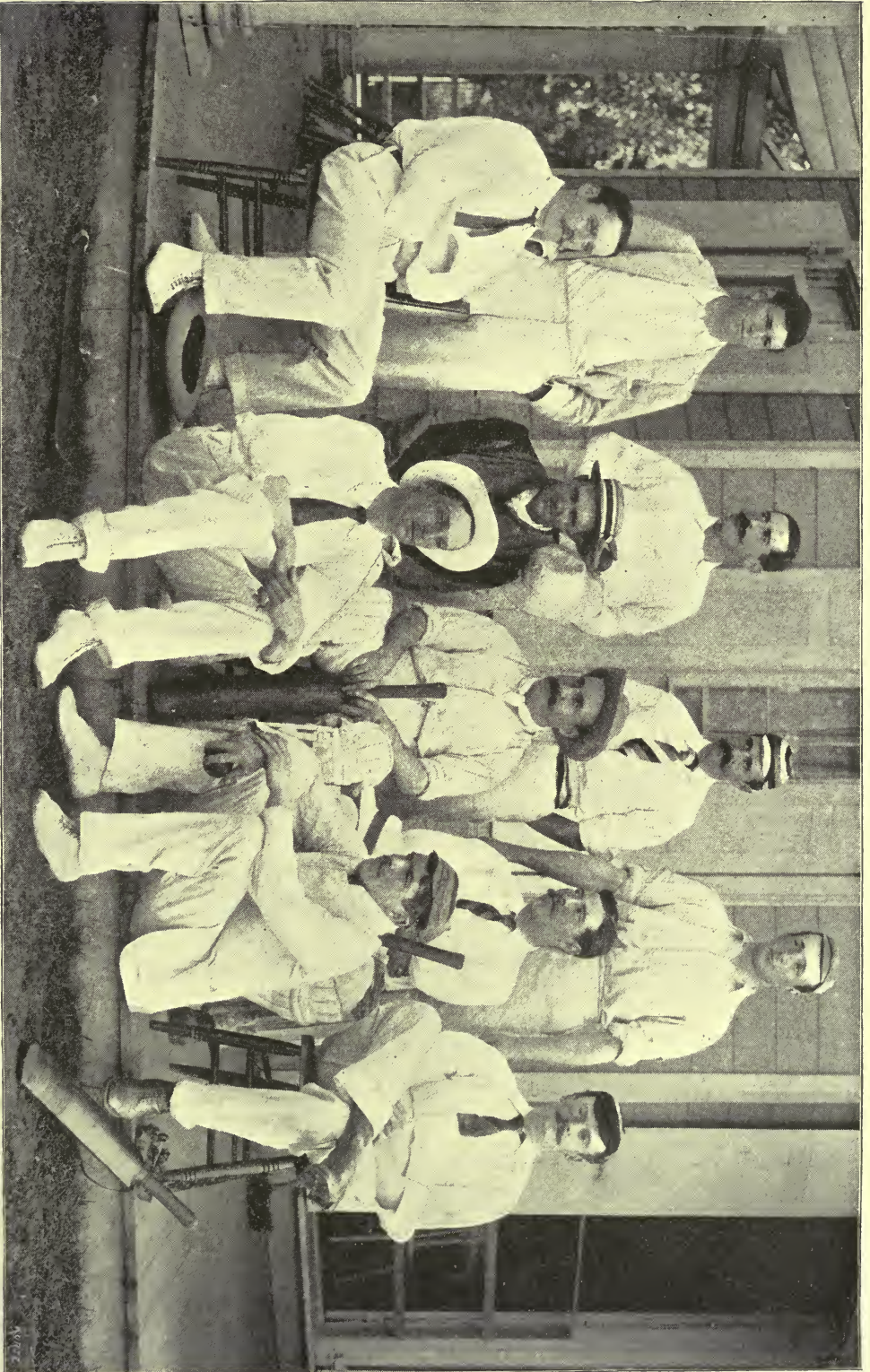
THE year 1891 will mark two events, each, in their sphere, of far-reaching importance in the history of cricket in America: (1) The inauguration of the Inter-City Cricket League, and (2) the visit of the English amateur team of Lord Hawke. Perhaps of the two the latter occupied, for the time, the larger share of public attention; but cricketers, I opine, will see in the former the germ of the greater influence. The time was ripe for a new departure in the development of the game. It had been growing with astonishing rapidity in many important centers, and in each of them there were evident signs of readiness, indeed anxiety, to extend the field of activity. In Philadelphia the roll of the numerous and increasing clubs showed thousands of members, the skill of the players was constantly improving, and the local schedules were no longer of sufficient scope to satisfy the faculty which—according to the famous reply of the Girton girl—distinguishes man from the lower animals—progressive desire. After the visit of the Irish gentlemen in 1888, and the tour of the gentlemen of Philadelphia through England in

1889, the dullness of a season which, as in 1890, afforded nothing better than the Halifax cup competition was severely felt.

In New York and Chicago there were strong associations, from Massachusetts came the tale that the game was rapidly spreading, with Boston as a center, and in Pittsburg, Detroit and Baltimore there was material that needed only missionary assistance to be brought up to the level of the other centers, where competition had played its usual part in shaping good cricketers and formidable teams. Pittsburg especially, where the game had long had a foothold, could show a very meritorious eleven.

A plan which proposed to combine the several cricketing cities of the East and West into a league was therefore sure of support, and had only to be broached with authority to commend itself. It was at this juncture that the movers of the Inter-City League opened a correspondence which resulted in an invitation to the clubs of the cities of New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Pittsburg, Baltimore, Chicago and Detroit to send or name representatives who should be present at the annual meeting of the Cricketers' Association of the United States, in Philadelphia, in April of 1891. New York, Boston and Baltimore being already members of the association, their support was reckoned on, and, in fact, Mr. Henry Martin, who was present from the Metropolitan District League, and Mr. Tunstall Smith, the mainstay of Baltimore cricket, gave most efficient encouragement and assistance. Letters were received from all the other cities, and, with a little easiness as to credentials, the business, which the association kindly permitted to be handled at its session, was quickly finished. A schedule had been slated; this was submitted, and formally ratified, with the understanding that the cities should afterward review or change it by correspondence.

In preparing this schedule a valuable suggestion, which came from Mr. Jerome Flannery, of New York, that the matches should be played on the cup tie system, was adopted, and the cities were



S. M. J. WOODS.
J. H. J. HORNSBY.

G. W. HILLYARD.
H. T. HEWETT.
HON. H. MILLES.

K. McALPINE.
LORD HAWKE.

G. W. RICKETTS.
C. W. WRIGHT.
C. WRENFORD-BROWN.

LORD HAWKE'S TEAM.

LORD THROWLEY.



J. A. RODGERS. J. P. DETHIER. W. F. KEENAN. H. C. WRIGHT.
 J. G. DAVIS. T. DALE. A. MACPHERSON. J. LANGHAM. C. J. SELF. F. F. KELLY.
 J. CUMMINGS. BRADLEY.

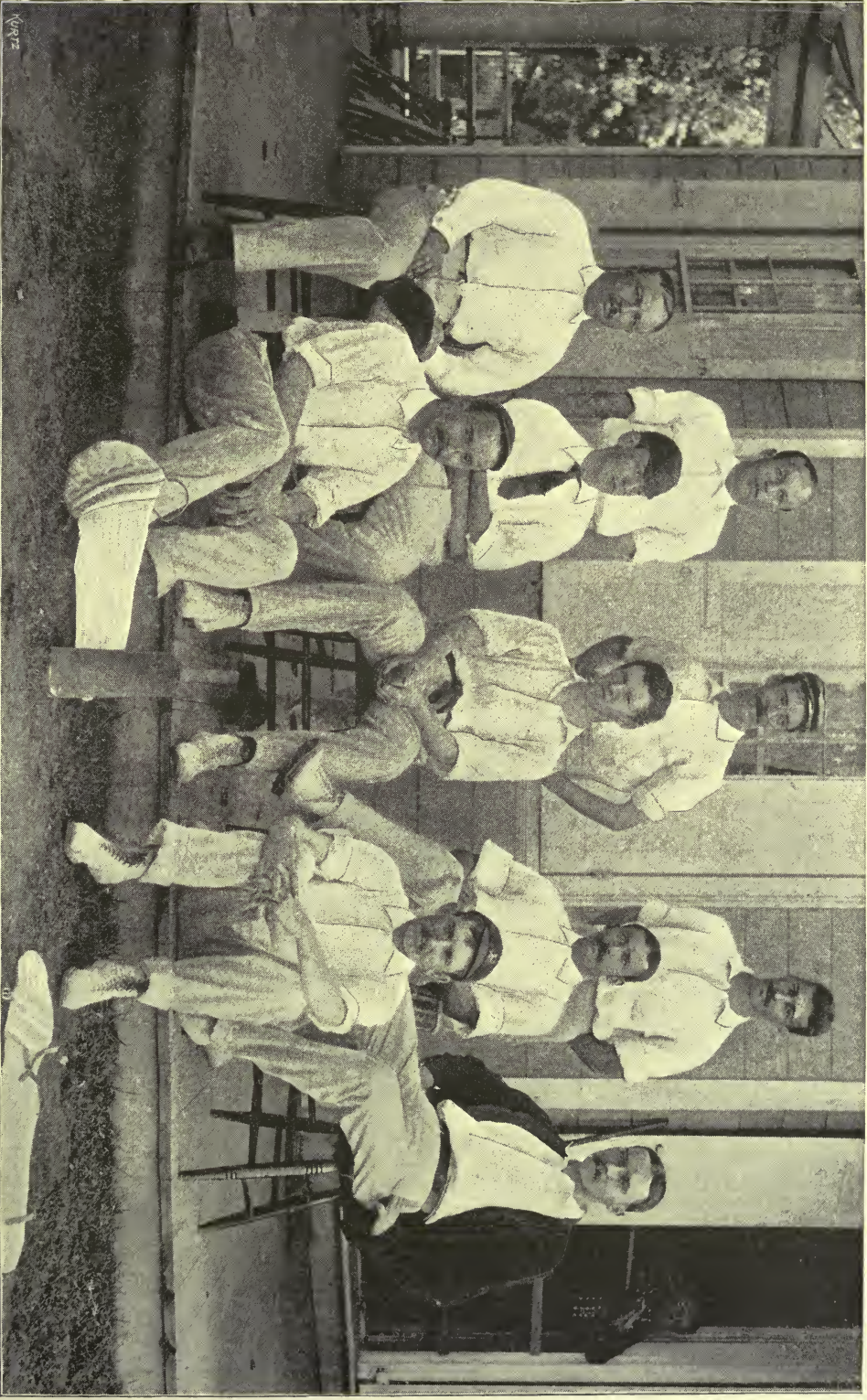
ALL-CHICAGO ELEVEN. WINNERS OF WESTERN CHAMPIONSHIP, 1891.

divided into a Western and an Eastern circuit. Simultaneous games were arranged, Detroit and Chicago to open the Western circuit on May 29 and 30, Boston meeting New York, and Philadelphia Baltimore, on the same days in the Eastern. The winners were to come together on July 3 and 4, Pittsburg, which had been given the bye, entering to complete the Western circuit. The final game between the East and the West was to be played in Philadelphia September 11 and 12. The committee formed to manage the affairs of the league in Philadelphia was composed of the captains of the five Halifax cup clubs, with the writer as secretary.

Opportune necessity is almost always the most efficient spur. Had it been possible to discuss to the full beforehand the important questions of distance and expense, and to consult the wishes and engagements of the various cities, the schedule might have met with a less ready acceptance. As it was, the response was immediate, and everything else was put aside to carry it through

successfully. This has been done with, on the whole, most gratifying results. The only drawback was the unavoidable inability of Pittsburg to keep its dates with Chicago, a forfeiture resulting. Every other game, however, was duly played, awakened the liveliest interest and afforded valuable occasion for comparison and criticism. The cricketers of the country have for the first time been able to cross bats with each other in regular competition. It goes without saying that they learned something of each other and from each other. What is more important, is that they have, with one step, achieved the solidarity which is as important to sportsmen as to nations.

On May 29 and 30, accordingly, the season opened by Chicago meeting Detroit at Detroit, and New York Boston at Boston. Both games had been regarded as probably foregone conclusions. The Detroit-Chicago match sanctioned the prophets to continue in their sinecures. It was otherwise with the first match of the Eastern circuit. Chi-



S. LAW,

H. I. BROWN,
F. H. BOHLEN,
H. P. BAILY,

C. COATES, JR.,
G. S. PATTERSON,

F. W. RALSTON,
F. E. BREWSTER,
WALTER SCOTT,

GENTLEMEN OF PHILADELPHIA

W. BROCKIE,

10

Chicago had a very easy time. Batsmen of whom the East was already aware—Dr. E. R. Ogden, a former Canadian player; A. Macpherson, for some years one of the cracks of the Pittsburg club; Bradley, the former Belmont professional; M. R. Cobb, of the Manhattans, then taking a brief residence in Chicago; and, among others, C. J. Self, J. Cummings and F. F. Kelly—combined to run up a score of 202, to which Detroit replied with 51 and 59, being thus beaten by an innings and 92 runs. J. Horstead, Pickering, H. B. Wright and F. Bam-

send, Prendergast, Annand and Davies. Rain came very near preventing the match, and on a soaked wicket the game became a bowler's contest, in which Wright and Chambers over-matched Tyers, Lane, Wood and Roberts. The scoring was small, Boston winning by 40 runs, making 71 and 64 to New York's 45 and 50. It was close work throughout, the fielding being sharp and the excitement sustained.

New York had been expected to win from Boston. It proved impossible, however, to take away a representative amateur team, and at the last moment Tyers and Lane were added to the eleven, of which the other nine members were: H. Lyon, S. W. Coulby, B. C. Bloxson, J. E. Roberts, G. Welch, F. W. Stiles, A. Wallis, H. A. Young and W. J. Wood. Among absentees may be noted Messrs. Barton, Town-



ALEX. MACPHERSON,
CHICAGO C. C.



TUNSTALL SMITH
BALTIMORE C. C.



GEORGE WRIGHT, LONGWOOD C. C.



R. HUMFFREYS-ROBERTS,
DETROIT C. C.



M. R. COBB,
MANHATTAN C. C.

ford were the only Detroit batsmen to make much of a stand. Ogden and Kelly were the successful bowlers for Chicago. Of the latter, who in the second innings took 6 wickets for 11 runs, Philadelphia was to hear more. For Detroit the wickets were taken chiefly by J. Horstead, who secured 3 for 30, and by R. H. Roberts, the club's crack bowler, who took 3 for 48. Of Mr. Roberts' bowling the Chicagoans conceived

send, Prendergast, Annand and Davies. Rain came very near preventing the match, and on a soaked wicket the game became a bowler's contest, in which Wright and Chambers over-matched Tyers, Lane, Wood and Roberts. The scoring was small, Boston winning by 40 runs, making 71 and 64 to New York's 45 and 50. It was close work throughout, the fielding being sharp and the excitement sustained.

Thorpe, McNutt, Fairburn and Comber did the best batting for Boston. For New York Coulby and Lane alone got into double figures. The critics were not surprised to find Wright and Chambers performing well, as their effectiveness was known. Wright secured in all 10 wickets for 30 runs, and Chambers 9 for 35—not much room for choice. Tyers, with 9 wickets for 45, had the best average for New York. Roberts took 5 for 29, and Wood 3 for 10. Lane was comparatively ineffective, his 2 wickets costing 40.

The Philadelphia-Baltimore game was played on June 12, the Philadelphians sending down an eleven good enough to win by 104 runs, though on the slow wicket the Baltimore bowlers did capital work. Several of the crack Quaker batsmen played—Bohlen, Brockie, Ralston and Brewster—but the scores were only 99 and 113 to 53 and 55. H. W. Middleton, Jr., led the scoring for Philadelphia with 41 in the first innings, while Tunstall Smith for Baltimore captured 11 wickets for 90 runs, and H. Ridgely scored 22 and 9. For the winning side E. M. Cregar took, in all, 7 wickets for 27.

Chicago was thus left to meet Pittsburg in the West, and Philadelphia Boston in the East. The failure of Pittsburg to keep its dates on July 3 and 4 must be attributed to the fact that the schedule perhaps demanded too much. Engagements prevented the sending away of a team from home, and Chicago having already journeyed to Detroit and counting on a further journey to Philadelphia, could scarcely agree to an intermediate tour to Pittsburg. Negotiations for a postponed date fell through, and there was no choice for the Philadelphia committee, to which the question was submitted, but to declare a forfeiture in Chicago's favor.

The Philadelphia-Boston game was played July 10 and 11 on the way to Toronto—Philadelphia sending to the Longwood grounds practically the same team that met all Canada for the international championship. And at Longwood some lessons were learned by the Philadelphians which were further enforced in the international match, and during the succeeding tour of the Germantown Club in Canada and the West. "We shall win in Boston," was the

opinion of the Philadelphia team, "but by a small margin. We know what Chambers can do on the Boston wicket." It was not altogether expected, however, that the Boston, not to mention the Toronto and Chicago wickets, rougher and more arduous than the carefully planted, nursed and tended turf of Philadelphia, would so signally emphasize the value of reserve hitting power, where all the perfection of æsthetic forward play was but the grace of Balder going to his doom. Philadelphia did win, and by the small margin of 39 runs, but the scoring was done by dint of hard hitting, and the hard hitters were either players almost professionally such, or men who altered their style for the nonce, and went back instead of forward. G. S. Patterson, the Philadelphia Grace, did indeed score a hard-earned 25 in the first innings against Boston, but from then on, in Toronto and Chicago, as well as at Longwood, failed, like his club-mate, Bohlen, to secure runs on a ragged wicket. For Philadelphia, A. M. Wood, Crawford Coates, Jr., N. Etting, H. C. Thayer, S. Welsh, Jr., and S. Law supplied nearly all the two totals of 110 and 105. Boston fell short of these with 83 and 93. The home eleven was very nearly the same as that which defeated New York, and again did Chambers prove his value, taking 11 wickets for 104 runs. George Wright was not particularly effective, but in the second innings Fairburn was tried with distinct success, capturing 5 wickets for 35. Chambers, Wright, T. Pettit, the court-tennis champion, MacNutt and Comber did the best batting for Boston, and the match was in doubt throughout. Both sides played up superbly, but the Philadelphians were superior in team-work, and two magnificent one-hand catches in the second innings by A. G. Thomson and J. W. Muir, the like of which Longwood had not seen before, probably settled the matter. The Bostonians had made a bold bid for victory, and their estimate that they were the equals of the Philadelphians in batting and bowling, but their inferiors in fielding and team-work, was possibly correct on the form shown.

It was when a few weeks later clubs chosen from Germantown and Belmont visited Chicago that the bowling of Ogden and Kelly for the Chicago

club began to have such an important bearing on the now approaching match between Philadelphia and Chicago for the championship of the United States. The news that the Philadelphia tourists had succumbed to the deliveries of these two undoubtedly first-rate bowlers was received at home with some amusement and with satisfied anticipation that popular interest in the final contest would now be greatly heightened. The Chicago experience clearly proved that many Philadelphia batsmen have been too long accustomed to true, elastic and prolific playing grounds. It might almost be stated as an axiom that the more finished the batsman the greater the danger of failure wherever the rise of the ball cannot be made a matter of absolute and unerring calculation. At any rate, fail the Philadelphia batsmen did, out West, and the anticipations of the Chicagoans were naturally good.

They arrived in sportsman-like shape to fulfil their engagement on the 11th and 12th of September, but unfortunately were without the assistance of Dr. Ogden, undoubtedly the best bowler and batsman—in short, the best all-round player in the West, whose bowling against Lord Hawke's eleven has since then effectively proved his value. The team was composed as follows: A. Macpherson, captain; C. J. Self, H. C. Wright, J. P. Dethier, J. A. Rogers, F. F. Kelly, J. Cummings, J. G. Davis, J. Langham, T. Dale, and Bradley. The Philadelphia team, which before the match had been adversely criticised, consisted of G. S. Patterson, captain; F. W. Ralston, Jr., A. M. Wood, F. H. Bohlen, S. Law, C. Coates, Jr., P. Butler, F. L. Altemus, S. Welsh, Jr., H. P. Baily and H. I. Brown. It is only fair to say that in the game which ensued, the fundamentals of the luck were against the visitors. They lost the toss, and their dangerous opponents went in to bat at the Elmwood grounds on a wicket that could not have been more suited to the taste of epicures in long scores; their bowlers found, to their discomfiture, that the balls would not "work" on this level stretch as they were accustomed to make them at home, and one of the steadiest men on the team, J. G. Davis, was ill. Add to this, their fielding and captaining had hitherto been regulated by the exigencies of much shorter innings and the more rapid fall of wickets. When

the first century was passed, with only one wicket down, they were already beaten, and not yet versed in the science of overtaking a long lead, allowed the lead to be made as long as the home batsmen chose. The full score of the match has already been given in *OUTING*. It is only necessary to say that the first three batsmen—G. S. Patterson, F. W. Ralston, Jr., and A. M. Wood—entirely broke down the bowling, and that those who succeeded played their game without regard to the feelings of the fielders. Philadelphia stayed at the wickets all day, and a little before the call of time had amassed 478 runs, the largest total ever made in a strictly first-class match in America, and the largest number of runs ever hit off in this country in a single day. Kelly had secured but 2 wickets, and those among the tail-enders, for 71 runs.

On the Saturday the Chicagoans took their turn at the bat. The wicket had become bumpy, and greatly assisted Patterson, who was chiefly instrumental in retiring the side for 62, his average being 8 wickets for 18. Scarcely any attempt was made to score. In the follow on, though the wicket had improved, the total only reached 57. Self and Rogers obtained double figures in the first innings, Macpherson and Dale in the second. Philadelphia won the game, and with it the championship, by an innings and 359 runs.

In spite of this there were sturdy members of the Chicago team who went home still convinced that on a Chicago wicket the championship would go to the West. Granting that Philadelphia wins again next year in the Eastern circuit, this point will then come up for decision, as the final match will of course be played in Chicago the coming season. Probably the Chicagoans, like the Bostonians, are more constantly practiced than the Philadelphians in the art—for art it is—of hitting deftly and strongly at bowling that rises indiscriminately from a rough pitch. In fact, the Philadelphians are not practiced in it at all, nor is it, truly, the modern scientific game of cricket. But it does not seem possible as yet, at least to Eastern cities, to class Chicago with either Boston or Philadelphia, nor would it be very safe to predict that the West will gain the desired honor, without improving at a faster rate than its Eastern competitors.

Improvement is sure to be made all round at an even faster rate than ever. On that we may count with confidence. The attention attracted by the visit of Lord Hawke's eleven was remarkable, and betokened an outside interest, which is the best kind of omen; for there is nothing like popular interest to bring up a sport. Of course there never was any reason why the game should not find its place here. All sports are, or ought to be, indigenous with us. Cricket has been curiously neglected in time past—because it was English. It may be asked, What was Rugby football? Cricket has been voted slow. Almost any game will prove slow to those who do not understand its science. But the most ardent devotee of baseball—to which cricket is not in the least a rival—might be brought to the stand and asked to confess whether there was no excitement attending the finish of the first match against Lord Hawke's team in Philadelphia. In point of fact, no baseball game ever caused the commotion that game of cricket did in the Quaker City.

The tour of the thorough sportsmen and amateurs who accompanied Lord Hawke afforded a very good opportunity for rating the present abilities of the cricketers of the United States. Games were arranged and played in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Chicago. Lord Hawke's eleven was composed of amateurs who played the game under about the same conditions as the gentlemen of Philadelphia, who were to be their first antagonists. They had only one first-class bowler, Mr. Woods—though he is, to be sure, the top of the heap—and they had a very distinct tail to a batting list which included some dashing and experienced batsmen. Altogether—and this was the opinion of members of the team—they were not on a par with the first-class county elevens. But this is taking the severest view of their capacities, and the same men who adhered to this conservative view admitted that some of their comrades, like many other amateurs, had no chance at playing for their counties simply for want of reputation and interest with the county committees. And they had Woods, a tower of strength; they were undoubtedly an admirable fielding team; they were capable of hard, brilliant and merciless hit-

ting, and for men who had never played together before, they showed remarkable team-work.

Outside of Philadelphia they won everywhere. But they won with greater ease than should have been permitted. Boston, indeed, did show a plucky game, holding down the Englishmen's score quite as well as had been expected, and failing at the bat in great part through having to go in in the dark. New York made a prime mistake in taking odds, and did not begin to hit about with confidence until too late. Baltimore's weak fifteen did very well relatively; but Chicago, though presenting a strong side, rather allowed her opportunities to escape her. On the whole, in these cities the results indicated that there was a twelfth man on the visiting team, who took his share of wickets and put on his share of runs, and his name was Reputation. Had less respect been paid to him the visitors could have been surprised once or twice more after leaving Philadelphia, and I am sure they would have been glad to be so.

The loss of the first game in Philadelphia was a real surprise to them, and it was accepted in England as betokening a gratifying advance in American cricket. When on the last day of the first match the Philadelphians were set 183 to win, the visitors had no fear of the result, and were astonished that the runs should be knocked off for two wickets. It was an equal surprise to the Philadelphians to fail so wretchedly in their batting in the second match. Most people, arguing from results, attributed the small scores in this match to the condition of the wicket. The fact was, the wicket was in the best possible condition, and both sides simply went to pieces at the bat, possibly from over-eagerness. The Philadelphians had been confident of winning both matches, and that they lost the second rather forbids them from taking too much credit to themselves for their showing, particularly as at one time it looked as if the second match itself was in their hands. However, it may be said that while in the first match they were successful in overtaking a long lead, in the second they held their opponents down to within a fair distance of an insignificant lead. The scores illustrated the perpetual uncertainty of the game. On wickets practically the same the scores were:

First match, Lord Hawke's eleven, 259 and 171; Philadelphia, 248 and 183—for two wickets. Second match, Philadelphia, 56 and 119; Lord Hawke's eleven, 82 and 95—for six wickets—a difference of just about 17 runs in the average per wicket. Of course in saying that Philadelphia at one time might have brought off the second match, it is borne in mind that the visitors had their own ifs and buts. At the same time, in reviewing the matches at Manheim, the Philadelphia critics agreed that if their fondest hopes were not realized, their confidence for the future was unimpaired.

When a Philadelphia team next visits England the question of playing only first-class elevens will have to be decided. It is to be remembered that there is more in the question than mere pluck. We do not yet play cricket as well as we do baseball. Few people in America know what the height of the science of first-class cricket is, or what consummate and sustained art may be reached in its greatest departments. It permits of the supremest development of physical grace and mastery, and allows, too, the fullest contention of watchful reasoning between opposing parties.

When we do play cricket as well as we play baseball—and I am willing to be held to imply that baseball is the easier game in which to excel—England will have good reason to consider us antagonists as formidable as the Australians, and then the day will come when America will be playing all England. It might come this year, for we could undoubtedly send abroad a formidable team drawn from Philadelphia, Boston,

New York and Chicago. But it would not be a purely American team, for outside of Philadelphia most of the foremost players are of English training. There is, of course, no reason why such a team should not sail, and it would doubtless prove of the greatest benefit if it did. But it goes without saying that a victory over our cousins, to be real, must be native. Here the Inter-City League may be expected to effect the strengthening of confidence as well as of play by supplying the valuable experience of contests on new creases and with new antagonists. In course of time the division into circuits and the tie system will be abandoned, and each city will meet every other in the course of each season. For this consummation we shall have to wait until each city can afford enough players to send away representative elevens at any time. Philadelphia can already do so. Should a Philadelphia eleven go to England there would be a strong list still remaining out of the twenty or thirty candidates for English laurels. New York and Chicago would probably have as many candidates, though not all, perhaps, so very nearly equal in merit. But more than all is it to be hoped that the Inter-City League will, besides imparting confidence and increasing the number of players, supply our pressing want—amateur bowlers. This is the great, the chief need, and it may be said without fear of contradiction, that the American youth who will set to work and train himself into a first-class "demon," so soon as he is pitted against our British cousins will attain renown such as no other sport has to offer.

EXPERIENCES IN AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY.

BY A PAIR.

AFTER two years of varied experience of photographic sun and shade, we are moved to raise the veil that mercifully covered our early photographic days and reveal the sins of omission and commission hitherto locked securely in the dark chambers of our own inner sanctuaries. We have but one object in baring these

painful records of a dead and bygone past—that which induces the drunkard and the sinner to relate his experiences, to hold them up as a fearful warning to the young and inexperienced. It is to you, then, dear young photographer, of whatever age, that we address ourselves. Our emotions upon first owning a camera can compare

to nothing else but the delight of the small boy with his first pair of boots, or the young miss when her mother first allows her to put on long dresses. We were afraid to touch it lest we should leave finger-marks on its fair surface. We thought it necessary to keep a special piece of soft silk to remove any dust that might accumulate upon the lens, and nobody else was ever allowed to carry it for us. If you could look upon this once-cherished object of our affection *now*, you would not need to be told that our feelings have somewhat changed. One leg is so badly damaged that when in active service it has to be done up in splints; screws innumerable are missing; in place of the neat leather cap that formerly shut off the light, a home-made pasteboard contrivance, manufactured out of the top of a Colorado yeast-box, adorns its front, for the original cap now lies in innocuous desuetude at the bottom of the Arkansas River. Our camera has been rescued at imminent peril from the salt waves of the Atlantic in a gale off White Head, Maine; it has been scratched by rocks in the canyon of the Arkansas in Colorado; it has been dragged up and has most ungracefully slid down the precipitous sides of Cheyenne Mountain. It is not, however, the story of our camera, but of our experiences in company with our camera, that we would tell.

It was with trembling hands and fluttering hearts that we first leveled our lens on the massive walls of a stately building. One lord of creation, with a year's experience back of him, guided, focused and counted for us; another hovered around with copious advice—back of him the experience of having taken two pictures the day before (this is the way of all amateurs)—and still another lord of creation, an artist, judged as to artistic effect, correct color-values, lights and shades, etc., etc. Nevertheless, with all this superior intelligence and experience to depend upon, we felt ourselves to be taking a most important step in our life's history. One of us held the cap and the other put in the slide; the mystic moment was passed—our first picture was taken! We now felt ourselves full-fledged amateurs, fully capable of giving advice, in our turn, to the younger and less experienced. You will all feel the same way, young friends.

Fired with enthusiasm, we started out soon on an oppressively hot Spring day, to try our luck *without advice*. For fear that we might forget something, we made a list of all needed implements. Camera? yes; plate-holders, loaded? yes; focusing cloth? yes; diaphragms? yes—in our pocket; cap? yes; ditto everything. This time our pictures were taken without advice, but with great deliberation, with much discussion as to artistic effect, time, sun and what not. Our plates were finally all exposed; but as we homeward plodded our weary way we saw a most picturesque donkey lazily flapping his ears to keep off the flies, and we wept salt tears to think that we had not saved one plate to transfix him. We reached the club-room tired and hot, with aching shoulders and blistered feet; but we were yet too excited to think of supper, and lest some man should insist on giving advice, and so take away from us part of our triumph, we hurriedly locked ourselves in the stuffy little dark room and proceeded to develop after the most approved methods, drawing on the large stock of advice we already had for emergencies. Emergencies arose. A flash, and one after another our pictures disappeared—six of them—with but a tantalizing glimpse of flower, tree, landscape and sky. Our hearts sank lower and lower and we looked into each other's faces with hollow eyes. As we sank on the one solitary stool of the dark room we felt something hard in our pocket—yes, it was just that—that miserable little diabolical diaphragm-case that had sweetly reposed there the entire afternoon. We had never thought of using it. Need we draw the moral, young friends? We always use ours now.

Upon this defeat there followed a few encouraging successes, that made us, like the average amateur, more self-sufficient than before. Pride goeth before destruction and a haughty spirit before a fall. Witness a "cow picture" taken in the flush of pride and followed by the most abject humiliation. It was a glorious morning in early May, when all the earth had put on gala robes and the air was filled with the stir of life. We sauntered out, in company with a veteran, to take an apple tree in full bloom. Not for the world would we have had him, our some time adviser, suppose that we were not, after a month's work, per-

fectly independent with a camera, and so we nonchalantly made an attempt at the tree—that, by the way, was over-timed—and then sauntered off to another part of the field and saw a subject—a picturesque group of cows contentedly chewing the cud under a lovely elm, some standing, some lying, all lazy, all perfectly still, with the chequered sunshine playing over them. Unfortunately, we had no quick plate with us; but the cows looked so calm, as they lazily turned their liquid eyes upon us, that we took it as a tacit promise of quiet. Focusing and arranging is a long process when there are two to do it; but the cap was off at last. Put not your trust in princes, neither in the stationary attitude of cows. At the crucial moment one cow arose and another walked off the plate, and the result was a bewildering mass of streaks, legs, shadow cows and phantom jaws. More dissensions have arisen in our usually peaceful life, owing to the vexation of this small machine, than from any other cause. Our advice to all is never to go into partnership on a camera. It *is* good for man to be alone with his camera, if under no other circumstances. You may be a unit on the great questions of state and church, you may agree as to coeducation, woman's enfranchisement, politics and religion, but take our word for it, you will never agree as to time of exposure or the important question of a good, sharp focus—especially if, as happens most unfortunately in our firm, one is long- and the other short-sighted—or as to the best position, the size of diaphragm, strength of developer and the innumerable other vital considerations that enter into the making of a good picture. At last we agreed always to disagree, and when off on a jaunt we take turns. Even here, however, we differed as to whether it were not better to reserve the plate for something else.

When Summer came, and it was necessary for the firm to dissolve partnership for three months, it was decided that as one was to spend her Summer by the sea, "Cammy" must go with her. It was felt to be a great venture for one person to attempt, unaided, to select a view, decide on length of exposure, to put in the plates, remove the cap and count the seconds without any adviser near. But there was no help for it, and arrangements were made accordingly. By advice a ruby lamp was purchased,

but it was a delusion and a snare. After laboriously shutting out the electric light from transom, cracks around the door and windows in our room, when the exposed plate was removed from the holder, so dark was the room that there was not the remotest possibility of seeing a picture peep forth from the plate, though the photographer knelt in the middle of the floor close by the poor little lightning-bug of a lamp, rocking the developing-pan and trying her best to see. The outlook seemed very dark for photography on Cushing's Island, when a good-natured, philanthropic little man came to the rescue with the offer of a dark room in an unoccupied cottage down by the sea—a room especially made for photography, with all appliances. Such kindness in a cold world will never be forgotten. A fair number of reasonably good pictures were brought home to help tell the story of a most delightful Summer.

Fortified by a year's chequered experience with our camera, we next Summer set our faces towards the setting sun and traveled westward to the snow-covered Rockies. There is enough of beauty and grandeur here to inspire the coldest amateur photographer—the Garden of the Gods with its strange rock forms, Pike's Peak with its snowy crest, beautiful Cheyenne Mountain and Canyon, the burial place of Helen Hunt, Ute Pass, the Rainbow Falls, Williams' Canyon and the grand old Sentinel Mountains on every side. A photographer could find abundant material here for a whole Summer, and secure the greatest variety of pictorial results. But we had only four days. We have a negative of the cathedral spires in the Garden of the Gods, in which the sky and the spires are all written over with an advertisement of John Wanamaker's manifold goods, and cutting square across the sky is an oblong white space left blank. The sad warning of this negative is, don't wrap up your exposed plates in printed paper, or if you do, choose some literature in harmony with the subject of the picture—not the *Philadelphia Times*, with "45 cents a yard, \$16.50 for the entire piece," etc., in every corner. The same disastrous result came about with our negative of the Rainbow Falls, with our Ute Pass, Pillars of Hercules and many others otherwise perfect.

We would give something of considerable value for pictures of the various extemporized dark rooms we used on this mountain trip. One night in Pueblo—and if there be a hotter place than sandy, dusty, level, uninteresting, sun-baked, rainless Pueblo reserved for the wicked, we are devoutly sorry for the class—we were driven to try a new expedient in the way of dark rooms. We were to start on our journey through a region of wondrous beauty very early the next morning. We had no unexposed plates in the holders and there was no dark closet to be found in that hotel, and the only thing that seemed possible for us to use was a wardrobe—2 x 4. By dint of rapid work and many openings of the door between times, to be resuscitated by the vigorous use of fan and ice water—new plates were put in, and the next morning we started on our way rejoicing.

The night of the second day out from Manitou brought us to Silverton, a cup-shaped valley encircled by mighty mountains whose sides are honeycombed with the shafts and tunnels of innumerable mines. Here we were overtaken by a terrific mountain storm, which had worked havoc on our mountain road, four land-slides blocking our way and imprisoning us in Silverton for the night. The town was full of miners and strangers, and our party sought shelter in a queer little mining "tavern," known as the Walker House, that reminded us of some of Bret Harte's scenes of mining life. Five ladies of our party were given a small room, the best room of the house, and a "cubby-hole" beside it. The two tallest members of the party were assigned to an abbreviated folding-bed—it was a cripple—one leg minus. Number three was assigned a lounge with a Rocky Mountain system running through the middle, and alas! it too was a cripple—one leg minus; and we, the firm, were banished to the snuffy, dark, little cubby-hole, just large enough for the bed, and adorned on all sides by the accumulated musty wardrobes of generations of dead and gone Walkers. The room was windowless, the outer walls but half-walls to the ceiling, opening above into the one hall of the house. It was, literally, a dark room by day, but, unfortunately for purposes of photography, it was not a dark room by night, and it was neces-

sary to prepare for the next day's campaign. We waited till the house was dark, and then, in the midst of the depressions, declivities, gorges, peaks and rocky defiles of that abomination of desolation that Mine Host Walker called a bed, we planted ourselves for the perilous work of changing plates. Now, it transpired that it was the primitive fashion of the Walker family to go about at night in stocking feet, carrying tallow dips. And in the very midst of operations the door into the kitchen opened. Host Walker, candle in hand, crept along the hall—pat, pat, pat, and up the stairs—every crack and knot-hole of our insecure roost letting in a broad stream of light over our poor plates. The next day, in the boiling sun, we climbed down a burro trail, and standing at last on a table of stone jutting out over a rock chasm, we took a picture of Bear Creek Falls, pitching down a sheer height of three hundred feet. Half-way down the mists are kissed by the sunlight till they glow in rainbow colors that span the entire chasm—the very spirit of the mist. But when we developed this pet picture that we had walked three miles for, in a lonely road of the Rocky Mountains, and found it light-struck, we called down such anathemas upon that poor white-haired, innocent old man of the tavern as we know will some day come back to us to roost.

We have here laid bare, dear readers, in these pages, for your amusement and warning, some of our most humiliating and pathetic experiences. We humbly feel that we have perhaps been more blessed with experiences of this kind than most amateurs, but we have mercifully spared you many details of over-timing and under-timing, of over-development and under-development, of frilled pictures and ruffled tempers, of stained dresses and disfigured hands, with which we could fill a volume. We have spared you, also, the story of our moderate successes as amateurs; but standing, as we do to-day, with the chequered photographic past of a two years' devotion to a camera pictured on our memories, we are still ready to say that in pure enjoyment, in rich experiences, in wholesome, unadulterated fun, we feel that our springtime fancy has paid an immense dividend on the investment, and we can only advise the yet hesitating to go and do likewise.



“A. H.”

BY WILLIAM HINCKLEY.



HAD run out from the city to spend the night with my old chum, who was very happily married to a beautiful and accomplished girl, whose charm of manner and vivacious conversation at once revealed her to be French. I always enjoyed these little visits to their bright home in the suburbs, as a spirit of perfect harmony seemed to surround the lives of these two.

Their house was expensively furnished with exquisite taste, and though I was by no means poor, yet my bachelor's den in town was such a contrast to their home that I felt rested simply by being with them, for my dingy little law office (I was too busy to care for appearances) usually found me hard at work among my papers at an early hour each morning, and I left only when forced to do so by the demands of tired nature.

Late in the afternoon of the day just closed, Hooker had invaded my sanctum like a whirlwind, and seizing me by the coat collar, had said :

“See here, old fellow! I've come to take you home to spend the night with us, and if you don't come peaceably, I shall use the grip I have on the back of your neck as a means of locomotion for you. Are you coming?”

This method of greeting was characteristic of my friend, whose great strength and robust health seemed well fitted to support his frank and generous nature. Notwithstanding the fact that we were as unlike as two men could well be, we had been fast friends for years, whereat our mutual acquaintances greatly wondered; but he had many traits which were lacking in me, and I suppose I had some which he had not, and this very difference bound us more closely.

We reached our destination in a short time, and, having dressed for dinner, were standing in the cozy little library, with its well-filled book-shelves, its broad, old-fashioned fireplace, so suggestive of comfort, and its handsome center-table, on which, though the house was lighted by electricity, there generally burned a fine reading-lamp with a delicately tinted shade, when my eye caught sight of a well-thumbed French dictionary lying upon the table, in company with the current magazines in careless disarrangement. My curiosity was aroused by this odd-looking, old-fashioned, practical book in such company, and I fell to idly speculating *quod hoc sibi vult?*

Dinner was served in that charming style with which none but the French seem familiar. The bright repartee of Mrs. Hooker and her friend, Louise Herrick, who was staying with her for a few days, was a constant source of entertainment to me. We men folks had hard work to keep pace with the ready wit of the girls, and woe betide us if we ventured to turn a jest back upon them, for we were pretty sure to have it returned bristling with more points than before. One topic of conversation most congenial to our little group was music, and we discussed the skill of the master of the art who was at this time performing such apparent miracles upon the piano-forte in the neighboring city, and whose wondrous genius had taken all the critics

by storm, and deprived them of occasion for anything but the most favorable comment. Our hostess was herself a brilliant pianiste, and I recalled many delightful hours spent as an attentive listener to her well-executed selections from favorite composers. Hooker was an author of some promise, and his literary efforts had been received by the public in a very flattering manner; he was also an un-failing mine of story and anecdote, and had that happy faculty of always looking on the bright side of life, which added a charm to his conversation.

Dessert had been served, and we were sipping our coffee, when I ventured to remark: "By the way, Alf, I don't remember to have heard you tell the history of that old dictionary that I noticed in the library just before we were summoned to dinner. May I ask why you value it?"

"Certainly, and I will be much pleased to tell you, with Mrs. H.'s permission," said my friend, looking with a roguish smile at his wife, whose bright face I now observed was suffused with blushes.

"Now, Alfred, you well know that I should be only too glad to have you tell Will of your amateur detective work, if it will give him pleasure; but Louise has heard the story, and if you will pardon us, we will await you in the sitting-room, and you can gratify Will's curiosity while you are enjoying your cigars. Come on, Lou."

"Well, old fellow! So you want to know why I keep that old book, do you, and why I value it so highly? I'll tell you the story with pleasure; but it is only just to myself to say that the book is not in its customary place, as I keep it locked up in my desk as a general thing, and only took it out this morning to look up the pronunciation of a word about which Miss Herrick and I had differed. Before I raise the lid of the box of mystery, which you probably think you have unearthed, let me say that the story is a very simple one, and did you not know the characters, would probably not interest you at all.

"You are doubtless aware of my attempt, some years ago, to master the French language. I undertook to learn it without the assistance of a teacher, and to do this, soon felt the need of a dictionary. I searched for some time for exactly such an one as I wanted, but without success. True, the book-stores

where second-hand books were sold (this was before I inherited my uncle's property) had many French dictionaries, but I found some objection to all of them. Finally, when I had about concluded that people who learned French never disposed of such books to the second-hand dealers, I came upon the very work that I had been looking for. It was a 'Surenne,' and I found it in a veritable 'Old Curiosity Shop' of a book-store, presided over by an old chap who looked as though he and his shop had been born the same year. In reply to my oft-repeated inquiry, he went to the back of the store and brought out a dictionary which he said had been in his possession for over two years. I paid him his price and carried it home with an immense degree of satisfaction. It proved a strong ally to me, and together we stormed and captured the French language in a spirited campaign. About six months after I made the purchase, I was casually turning over the book, when I found that the fly-leaf appeared to be stuck to the cover. Being in a somewhat inquiring mood, I inserted the end of a pen-holder between them and gently separated them. To my surprise I saw written near the top of the leaf, in a woman's handwriting, the initials 'A. H.,' and beneath them the address, '12 Boulevard Saint Michel.' I suppose you will say that there was nothing especially significant in that—some person living at that address, having no further use for the book, had disposed of it for that reason, or perhaps had needed the money which it might bring. Be that as it may, my curiosity was aroused, and having a good deal of time on my hands, and being in the humor, I determined to learn, if possible, who the person might be. Inquiry of the proprietor of the old store where I had purchased the book revealed the fact, corroborated by reference to a sort of memorandum which the old fellow was in the habit of making of any special incidents connected with his purchases or sales, that it had been left with him by a young woman, whom he remembered as being exceedingly good-looking, to whom he had paid a dollar for it. He also told me that the young woman seemed very much of a lady, and was evidently French. Here was a clue, to be sure, though how valuable did not immediately appear. 12 Boulevard Saint Michel was clearly Parisian,

but how the book happened to be in a second-hand store in Boston was yet to be discovered.

"I asked many persons of my acquaintance if they could tell me of a young Frenchwoman whose initials were 'A. H.,' but could learn nothing. It became a sort of joke among them finally that Alf Hooker's French girl was occupying a considerable place in his thoughts, and indeed she was; for you have known me long enough to understand that these apparent failures would make me but more determined. One thing I made up my mind to do—I would let the matter drop as far as my companions were concerned, and I found after a while that they supposed I had given up the idea. About this time, you will remember that my mother's brother, who had been for many years in India, died in England, and my sister and I were advised by his solicitors that we had been made his sole heirs. The condition of my sister's health forbade her taking an ocean voyage, and it was decided that I should go at once to England and arrange my uncle's affairs. Therefore, leaving my sister in the care of an old and tried friend, our former housekeeper, who had married and was living in town, I sailed on the *City of Paris*, of the Inman Line, and soon found myself in London. I went at once to the offices of my uncle's attorneys, Hazelhurst, Blackman & King, 42 Fleet street, and introducing myself, was given a cordial reception by Mr. Blackman, who had been a life-long friend of my uncle. He laid before me the papers relating to the estate, from which I learned with much surprise (for up to this time I had supposed my uncle to have been in but moderate circumstances) that my sister and I had inherited jointly a considerable sum of money, sufficient to support us in comfortable, if not luxurious, style for the remainder of our lives. After settling all matters relating to our inheritance, I looked about the city of London, and saw what there was of interest, after which I determined to take a trip to the Continent. Strange to say, the affair of the dictionary and its former owner had not recurred to my mind in the bustle and confusion of business, and it was not until I reached the railway depot in Paris that I realized that now, at last, I might have an opportunity to take up the search for the

mysterious 'A. H.' I wasted no time, therefore, in finding a hotel, from which, having left my baggage, I sallied forth with 12 Boulevard Saint Michel as my objective point.

"I had little difficulty in making myself understood, as a natural taste for languages had enabled me to acquire a very fair pronunciation. Entering a *fiacre*, I instructed the driver to go at once to the boulevard, which we soon reached. I alighted at the corner of the street, and having dismissed the *fiacre*, proceeded in a leisurely manner to number *twelve*. The place proved to be an unpretentious apartment house—one of the kind usually occupied by artists in straitened circumstances and by the respectable poor. A ring at the bell was answered by a tidily dressed woman of about forty years of age, whom I rightly judged to be the *concierge*, and from whom I learned, upon explaining the nature of my call, that she knew of no person whose initials were 'A. H.' Here was a most unforeseen check. Was not this number twelve? It was. And was not the street known as the Boulevard Saint Michel? It certainly was. How then was I to clear up what appeared to be a mystery? But wait—perhaps madame had not long been in charge. This was the solution of the problem. The *concierge* stated that she had lived there only about a year, whereas it was now nearly three years since the book had been left with my old friend, the book-dealer, and allowing for the time it was probable that 'A. H.' had lived in America, it must now be about four years since she had been at this address.

"Could madame state where the former *concierge* might be found?

"*Certainement!* She was an acquaintance, and lived in such a street and number.

"Leaving a small sum of money with the good woman, with an apology for having troubled her, and with my spirits again en route skyward, I made my way directly to the number indicated, where I found a bright-faced young mother surrounded by several mischievous-looking children, who hid behind their parent's skirts upon seeing a stranger. I learned from her that she had formerly had charge of the apartments at the Boulevard Saint Michel, and that she remembered two very refined and hand-

some young women who had lived with an old aunt in the front rooms. She thought they had once been very rich, and was sure they were ladies, but did not know their names—one moment, *Monsieur!* She did remember that the last name was Honoré. This was all, except that the family had moved away from the place about three years or more before this time. Where to she could not say positively, though she thought they had gone to America.

"I was certainly possessed of some valuable information.

"Honoré was a strange name to me. I racked my brains to think whether I had ever heard of any persons bearing that name in Boston.

"Well! I spent several weeks upon the Continent, returning to the United States at the expiration of that time, and moved into the house where I first entertained you, and which was destroyed by fire shortly after my sister's death. The latter event weighed upon my mind so heavily that my health speedily became impaired, and I was advised by my physician (old Doctor Cameron—you remember him, do you not, Will?) to take a trip to Bermuda. I followed his advice, and spent the succeeding Winter at the Princess Hotel, Hamilton. By the time Spring had come I was physically restored, though I keenly felt the loss of my sister. I was now quite alone in the world, as far as relatives were concerned, and upon my return to Boston decided to enter the banking business, in which I was very successful, but from which I retired to enter the more congenial sphere of literary work.

"During all these months I had given little thought to 'A. H.,' but my mind again reverting to her, I resolved to take up the search where I had been compelled to abandon it. I thought it probable that she and her sister would have taken the most direct means of reaching this country, and with this idea in mind I went to New York city, and calling at the offices of the *Compagnie Générale Transatlantique*, explained my desire (which by this time had become a sort of mania with me), and was courteously shown the passenger lists of the steamers which left Havre for New York about the time the Honorés must have quitted France. I searched anxiously for the name, and had despaired of finding it, when I came upon it

among those of the second-class passengers: Mlles. Aimée and Marie Honoré.

To say that I was much elated at this discovery is no exaggeration. I felt that I had taken a long stride toward success, as it was quite evident from the finding of the dictionary in a Boston book-store that the young people had gone to that city to live. I therefore returned and began to haunt intelligence offices and places where it was probable that refined young ladies—as I felt the Honorés to be—might have gone in search of employment. I felt pretty sure that they would have been compelled to seek some occupation by which to earn a living, but my efforts to discover their whereabouts were utterly fruitless, until I adopted other means of tracing them. I assumed that, being French people, and probably once possessed of considerable means, they would very likely be well educated, and, acting upon this supposition, I consulted music teachers, art embroiderers, painters and artists of all kinds, and I cannot tell you how many other possible sources of information for some weeks, without any tangible result, when I came upon what proved to be a most important clue. I learned that a young Frenchwoman, answering to the general description I had received, was teaching music in one of the suburbs of Boston, but my informant could give me no satisfaction as to the name. I accordingly went at once to the place designated, and having made inquiries, was directed to a modest little house—cottage would better describe it—on one of the less frequented streets.

"You may imagine, old man, that by this time I was getting excited. Had my acquaintances known what I was doing, I would probably have been looked upon as either a fool or a lunatic; but, fortunately for me, I had kept my own counsel, and no one shared my secret. I had made up my mind that, if 'A. H.' was on this side of the grave, I would find her, if it took unlimited time and money to do it. Here I was, perhaps at the very consummation of my months of diligent search, and mustering up as much courage and dignity as I could command, I boldly rang the bell, and asked if the persons occupying the house were named Honoré.

"No, they were not, though the lady of the house had formerly borne that name.

“Great heavens! Had I found her at last, only to learn that she was married? Well, I suppose, I looked pretty shaky, for the person who had responded to the ringing of the door-bell inquired if I was ill, and, if so, whether she might offer me a stimulant. I made light of the matter, and told her that I was subject to giddy turns (which in one sense was true and another not), but recovered myself sufficiently to ask if I might see the person who had formerly been known as Mlle. Honoré.

“Certainly! and, excusing herself, the person went to the stair and called in a low voice, ‘Marie!’ and before I could collect my senses enough to grasp the fact that this must be the home of the sister and not of the ‘A. H.’ of my dreams, a very handsome young woman entered the room and asked if I had business with Mrs. Singerley. Assuming that the present Mrs. Singerley and the former Mlle. Marie Honoré were one and the same, I presented my card and stated in a few words the object of my call. Well, sir, I think I never saw a face in which a desire to laugh right out struggled so hard with an innate refinement of manner. The effect of my statement was so different from that for which I had looked that I was much embarrassed; but seeing that she thought the matter a huge joke, I did not hesitate to join with her in a hearty laugh, though I hastened to assure her of the earnestness of my intentions. Our laughter dispelled all uneasiness on my part, and I found my hostess to be a very affable and gracious person. From her I learned that her sister, Aimée, was teaching music in the city, though in so quiet and unobtrusive a way that I readily understood why I had been unable to find her through my inquiries among the members of the musical profession. Our interview terminated with a cordial invitation from Mrs. Singerley to call again, and I left

the house, feeling that I was now within a short distance of my goal.

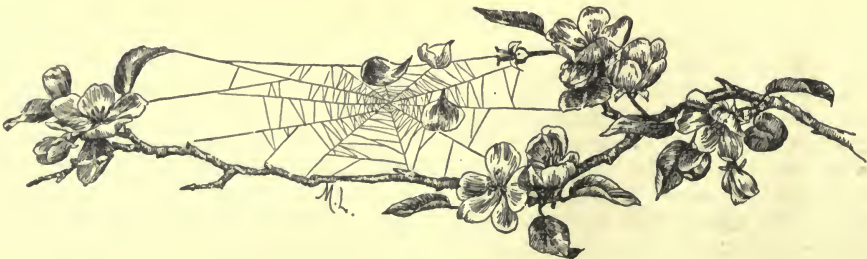
“You may be sure that I allowed little more time to elapse between my first and second calls than could be avoided, and one afternoon late in February, found me again ringing at the door of the cottage. This time I was admitted by Mrs. Singerley herself, and you may imagine my delight when I learned that her sister was expected there that evening. Mrs. Singerley seemed to think the occasion permitted straining a point in propriety, for she invited me to remain and take tea. Oh, rapture! Here was the opportunity so ardently wished for! I immediately accepted the invitation, and had been engaged in conversation with my hostess for a short time only when the front door opened and some one entered the house. Saying that it was her sister, and that she would ask her to come into the room, she arose and retired, returning presently with the veritable, the mysterious ‘A. H.’ herself!

“By Jove, old fellow! you may have known that I never cared for a girl other than my sister until that time! But here was one to whom I surrendered without even attempting to defend the flag! Mlle. Honoré was all my imagination had painted her—nay, my imagination could not have drawn so beautiful, so refined and so graceful a being as I now beheld!

“But why proceed with the details? Aimée has been my wife and your friend for several years, and I think you can realize for yourself that I am the most fortunate scamp alive.”

At this point I enthusiastically struck the table with my hand and exclaimed: “You are, Alf, for a fact! I am tempted to buy up every old French dictionary I can lay hands on and follow in your footsteps!”

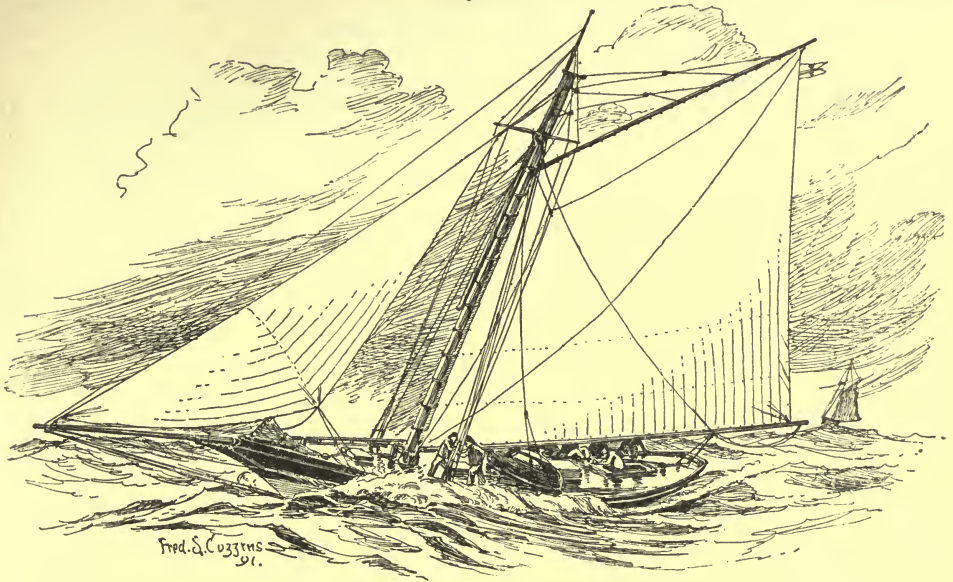
“It’s of no use, Will,” he replied, smiling in his happy way. “There is only one ace of trumps, and I hold that.”



THE EVOLUTION OF THE FORTY-SIX-FOOTER.

BY GEORGE A. STEWART.

Completed.



BARBARA.—OWNED BY C. H. W. FOSTER.

THE yachtsmen of Marblehead, accustomed to seeing the *Minerva* leading the fleet home by margins varying from five minutes to half an hour, could hardly believe their eyes when they saw the champion of 1889 following half a mile in the wake of the newcomer. *Gossoon's* position was at once established, and though there were many close races between these two leaders of the fleet, the superiority of the *Gossoon* was not doubted by the majority of racing men. Tough struggles they were, every one, the *Gossoon* fighting all day to get far enough ahead to give her less-powered rival her time allowance, and many times just failing in the attempt.

The *Gossoon's* time allowance to the *Minerva* was usually less than two minutes over the course. The closeness of the racing is shown by the fact that, although in ten races the *Gossoon* failed but once to beat the *Minerva* on actual time, the Scotch cutter finished within her time allowance in half the races. Two victories, awarded to the *Minerva* by two seconds, further attest the closeness of the racing. The record of the year, as finally made up, showed a practical tie,

five victories to each, but it was generally agreed that the *Gossoon* was a trifle the faster craft—an opinion which was concurred in even by Capt. Charles Barr, who sailed the *Minerva* so doggedly in her uphill fights.

Two other 40-footers were built in the year 1890, both from the hands of Designer Burgess. Both were centerboarders, and both succumbed to the keel *Gossoon*. But for this the centerboard type should not be held strictly to account, as each embodied experimental ideas which had not before been associated with the fastest order of centerboard craft.

One of these boats was named *Moccasin* and the other *Ventura*. The *Moccasin* was an attempt to combine the idea of small sail-carrying power with the centerboard type. She was narrower than the other centerboarders, having a beam of 13 ft. 6 in., as against *Verena's* 14 ft. 6 in. *Moccasin* showed a fair turn of speed, but was not raced as keenly as her competitors. Many who followed the *Moccasin's* career feel assured that with careful attention she would have followed close on the heels of *Gossoon* and *Minerva*.

NOTE.—For illustration of *Gossoon* and *Nautilus* see OUTING, May, 1892, pp. 125-126; of *Minerva*, OUTING, April, 1892, p. 59.

Ventura was still more of an attempt to combine the narrow beam of the keel yacht with the shoal draught of the centerboarder. She was but 12 ft. wide, and her board did not hoist above the level of the load water-line. This produced a craft that offered exceptional advantages for cruising, as she had large cabin accommodation under flush deck, with shoal draught. If speed could have been added, she would have been perfect. But while the *Ventura* sailed some very good races, especially in light winds, it was apparent that she was not up to the level of *Gossoon* in all-around racing.

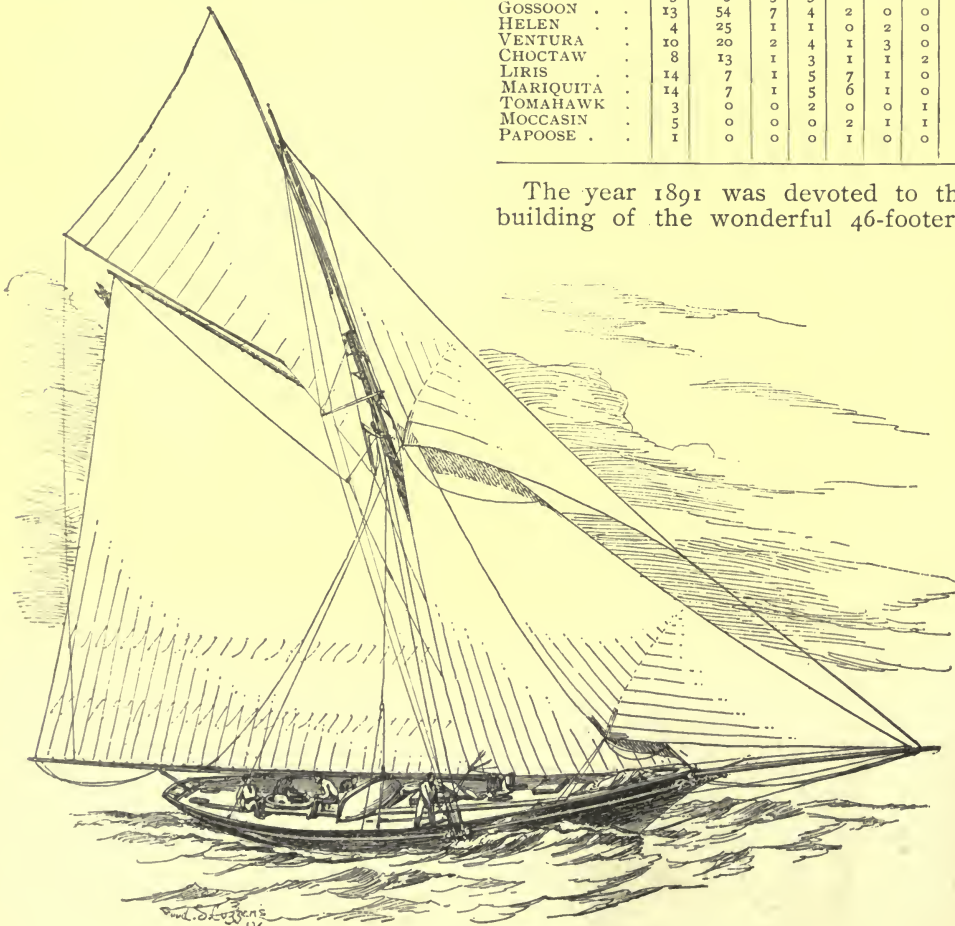
The year 1890 marked a considerable change in the method of building racing yachts. Heretofore the wooden construction had usually been considered good enough for yachts of the size of 40-footers, though the experiment of building *Tomahawk* of steel had been

quite successful, and *Liris* had been composite built, with double skin. Iron floors and steel strengthening-plates had been used generally; but in 1890 all three of the new 40-footers were of composite construction, part of the frames and deck-beams being of steel. Lightness of hull and rigging were still more carefully considered, and attention to details played a large part in *Gossoon's* success. How strong she was, in spite of her lightness, is shown by the fact that although her club-topsail was carried through every race in which she competed, she finished the season with but two breakdowns.

The record of the 40-footers for 1890 was as follows.

Yacht.	Starts.	Per cent. Firsts.	Number of Times					
			1st.	2d.	3d.	4th.	5th.	6th.
CHISPA . . .	1	100	1	0	0	0	0	0
MINERVA . . .	23	65	15	5	1	2	0	0
GOSSOON . . .	13	54	7	4	2	0	0	0
HELEN . . .	4	25	1	1	0	2	0	0
VENTURA . . .	10	20	2	4	1	3	0	0
CHOCTAW . . .	8	13	1	3	1	1	2	0
LIRIS . . .	14	7	1	5	7	1	0	0
MARIQUITA . . .	14	7	1	5	6	1	0	1
TOMAHAWK . . .	3	0	0	2	0	0	1	0
MOCCASIN . . .	5	0	0	0	2	1	1	1
PAPOOSE . . .	1	0	0	0	1	0	0	0

The year 1891 was devoted to the building of the wonderful 46-footers.



OWEENE.—OWNED BY A. B. TURNER.

The success of the *Gossoon* drove all the other forties, *Minerva* included, into retirement. Mr. Bayard Thayer had lodged with Mr. Burgess an order for a 40-footer to beat the *Gossoon*, but Mr. Belmont wished more accommodation than the *Mariquita* afforded, so he gave Mr. Burgess an order for a new yacht in the 46-foot class. The *Alga* had for several years demonstrated the value of the 46-footer as a cruiser, and in the year 1890 there were a number of good contests between the 46-footers *Milicete*, *Thelma* and *Alga*. Mr. Belmont's order turned the tide in the direction of the 46-foot class. It seemed a pity that what building there was should be divided between two classes; so Mr. Thayer was prevailed upon to build a 46-footer instead of a 40. This established the 46-footer as the coming class, and nine new yachts of that size were built for the season's sport. Thus the sequence beginning with *Papoose*, continuing through the 40-footers and culminating in the swift *Gloriana*, is seen to be a direct and natural one.

The *Mineola* and *Sayonara* were Burgess boats, and a third Burgess production was the *Oweene*, ordered by Mr. A. B. Turner. Mr. C. H. W. Foster added to the excitement by ordering the cutter *Barbara* from the Scotch designer Fife. A strong tide was now setting in the direction of the 46-foot class. Mr. John B. Paine, son of Gen. Paine, had the design of a 40-footer completed, but realizing the trend of events, he changed his intention and designed the 46-footer *Alborak*.

New York thus far had not taken a hand in the designing, but now Mr. J. Rogers Maxwell came to the front and commissioned Designer Wintringham to build the *Nautilus*.

Vice-commodore Morgan had not been very lucky in his Burgess productions *Tomahawk* and *Moccasin*, so he decided to try a change of luck. He commissioned the Herreshoffs to build him a 46. The Herreshoffs had a reputation as builders of fast-sailing craft which dated back well into the sixties. Of late years they had devoted most of their attention to steam yachts, but the success of the *Gloriana* proved that the Bristol builders had not allowed their minds to grow rusty regarding the elements of speed in sailing-craft.

Mr. Charles A. Prince added much

to the yachting outlook by ordering a centerboard 46 from Designer Burgess. The success of *Minerva* in 1889 and of *Gossoon* in 1890 drove all the other owners to the selection of a keel yacht to carry their racing colors, but Mr. Prince's faith in a wide centerboard boat had not been shaken. The success of the *Beatrix* went far to prove the soundness of her owner's reasoning. She was probably the fastest among the Burgess boats, and at the close of the season was fit to push the *Gloriana* to her very best paces. Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt ordered the *Ilderim*, a Burgess keel 46; but as her owner went abroad, this yacht did not go into commission.

Such was the unexpectedly large fleet which offered promise of grand sport for 1891. Nine new 46-footers, representing a cost value of over \$100,000 and combining the efforts of five different designers, furnished a class which has never been surpassed.

The four Burgess keel boats were all practically of the same type, their beam varying slightly from that of the narrowest, *Sayonara*, to that of the widest, *Mineola*, and their displacement varying inversely as their beam, so that all had approximately the same sail-carrying power. All had large sail-plans, the *Sayonara's* being enlarged from the original plan in order to make her a particularly good light-weather boat. The *Oweene* was a compromise between the *Sayonara* and *Mineola* both in beam and displacement, and her design, combined with skillful attention, brought her out ahead of her sister craft. Still all the Burgess keel boats were so similar in type that it was inevitable that any yacht which could beat one of them handily would defeat them all.

The centerboard *Beatrix* was quite a beamy craft, as she was 16 ft. wide, as against *Oweene's* 13 ft. 4 in. The *Beatrix* also carried a heavy lead keel, and the combination of ballast and beam made her the most powerful of the Burgess boats. The Fife cutter *Barbara* showed a fine-cut section, with considerable flare to her topsides. She was the smallest powered boat in the fleet, barring *Jessica*, having several hundred feet less sail than the Burgess boats.

The Paine cutter *Alborak*, as was to be expected, was the most powerful boat in the fleet. She was the widest of the keel boats and carried the most lead.

While designed by John Paine, she represented the General's idea of power, and was a strong experiment in that direction. The *Nautilus* was a well-turned boat, but she had not power enough to carry the sail needed to make her a winner.

In the *Gloriana* the Herreshoffs hit the mark. Her peculiarity was a very full set of water-lines, which gave her a powerful shape. The tendency of recent years had been from the very hollow forward water-lines to lines practically straight; but Herreshoff took a step beyond and made his entrance water-lines quite full and convex. This sort of a bow the builders had tried the preceding Fall on the cat-yawl *Gannet*, and had proved its efficacy.

The Burgess boats carried from 3,900 to 4,000 square feet of sail by the measurement rule—a big sail-plan for a 46-footer. The *Gloriana* carried 4,150 square feet, and the Paine cutter over 4,300.

The *Barbara* had only about 3,600 feet of sail, and it seems a curious anomaly that with this small sail-plan she should have been very fast in light winds and not so good in a breeze. The explanation is probably to be found in her flaring section, which gave a boat practically narrower than the others in light winds, while she had not sufficient power when heeled over in a breeze.

It is also worth consideration that the *Jessica*, with only about 3,000 feet of sail, could sail so near to her competitors, which spread one-third more canvas than she did. The *Alborak's* huge sail-plan was a serious difficulty in the way of getting the highest speed, and in fact throughout the year it was impossible to hold her sails in shape sufficiently well to bring her up to the highest standard in windward work.

In construction the 46's were full of interest. Of them all the *Barbara* showed the best construction, though she had a trifle too much weight of material. All the boats were composite, part of the frames and deck-beams being of steel, while in the *Gloriana* all the frames were of steel. The *Gloriana* had a partial system of diagonal strapping, while the *Barbara* showed a complete and strong system of diagonal straps. Vice-commodore Morgan indulged in the luxury of double planking for the *Gloriana*, which added to his yacht's strength.

The Burgess boats, while cleverly constructed in the main, were too light in particular spots, and their records suffered much in consequence. At the beginning of the season the *Mineola* and *Sayonara* met the *Gloriana* in New York before the defects in their construction had been remedied, and suffered disastrous defeats.

The *Gloriana* was too weak originally in her deck construction, but this fault was remedied before the Spring races. From the first the *Gloriana* showed remarkable speed, and as she caught her competitors off their form, she established a reputation in her New York races even greater than her speed warranted.

After their rout in New York the *Sayonara* and *Mineola* went into the repair-shop. The result was that they were much better and faster boats on the New York cruise than they were in the Spring. At Marblehead the *Oweene* and *Beatrice* established themselves as the best of the Eastern boats, and the New York cruise was looked forward to to establish the amount of *Gloriana's* superiority to *Oweene* and *Beatrice*, as it was generally considered that the Bristol yacht would win.

It was a disappointment that Mr. Morgan decided not to send the *Gloriana* on the cruise, contenting himself with races sailed at Newport. Much of the *Gloriana's* speed was due to her condition, as she was handled like a race-horse, while her competitors were harnessed up for the family driving. The *Gloriana* was carefully attended to at her moorings at Newport between races, while the other 46's went on the cruise, racing day in and day out, wetting sails and stretching them out of shape, breaking down and not taking sufficient time to repair, tiring out crews, and, in general, taking the handicaps which a yacht cruising suffers when pitted against a yacht which sees no service except on race days and days devoted to preparation for races.

Gloriana won the Goellet cup for sloops—a remarkable honor for a 46-foot yacht. All her competitors suffered accidents in this race; but the *Gloriana* would have won had there been no accident. This race, with her five straight wins in New York, gave the *Gloriana* her record of great superiority to her mates, for there was nothing in her last two races to in-



Painted for OUTING by Cozzens.

Engraved by Connolly.

BEATRIX (NOW HARPOON).—OWNED BY G. C. AND C. F. ADAMS, 2ND.

dicating that she had any considerable margin over her competitors.

The special race of August 13th was an unsatisfactory affair. The *Oweene* was out of it for some much-needed repairs, and the *Beatrix* did not start, as neither of her owners was a member of the New York Club. It was a fluky

The Corinthian Yacht Club sweepstakes was looked forward to to settle the question of superiority and to give a true line on the *Gloriana's* speed. This was the only race in which the *Beatrix* met the Bristol boat, and it was the centerboarder's misfortune to carry away her throat halliard block just before the start, which gave her adherents a loophole of escape when the end of the race found her well astern of the champion.

That race was a very close fit between the *Gloriana* and *Oweene*, the Herreshoff boat winning by 51 seconds actual time and 1 minute 21 seconds corrected time. On the eight miles of windward work



MINEOLA.—OWNED BY AUGUST BELMONT.

day, with a shift of wind, and the race would have been won by the *Sayonara* if she had stuck to the *Gloriana*. But *Sayonara* and *Mineola* split tacks with the leader and made an unnecessary tack, the wind canting so that they could have fetched home without it. The *Gloriana* saved herself by 28 seconds.

the *Gloriana* beat the *Oweene* only 19 seconds. It was hoped to arrange some further races between the *Gloriana* and *Beatrix*, but Commodore Morgan decided to lay his boat up.

The success of the *Gloriana* was due to the excellence of her design throughout. She had a novel feature in her very full bow, and her building has add-

ed considerably to the knowledge of the best lines for speed. She was very powerful also, and the increase of sail which she had over her Burgess competitors was sufficient to account for her superiority in light winds, while the Herreshoff boat's power enabled her to carry off her big sail-plan in a breeze. The excellent care which *Gloriana* received added also to her sailing qualities; and the question as to just how much she was superior to her nearest competitors under even conditions will never be known.

What she will do in the coming season, now that she has become the property of Dr. W. Barton Hopkins, of Philadelphia, a member of the New York Yacht Club, and is to be raced by John Barr, as skipper, remains to be seen.

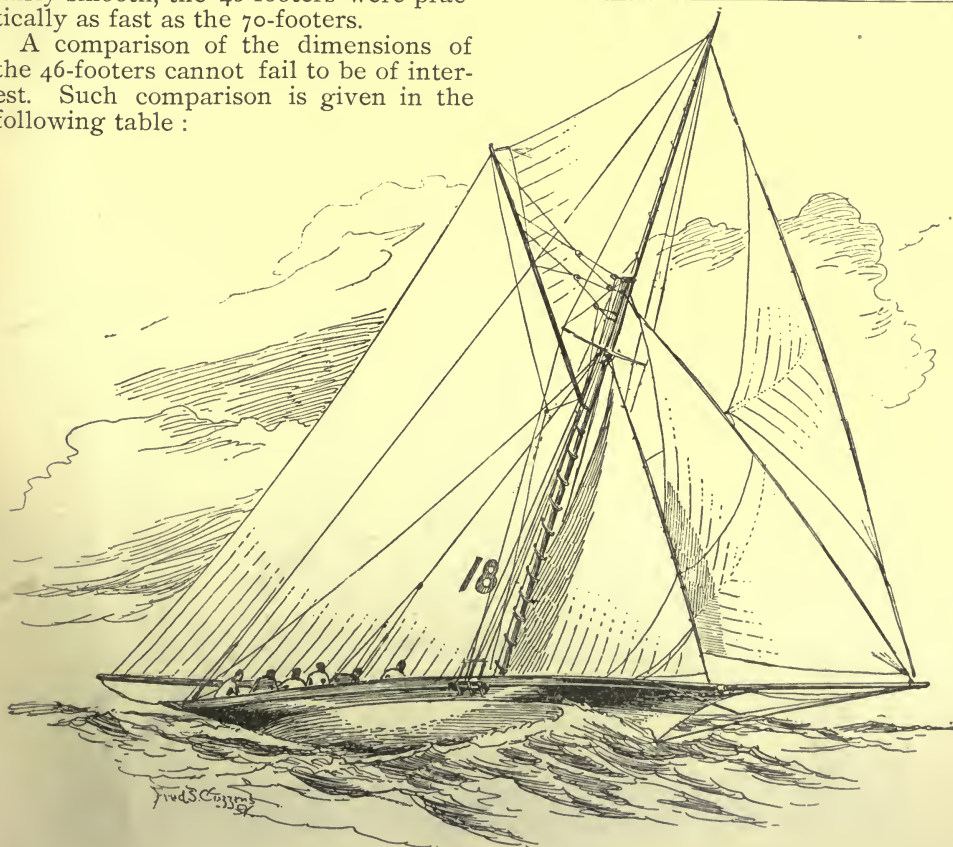
The 46-foot class, even excluding *Gloriana*, was the fastest class which has ever been evolved. Their actual speed, under ordinary conditions, was almost equal to that of the 70-footers. Even in strong breezes, so long as the water held fairly smooth, the 46-footers were practically as fast as the 70-footers.

A comparison of the dimensions of the 46-footers cannot fail to be of interest. Such comparison is given in the following table :

Yacht.	Owner.	Length			
		over all.	L. W. L.	Beam.	Draught.
		Feet.	Feet.	Feet.	Feet
GLORIANA	E. D. Morgan	70	45.3	13.1	11.2
BEATRIX	J. C. A. Prince	63	45.8	16.0	7.5
OWEENE	Dr. John Bryant.	62	45.8	13.3	11.0
SAYONARA	A. B. Turner	62	45.8	12.8	10.5
MINEOLA	Bayard Thayer	62	45.8	13.5	10.5
BARBARA	August Belmont	62	45.8	12.5	10.5
ALBORAK	C. H. W. Foster	63	45.9	13.0	11.7
JESSICA	John B. Paine	65	45.9	14.2	10.8
NAUTILUS	W. O'B. McDonough	61	46.0	10.2	10.4
	J. Rogers Maxwell	62	46.0	13.5	10.2

The record of the 46-footers in 1891 was as follows:

Yacht.	Starts.	Per cent. Finsts.	Number of Times							Did not Finish.
			1st.	2d.	3d.	4th.	5th.	6th.	7th.	
GLORIANA	8	100	8	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
BEATRIX	11	64	7	3	1	0	0	0	0	0
OWEENE	19	26	5	8	3	1	0	0	0	2
JESSICA	19	26	5	7	1	1	1	1	0	0
SAYONARA	25	24	6	8	6	1	1	0	0	0
MINEOLA	24	17	4	6	5	2	2	0	0	1
BARBARA	10	10	1	1	1	4	0	0	0	3
ALBORAK	8	0	0	0	2	2	0	0	0	3
NAUTILUS	12	0	0	3	3	5	1	1	0	0



JESSICA.— OWNED BY W. O'B. MACDONOUGH.



THE LATE EDWARD BURGESS.

It must be said, however, that the 46-footers did not come up fully to the expectations which had been formed as to their serviceability. It was expected that they would furnish more cabin room than the 40-footers did, but this they failed to do. They got an extra stateroom, to be sure, but this was given up to the sailing-master, and the big crew which their sail-plans demanded necessitated a large part of the yacht's accommodations being given up to the forecabin. They were very expensive boats for their size, and

it is probable that the experimental class of the future will be somewhat smaller, as the expenditure of from \$15,000 to \$20,000 for one season's racing would confine the sport to a very few owners.

The outlook for the present Summer is an interesting one, though no such fleet of racing yachts will contest as in 1891. Several new experiments in the way of hanging lead ballast will be tried, and the racing of boats with ballast-fins and, possibly, with weighted centerboards against extremely wide and shoal centerboard craft carrying little or no ballast, will be tried in the smaller classes.

The evolution of the 46-foot class, as will be seen by any one who has had the patience to read this description to the end, has embraced a large part of the yachting history of the years from the conclusion of the late international era to the present time. All the problems of naval architecture which have been solved during these years have been applied to the 46-footers and their forerunners, and a large part of the growth of the science has sprung from these comparatively small craft. Though the present season will be rather a quiet one compared with some of the exciting years which have preceded it, still a great deal of interest will be taken in the events that do occur, and with the solution of one or two important problems, the smouldering fire will be apt to kindle anew another year.

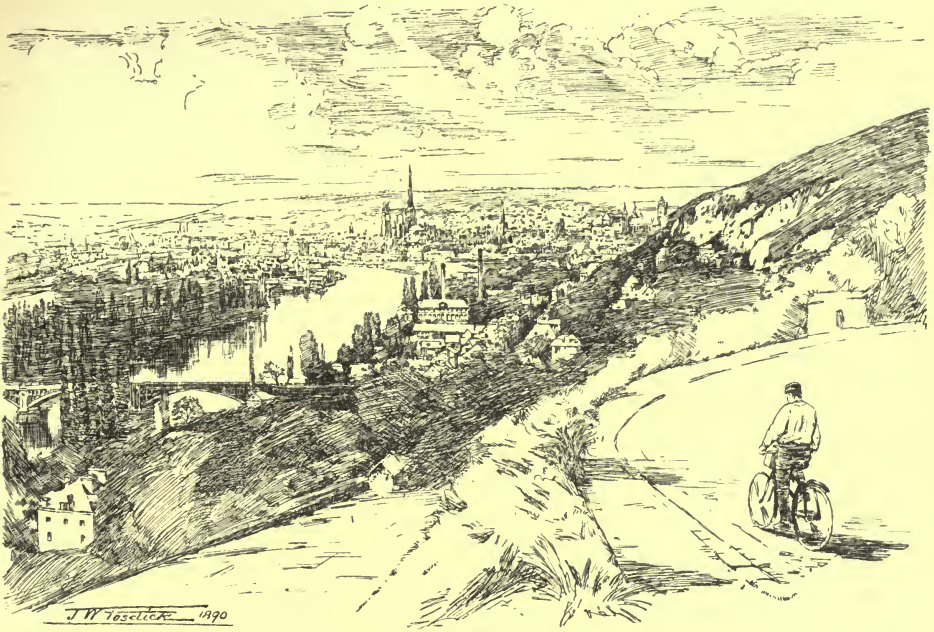


VERENA.-- OWNED BY ARTHUR AUSTIN.

BY WHEEL FROM HAVRE TO ROUEN.

BY J. W. FOSDICK.

Concluded.



"SET IN ITS MIDST LIKE A JEWEL WAS ROUEN." (p. 202.)

ONE day whilst at Vieux Port I intrusted myself and cycle to the care of Père Cabot, who paddled me over the river in his leaky little ferry, and I wheeled along a turfy path through the meadows to the Chateau of Etelan, a picturesque structure not unlike the Hotel Cluny at Paris. The Etelan family owned this estate from 1383 until 1858, when the last of the Etelans, who was a spend-thrift, sold it, and to-day it makes a shooting-box for a rich Parisian family. It was hither that Charles IX. and Catherine de' Medici came in 1565, after the defeat of the English at Havre.

Had I not had a mackintosh coat with which to envelop myself at night, I might have remained in Vieux Port forever, doubled up with rheumatism between the damp sheets of Père Cabot's "best room." Thanks to the mackintosh! I am here to forewarn all American cyclists not to sleep in Cabot's damp little hut.

As I left Vieux Port, Père Cabot patted me on the back with his horny hand, and, as I rode away, waved his hat, shout-

ing, "*Vive les Américains!*" Poor fellow! It was not often that he let his best room—no wonder that he saluted me! After passing the curious little church of Aizier I rode for miles through the cool forest of Brotonne.

A torpedo boat was running up river, and we had a lively race. I was handicapped by hills and turns, but came in ahead at Vatteville, where I stopped to inspect a huge donjon of the eleventh century, which must have been a terror in feudal days. It is connected by subterranean passages with a chateau farther inland. Here I certainly had a unique experience, for I could not force the peasant who guided me to accept a fee. The pleasure of silently studying the workings of my bicycle, and of gazing at me, almost awestruck, as I photographed the old pile, seemed to amply repay him for his trouble.

Nearly opposite is Villequier, a village with sad associations, for, on the 4th of September, 1843, the daughter of Victor Hugo, with her husband and two friends, were drowned in a boating ac-



"I PICKED MY WAY TO A TINY COBBLER'S SHOP."
(p. 199.)

cident almost before the door of their home, which overlooked the river. The wife and daughter of Victor Hugo are buried in the village cemetery, and it was the desire of the great poet that his mortal remains might rest beside those of his wife and daughter in this little burial ground by the Seine—not beneath the dome of the Pantheon.

I rested a little at St. Nicholas-de-Bliquetuit, and then did some laborious wheeling over a rutted, sandy road to the river, where I found myself vis-à-vis with Caudebec, which is only surpassed by Rouen in picturesqueness and historic interest. I selected a cool spot in the shade of some shrubbery, and waited for the ferry. A group of bloused and white-bonneted peasants, waiting for the boat, crowded about the bicycle, and so my meditations upon Caudebec were cut short by countless questions—viz.: "Are monsieur's legs not fatigued?" "Does monsieur not find it difficult to ride up-hill?" The crowd burst into loud guffaws of laughter when a simple-minded farm youth, with a brace of ducks slung over his shoulder, asked if "monsieur had ridden from America on his *vélocipède*?" I told him quite innocently that I had ridden up the Seine from Havre, when a waggish-looking farmer turned the tables by asking whether I had come by land or water.

The river-front of Caudebec is the market-place, and a livelier market I

never saw in Normandy. There were huge loads of sweet-smelling hay, calves, litters of pigs, live turkeys with legs tied together and cruelly left to bake in the hot sun, and the basket-maker made and sold his wares at the same time. And what an extraordinary vehicle was that of the spectacle-vender! The whole front of his house on wheels was one great glass show-case. The interior was as comfortable a home as one could wish for, fitted with bed, stove, sewing-machine and a piano near the door, used to attract the attention of the gaping rustics.

This district abounds in beautiful historic ruins, which were perfect gems before the hand of the iconoclast dismantled them. The beautiful spire of Caudebec alone stands intact to console us for the loss of other architectural gems. Excavations have proven that Caudebec was the seat of an early civilization. Medals have been found bearing the effigies of the Cæsars, pottery, with mythological bas-reliefs, and mosaics picturing the Roman in all his glory.

I did not hurry away from Caudebec, for one cannot spend even a day in this charming spot without wishing to spend weeks. One cannot blame an artist for being dreamy and absorbed in the midst of its quaint streets and sunny cloisters.

I must have been dreaming one morning when I picked up my shoes, upon which "boots" had lavished his best talents. I was not sorry to find them sadly in need of new soles, for the delay would keep me still another day in this quaint old town. The landlord lent me



"THE GRACEFUL TOWERS OF JUMIEGES."
(p. 201.)



"WHERE THE SUNLIGHT STREAMED IN THROUGH THE GOTHIC OPENWORK." (p. 199.)

a pair of slippers, and I picked my way to a tiny cobbler's shop in a crooked little street. The cobbler would finish them by the next morning, so I returned to the hotel. As I entered the Golden Eagle a stormy scene was in progress between the landlord and my next-door neighbor, a Frenchman. I passed on to my room, but stood aghast at what I beheld before my door. *My shoes* were there, and I had only just taken them to the cobbler's. Was I dreaming? Had the little cobbler in the crooked street been a vision? Surely not; for the mud was still clinging to my borrowed slippers. Yet the shoes resting so comfortably, toes inward, before my door, were my own without a doubt. Each curve and crease were as familiar as my own right hand. Marvel upon marvels! when I picked them up I found the soles as solid as new. Suddenly there were muffled footsteps upon the stairs, and the Frenchman stood before me in his stockings, looking the picture of misery.

I wonder that he did not annihilate me upon the spot when I burst into fits of spasmodic laughter. *I had taken his shoes to the cobbler's.* After pacifying the Frenchman as best I could, I hurried to the cobbler, whose anger escaped all bounds when I made him rip off the sole which he was just tacking on. My best French was of no avail; he would not understand; and although a piece of silver quieted him, I am convinced that to this day he tells his neighbors of the English-speaking maniac who deprived him of an honest day's work.

The cyclist should not fail to make a short run along the route of Yvetot to the pretty village of St. Gertrude, which in the fifteenth century was a town of 8,000 inhabitants. To-day it consists of a few picturesque thatched huts and mills along the banks of a babbling brook.

One morning I started off for a short spin to St. Wandrille, only twenty minutes by wheel from Caudebec.

St. Wandrille has a long history, for as early as 645 Wandrille, born of a princely family, deserted the court of the king and came to this valley, where tradition says he converted the barbarians to Christianity. Anyway, he left substantial evidence of his life, for he founded a monastery the ruins of which are among the finest in Normandy, and now form a portion of the Chateau of the Marquis of Stackpool, a French subject of Irish extraction. Upon presenting my card I was kindly granted permission to photograph as much as I liked. The quietude of the place was almost oppressive, and the rooks started from the ruins as my footsteps echoed along the silent cloisters, where the sunlight streamed in through the Gothic openwork, diffusing a wealth of warm light over the beautiful Gothic traceries. Once a far-away bell tolled solemnly, and I all but stood aside to let a hooded procession of monks pass.



"QUAINT STREETS." (p. 198.)



"A PRIMITIVE SHAVING-PLATE HELD BENEATH HIS CHIN." (p. 200.)

Kings and seigneurs used to hunt the stag in the adjacent forest, and an old legend says that once upon a time a noble lord, Torstinge by name, was closely following the stag in these woods, when his hounds, closing in on the stag, brought it to bay upon the site of the ancient altar. Torstinge quickly arriving upon the scene, found the hounds standing motionless. They were alert and thirsting for their prey, but powerless to move a muscle. He angrily urged his horse forward, but the spirited animal plunged and reared under the spur, and then, like the dogs, stood motionless.

The hunter's wrath passed all bounds, and he dismounted, knife in hand, to slay the stag, when an invisible power arrested him. This he recognized as the hand of God, who protected this sacred spot. So calling off the hounds, he hastened to relate his adventures to the king, Richard I., who restored the abbey.

Of necessity I left Caudebec for Rouen on a Sunday morning. As I was in the land of shrines and pilgrimages, we had better call that day's ride a pilgrimage.

The road along the hillside, bordering the Forest of Trait, afforded poor wheeling, but I had a marvelous view of the valley of the Seine. As I passed the huts of the peasantry I could see them making their Sunday toilets, the children's faces being soaped in the dooryards, and Sunday clothes, not worn for a week, being aired in the sunlight; in a little barber-shop, a rustic with profusely lathered face, had a primitive shaving-plate held beneath his chin by the barber who officiated. A little farther along I scattered the brood of a veritable little Mascotte, who guarded her turkeys with a long stick. I came to some cross-roads and dismounted before the door of a hoary-headed broom-maker.

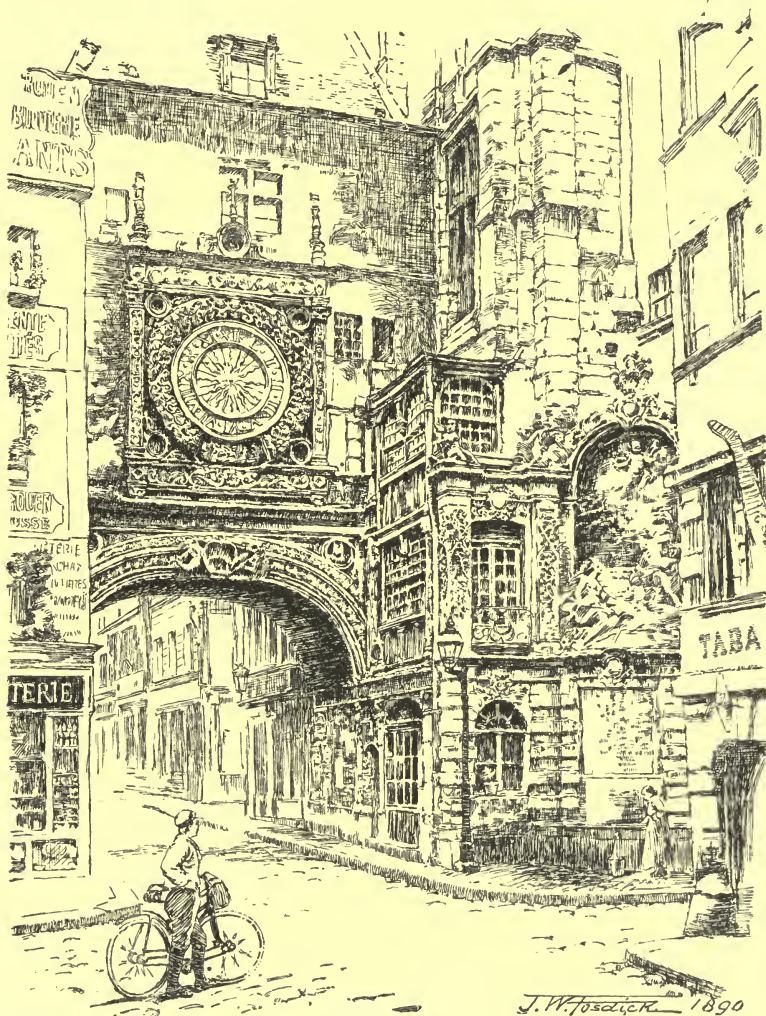
His only companion, a lantern-jawed bull-dog, sniffed about my calves in an uncomfortable manner, but finally wagged his stump of a tail when he found my intentions to be of a peaceful nature. The old man was delighted when I offered to photograph him with his dog; but when old lantern-jaw was forced to sit for his portrait he became another dog. Low grumbings from

within, accompanied by distended nostrils, a slight raising of the lip and a show of very yellow ivory, warned me that I had better beat a retreat, which I did.

Down the hill into Faineville and up the opposite slope, and the graceful towers of Jumieges came into sight down by the

owner is an artist, for he chooses to guard it in the midst of a tangle of ivy and ferns. It forms a part of the gentleman's private grounds.

As I left the inn at Jumieges, I presented the landlord with a copy of *New York Life*, and as I wheeled away, left



"WHERE DWELT THE MAID OF ORLEANS." (p. 202.)

river, nestling in a mass of foliage. An ancient legend says that the current of the Seine bore to the doors of this abbey the mangled, bleeding, dying sons of Clovis II.—a painful symbol of the then nearly extinct race of Mérovingiens. Later it opened its hospitable doors to the dukes of Normandy, the kings of France and England. Still later the Revolution left it a ruin. Its present

him surrounded by his family, trying to decipher the jokes of "*l'oncle Jonathan*" far beyond the seas.

I had a fine spurt over the road to Duclair, and met some French bicyclists, who took me for an Englishman, jokingly crying out "*Vive le Prince des Galles!*" to which I replied "*Vive les Yankees!*"

At this stage of my journey I cut off the three great loops which the Seine



NOT QUITE SO SWIFT AS MY COLUMBIA.

makes between Rouen and Caudebec, so that I might reach Rouen by night.

The cliffs at Duclair are fantastic and castellated. One huge cliff, high in air, is called the Chair of Gargantua, or the Giant's Chair. A Frenchman need not come to the land of our American Indians to find cliff-dwellers; he has them in his own land. Hollowed out of the chalk cliffs at Duclair I saw homes which looked quite habitable except for the dampness. I photographed one of these cave-houses, which was quite picturesquely overgrown with ivy. An old dame, all doubled up with rheumatism, came to the door. The wet walls and ceiling told a dismal tale of damp Winter nights and racking pains.

Constant riding and photographing since early morning were beginning to tell on me, and I worked the pedals very sluggishly; but as I rounded the curve which brings St. Martin de Boscherville in sight, I quickened my pace, for I saw a welcome sight ahead—a man and woman riding a tandem tricycle, and, by the cut of their clothes, I knew them to be either English or American. As I drew nearer I remained no longer in doubt, for their "guessing" betrayed

them. The American who remains long abroad soon finds himself "thinking" instead of "guessing." I had been many years away from America, but the "guess" which was wafted backward from that tricycle fell melodiously and sweetly upon my ear.

We lingered at St. Martin de Boscherville, using our cameras to advantage. The beautiful church is sadly disfigured within by a vulgar coating of whitewash lined off with vermilion. We found a curious memorial tablet upon the wall of the church, erected by an English boating party who had been saved from drowning in the Seine close at hand. Within the cool shade of the forest of Roumare we reveled in a brisk, sociable spurt over a fine road. Once we had to slacken our pace, as a drunken tinker was shuffling a huge saw-tooth design upon the dusty road, and he was not easy to pass.

At Canteleu an immense panorama greeted our gaze. An almost boundless valley, tinged by the declining rays of an autumnal sunset, set in its midst like a jewel, was Rouen, rightly called the Imperial City of Normandy. Above the tangle of roofs and chimneys rose the slender cathedral spire, while the Gothic palaces, towers and quaintly gabled house-tops gave to the city an air of antiquity rarely seen nowadays. The great watery highway, studded with wooded islands, described a grand curve through the vast valley, almost to our feet. The smoking chimneys of countless factories made us realize that what we saw below was not a medieval city, in which still dwelt the Maid of Orleans, but a city of the nineteenth century, where all the joys and sorrows of modern life were experienced day by day.



HORSEBACK SKETCHES.

JUNE RIDES.

BY JESSIE F. O'DONNELL.*

WHAT is so rare as a *ride* in June? Then, if ever, come perfect rides. Then come long gallops in the early mornings, when dew-drops lie thick on slender, pointed grass-blades, on countless green leaves unfolding to the sun, on blossoms in whose breasts they have slept the night away, on fantastically curved and fluted lichens covering gray old fences, and on filmy webs spun from one tiny stem to another, swaying under the weight of sparkling drops like fairy laces strung with gems.

I know nothing more delightful than ante-breakfast rides through dew-spangled lanes, through village streets, with their smooth lawns and gay flower-beds sweet with fragrance of syringa and locust blossoms, or up on the hills to watch the world arise from the shadows of night, strong and beautiful for the active life of the day. What an appetite they give you—the air, and the exercise, and the joy of existence! But beware of taking a ride of great length before breaking your fast! The ideal morning programme is this: Rise at five, or earlier; have a cup of hot coffee; ride for two hours, then take a substantial breakfast, and you can devote the remaining hours to your business, your domestic duties or your pen with a zest and a power of accomplishment of which you would hardly dream.

It is marvelous to sight and sound, though its yearly repetition has dimmed to us its wonder—this waking of the world in the fair June mornings. Breaking that great hush of Nature before the day reaches her pink fingers to draw aside the gray misty curtain of the dawn twilight, come faint twitters from nests hidden in the young foliage and the tall meadow-grass, which grow to sweet, clamorous calls of bird to bird; and as the rose-flush deepens in the sky, hundreds of tiny throats throb with the morning hymn of praise. Stop your horse near some orchard, or at the entrance of a wood, and hear the varied notes of robins and bluebirds, song-sparrows and meadow-larks, mingling in a glorious harmony.

In June our birds are mostly in full song and plumage; the rose-breasted grosbeak sings his richest strain; the bobolink is in the midst of his courtship, and voices his love in a succession of joyous tinkles and jingles, and the cedar-birds, scarlet tanagers and orioles are like winged flowers.

See that red-headed woodpecker! I love his quick, varied movements. Up, and down, and head foremost over the crooked rail fence; then aloft on the nearest tree; now on the side toward us; now on the opposite, boring and rapping, and thrusting his long bill into tiny holes after the hundreds of insects which infest it; active, keen, cunning, daring, yet always on the alert for danger; now full of frolicsomeness, with half a dozen others chasing and diving and drumming about him; then a bold robber away to the neighboring orchard; busy in the branches where the early cherries ripen, and, if you alarm him, in an instant off to the woods with his booty—a flash of his black and white wings, and a toss of his scarlet head.

And there is Master Bobolink balancing on a tall weed and calling attention with a plaintive chirp as he takes a quick dive into the grasses, as if that moment seeking home and nestlings. You do not catch me this time, you gay deceiver! I know not where your nest may be, but am quite sure it is not where your ostentatious anxiety would have me believe; and I know your sober little lady has run a long way through the meadow before she flew up so near me. I always think of Mrs. Stowe's words when I see her take wing from the meadow-grasses: "Do not listen to hear whom a woman praises to know where her heart is; do not ask for whom she expresses the most earnest enthusiasm. But if there be one she once knew well, whose name she never speaks; if she seem to have an instinct to avoid every occasion of its mention; if, when you speak, she drops into silence and changes the subject—why, look there for something!—just as, when getting through deep meadow-grass, a

bird flies ostentatiously up before you, you may know her nest is not there, but far off under distant tufts of fern and buttercup, through which she has crept, with a silent flutter in her spotted breast, to act her pretty little falsehood before you."

Here's a "find" on my way back to Tyler—a nest in a tuft of coarse grass.

As Tyler and I come out upon the open road, I catch a glimpse of a tiny blue fragment almost under his feet. It is a part of the shell of a robin's egg. I wonder how it came there and what it means. Has some one robbed the nest? Or have the winds blown the fragment here? Was it merely the covering from which the bird has burst in beautiful strength and freedom? Or was it a prison from which the tiny life never escaped?

O little empty blue cradle! alas!

For the tiny life that you rocked there,
For the pulseless throat with its tuneful note
Forever in silence locked there!
Alas! for the wrong that stifled the song
Ere ever the world could greet it;
For the little heart that died apart
From the love that was sure to meet it!

O dainty blue coffin! I fancy the song

That was hushed 'neath your fragile cover
Was a song so rare that the very air
Would have trembled and throbb'd—its
lover!
And breathless and still with a passionate
thrill

Of joy at the rapturous madness,
The world would wait till its ecstasy great
Grew almost divine in its gladness.

Alas! for the songs that are never sung,

The flights which are never completed,
For the wings untried, and the marvelous tide
Of song by the world ungreeted!
For the "might-have-been," and the joy to
win,

And the bliss that is waiting untasted;
For the mother's breast, and the desolate nest,
And the life and love that are wasted!

There is something saddening, even in June's seeming perfection, in the waste and incompleteness Nature everywhere exhibits. The seed, missing the sun or overwhelmed by rain, rots in the earth, and the miniature plant dies with it; the bud, touched by frost or pierced by insects, dies on the parent stem, with the promise of the flower unfulfilled; the flower is plucked before the bee has carried its golden pollen to the blossom that awaits it; the fruit is blighted and falls with the luscious sweetness of the Autumn undeveloped; the insect dies

in the cocoon, with its purple and gold wings forever folded; and the tiny bird, mayhap, dreams of blue sky and sweet air, into which his feeble wings will never carry him. Unaccomplished plans, blighted promise and unfulfilled conceptions meet us everywhere; and human hearts break while waiting with hushed expectancy for the supreme fulfillment that never comes; and the stifled soul-possibilities which crowd our daily lives God alone can understand. Conception is never fulfillment; but we have not yet penetrated to the inner secret of the universe. Everything has something greater than itself which we are not great enough to see. Were our vision keener we could see the perfect tree in the commonplace seed. To an infinite intelligence our wishes and unsuccessful attempts are prophecies of the completed work. In our desires God sees the fulfillment. Folded away in the embryo of the noble aspiration He sees the glorified fruitage. There is nothing in this wide world that has not a meaning more subtle, more deep, more mysterious and grand than the thing itself. That empty blue eggshell has brought me "thoughts of the sweetest, saddest things."

In our afternoon rides we seek the woodland paths and shaded country roads, for the June sun is uncomfortably warm in the middle of the day. The fields and roadsides are white with Daisy's namesakes and golden with buttercups. Every breeze brings us fragrance from the clover fields; and in the shade exercise is still delightful.

But I must not forget our horseback parties in the June evenings with their magic of moonlight and perfume. We start at twilight, in time for the evening concert. Hal teaches us to distinguish through the accompaniment of low calls and warbles the brief, sweet strain of the song-sparrow, the full, rich notes of the rose-breasted grosbeak, and the mellow cadences of the wood-thrushes, as they challenge each other to their clearest and most powerful performances. But there is no song so uplifting and divine as that of the hermit thrush. He is a strange, shy bird, and shuns human companionship. But if you are fortunate enough to catch his soft, pure notes at the approach of twilight, you will pause breathless till the song is done.

HARRY'S CAREER AT YALE.

BY JOHN SEYMOUR WOOD.



"THAT NIGHT, IN HIS MAIL, HARRY FOUND A
LITTLE ENVELOPE." (p. 211.)

CHAPTER XXXI.

HARRY went back to New Haven with his mother and sister a few days before the Fall term opened. The boys had selected a room in south middle, "in the thick of it," as it was said.

It was great fun meeting the fellows again and hearing what they had done during the long vacation. Umpty-four had apparently sent her 130 young men into every State of the Union. Some had joined an expedition of Prof. Marsh across the plains and into the Rocky Mountains. Some had been at the seashore—Mt. Desert claimed five. Others had been in the White Mountains, or in Canada, fishing; but a majority had gone quietly to their rural homes and led quiet lives of study. All had pro-

ceeded to fall in love as frequently and as regardlessly as possible. Jack Rives had been most of the time with his father, mother and sister at the camp in the Adirondacks. He had great stories to tell of enormous trout he had caught and the deer he had shot. He was tanned like an Indian. He said he had put on a good deal of tan paddling a canoe, in which there happened always to be some girl. "I thought I was hard hit one time," he said, as the chums went to work with a will to furnish their room in red chintz and get it ready for occupancy by the opening day of the term. "She was a Miss Susie Fairweather—a regular daisy! oh, such eyes!—and she was only eighteen, and yet she pretended for a long while she was twenty-two—just to lord it over me and put me down, you know. There were lots of girls up at camp, but she was the prettiest—a regular daisy!"

"Well," said Harry, holding a few nails in his mouth, "do you know I've got so—so—"

"Blasé," interposed Jack, laughing.

"Well, a girl is insipid—she is stupid, if she's too good, isn't that so?"

"That's bosh!" laughed Jack. "I know lots of girls you could never even kiss, even with parents' permission and a letter of indulgence and authority from her resident pastor, yet they are bright, jolly, well-behaved, nice girls, too.

"Now, there is my sister," laughed Harry. "I suppose you'll try and kiss her—won't you, Jack?"

"Only in a brotherly way."

"Try it—Kit's awfully strong. She'd box your ears well for you. She's strong enough to do you up!"

* * * * *

Seeing their room lit up, that evening a number of their friends, of the Gimly gang and others, dropped in while Mrs. Chestleton and Kitty were there. De Koven (who had spent his Summer at Newport) was one of them. He had developed a great deal. He was much more "stocky" than when he rattled

the sophomore crew at Lake Saltonstall. When he went out Harry's mother said, "Oh, what charming manners that boy had!"

"Boy!" laughed Jack. "For the life of you, only speak of us as 'men' now!"

"Well—*man* then. I should know he was a New York boy—*man*, I mean! Well, *he's* a good pattern for you."

Presently Steele, Nevers, Coles, Ritch and one or two others came in in a body, and then when they saw ladies, tried to bolt out again in a body; but Harry detained them and presented them.

To Kitty they were "men" indeed! She sat on a cushioned window-ledge, with Stamp seated admiringly beside her. The dog liked people who weren't afraid of his ugly mug, and Kitty had treated him from the first with the utmost frankness.

"Did I tell you Stamp saved my life in the woods last Summer?" said Jack. "I fell asleep on the grass deer-stalking one night, and a rattler—a rattlesnake, you know—began to coil itself close to my foot. If I had moved he would have bitten me. The first thing I knew, Stamp had fastened his cast-iron jaws on the reptile's neck, just behind his head. I awoke and killed it—but it was a long time before Stamp would let go. When he did I took him down to the lake and washed out his dear old mouth. Father scolded me for a whole day after that. But do you see Stamp's new silver collar, with '*Fides*' on it? Father got it for him and fitted it himself. I think the General likes Stamp now just as much as I do."

Little Nevers and Kitty fell into a highly literary conversation. They spoke of several American novels.

"The men—are all so priggish!" said Nevers. "In novels men—are apparently changed into refined women—the American novel is written for old maids, and the characters are always at work dissecting their own motives. But H—is a great moralist, and that is why he *is* great. I don't mind telling you that I'm going to write a *Lit.* essay on him, so don't think what I say is the work of the moment. I've sized that delightful author up. He's a great moralist—it's my own idea—"

"He isn't generally so considered," said Kitty. "I've heard people speak of him as a photographer, he is so accurate—"

"Oh, just wait until you read my *Lit.* article! Between us, Miss Chestleton, I have my eye on the *Lit.* board—it's a great honor to get on, but somebody's got to get there out of our class next year, and why not I?"

"I believe in being ambitious," said Kitty, "even if things *are* beyond one."

"Oh, Mrs. Chestleton! Do you know what your daughter is saying to me?" laughed Nevers, who was the frankest, most good-natured little fellow in the world. "She says the *Lit.* board is beyond me!"

"I didn't mean—" said Kitty, blushing; "Mr. Nevers, really—"

"She only meant that you were beyond *it*," laughed Jack. "But go in, little lad; who knows but what you are a nice little literary genius?"

Then all the "men" in the room began to chaff young Nevers unmercifully to take the conceit out of him. When they were through, Mrs. Chestleton said:

"Why not have a good, high ambition? You Yale boys are very fond of dragging every one down. You are great democrats. You are levelers. No one must declare for anything. You say it's bad 'form.' You are dead set against all youthful enthusiasm. Now, I like it. It accomplishes great things sometimes, unless it is killed too soon."

"No!" said Harry. "We are right, mother dear; we believe in letting what we *do* speak for us."

"Oh! that's ridiculous—it's unnatural in young people. You teach yourselves to be too greatly self-contained. I believe in expansion. It's the only way to tell what you're good for."

"It *is* the trouble with Yale," said Nevers, thoughtfully. "It is too terribly afraid of being 'young.' My brother, who was at Oxford a year, said that English students are a thousand times less dignified."

"I'm sure we were young enough last year, what with hat-stealing, class-rushes, and all that."

"Oh! but freshmen don't set the true Yale tone," said Harry.

"The true Yale spirit sits on novelty and originality—I shall make *that* another topic for a *Lit.* article," laughed Nevers.

"It's too conservative. We are old before our time."

"That's what Uncle Dick says," said

Kitty. "He was oldest at graduation. Then he began to grow young again. To-day he's quite frisky."

Presently Coles was persuaded to open the piano and sing some of his comic songs. He had finished one amid great laughter, and was beginning another, when an ominous knock was heard on the door. They opened it. There with kindly smiles stood the lank, lone and lorn Tutor Dilworthy with a book in hand.

"Oh!" he cried aghast. "Pardon me; I had no idea—ladies——"

But they seized him and carried him pell-mell into the room and presented him. He was greatly embarrassed.

"I come in to hear—some music," he said timidly, and sat down in a corner.

So Coles sang some more, and attracted by the music, half a dozen other fresh-faced, nice-looking lads entered the room. Mrs. Chestleton looked about from face to face in the light of the lamps and gas. There was a hearty, whole-souled, manly look about them. She was instinctively aware that these athletic young men—the representatives



"THERE STOOD THE LANK, LONE AND LORN TUTOR DILWORTHY." (p. 207.)

of how many well-bred American families—were, after all, pervaded by a nice sentiment of honesty and manliness. They would not go far wrong, any of them. They might drink some and on occasion—but they would not “go to pieces.” But their lack of boyishness she thought distressing.

As they walked back to the New Haven house, across the moonlit campus, Kitty said sorrowfully, with a pathetic little sigh, “I can never be a man—I can never be a student at Yale!”

“Oh, wait until our annex is started!” said Nevers at her elbow. “Or why not try the Art School?”

Just then a great cry of “Fresh!—Fre—e—esh!!” resounded under the elms.

“Think how we’d haze you girls!” laughed Jack, “and how we’d snatch your bonnets!”

CHAPTER XXXII.

A WEEK later it came time for Mrs. Chestleton and Kitty to return home. Harry and Jack were now comfortably housed in their sophomore den in south middle, and the mother and daughter had spent many pleasant hours arranging and “tidying” up their quarters. Pictures were purchased, knickknacks bought. Tutor Dilworthy was consulted as to the best general reading for their new library.

“After the Latin authors,” he hesitated, “I should choose—Thackeray.”

So a set of Thackeray was purchased, and then, of course, Dickens and Scott had to follow. Jack got his victorious Springfield oar and hung it above the door. Harry hung up a trophy of his baseball victories. Stamp, in his new silver collar, felt that his new home was not unworthy of him.

The night before they went away Harry and his mother sat alone in the latter’s room. Kitty was—somewhere—with the irrepressible Nevers, presumably discussing literature.

“Harry,” she said, “I have been today—while you were at recitation—to see that Gerhart girl.”

Harry stood up, amazed.

“Why?” he gasped.

“Because, somehow, I felt sorry for her. I’m glad I did so. Kitty doesn’t know it.”

“Was that the reason why you were dressed up so when I came to supper—your very best? Oh, mother!”

“Yes, I did wear my best, Harry; I wanted to honor her. I found out where she lived and drove there while you were in recitation. I saw Mrs. Gerhart. I saw the Jove-like old inventor. I saw Ella alone; she’s prettier than you told me, Harry—”

The lad said nothing.

“She looked quite pale. She had been home, she said, from the store, sick. She was very busy at work, sewing on some tinsel costumes—she’s going on the stage.”

“So I am told.”

“Harry, for a long time I just sat looking at her, and hearing her prattle about you and about her sister on the stage. It was neat as wax about the house. They are evidently a good middle-class German family. They are very poor—but they have, what I like, a pride of poverty. When I went in, the good ‘mutter’ was reading aloud and crying over a beautiful copy of Faust! I saw they were frightened at my advent at first, especially as I said at once that I was your mother. Mrs. Gerhart said, ‘you were a nice, good boy.’ Ella behaved like a shy kitten, until I stroked her and petted her a little; then she lost her shyness. *That* pretty creature forced to earn her own living! It was pathetic—the way she talked about the store, and the hard work it was, and how tired she was. They are not low class; they are very much better than I expected. Ella was a perfect picture. She was so soft, so sweet, so gentle. I dare say it was her illness—”

“Ella would make me a capital wife?” Harry glanced at his mother quizzingly.

“If you have led her to think so, then I think if your father was alive he would say it was a scoundrelly performance.”

Harry flushed angrily, but his mother was very cool and did not apparently notice him.

“It was peculiarly so because of her dependence, her innocence. Some girls are, I suppose, naturally wild. They are hard and coarse. What I dislike in this affair is that you have never seen—or realized what is so apparent—her unusual delicacy. Of course, no one expects you are going to marry for years yet—and, of course, you must marry in

your own class—so we won't talk of marriage. But you've done this girl a great wrong. You have, Harry. It is written in her pale face."

"By God! I've never injured a hair of her head," cried the lad, excitedly.

"I don't mean that you are guilty of anything as bad as *that*. But she loves you, and you made her love you."

Harry sat down on a chair and his head fell on his hands. "I couldn't help it," he said huskily. "I thought I loved *her*. She was always so full of fun, until the last. We used to laugh and joke one another. I hardly believed she was in earnest."

There was a short pause.

"If you could see her now, to-day!



"I JUST SAT LOOKING AT HER AND HEARING HER PRATTLE ABOUT YOU." (p. 208.)

the dull, vacant look in her eyes. Before I left I wormed her secret out of her—poor child! Poor child! These Germans are so full of emotion—and of sentiment. She sat quietly telling me how good you had been to her—how kind—as if you were dead and gone. Well—I cried, and I took her in my arms. She poured her heart out on my shoulder. And I told her that she must not grieve so. Oh, Harry! the poor girl—you have broken her heart. She stopped crying in a little while, and said that she was afraid ever to see you again. She had made up her mind, and she was going to be with her sister, so as to get away from New Haven—and you!”

“Mother! mother! you will drive me crazy. If you say much more I will jump into a hack, go get her, and hale her before a clergyman and marry her. Do you wish that? I tell you it won’t take much to drive me into it! I’ll throw up my career at Yale; I’ll go heal her broken heart if you tell me so. I feel her sorrow as much as you do. It is with me night and day. If she was stronger, harder, less dependent, it would not be so hard on me. Do you think I am so selfish? I’ll give up my life and make her happy. We can go abroad. I’m willing. Come, decide!”

He stood up, very pale, and confronted his mother with folded arms. She admired her son as he stood there before her, so manly and so heroically willing to repair what wrong he had foolishly done the (not entirely) innocent girl. He had spent many bad half-hours over the remembrance of Ella Gerhart that vacation, for he began to realize how very lovely she was, and, if yielding, how her yielding came from love of him.

“I have done wrong,” he insisted. “It was worse because she was poor, because she was more at my mercy. Ah, mother, she was very sweet! But if you think——”

“No! But I want you to see this thing clearly in its right light and the harm it brings. She never did you wrong. Why did you go out of your way to persuade her to love you so—she, a poor working girl? I spoke of it to your Uncle Dick. He said it was what all students did—it was ‘puppy love.’ He made light of it. I wish he could have seen poor Ella this afternoon, her face like that of Lucretia Borgia. The life had

gone out of it. Do all students enjoy spoiling the innocent lives of these poor girls? I say it’s outrageous! a sin and a shame! Dick Lyman laughs and pretends it’s the every-day thing with students. I don’t say these are the days of chivalry—but yet I do say that, as regards all that class of poor girls who are forced out into the world to earn their living, a greater duty falls on all honest, right-minded men to protect and befriend them. Oh, my dear boy! perhaps I feel too deeply and say too much, but I have just come from her. I can’t bear to think that you have taken advantage of her helplessness——”

“Of course I never have,” he replied indignantly. “Oh! I know I’ve done wrong—I deserve it all. But I will say this for myself—that I did believe I was in love. I couldn’t resist her. I’ve acted as squarely as I knew how. I never promised to marry her.”

“No—I presume not!”

“We just drifted together and then apart. I wouldn’t harm her for the world. You know I wouldn’t!”

Mrs. Chestleton, as the reader may have surmised, was a woman of high sense of her duty, and she felt deeply the affair of Ella Gerhart—perhaps too deeply. She made too little allowance for “the time of golden youth,” when love springs up every hour and day, and students, with their freedom from care and their peculiar monastic life, are especially susceptible to female charms. She was a woman who, once having said her “say,” was apt to turn about and be very kind and lenient. She now made Harry sit by her, and she kissed him and petted him and told him how much he was to her and how she saw, as he grew older, that he was just exactly like his father. “This is like his Southern girl,” she said. “It may be that Ella Gerhart will, after a time, marry too, and forget you, and I don’t think you were to blame—only you were thoughtless. Let it be a lesson. Every woman, Harry, young or old, is more or less weak and defenseless. I would like you and your fellows to take a new view of our sex—a more chivalrous view. I—I keep thinking of Kitty alone—out in the world!”

“Mother, don’t!” groaned poor Harry.

“I must speak,” she went on. “A new era is dawning for women. They will have more and more opportunities for

earning a living. They need more and more the highest, finest, most chivalrous protection, since the protecting influences of home are taken from them. The old idea that they are 'lawful prey' is hideously barbarous. It is cruel, wicked—don't deny it! It's brutal—I want my boy to see that it is—it is cruel to make love and not mean it. It's simply contemptible!"

"I don't think it's the college view at all."

"No, perhaps not among all the swell sets. But there must be a great number of good boys, too, who are not so worldly-minded. I would like to get up into that chapel pulpit and preach a sermon or two. You can depend upon it, I wouldn't waste two hours over a minute question about the origin of the Pentateuch."

* * * * *

When the chums, accompanied by Jim Danforth, saw the mother and daughter off at the station, Mrs. Chestleton cried a little at parting, and told Harry that she had not meant to be too severe. "But you are present with me day and night, Harry; I am thinking about you all the time. Oh, a *girl!* She grows up of her own self. She never seems to want to go wrong—but a *boy!* Mercy! they seem to be forever trembling on the brink of a precipice."

Harry smiled and kissed her. Danforth, who had brought a pretty parting

gift of a bouquet for Kitty, said afterwards, "By jove, I wish I had such a mother! Why, Harry, your parting from her seemed to me like—lovers!"

"She is my good angel," said Harry, with a sigh—"only I wish she wasn't *quite* so good!"

The next day but one Harry, full of pity and goodness of heart, went up to call on Ella Gerhart. She had left that very day to join her sister's company. They had gone to play in a "burlesque" at Pittsburg. That night, in his mail, Harry found a little envelope directed in Ella's well-known cramped little hand. It contained some rather melancholy printed verses she had cut out from some periodical; that was all.

"How badly is the course of life adjusted,
That where sweet roses bloom sharp thorns
abound;
What though the heart has dearly, fondly
trusted,
The hour of parting will at last come round.
Of thy fond glances once I read the meaning;
They spoke of joy and happiness for me.
God bless thee, love! it was but idle dreaming;
God bless thee, love! it was not so to be.

I dreamt of peace and hours of tranquil pleasure,
When unto thee my pathway lead me nigh;
Then through my soul a flash of joy went gleaming,
Fain would I pledge my youthful life to thee.
God bless thee, love! it was but idle dreaming;
God bless thee, love! it was not so to be."

To be continued.

JUNE SONG.

SING of a scudding sky in June!—
He who can sing it sweet—
When the yachts of God are all abroad,
Ten million in the fleet;
Nor mightiest hand in all the land
Can stay one snowy sheet.

The oriole and the bobolink
Fling challenge to the quail;
The clover nods to the milkweed pods,
And the daisies dot the swale;
The soul of the rose on light wing goes
And sweetens all the gale.

Then hey for a scudding sky in June,
When the world is fresh and sweet;
When the yachts of God are all abroad,
Ten million in the fleet;
Nor mightiest hand in all the land
Can furl one flying sheet!

CHARLES H. CRANDALL.



Ah, fair is the green world underneath!
But O for the blue above!
To leave the grass and lightly pass,
As the pinion of a dove,
To the snowy boat that seems to float
To the haven of my love!

SADDLE AND SENTIMENT.

BY WENONA GILMAN.*



CHAPTER XVIII.

SUB-ROSA DAY.

“For fortune’s wheel is on the turn,
And some go up and some go down.”
—*Mary F. Tucker.*

THE morning of Sub-Rosa Day broke gray and gloomy, and John Ormsby looked often and wistfully for a ray of sunshine in the rain-threatening sky.

It was indeed a momentous matter with him, knowing, as he did, Hartland’s total inability to run on a muddy track, and his heart almost sank in despair as he realized the vital importance the gain or loss of the great race meant to him!

His backing the horse at the long odds in the Winter books did not call for a very large outlay, but he recalled how difficult it had been to spare even that necessary amount of ready cash; and although his stable appeared to be in fairly good shape, as far as the morning gallops went, it had seemed until now an utter impossibility for any of the horses to earn a winning bracket even in a selling race. Expenses had been going on from day to day. Salaries, feed-bills and forfeits had mounted to a

decidedly formidable total, and he felt keenly that unless the tide of ill fortune turned very soon, a forced sale of the entire racing stud was inevitable. This meant a great pecuniary loss, from the fact that none of the best-bred and highest-tried two-year-olds had been able to start, rendering any strong competition for them impossible if brought under the hammer before they had had a chance to show their quality.

While he was gazing moodily from the hotel window a prey to his gloomy forebodings, the clouds shifted. Soon the sunlight streamed through, and in less than an hour a bright, clear day was theirs.

Ormsby’s spirits rose, and he called to Virginia to hasten her toilette preparations, anxious to make an early start for the course, in order to avoid the tremendous crowd, many of whom were already on their way, although it was barely ten o’clock.

Arriving at the track about noon, they found almost every seat in both tiers of the huge grand stand already filled with the expectant crowd, camp-stools, benches, chairs and even tables being used as available places from which to witness the forthcoming struggle. The crowd still streamed through the gates, overflowing both the lawn and grand stand, and spreading a score deep along the rails of the infield for over a quarter of a mile on either side of the finish.

It was a scene never to be forgotten. The beautiful structure of the stand, with its tasteful trimmings of cerise and gray, the dense foliage surrounding it, while in front, through the trees, the distant sea-side hotels and broad ocean were plainly visible, forming a picture that will linger long in the memories of the many thousands who witnessed it.

In the betting ring the uproar and confusion were simply indescribable. Thousands of men struggled and fought like angry animals to get their money on the horse of their choice.

On the lawn and stretching down towards the saddling paddock the restless human sea eddied and surged. All the notabilities of the turf, stage and bench were there; also staid and sober

business men, beguiled from their desks and counters by that most seductive of allurements, a "straight tip."

In the select paddock inclosure the magnates of finance and diplomacy mingled with the motley gathering of stable boys, jockeys, owners and trainers.

There was portly Bob White, the Coal Baron of the West, gazing across the track with a reminiscent look in his handsome, sun-browned face, thinking

of the same day a couple of years past, when his own kingly racer, the mighty *Trovatore*, strode so gallantly away from his field at the fall of the flag, winning at his ease and making the cherry and blue banner of his proud owner a terror in the land.

Close by the staircase the world-famous Darrells stood, cold and reticent as ever, exchanging a few words with their jockey, the idol of the turf, the great



THE BETTING RING.

McFarlan. Every year since this race had been inaugurated they had started one or more candidates, but second place was the best they had ever attained. To-day their forlorn hope was Tom Totten, their patched up Derby winner, whom they were running on the off chance.

Close by stood the Master of Riverdale, dark and gloomy as the hue of his own somber racing jacket, talking to a tall athletic-looking, bronzed-face gentleman with an unmistakably thoroughbred air about him, the well-known and honored "Bayard of the Turf," Mr. Russette, whose own horse, the shifty Eros, had, the year before, galloped away from his Sub-Rosa field through the spattering mud. He was to start him again to-day, and told his companion that "If the old rascal runs kind he'll race the best of them."

Above, in the Members' Stand, sat the great Mining Magnate of the Pacific slope, sour-looking and silent as ever, seeing nothing and nobody apparently, and only rousing temporarily from his apathy when his two favorites, Grandee and Fiametta, came through the paddock gate from their preliminary canter.

There, too, were the keen, dark Semitic features and glittering eyes of Tommy Hemphill, trainer and half-owner of the hope and pride of the West, the famous chestnut, Royal Worcester, who had been brought East and prepared especially for this great event, and had been heavily backed in consequence of his fine performances in the West and South.

Towering above the rest arose the rosy and robust form of the "Lord of Hohokus," who recalled his great trans-Atlantic victories, and as he gazed on the ever-changing throng surging below, he was reminded of the day his own gallant little "gentleman in black" romped home a dozen lengths in front, in the most easily won Sub-Rosa ever run, adding a new laurel to the many already won by the world-famous "cherry and black."

On the green sward, directly in front of the saddling shed, some dozen or more horses were being led about by their attendants, but John Ormsby, who had left Virginia in his member's box, looked among them in vain for Hartland's familiar form. As he was turning away disappointed, his eye fell on a figure that

seemed to have something familiar about it, but in his preoccupied state he was passing on, when he was accosted by a well-known voice.

"Good mawnin', Mars John!"

A second look at the bowing figure revealed the irrepressible Watt, but attired in such unusual splendor that Ormsby looked closely a second time to be certain he was not mistaken.

But Watt it was, a chip straw hat with a broad tricolored band surmounting his kinky, woolly head, a white flannel suit complete, patent leather shoes and white over-gaiters, a large field-glass swung across his shoulders, the whole outfit being intensified in its magnificence by a broad four-in-hand, tricolored scarf in which sparkled and blazed a huge stone, and it would have taken sharp eyes indeed to have discovered at a little distance that it was not a diamond.

"Why, Watt, you must be a great winner," laughed Mr. Ormsby.

"Oh, tollabul, suh, tollabul!" replied Watt in a light, airy way. "You see, Mars John, I'se a gwine t' concentrate all my energies on pickin' de winner o' de Sub-Rosa, an' I hab not spread myse'f so much as I mout a done up t' de presen' time, as I didn't want de appropriation to run out befo' I had de chance t' make my swell bet ob de year!"

"Well, judging from the extent of Mr. Grey's tricolor you are displaying, I guess you rather lean towards your old friend Hartland?"

"Deed I does! Deed, an' double deed, I does, suh. It's de leas' I could do. De man in de sto' whar I bought dese heah colors wanted to sell me one o' dem—blazers don' yo' call 'em?—to match de tie, but de lady what was in my company at de time objected. She said dey wouldn't lemme in de gate ef I wo' it, as it 'ud skeer de hosses. So I was bleeged to 'bandon de idee. Seems to me," he continued regretfully, "I orter a been firm. De whole outfit would a been mo' harmonious-like ef de coat had matched de hat-ban' an' de tie."

"Have you seen Stayner or his horses?" asked Ormsby of Watt.

"Yes, suh. Dey is ober dar by de shute ob de mile-track. I'll show you!"

As they were crossing the short space between the mile-shute and the paddock, Watt suddenly halted, exclaiming:

"Mars John, you kin confer a great

obligation on me, suh. It's jis' dis way. Mistah Stayner hab mighty little use fur de culled man. I wus ober dar jis' now, an' he jis' looked at me an' didn't say nuthin'—jis' looked. Umph-umph! Den dat speckle-face foreman o' hisn said sumthin' 'bout bein' sorry he wus out on bail for killin' two niggahs now, as he felt he sorter needed a leetle gentle exercise at de presen' time. I opinion, suh, dat dem remarks wus kinder pussonal, an' I don' think Watt am sellin' favorite ob de field among dat crowd. So I'll jis' kinder monge round heah till you hab seen what Mistah Stayner is got to say. See you on yo' way back, suh, an' ef you'll kindly tell me whedder er no he likes de ole hoss, Watt'll be much obleeged, suh."

"All right, Watt," laughed Ormsby, advancing to the small party grouped near the head of the mile-shute.

Stayner was there with his horses,

Hartland and Philosopher, and attendants.

"Well, Mr. Ormsby," he said, after the usual greetings had been exchanged, "we'll all be out of our misery very soon now. Have you seen Mr. Grey?"

"No. I prefer to find him here."

"Well, he hasn't showed up yet, and I should like to see him before the bell rings. I expect he's lost in the crowd."

At that moment the last bell clanged out through the clear air, and the horses' sheets were removed. Stayner, turning to Ormsby, exclaimed:



"You raised that old horse, and of course must like to see him win. I've only this to say about him. He was never as good in his life as to-day. The track suits him, there is sure to be plenty of pace made, and if he is beaten, I have no excuse to offer for him."

"How about the other one, Philosopher?" asked Ormsby, glancing towards a superb-looking bay with a wicked, rolling eye.

"He was backed in the Winter books to win a lot of money at very long odds, but he is an arrant rogue, and is not

Returning rapidly towards the paddock, he found the resplendent Watt anxiously awaiting him. Before Watt could speak Mr. Ormsby said:

"Stayner thinks the horse was never so good as he is to-day, and also thinks the Californians will run a good race."

"Mebbe so, suh; mebbe so! Look heah, Mars John, ef Mistah Stayner say dat, ole Hartland ain't nevah goin' t' die no woodpecker's def a-knockin' at de doo! No, suh! He'll jis' walk right into de parlor—sho!"

"Here, Watt," said Ormsby, handing



"WE'LL ALL BE OUT OF OUR MISERY." (p. 215.)

likely to try in such a big field. They will be run independently of each other, but if they should be first and second at the finish, Mr. Grey will win with Philosopher; but it is not at all likely that it will come that way. I've backed the old horse. I always do when he starts. You might do worse than follow him, and put a little on that black Californian for a saver."

"I wish you every success with Hartland," replied Mr. Ormsby, shaking his hand warmly, "and thank you very much for your kind advice.

him a couple of crisp, new hundreds from his sadly depleted roll, "hurry over and put that on Hartland! Straight, mind! Best odds you can get. Now scamper!"

"I'se wid you, suh!" said Watt with a grin. "I'se wid you! Ebery drop o' spo'tin' blood in me am jis' a bilin'. I'se got two sawbucks lef', an' up dey goes on de ole hoss. Yas, suh! Watt am a gwine t' make de spoon er spile de horn!"

He started at quarter horse speed for the betting ring, while Ormsby made his way with difficulty to the member's box.



THE MARYLAND NATIONAL GUARD.

BY HANSON HISS.

SECOND PAPER.



COL. W. A. BOYKIN.

MARYLAND did not lose her intense military spirit with the close of the Civil War, but peace found her, like all other Southern States, entirely devoid of an armed force, and this remained true until March 22d, 1867, when a bill was passed by the Legislature, appropriating \$300,000 out

of the State's diminished treasury, and giving Adjutant-General John Summerfield Berry unlimited power to organize and equip a militia force. Nine full regiments of infantry, one regiment of artillery and two battalions of cavalry were organized and formed into what the law termed the "Maryland National Guard," and the same act decreed that an encampment should be held within the boundaries of the State once in every two years.

During the intervening Summer the troops were privileged to encamp without the State. Each enlisted man while serving the State, either in camp or on law parades, was to receive the sum of \$1.33 per diem, and the commissioned officers the pay of officers of their rank in the regular army. The State also was to bear the expense of transportation to

and from the place of encampment, and feed the men on plain, substantial food while there. When the commands were thoroughly organized and equipped, they were divided into divisions and brigades. Major-General R. N. Bowerman commanded the division formed of troops in the city of Baltimore. There was a battery of light artillery, under Major and Brevet-Colonel John McNulty, consisting of three companies, each equipped with four Napoleon guns complete. The guns were furnished by the United States government on requisition to satisfy a claim of the State of Maryland. There were two battalions of cavalry in Baltimore, each of four companies, the first under command of Lieutenant-Colonel C. M. Snowden and the second commanded by Major Berry. The First Brigade of Infantry formed in Baltimore was commanded by Brigadier-General J. F. Cooper, and consisted of four full regiments, as follows: First Regiment, Colonel George H. Stuart, formerly a brigadier-general in the Maryland Line, C. S. A., and one of Maryland's most gallant and distinguished sons; Second Regiment, Colonel W. L. Schley; Third Regiment (zouaves), Colonel A. A. Stockley, and Fourth Regiment, Colonel Robert Carr. The Second Brigade of Infantry, also in Baltimore,



LT.-COL. G. A. PEARRE.

consisted of five regiments, was commanded by Brigadier-General Robert Carr and comprised the Fifth Regiment, Colonel James R. Herbert, formerly of the Maryland Line and afterwards Brigadier-General in the M. N. G.; Sixth Regiment (zouaves), Colonel R. G. King; Seventh Regiment, Colonel W. H. Boyle; Eighth Regiment, Colonel B. G. Simpson; Ninth Regiment, Colonel E. T. Joyce. There was the First Regiment of Cavalry, commanded by Colonel Frank A. Bond, formed in the counties on the western shore of the State, composed of twelve companies, subdivided into three battalions of four companies each, in command of a major, after the fashion of the new drill regulations for infantry. In the counties various independent companies of infantry were formed. When the National Guard was thoroughly organized and equipped, Governor Thomas Swann ordered a law parade for October 15th, 1867, when it is estimated at least 7,000 men were in line.

Governor Oden Bowie succeeded Governor Swann as the State's chief executive, and as a natural consequence there was a change in the office of Adjutant-General, though General Berry was earnestly pressed to remain and continue the good work he had so successfully begun. His successor was one George H. Bier, and with that name is associated one of the darkest pages in Maryland history. One by one the splendid regiments which had made such a magnificent appearance in October, '67, went to pieces. In less than two years but one regiment remained.

From 1870 until the Baltimore and Ohio riots in 1877,

numerous independent companies came into existence and quietly went out again. Of these none was finer than Colonel Harry Gilmore's Battalion of Cavalry. Its gallant commander was a famous partisan in the service of the Confederacy and ranked second only to Mosby and his glorious predecessor, Marion, of Revolutionary fame. Whenever "Harry Gilmore's Cavalry" paraded they were met everywhere with the wildest applause, not only for the halo of romance and dash which surrounded the erect figure at the head of the troop, but the officers and men had war records of which the people were proud. Another well-known company was Raus' Cavalry, which was composed principally of German residents, but which never came together again after the riots.

The Fifth Maryland Regiment has shown that it is a defense as well as an ornament to the city of Baltimore. This was amply demonstrated during the domestic disturbances incident to a reduction of ten per cent. in the wages of Baltimore and Ohio Railroad employees.

On July 20th, 1877, when fears of a serious disturbance were entertained, the militia of the city were privately warned to hold themselves in readiness to report at a moment's notice. Early in the afternoon of

the 20th all the men in the city connected with the two regiments were at their respective armories, the assembly was sounded by the bugles of the Fifth at 6:40 o'clock, and about 7 the regiment marched into

the street. The events that befell that body during the next two days are embodied and enthroned high in



LT.-COL. W. HOWARD.



LT.-COL. F. MARKOE.



MAJ. R. R. BROWN.



CAPT. W. HOFFMAN.



CAPT. E. W. PHILLIPS.

Maryland history. Members of the command never tire of telling how the regiment marched down Eutaw street between two lines of lowering, scowling faces which each moment became more ominous-looking, until at length the mob gave vent to its anger in a volley of brickbats, stones and pistol-shots; how, in order to reach Camden Station, they were compelled to execute "Left front into line—double time," and in solid phalanx charged bayonets through the mob; and how

dealing with the mob presents the reverse of the picture. No sooner had the head of the column issued from the armory, when, in answer to a volley of stones, it returned one of leaden hail; the mob fell back, but only the distance of one square, and when the command took up the line of march for Camden Station, it was attacked in the rear. The men wheeled and fired, and were soon retreating up Baltimore street, with the rioters in hot pursuit. A small detachment managed to reach the Fifth, and

CAPT. ROBT. J. MILLER,
QUARTERMASTER.

CAPT. EDWARD C. JOHNSON,
COMMISSARY OF SUBSISTENCE.



Photo. by Ashman.

ADOLPHUS FREDERICKS, SERGT. MAJOR. ALEX. HASENKAMP, QMR. SERGT. EDWARD DU VAL, COM. SERGT. WESLEY LILLY, ORD. SERGT. WM. MORRISON, HOSP. STEWARD.

NON-COMMISSIONED STAFF, FIFTH MARYLAND REGIMENT.

they remained in the station until Sunday morning, guarding the road's property, when they were partially relieved by United States regulars. The most commendable part of the whole affair was that, though exasperated, beaten and shot at from all sides, to a man they obeyed the order of Captain W. P. Zollinger, commanding, not to fire a shot. The conduct of the men was an exhibition of the greatest and most commendable forbearance.

The action of the Sixth Regiment in

were formed into a separate company.

From 1877 until the Spring of 1885 the Fifth Regiment and the First Battalion were the only two commands in the State. The latter year saw the inception of the Baltimore Light Infantry, now the Fourth Battalion. The command was a big success from the day of its organization, and now stands second to none in the country. It was a vigorous infant, and has had a healthy growth. Its present commander, Lieutenant-



Photo. by Ashman.

CAPTAIN CHARLES F. ALBERS, LIEUT. WM. HALL AND SERGEANTS OF COMPANY "H,"
FIFTH MARYLAND REGIMENT.

Colonel Willard Howard, is an ideal soldier. When he took command of the battalion in May, 1890, he remarked that he would either break the battalion or make it; the entire National Guard knows which alternative has been taken. The Fourth won national applause for its marching and drill in Philadelphia in 1887 during the centennial celebration of the adoption of the Constitution. The Fifth Regiment now stands without a peer in the country, and has been cheered as wildly in New Orleans as in New York or Boston. It is the pride of the South, and in its ranks may be found the flower of Maryland and Virginia chivalry. Merchants, manufacturers, bankers and clubmen have united in their efforts to make the regiment what it is and place it where it now stands. Colonel William A. Boykin is one of the Virginia family of Boykin, and is without an equal as a commanding officer. He took the helm of the regiment when there were but 400 men on its roster and brought it up to its numerical strength of 770. It may appear a fanciful idea to ascribe the marvelous power of endurance exhibited by the command to-day to the rigorous training received by many of its members under General A. P. Hill and Stonewall Jackson thirty

years since, but the "Fifth Regiment swing" is nothing but a relic of A. P. Hill's route step. The men put their feet to the ground with a comparatively noiseless, cat-like tread, swing their arms—and in fact their entire bodies—in an easy, unaffected manner, and there is a marked absence of that military stiffness which is so noticeable in the Northern militia.

The First Regiment was organized shortly after the adjournment of the Legislature in 1886, which authorized the reorganization of the National Guard. At that time there existed the First Battalion, an old organization with very little life, whose commanding officer was Colonel Henry Kyd Douglas, with headquarters at Hagerstown. In general orders No. 11, issued from the Adjutant-General's office May 7th, 1886, this battalion was made the first four companies of the new regiment. They were the Frederick Rifles, of Frederick City; Washington Light Infantry, of Hagerstown; Lingenaur Guards, of Uniontown, and the Williamsport Light Infantry, of Williamsport. The following unattached companies were then mustered in, and the whole organization was given the name of the First Regiment: Groome Guards, of Elkton; Bond Guards, of Ca-

tonsville; Governor's Guards, of Annapolis; Waverly Guards, of Waverly; Towson Guards, of Towson, and Howard Zouaves, of Baltimore. Colonel Henry Kyd Douglas, in the following May, was elected to command the new regiment, and he was succeeded in May, 1891, by Lieutenant-Colonel L. Allison Wilmer. The headquarters of the regiment are at Port Tobacco. The men are noted for their great endurance while on the march.

The Second Battalion, with headquarters in Cumberland, and composed of four companies located in the western part of the State, was commanded, until the first of January last, by Lieutenant-Colonel George A. Pearre, an efficient officer with a brilliant record as a company and battalion commandant. The battalion is largely composed of the coal-miners in Alleghany and Washington counties, and was organized in 1878. The command is notable principally for its famous rifle team, the "Haymakers," one of the most famous body of military marksmen in the country. Its organization dates back to November 25th, 1879, shortly after the formation of the Garrett County Guards. Their first victory of any importance was when they won the Baltimore Championship Emblem, February 22d, 1882, which they have defended successfully every year since. On May 30th, 1883, the Haymakers defeated eleven teams from Maryland, West Virginia and Pennsylvania, at Monocacy Bridge, Maryland. It was here that the name which they have since made so famous was acquired.

In October, 1887, at Chicago, they were proclaimed the champion rifle team of the United States — an honor which has never been wrested from them. The following members took part in the championship match: Captain and coach, Lieutenant-Colonel E. H. Wardwell; Captain P. A. Chisholm, Captain R. T. Browning, Lieutenant R. S. Jamison, Lieutenant I. E. Bell (assistant coach), Sergeant I. E. Painter, Corporal William A. Stoyer and Privates N. C. Browning, A. Chisholm, L. M. Chisholm, L. H. Friend and I. T. Browning. Such a team is an honor to the State of Maryland, and it will be sent to the World's Fair to contest for fresh laurels for the Orange and Black.

The Third Battalion, on the eastern shore of Maryland, though not especially



COMPANY "H."



N. S. HILL, QMR. SERGT. D. G. ROSENHEIM, ORD. SERGT. REUBEN R. CASSARD, SERGT. MAJOR. WILLIAM ASHMAN, COM. SERGT.
NON-COMMISSIONED STAFF, FOURTH INFANTRY, MARYLAND NATIONAL GUARD.

noted for its drill or discipline, is composed of material out of which the finest soldiers are made. The commandant until April 1st was Lieutenant-Colonel James Woolford, whose headquarters were at Cambridge. It was organized in July, in 1887, with the following companies: Company "A," of Elkton; Company "B," of Chestertown; Company "C," of Easton; Company "D," of Cambridge. In 1889 Companies "B" and "E" having disbanded, the two following companies were added, the Prince George Rifles, of Marlboro, as Company "B," and the Calvert Guard, as Company "E," to the command. It is noted for accurate battalion firing, and would do credit to any State, if the several companies could be brought together oftener for battalion drill.

Besides the foregoing, there are three colored military companies in the State. These oftentimes put their white comrades to the blush, as far as alignment and manual are concerned. The finest is the Monumental City Guards, Captain William R. Spencer. The other two companies are the Baltimore Rifles, Captain George M. Mathews, and the Alleghany City Guards, Captain Frederick Burgee. Their State encampments are always separate from the white commands.

These two regiments, three battalions and three independent companies com-

prise the First Brigade, of 1,800 men, commanded by Brigadier-General Stewart Brown.

The National Guard in the State is at present on the verge of important changes. Some months since, viewing every phase of the present situation in its most optimistic light, the future looked rather dark, and even the most sanguine anticipated a long and severe struggle between the several commands; but, thanks to the wise judgment and hard work of Major-General Henry Kyd Douglas, the newly appointed Adjutant-General, what might have been a distress-

ing and bitter fight has been averted, and matters have been happily arranged. On April 5 the Legislature passed a law decreeing that the National Guard of Maryland should consist of forty-two companies, and authorizing Adjutant-General Douglas to apportion and distribute them according to his best judgment. It is about settled that the Fifth Regiment will be given two additional companies, and to that end the command has been divided into three battalions. The Fourth Battalion will be made a twelve-company regiment. Taking the Woodberry Guards, the Waverly Guards and the Howard Zouaves, of two companies, from the rural First, four new companies will be recruited. The First Regiment, with headquarters in Cumberland, will be made a three-battalion organization, the First Battalion to consist of the companies in that command at present, and the Second and Third Battalions constituting the remaining two battalions. The colored companies will remain independent organizations, as heretofore. The State has ever been lax in housing its citizen soldiery; but matters have reached a state where patience ceases to be a virtue. The Fourth Battalion simultaneously threw itself on the tender mercies of the City Council. The City Council granted them the pica-yune sum of three

thousand dollars for repairs on their armory. The Fifth has been long fighting for an armory. It is impossible for the Fifth to attempt to continue much longer in its present quarters.

Previous to the new formation, during the public dress-parade and battalion drills, there was scarcely room for the ten companies and the music on the floor at the same time. When the Brigadier-General and his staff are present, on these occasions, Colonel Boykin's staff is compelled to beat a retreat to the spacious hallway, and watch the progress of the ceremony from afar.

The volunteer militia of Maryland deserves better treatment at the hands of the legislative fathers. It has ever been formed of the finest blood of a State noted alike for the beauty of its women and the valor of its men. No Mary-

lander need blush for the record of its soldiers. For two hundred and fifty years it has made a record, both in war and peace, which that of no State can equal. The martial spirit of its people has been nourished and fostered by peculiar circumstances, all of which, working in conjunction, contrive to keep alive and feed an intense feeling of militarism. It is the only State in the Union with colors distinctively its own. It has a representative in the feathered tribe, and the martial and inspiring strains alone of "My Maryland" would make a soldier and a chevalier out of any man with a manly spirit and a reasonable amount of music in his soul.

If the National Guard of Maryland but keeps in view the record made by its predecessors in five hard-fought wars, their escutcheon will ever be one of the proudest.

LIEUT. HARRY WARFIELD,
CO. "F."

CAPT. WM. GILMOR HOFFMAN, JR.,
ADJT.

CAPT. I. RIDGLEY TRIMBLE,
ASST. SURG.

MAJOR LAWRASON RIGGS, BRIGADE C. S.



CAPT. HARRY PENNINGTON, CO. "E."
CAPT. CLINTON L. RIGGS, CO. "F."
MAJOR WM. H. CRIM, SURG.

MAJOR ROBERT RIDDELL BROWN.
CORP. JESSE TYSON, CO. "A."

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GROUP OF OFFICERS FIFTH MARYLAND REGIMENT. CAMP DOUGLAS, JULY, 1891.



FROM THE GERMAN OCEAN TO THE BLACK SEA.

BY THOMAS STEVENS.

Continued.

IT was a bright, glaring July day, too warm for comfort, and the surface of the Danube was glassy and painfully reflective as the *Julia* glided away down-stream from Linz. Between sunshine and a favorable current, however, and the wet weather and counter-flood of my late experiences on the Elbe, the contrast was such as to make the former very delightful. With a full head of steam I now had no difficulty in making ten miles an hour, whereas at Aussig it had taken well-nigh an hour to creep up-stream not more than a mile. Here the real pleasures of the cruise began.

Here, also, at the very beginning, came a dash of the element of danger and

uncertainty so necessary to give zest to a journey, whether on land or water. At Linz there was much talk and warnings of the danger of attempting the passage of the Strudel in so small a boat as the *Julia*. Some advised taking a pilot from Linz; others said it would be better to take one aboard at Grein, just before reaching the rapids.

One who has traveled much in foreign lands soon becomes skeptical of the warnings and ominous opinions of the natives. Whether in relation to difficulties or dangers, the local imagination is prone to expand and turn mole-hills into mountains for the stranger's benefit. Baedeker's description of the Strudel, to be sure, prepared for the enlightenment of the ordinary tourist bent on seeing sights and wonders, was sufficiently vague and unsatisfactory to a stranger in a small boat, racing toward the spot at a ten-mile pace, to put one in a state of effervescing expectancy.

For some thirty miles below Linz the Danube flows through a narrow valley, much of which it cuts up into small islands by throwing out from the parent stream a maze of tentacles. Heavily wooded mountains environ the valley, and here and there approach the river. A few miles away the outlines of the forest-clad hills are always visible. Picturesque castles and villages remind one at short intervals that the prospect is European; otherwise one might almost imagine one's-self on the Mississippi. However it may be in the hills of the Black Forest, at its source, from Linz downward one sees nothing of the



"THE VILLAGE WEATHER-PROPHETS." (p. 227.)



Drawn by Hy. S. Watson.

TILLERS OF DANUBIAN SOIL.

much-sung "Blue Danube." On the contrary, its waters might easily be mistaken for the American river just named, or even for its muddier sister, the Missouri.

An hour and a half from Linz, and the *Julia* darted between the buttresses of a railway bridge at Munthausen, near which was seen the Pragstein Schloss on one side, and the river Enns flowing in opposite. The Enns, fresh from the mountains, brought a streak of glassy green into the larger flood, and its clear water retained its separate character for some distance before mingling with the muddier Danube.

Soon I swept past the handsome Castle Wallsee, the seat of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, the *Julia* making a fine pace, and by six o'clock was in the shadow of lofty, wooded heights that mark the boundary of the valley and the entrance to the gorge of the Strudel.

It is a place of bold and picturesque scenery, to which the town of Grein and many charming villas dotting the shores

Projecting ridges of rock still churn the current into surging, angry waves and eddies; but repeated blastings have left them far enough beneath the surface to enable vessels to pass safely over. A rapid a quarter of a mile long, passing over a series of sunken ridges, forms the Strudel (turbulent waters) proper, and at the lower end of the passage a bold jutting rock, called the "Hausstein," the summit of which is crowned and beautified by the ruins of a medieval castle, obstructs the current and forms a last, swift rapid of dancing waves.

The *Julia* sped gallantly down through these several rapids, dancing and bobbing to the commotion, like a thing of cork, her American flag floating breezily at the stern. She must have made as pretty a picture from the shore as one could wish to see, for as she swept round the base of the Hausstein, fairly leaping through the angry rapid, a gang of workmen who were watching her from the opposite side waved their hats and shouted loud approval.



THE VINE-CLAD HILLS OF STEIN.

give an aspect of civilization and refinement. The gorge of the Strudel is a delightful combination of the savagery of nature and the civilization of man. Man, too, has curbed the savagery of the formidable rapids and whirlpools that once made the river at this point dangerous and difficult to navigate.

So novel and agreeable was the sensation of sweeping along with the flood, after battling against it on the Elbe, that I allowed dusk to overtake me before seeking anchorage. The first cast was on a pebbly shoal, where the anchor refused to hold, but at length safe quarters were found lower down, beneath a



VICHTENSTEIN.

bluff near a small village. The village weather-prophets predicted a rainy night, which came true about midnight, and made me apprehensive lest the evil genii of Elbe weather intended to pursue me down the Danube. Indeed, the morning broke upon a most dismal picture of rain and mist.

A foray through the village in search of breakfast resulted in the discovery of a cheerless little gasthaus. In it a frouzy woman, who had just tumbled out of bed, where she had been sleeping in her clothes, was scratching vigorously at the dry dirt floor with a stiff besom, apparently for the purpose of seeing how dense a cloud of dust could be raised. A mangy cur retreated into the room at my approach, and, receiving a whack with the besom, flew past me, out again, as I crossed the threshold. The mannish imprecation hurled at him seemed rather to be aimed at me as an intruder, for the good woman paid not the slightest attention to the stranger beyond an indifferent glance at my lower extremities. The dust-raising process was too important and fascinating a work to be interrupted by the mere advent of a possible customer.

There was nothing to eat, she finally explained, in all the village; meaning that she had nothing, and there was no other gasthaus. Thin white wine as sour as vinegar, and the rank "rauchers" (long, slender cigars) of plebeian Austria, were the only refreshments. It seemed curious to find, so promptly after striking the Danube, a gasthaus as cheerless as any wayside Turkish khan.

But romance was in the air, despite the soaked landscape and dripping, leaden skies. Historical landmarks were on either shore as I resumed the voyage, clad in waterproofs. Ruined castles, inhabited chateaus and imposing abbeys crowned the bold headlands and most commanding positions above the water highway, suggestions of bygone grandeur, relics of feudal tyranny and links in the chain of time, connecting the present with every century of the Christian era, for in the height of its territorial glory the Roman Empire embraced all this region; and as the *Julia* shot past the town of Ybbs one viewed the place curiously, wondering what it looked like and what was the nature of the life on the Danube when Ybbs was Pons Isidis, a Roman military station. Remains of old Roman round-towers contrast strikingly with modern lunatic asylums and poor-houses—associations of Vienna—that here commanded the attention of the eye.

Interest increased as the celebrated Benedictine Abbey of Mèlk came into view, a vast palatial edifice on the summit of a rock overlooking the river. The abbey, set high on the rugged cliffs which come here sheer into the river, is a natural stronghold, which, so history records, has withstood a number of stout sieges, and was occupied for a time by Napoleon's troops after the battle of Aspern. It is reputed to be fabulously rich. Its chief treasure of interest is the "Mèlker Kreuz," a gold cross two feet high, said to date from the twelfth century.

Mèlk was passed in a pelting rain, more to be regretted as I was passing through a wealth of historical and traditional riches really embarrassing. It is the land of the Nibelungen-Lied as well as of ancient Roman rule and later historical events. Chriemhilde, we are told, when on her journey to the country of the Huns—whither we also are directly bound—was hospitably entertained at Pochlarn by Rüdiger. So I steam past Pochlarn, the home of Nibelungen heroes and heroines, and of Roman camps and legions, which also occupied the site of Pochlarn.

Then, beyond the Mèlk monastery, as the *Julia* glided into a narrow defile, for mile after mile ruined castles, ancient churches and monasteries, each redolent of history or tradition, looked down, like the pyramids on the French army, from the hoary past. Yet a new interest seemed to rise up for recognition as I tied up at a rocky village for noontide

refreshments. Above the village was the remains of the old castle of Durrenstein, where Richard I. of England was seized and held captive for fifteen months when on his way home from the crusades. It was beneath these now decayed walls that the minstrel Blondel played Cœur de Lion's favorite airs, and so discovered the whereabouts of his imprisoned master. The crumbling remnants of the towers seem to look down, as we moderns pass in security below, with a multitude of quaint comments: "Turbulent times, and merry, we've seen, my masters; times when it was possible that even a king of England could be seized and shut up so that none might know his hiding-place. Yea, and when discovered, good, kingly sums paid over in ransom by his liege subjects for his delivery."

Food was obtained in a quaint old inn that was once a nunnery.

The weather cleared up for the afternoon, and under happier conditions the *Julia* sped on down the mountain-locked channel, passed more Nibelungen villages and robber strongholds at every angle of the defile. Vineyards clothing the slopes heralded my arrival in the land of the village wine-cellar, where the universal tippie was the home-pressed juice of the grape.

Then came the open country above Vienna, the Tullner Feld, and the town of Tulln, old almost as the hills just left behind, a Roman naval station in the days of the Cæsars, headquarters of a Danube flotilla. A thunderstorm broke over the country, and in the midst of the downpour the *Julia* was run into a sheltered inlet, a port and repair-yard of the Danube Steam Navigation Company. Here a somewhat uncomfortable night was spent in close quarters beneath the tarpaulin, a shelter that was coveted and fought for by a cloud



"A FORAY IN SEARCH OF A BREAKFAST." (p. 227.)

of persistent mosquitoes. All night the rain descended, and after waiting in vain some hours in the hopes of a let-up next morning, the cruise was resumed.

There was small inducement to halt at Vienna on so wet a day—none whatever, in fact, to a campaign voyager whose plan was to keep clear of the ordinary tourist's routes and experiences; though with fine weather a brief visit to the gay Austrian capital would have

of men were lading and unloading merchandise.

To the left, as the bridges of Vienna vanished to the rear, was the memorable battle-field of Wagram and the village from which the name was taken. And on one's mental horizon rose the fateful figure of Bonaparte. The *Julia* was guided along the shore of the island of Loblau, which was occupied for several days in July, 1809, by Napoleon and



THE BENEDICTINE ABBEY OF MELK. (p. 227.)

been a pleasant enough break in the voyage. As it was, however, I kept to the main stream of the Danube, content with the memories of a former visit and what could be seen of its spires and pinnacles through the haze of the rain. Nevertheless the little steamer, with the American flag and its lone occupant, attracted no end of attention as she shot beneath bridge after bridge and passed swiftly by the wharves, where hundreds

the French army of 180,000 men before the battle of Wagram.

Farther down is a curious mound, sixty feet high, called the "Hat Hill," said to have been built up by hatsful of earth by the population of Vienna after the deliverance of the city from the Turks.

By four o'clock the *Julia* swept round a sharp bend that brought into view the considerable town of Hainburg, a picture commingling of huge modern struc-

tures and ancient castles, in which Atilla, the Hun, "the scourge of God," is said to have once been a guest. The new modern buildings, for which the remnants of old fortifications seem to be ill-assorted company, are the Imperial Pioneer Cadet School and a monster

down; on the right the rich Hungarian plain seemed of unlimited extent.

With Hungary came a picturesque and useful but extremely annoying phase of Danubian life, in the shape of thousands of small flour-mills. These mills are on boats anchored in the river, and



SCHOENBUEHL.

tobacco factory, also belonging to the government.

Past more bold rocks and ruined castles, and round other bends of the river, and the boundary-line of Hungary was crossed. Several years had flown since Hungary was traversed by me on the bicycle ride around the world; but the memory of her hospitable villages and rich agricultural plains remained fresh and vivid on my mind. It was, therefore, with something akin to enthusiasm of spirit, that I swung into view of the lofty old ruins of Theben Castle, perched on a promontory at the junction of the Morava with the Danube. It is the "Gate of Hungary," and as the *Julia* glided past, a snap-shot with the camera secured a welcome souvenir of the picturesque old spot, the last place for many a long mile where bold bluffs would approach and confine the river to a narrow bed.

Rising ground prevailed on the left shore to Pressburg, ten miles farther

derive their power from the operation of the current on huge undershot wheels. They were encountered at brief intervals all along the Danube, through Hungary, Servia, and on into Bulgarian water, anchored, to get the full benefit of the strongest current, in slanting rows that contain any number of mills from a half-dozen to a round hundred. They are built of wood, and the huge wheels turn with such heart-rending squeals as might emanate from a myriad of lost souls suffering excruciating agonies.

These mills were something of a bug-aboo to a voyager in a small boat who lived and lodged aboard. Their squealing music was always in evidence, night as well as day, for they run all night at times. And the certainty that the *Julia* would drift into them should she get loose, and possibly be dipped under by the wheel whilst the captain was sound asleep under cover, gave one the sensation of falling asleep on the edge of a precipice.

NOVA SCOTIA AS A SUMMER RESORT.



THE annual vacation or "holidays" was always more or less in vogue, but it has reached such a stage of development of late years that the matter of preparing and developing attractive Summer resorts for people who have a week or a season to spend in

this way, the transporting of them to and from these places, the caring for them while they stay there, and the many other things necessary to their comfort and amusement, form a most important item in the activity of modern life.

While all this has been going on, hundreds of places north, south, east and west have come into prominence as Summer vacation resorts. Some of them have had their day—gone to seed, as it were—others are in the full tide of their success, and some are yet in the formative stage, with their great "boom" just

in sight. The most notable instance in the latter category is that of the province of Nova Scotia, which at this juncture is on the verge of one of the biggest "booms" that ever a Summer resort enjoyed. And it is no hothouse propagation, either. No land speculators have forced it, no hotel syndicates have fanned it into existence, but it has come slowly and naturally, and wholly on its own merits. There are no towering mountains or yawning cañons, no hot springs or slumbering volcanoes, in Nova Scotia, but there is that which unconsciously attracts all seekers after rest and relaxation and "something new"—bracing air, beautiful scenery, substantial, health-giving, country fare, excellent shooting and fishing privileges, abundant facilities for boating and bathing, the study of mineralogy and geology, the open-handed hospitality of a friendly and diversified people, and quaint and curious characteristics that are to be found nowhere else as in Nova Scotia, not to mention the alluring glamour of romance and history that Longfellow's "Evangeline" and the stirring scenes at Annapolis and Louisburg have cast o'er the picturesque province.

The average tourist could not reasonably ask for more, but still the sea-beat



THE HOME OF THE DUCK, MOUTH OF BADDECK RIVER, CAPE BRETON.



THE HAUNTS OF THE TROUT, BADDECK RIVER,
CAPE BRETON.

land possesses, in addition, the desirable features of being easily and comfortably reached, and offering all its attractions at a minimum of expense after one has arrived upon the scene. Endowed by nature with all the delightful accessories of the ideal summering country, the manifest destiny of Nova Scotia seems surely that of being royal entertainer of her hurrying cousins across the border. And to the sportsman the beaches, marshes and covers, and the well-stocked waters strongly appeal. Geese, brant, duck, curlew, plover of many varieties, and snipe afford capital shooting at many points along the coast, and in the covers grouse and woodcock are quite plentiful enough to satisfy even an exacting Nimrod. In the remoter forests big game can yet be found, and deep-sea fishing, salmon and trout fishing, lobster spearing, etc., furnish plenty of exciting amusement for those whose chiefest joys are derived from fishing-tackle.

It is only very recently that Nova Scotia, as it really is, has been known to us. To be sure, there always has been some hazy knowledge as to the supposititious existence of tremendous Bay of Fundy tides that, rushing outward, left big vessels high and dry on land, like the ark on Ararat; of unheard-of fogs in the same region, thick enough to saw into slabs and export to countries not blessed with fogs; of fabulous stores of undeniably toothsome apples and mealy potatoes, and of an inexhaustible supply

of domestic "help," and one or two other characteristics in the same general line. Until recently, however, no one except the few whom business, curiosity or the invitation of friends had brought thither ever dreamed of the marvelous wealth of natural beauty that was stored up within the rocky bulwarks of the province by the sea. The ever-widening circle of the restless, unsatisfied, eager army of Summer tourists has finally reached the shores of this once remote section, however, and Nova Scotia is no longer a mere fog-bound, tide-washed tradition and synonym for "Bluenoses," potatoes and servant girls, but has swung into prominence as the coming vacation resort for Americans in general and New Englanders in particular. The immediate result of all this has been that a wonderful change has taken place in transportation facilities, and not only have the finest and quickest steamers that money can construct been put on the various routes between New England and the province, but even the Nova Scotian railroads themselves have undergone the general improvement process, and one can now travel luxuriously from one extreme of the province to the other in modern parlor cars attached to fast expresses. It has also served to tone up the hotel and boarding house service, and new Summer hotels at various popular points are being planned. The quicker steamship service makes a most important saving of time, and yet allows of a delightful, restful ocean voyage of just the right length to put one in humor for the pleasures to be found on shore.



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HALIFAX FROM THE HARBOR.

A New Yorker can take a Sound steamer on Monday evening and be in Nova Scotia at daybreak on the following Wednesday, and at Halifax itself by Wednesday night, with half a day for sightseeing or business in Boston en route. The Bostonian himself can readily reach Acadian Land in seventeen hours. This is decidedly an improvement over former times.

A mere enumeration of all the attractive points accessible even to the transient visitor would be quite a formidable task, but still a tour extending over a period as brief as two or three weeks will enable one to enjoy charming glimpses of the country and become familiarized in a measure with the more important centers. Halifax, the rock-founded capital, with its magnificent fortified harbor, guardian citadel and beautiful environs, is a study in itself. Dreamy old Yarmouth, the tourist's first friend, offers peaceful scenes and lovely drives; Digby, quaintly, curious, thrives amid superb scenery; historic Annapolis, legend-laden, seems to live in an atmosphere of romance, and the sweet pastoral beauty of its unrivaled valley—a veritable sea of apple-blossoms in Spring—does not lose its charms with the fading petals; Kentville, the Cornwallis Valley and the famous "Look Off;" Wolfville and the picturesque and

storied Minas Basin; sweet Grand Pre, the home of deathless Evangeline, still as fair and quaint as in the day the master-singer described it; Chester and Lunenburg and the old stage route, on the South Shore; Pictou, in the coal-fields; Antigonish, quaint still as when a quaint race founded it, and last, but not least, the fairest jewel of Canada's maritime diadem, sea-beat Cape Breton, that deep-cleft rock which holds and guards the incomparable Bras d'Or Lakes, Baddeck, "and that sort of thing." These places are simply inspirations for artist and poet, and a month might well be devoted to each of them, but, of course, that would be too much to expect of a genuine American.

In this lovely peninsula, three hundred miles long by nearly one hundred in average width, with its ever-changing panorama of lake and river, forest and farm, hamlet and wilderness, there is many a rich mine of stored-up gold and coal and iron and copper, but the richest mine of all is the mine of pleasure that is ever free to the welcome visitors from "the States" in every acre of its eighteen counties. It is just as accessible as if within "the States;" it is unique and refreshing and new, and the time is not far distant in at least one enthusiast's opinion when Nova Scotia will be the Florida of the north.

THOMAS F. ANDERSON.



GRAND PRE, LAND OF EVANGELINE.

MISCELLANEOUS JUMPING.

THE HOP, STEP AND JUMP, AND ITS VARIATIONS.

BY MALCOLM W. FORD.



HIGHEST POINT OF STEP. (*p.* 236.)

THE hop, step and jump may be done either from a stand-still or with a run. The motions in both cases are the same, the only difference being that in the standing hop, step and jump the athlete stands on and takes off with one foot, in place of getting momentum from a run.

The hop, step and jump, whether done with a run or from a stand, consists in taking a hop, which means leaping from and landing on the same foot; then a step, landing on the foot opposite to the one with which the hop has been made. The final part is a jump, which consists in leaping from the foot on which the athlete lands from the step, and eventually landing on both feet. The world's amateur record for a standing hop, step and jump is 29 feet 11 inches, by J. W. Rich.

Many athletes and journalists confuse the standing hop, step and jump with the standing jump, step and jump. When doing the latter the athlete toes the mark with both feet and gives a jump, landing on one, as in a hop, and then continues as in a hop, step and jump; whereas in the hop, step and jump the athlete stands on one foot, as shown in the illustration "Hopping from a stand-still." Standing on both feet, jumping and landing on one, is as much of a jump as though both feet were used in landing, for the spring is

given from both and the power exerted by both is used.

The best record for a standing jump, step and jump is 31 feet 10 inches, by myself, and my best figures for the standing hop, step and jump are 1½ inches behind Rich. The world's amateur record for a running hop, step and jump is 48 feet 3 inches, by J. Purcell, in Ireland. The best American amateur record for this event is 45 feet 7½ inches, by J. H. Clausen, of Boston. It will be seen that in the running event the British record is nearly 3 feet ahead of the American.

The hop, step and jump from a stand-still should be first in order, for practice at it will put one in good condition for doing the game with a run. The stand-still event can also be done with profit on a gymnasium floor, but it is not so with the running event, where the distances cleared at each division are too great to permit landing on a hard surface without doing the jumper more harm than good. Divisions for the standing event are about as follows: Hop, 7 feet, measured from toe to heel; step, measured from heel to heel, 11 feet; jump, measured from heel to heel, about 12 feet. Rich varied nothing worth speaking of from these measurements when he made his best record; but note how different they are from divisions of the best record of Purcell in the running event: hop 19 feet, step 13 feet, jump 16 feet. These figures can hardly fail to explain very clearly why the standing event can be practiced on boards and the running event cannot. No athlete could stand the shock of landing on one foot on a board floor after clearing a distance of 19 feet.

The illustration "Hopping from a stand-still" shows R. K. Pritchard in the act of taking off for a standing hop, step and jump. This athlete holds a record for this event of 29 feet 8½ inches, made in the same competition in which Rich made the best record.



J. W. RICH. (p. 240.)

It will be seen that Pritchard is standing on his right foot and is maneuvering his other leg and arms as best he can to acquire as much momentum as is possible for the hop. When he is in the act of hopping both arms will be brought forward with also his left leg, and his body will be greatly inclined towards the direction he will go. The illustration "Just before leaving ground" reveals Pritchard's position when he is about through with all the motions of gathering momentum for the hop. After he has left ground his right or hopping foot will be brought forward, to be used in landing, the arms in the meantime performing some adjunct motions. On landing from the hop, his left foot extended back, and then with a slight giving of the right knee partly to break the force of landing on one foot but mostly to lower his body to get good spring from that leg, he will bring his left foot forward, and reaching out as far as possible with it, he will leave ground with a strong thrust of his right leg, and will then resemble the illustration "Highest point of step."

It is comparatively easy to take a large proportionate step in a standing hop, step and jump, for there is hardly

any shock in landing from the hop, and the jumper's strength not being used in withstanding any downward force, can be wholly applied to the next movement. It will be noticed that the step in the standing hop, step and jump is 11 feet, while the step in the running event is only 2 feet more; yet the hop in the latter event is 12 feet more, and the jump is 4 feet longer than in the corresponding divisions of the stand-still event. When landing from the step the same motions are used as in the previous division, except that the duties of the legs are reversed. The jump or last division is very similar to the ordinary running broad jump.

Much practice at the stand-still event cannot fail to put an athlete in excellent condition for the running event. It not only develops the necessary muscle, but it accustoms the jumper to the various movements, which are similar in both the standing and running events. The latter, however, is more popular than the "standing," on account of its being harder, and also more showy, but considerable room is necessary before it can be practiced properly. A smooth, level stretch of turf or soil 150 feet long is needed, this allowing about 100 feet for a run and 50 feet for the jumping. The take-off, or mark from which the athlete takes the hop, is the same as used for a running broad jump described in *OUTING* for October, 1891.

As a gymnasium event the standing hop, step and jump is quite popular, but, to do it well, one must be equipped with shoes having soles and heels thick enough to enable him to use force without injury to the feet. Attention was called in the previous article on standing jumping to the great benefit an athlete preparing for any particular standing jump would derive from engaging in all-round standing jumping, for nearly the same muscles are used in all. There should be a space allotted on a gymnasium floor for practicing the following standing jumping events: hop, step and jump, two hops and a jump, jump, step and jump, broad jump and three broad jumps. These do not require over 45 feet in space, and there probably is no room worthy of the name of a gymnasium which cannot afford this space. A thin strip of rubber should be tacked to the floor, to be used as a toe-mark. It should

be 6 inches wide, so as to enable all of the front part of the foot—that which is used in springing—to be put on it, giving the jumper a firm foothold. Different distances may be painted on the floor, so as to give those who are practicing an idea of how far they are jumping without necessitating the use of a tape. For practicing a single broad jump there should be a mark at 8 feet, and at each succeeding 6 inches up to 10 feet. Marking is not necessary above the latter point, for so few would use it. The next mark from the take-off should be at 25 feet, and every foot from there should be marked, up to 32 feet. These latter markings are suitable for those practicing the standing hop, step and jump and three standing broad jumps, besides other miscellaneous maneuverings of three divisions which may be tried.

All gymnasiums are not equipped in this way, and I mention it merely as being a method of encouraging athletes to practice uncommon styles of standing jumping; but if the running hop, step and jump is to be practiced, different arrangements must be made. There are several ways to run this event successfully on a board floor, but I will only mention the one that I consider easiest to arrange and at the same time perfectly satisfactory. Beginning with the run, the plain boards will do. The take-off may either be merely a white line on the floor or a raised portion. The first has the difficulty of competitors not being able to take-off properly without making a foul, unless they step so far behind it that they lose much in distance. It is, however, the cheapest kind of take-off, for it merely needs a little chalk,

Athletes, as a rule, cannot do themselves justice on a flat take-off, for most running hop, step and jumpers are running broad jumpers, and are therefore used to a take-off with a ditch in front; hence the raised take-off, even though it is a little more trouble to construct, should be used. It may be a piece of wood from 5 to 6 inches wide, wedge-shaped, running from nothing to 1 or 2 inches' thickness at the outer edge. It should be from 4 to 6 feet long, and may be held in place either by weights at



HOPPING FROM A STAND-STILL. (p. 235.)

each end or nails. The perpendicular edge serves the same purpose as a perpendicular edge will in an out-of-doors' jump, where a ditch may be dug in front. The impossibility of forming a ditch on board floors by excavating necessitates its being done by elevating, but the edge must not be too high, and these measurements are about right.

A raised take-off prevents a best-on-

record being made, for it is not what would be called "level ground," but the probabilities are that no record for a jump of this kind can be made on a board floor, and as the take-off will be as fair for all as for one, so far as practice is concerned it should give perfect satisfaction. The landing-places for the separate divisions—viz.: the hop, the step and the jump—may be mattresses; loose dirt is more preferable, regarding ease of landing and exact strictness in measuring; still, as it can be imagined, this material needs a box to keep it from being scattered, and even then athletes landing in it and walking over the floor make the fact that there is dirt in the



HOPPING WITH A RUN.

vicinity, known in a forcible way. It would be well to run a thin rubber strip, between 2 or 3 feet wide, from the take-off to about 50 feet on the mats, although the distance cleared will probably not be within some feet of this.

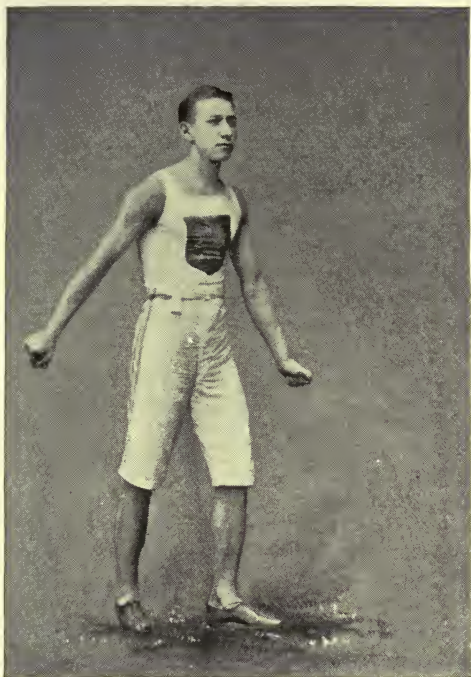
It will be seen that these arrangements are very easily provided, and the only better one which can be made for this event is to have a full path of dirt on the boards, with the regular take-off, including the ditch. This would necessitate dirt for a distance of about 150 feet; and if some athlete were in record-breaking trim during the Winter, when jumping out-of-doors is out of the ques-

tion, justification for making such elaborate arrangements could be found; but for ordinary gymnasium practice or competitions the raised take-off and mats are good enough.

It would not be well for one who is endeavoring to perfect himself in a single style to engage in *too much* all-round jumping, for he would be spending too much energy and might not have enough for his specialty; but I do not know of any exercise that will better make a man thoroughly active and strong on his legs than practicing the several styles of jumping which are fitted for a gymnasium. The many kinds of movements and strides, the landing on the heels, the springing from the toes and the extreme bending at the hip and knee, cannot fail in time to make one's legs so strong and adaptive that almost anything in the line of leaping will come easily. Practicing miscellaneous jumping has about the same effect on the leg muscles that horizontal bar-work has on the arms. The latter exercise will give one a thoroughly useful arm, for it develops strength of wrist and finger, the forearm, and the biceps and triceps. There is hardly a muscle or ligament in the arm that horizontal bar-work will not strengthen, and the same can be said of miscellaneous jumping regarding the leg muscles.

Referring to a fixed take-off and markings on a gymnasium floor, it may be said that if the fact of their permanency is made known men will find themselves practicing miscellaneous styles of leaping before they know it. The same men, if they had to wait some minutes for a tape, or a piece of chalk for marking, would not try the exercise. This is a good point for gymnasium instructors to bear in mind.

Practice at miscellaneous jumping should be taken as follows: Five or six trials at the standing broad jump, beginning by trying to squarely heel the 8-foot mark, and ending by doing a distance which can be cleared by a good, stiff jump. By a stiff jump I do not mean that one should exert himself to his utmost to clear several inches more than usual and jar his knees, but it is the cool, deliberate trial that enables the jumper to land where he wishes without straining too hard. After the standing broad jump comes the

J. H. CLAUSEN. (*p.* 239.)

standing hop, step and jump, and this brings about a complete change of motions and muscles used. The 25-foot mark is a fair goal for this game, and the average jumper will find this distance a little too far for an everyday performance. Half a dozen trials at this game will be sufficient, and then, for a change, the jumper may try two hops and a jump, clearing about the same distance as he did in the hop, step and jump. After this the standing jump, step and jump may be taken, and the distance cleared in this should be from one to two feet further than that cleared in the two previous styles. The three standing broad jumps come last, and the athlete should clear more in this style than in any of the others. As the "three jumps" is such a good exercise for the standing broad jump, it will do no harm to take more trials at it than in the other styles. A good performance for an average jumper is 27 feet, and any one who can clear 8 feet 6 inches for a single jump should do 27 feet in three.

Practice in any of the miscellaneous styles should not be forced, and an athlete will find that improvement will come quicker if in all of his trials he

does a distance which is considerably within his powers. Exercising with companions is apt to create rivalry, and an athlete will find that he is doing his utmost before he knows it. If one should do his very best in all the trials at half a dozen different styles of leaping, he would be taking altogether too much hard work and be so fatigued for three or four days, or even longer, that exercise would be distasteful. After the leg muscles are thoroughly accustomed to diversified work a great deal of miscellaneous leaping can be done without the athlete becoming even temporarily fatigued.

The several athletes illustrated with this article reveal quite a variety of different sizes and weights. J. H. Clausen is what would be called a small, wiry athlete. He is slender and short, and weighs in the neighborhood of 125 pounds. He holds the American record for the running hop, step and jump. E. B. Bloss, the previous holder, is considerably stouter, although about the same height as Clausen. Both of these men are good running broad jumpers, but Clausen shows unusual proficiency in the game at which he holds the record. During the year 1890 the running hop, step and jump in this country attracted considerable attention, and there was an unparalleled series of record-breaking

ROB. K. FRITCHARD. (*p.* 240.)



JUST BEFORE LEAVING GROUND. (*p.* 236.)

performances at it. Up to August 5 of that year the record was my own, 44 feet 1¾ inches, which had stood since May, 1884. Clausen cleared 44 feet 5 inches, and 11 days after his performance Henry M. Jewett, of the Detroit Athletic Club, cleared 44 feet 8¼ inches. On September 25 the record went back to Boston: J. B. Connelly, of the Boston Athletic Association, cleared 44 feet 10¾ inches; but on October 28 the record, although still remaining in Boston, was transferred from that city's premier athletic organization to Harvard University, by Bloss, who cleared 44 feet 11½ inches. It stayed here until September 19, 1891, when Clausen regained the record by covering 45 feet 7½ inches.

The holder of the British record for the running two hops and a jump, 50 feet 1½ inches, is D. Shanahan. In that country Shanahan's event generally takes the place of the running hop, step and jump, although it is always spoken of by the latter name. If an athlete devotes the same amount of time in practicing the two hops and a jump as the hop, step and a jump he will clear a greater distance in the former. There is something in the swing of the leg that is not being used, when doing the two hops and a jump, that enables greater distances to be cleared; but there is also another reason, viz.: all the jumping in a two hops and a jump is done on one foot, while in the hop, step and jump both legs are used. Jumpers practicing the running high

jump or the running broad jump, in which only one leg is used in leaping, become stronger on one leg than on the other, and naturally, when they try the running two hops and a jump, they use their strong leg for all the leaping. Shanahan has never made a big record at the running hop, step and jump, but his ability to clear 50 feet in two hops and a jump leads one to think he should, with proper practice, do 48 feet in the hop, step and jump. There is nothing noticeable about his build; he is medium height and weight.

R. K. Pritchard is decidedly of the tall, slender variety, standing 6 feet 1 inch in his jumping shoes, and weighing a little over 150 pounds. He is good at any kind of jumping, and should he systematically make a specialty of any one kind, he would be almost unbeatable. He has cleared 10 feet 1¾ inches for a standing broad jump, 20 feet 9 inches for a running broad jump, 4 feet 11 inches for a standing high jump, 5 feet 11½ inches for a running high jump, 29 feet 8½ inches for a standing hop, step and jump, and something in the neighborhood of 44 feet for a running hop, step and jump. These records show unusual all-round jumping ability.

J. W. Rich is another sample of a natural jumper, and when his dimensions are considered, his feats of activity seem all the more meritorious. He is taller than Pritchard, and weighed, when he made the best record for a standing hop, step and jump, 190 pounds. He has cleared within 2 inches of 21 feet in a running broad jump, and can do over 10 feet for a standing broad jump. He jumps with a great deal of power, but does not show the ease of Pritchard.

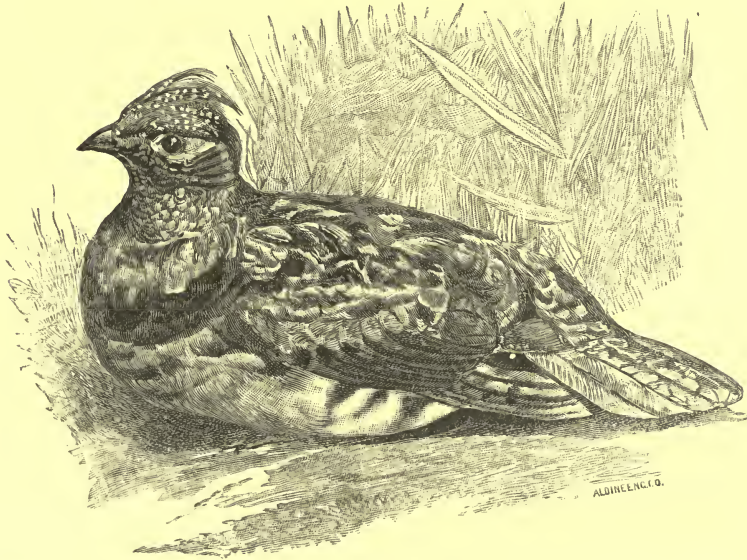
The best running hop, step and jumpers are slender men, for these seem to be more wiry and best able to stand the shock of landing on hard ground. The finest performer I ever saw is Thomas Burrows, an English professional athlete, who holds the world's record—48 feet 8 inches. He stands 5 feet 10 inches high, and weighed under 140 pounds. He and Shanahan are about the same size, with the exception that the amateur may be a few pounds heavier; but, like in other athletic events, there are exceptions to the preponderance of light-weight men being the best. Heavy-weights show better form at all standing jumping.

ROD AND GUN IN CANADA.

OUTING has many times in these pages described shooting grounds and fishing waters, north, south, east and west—has, in fine, established what might almost be termed a sportsman's directory to the most remunerative regions of this broad continent. That the information so conveyed has been both interesting and useful to its readers is amply proved by its hundreds of letters received, asking for further particulars in regard to accessibility and best means for reaching the territories referred to.

Now, at the birth of the leafy month, when so many are considering the an-

The chief requisites of a suitable summering point or sporting region for those who prefer leaving behind the fashions and follies which mar too many of our popular beaches and lake resorts, are, first, accessibility and sufficient natural attractions in the way of scenery to make the place worth visiting; second, pure, invigorating atmosphere, such as will tone up overtaxed systems and accomplish a direct benefit to the health of the visitor; third, facilities for beneficial exercises and amusements, such as boating, canoeing, fishing and shooting; and, fourth—and these are frequently quite important matters—that one may



nual holiday in the wilderness, which OUTING has ever prescribed as the surest heal-all for overtaxed humanity, a further discussion of woodland resorts, fishing waters and game regions is certainly in order. More than once OUTING has pointed out the peculiar advantages, easy accessibility and unrivaled attractions of the picturesque Canadian wilds, and endeavored to show why the big Dominion north of us is most admirably adapted to the purpose of a general recreation-ground for the American people—tourists, anglers, sportsmen, canoeists, campers, artists—be they what they may.

journey to the chosen point in comfort, and, after arrival, enjoy its beauties, sport and recreation without too severely taxing a limited purse. These desirable features are characteristics of Canadian territory, and they are encouraged and brought about by comparatively simple mode of life of even wealthy Canucks. No people know better than these hardy northern cousins what constitutes the *real* benefit of a holiday in the woods or of manly sport and pastime. The high-price fiend, that bane of seaside and all swell resorts, is not even upon a speaking acquaintance with frequenters of

Canadian breathing spots—yet, withal, the said frequenters thoroughly understand the luxuries of life when at home.



But when they make holiday they make it as it should be—free of care and worry, of nonsensical over-attention to dress and parade, of senseless pomp and expense; they go to the woods and streams to enjoy simple, healthful, pure

fun, and these can all be obtained *ad lib.* in many parts of their country..

The railway system is astoundingly extensive and thoroughly well equipped, and a journey of a few hours from the most important centers of business, enables one to reach the wilderness itself, while from the lesser towns and villages it is but a step from civilization to the forest primeval.

With its main lines and far-reaching system of branches, the first great railway enterprise of the country and old-time favorite with the traveling public, the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada, offers inducements of no ordinary nature to tourists and sportsmen. Linking together cities, towns and villages, and penetrating by branch lines in nearly every direction through the wilder forest, lake and river regions, it enables the sportsman and camper to reach direct some of the very best of all Canada's sporting ground, and also some of our own northern wilds. Main lines of this railway extend in Canada from storied old Quebec City to Montreal, Toronto, Niagara Falls, Hamilton, Suspension Bridge, Sarnia and Windsor, thus completely traversing the Province of Ontario and much of the Province of Quebec. From these main lines an extensive system of branch lines radiates in every direction to all important Canadian ports on lakes Huron, Erie and Ontario, and still other lines afford direct communication with the marvelous island-studded Georgian Bay and the beautiful wilds of Muskoka (described in this number of OUTING) and also to the famous deer forests of northern Muskoka and Lake

Nipissing and of the Haliburton country, one of the best available districts for deer, bear and grouse.

A passing glance at the main line from Windsor (opposite Detroit City) to Toronto will show that it closely follows the shore of Lake St. Clair, crossing those broad marshes renowned for geese, duck, snipe and kindred species ever since the days when the father of American sporting literature, "Frank Forrester," told of the sport he enjoyed upon them. They are still good, and they are washed by the lunge and bass haunted waters of St. Clair. But this region lacks in picturesqueness, and while it appeals strongly to the earnest Nimrod, is not to be compared with the wilds of Ontario's highlands further north. Immediately contiguous to these marshes lies a track of country extending for over one hundred miles east and west, about half of it farmed and the remainder under its original burden of magnificent forest. This forms the home of turkey, quail, grouse, woodcock and hare, and is one of the best districts for all-round sport with the shotgun in the Dominion. Following this line farther east, Toronto is reached, and from the "Queen City" of Ontario, strange to say, extend three direct routes to the three island and water masterpieces of the civilized world—the Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence, the Twenty Thousand Islands of Georgian Bay and the uncounted lakes and islands of Muskoka.

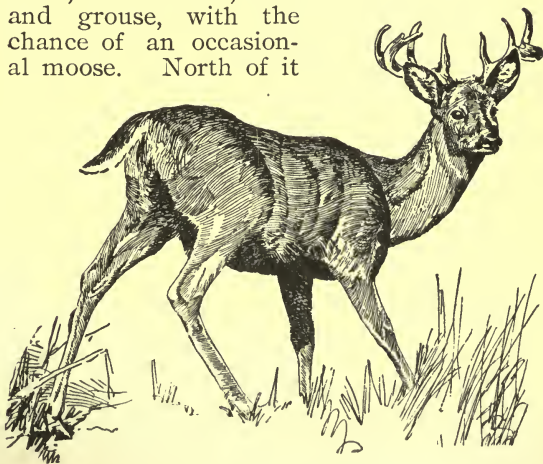
Of the world-renowned Thousand Islands of broad St. Lawrence it is unnecessary to speak at length; Americans own half of them and thoroughly understand their beauties and attractions. Of the close-clustered gems of the Georgian Bay much less is known, and those who do not know them will never regret making their acquaintance. Islands everywhere—the wonders of the St. Lawrence almost tripled—and set like gems in the cold waters of Lake Huron's greatest bay; islands of every conceivable size and shape, some seemingly small enough to be lifted by hand, others of acres in extent, and all beautiful. Among these islands, in the shadowy channels, excellent trolling for lunge and pickerel and rare good fly and bait fishing for black bass can be enjoyed amid some of the most picturesque scenery known. Regular steamers ply north

and south from the ports of the eastern mainland and afford ready facilities for studying the scenery and making pleasant trips from point to point.

The Midland division of the Grand Trunk furnishes excellent though the sole means of reaching these lovely out-of-the-way sections, and along the line, extending from the city of Toronto to the town of Midland, situated on the southeast shore of Georgian Bay, are shooting grounds and fishing waters well worthy of serious consideration by all in search of really good sport. The first important objective point for the angler is the town of Lindsay, within easy reach of which are Scugog River and Sturgeon Lake, both capital waters for black bass and lunge. Extending almost due north from Lindsay is a line to Haliburton, which forms the way to a crack country for lovers of rod and rifle. On this line is Kinmount, from which town Davis Lake is reached, a water containing plenty of big salmon-trout, while close to it are far-spreading ranges of deer and bear and good grouse covers. But it is in the country about Haliburton, the terminus of the line, that the man with the Winchester can enjoy sport with deer and bear perhaps not surpassed anywhere in eastern Canada. If the writer were going to decide to-morrow upon a certain point for deer and grouse, with great probability of getting a bear, he would give the Haliburton country and adjacent Muskoka country preference over all others. The waters of this region also furnish fine trout-fishing. Coboconk, farther west in the Midland division, is another good point for deer, bear, grouse and bass; still further west, at Beaverton, on Lake Simcoe, is good lake-trout and bass fishing, and on the same line are Orillia and Coldwater, the first a center for trout-fishing, grouse and duck shooting, and the second for trout and deer.

Another branch of the Grand Trunk runs northward from Toronto to the shore of the celebrated Lake Nipissing. This line passes through the heart of the unrivaled Muskoka highlands and gives access to the woods and waters of Muskoka and its rival, the Parry Sound country. It is useless to dwell upon the picturesque features of Muskoka (see article). Sportsmen would chiefly go thither for the sake of game and fish, and they can

rest assured that once they have reached Bracebridge, they are upon the right line for fun with rod and rifle. The stations worthy of special attention on this line are small towns lost in a forested wilderness, but the accommodation is fair and the sport A Number 1. It is a country for deer, bear, grouse and trout throughout, where a man must needs be a duffer if he cannot knock down two or more deer a week, for he will certainly have half a dozen chances during that time. The first point is Bracebridge. The fishing waters are Muskoka Lake, reached via Muskoka River, five miles, containing trout, black bass, lunge and pickerel; Trading Lake and Lake of Bays, same fish, and about these lakes will be found deer and grouse. The next point north is Utterson, near Three Mile Creek, May Lake and Watties Creek, which afford good trout and bass fishing. A very good deer and grouse country surrounds this little town. North of it is Huntsville, in the center of a fine country for deer and bear. A few beaver are found on the East River, and Lake Vernon, Fairy Lake, Lake Mary, Peninsular and Lake of Bays, and a number of small streams flowing into them, are well stocked with salmon-trout, speckled trout and perch. The woods within ten to fifteen miles of Huntsville are great for deer, bear and grouse, and the writer has put in some never-to-be-forgotten days in this territory. Novar is another good point for lake and brook trout, and for deer, bear and grouse, with the chance of an occasional moose. North of it



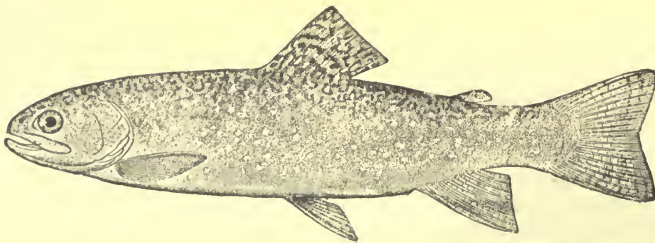
is Emsdale, with the trout waters of Maganetawan River, Ragged Creek, Doe Lake and Sand Lake within easy

reach, and surrounded by the characteristic deer, bear and grouse covers. Burke's Falls offers easy access to the Maganetawan River, Cecebe, Doe, Pickerel and Horn lakes, and close to the village are runways which seldom fail to yield a deer, and grouse can be found anywhere within a radius of five miles. Still farther north is Sundridge, Powassan and Callander villages, and beyond them, but a few miles, is Lake Nipissing. The entire country for leagues around these places is primeval forest, with lakes and streams in every direction. The game comprises moose, deer, bear, grouse and waterfowl, and there is no better territory for the rifle and canoe, and trout, bass and lunge will keep the angler busy throughout a holiday of any length.

Turning to the main line of the Grand Trunk between Toronto and Quebec and following it to Levis, on the south shore of the St. Lawrence River, opposite Quebec City, two inviting routes are found leading into two most attractive regions. One is the Quebec and Lake St. John Railway, which extends northward from Quebec through the Laurentian Mountains to Lake St. John, the headwater of the Saguenay River and the home of the hard-fighting ouaniche. The game of this lovely region is caribou, moose, bear and grouse, and every one of its streams and lakes—and their name is legion—contains trout. The second route is from Levis via the Intercolonial Railway, which traverses the eastern portion of the Province of Quebec, crosses the Province of New Brunswick through the ranges of moose and bear, and past Metapedia, Restigouche, and salmon and trout waters too numerous for mention.

Yet another Grand Trunk route, es-

pecially interesting to New Englanders, extends from Boston and Portland to Montreal, affording access to the wonderful lake and pond region of Maine. Androscoggin and Rangeley lakes are known to every keen fisherman, and by the line mentioned one can reach them comfortably from Bethel, Bryant's Pond or Berlin Falls, as an efficient stage system connects with the railway at these points. Bethel is the natural and most convenient entrance to the lake region for tourists from New England points. These lakes of western Maine occupy a goodly portion of Oxford and Franklin counties. They are elevated about 1,400 feet above sea-level, and are surrounded by picturesque, forested mountains from 2,000 to 4,000 feet high. Considering the number of excellent guides and hand-books devoted to the region, it is unnecessary to devote much space to description. B. Pond, Umbagog, Rapid River, Middle Dam Camp, Molechunkamunk, Welekennebacook (Upper and Lower Richardson lakes), are now familiar names. Guides, always obtainable, will take charge of visitors and pilot the way to good fishing points, such as the feeders of Rangeley, the Four Ponds, Lake Kennebago (fourteen miles north of Rangeley Village), Lake Parmachenee, north of the Androscoggin chain, and reached from Umbagog via Magalloway River, or Mooselucmaguntic via Cupsuptic River and a "carry" The available game is deer and grouse. Moose and caribou have retired northward beyond Seven Ponds and Kennebago. If the angler did nothing more than enjoy the healthful, pine-scented air of these woods and killed but one trout as long as such names as Mooselucmaguntic, Molechunkamunk or Welekennebacook, he should feel amply repaid!





Painted for OUTING by Henry Stull.

"THE RACE OF THE YEAR."

"HARDLAND RUNNING GAME, TRUE AND STRAIGHT." (*Saddle and Sentiment*, p. 267.)

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A PLEA FOR THE HOUSE-BOAT.

BY CHARLES LEDYARD NORTON.



It may be manned by a full establishment of naval and domestic subordinates; but it is as fully equipped in cases where, like the *Nancy Lee*, one man is

“The cook and the captain bold,
And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,
And the bos'un tight and the midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig.”

The weary lawyer, plagued with the dusty air of the courts and the scarcely less endurable stuffiness of his chambers, can speed him by the early evening train, and spend on his floating home those halcyon periods of the day, the peaceful evening and the glory of the early dawn, amidst sylvan scenes and sounds of nature's revelry.

The artist can bid a long farewell to the spiritless, depressing trappings of his studio, and renouncing the models with which he has whiled away the winter of his discontent, study all the wondrous forms and colors of resplendent sunshine and fleeting shadow in their own great playground.

Materfamilia, too, can here cast off the cares of the city home and, in the sweet simplicity of a restricted domain, renew the pleasant toil of a not too laborious housekeeping. Nor is she denied the

MAN'S innate nature rebels against what fate seems to have ordained. In proportion as the pressure of modern life seems determined to close him within city precincts, he, with equal pertinacity, seeks means of alleviation.

The house-boat is the outcome and visible result of one such effort, combining the comforts of a residence with the peregrinating capacity of a nomad. It is a modern device easily within the reach of all sorts and conditions of men. The man of boundless means may lavish on its construction and decoration thousands, and it can be built by those whose means will only reach to the purchase of a few squares of lumber.

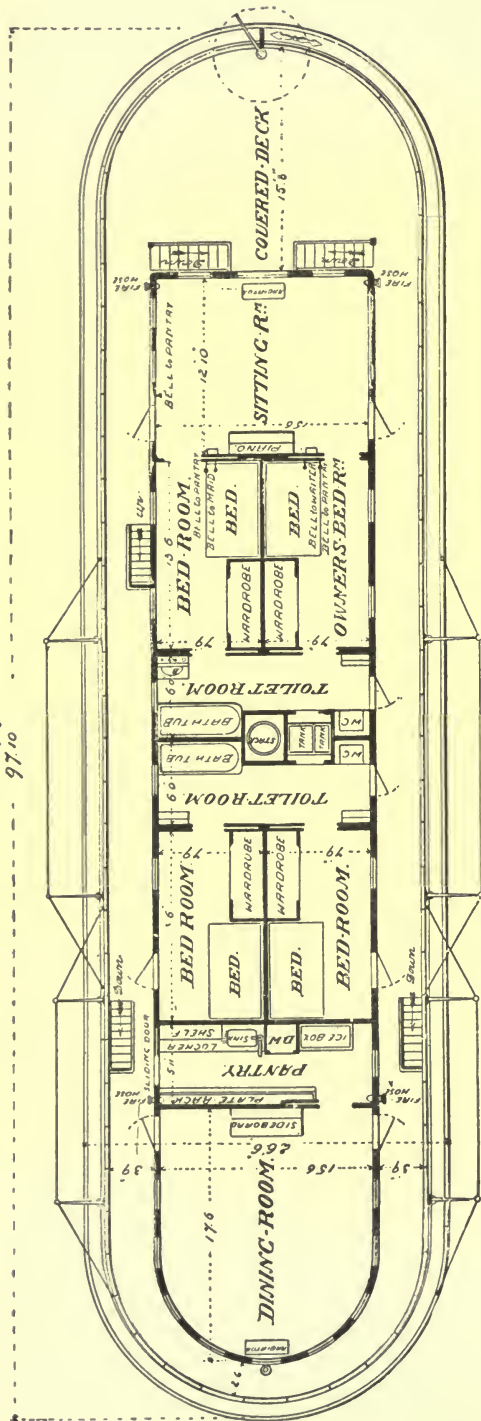
pleasures of social intercourse. The elder young folks can be of the party, and near by will surely be moored some other floating home whose friendly visits cheer the solitude and lend their graceful aid to drive dull care still farther afield, and there will come those rare nights

“ When slow emerging, like a crystal shield,
The moon above the woods first stands revealed,
And throws o'er hill and rivulet and glade
A flood of silver with a softer shade,
While melting music steals upon the sky
And softened sounds along the water die.”

At intervals, too, at least in English waters and on some American ones, there will invade the waterways one of those simooms of pleasure, of life, of music and of ruddy health, “the regatta,” say of Henley or New London.

And what of those who follow the more ambitious example which Black's “Strange Adventures” and Hamerton's “Summer on the Saone” have made familiar to thousands of readers the world over? To such, what greater pleasure can be added, whether it be on the silver-streaming Thames by the fanes of Windsor and of Eton, the cloisters of Oxford and the home of Shakespeare, or on the lordly Hudson 'neath the shadows of the Storm King, along the façade of the Catskills, in all their silent beauty; amidst the tropical luxuriance of the palmetto-bordered rivers of fair Florida, or through the northern wilderness of Lake George and Lake Champlain? Nature, indeed, seems made to fit the house-boat in both continents; for whilst England can boast many a placid stream meandering through pastoral scenery with scarce a parallel, America is literally seamed with streams, bays and lakes which lend themselves as the glass in which Nature, in her bolder moods, can show her handiwork.

Within twenty-five miles of the New York City Hall alone there are, it is safe to say, more than ten times the extent of coast-line available for house-boat life than exists in the vicinity of any other great capital. Jamaica Bay, Rockaway Inlet and Sheepshead Bay are full of safe anchorages, where the sea-breeze blows all the Summer long. Parts of the Harlem and East River, Raritan, the Passaic, the Hackensack, and both shores of Long Island Sound, are seemingly made on purpose for the safe accommodation of house-boatmen. The



PLAN OF THE "CAIMAN."



"THE 'CAIMAN' AMIDST THE TROPICAL LUXURIANCE OF FLORIDA." (p. 244.)

Hudson, especially along the west bank under the Palisades, is peculiarly well adapted for anchorage out of the way of traffic, and the several bays along the Jersey shore are abundantly supplied with creeks and inlets where house-boats can lie with small chance of damage from

courses. Builders and designers will do well to post themselves regarding this line of work; for when the fashion once gains a foothold it will open a new branch in the shipbuilding industry.

The house-boat idea, in its crude form, is very old. Most of us imbibed it in



"MEANDERING THROUGH PASTORAL SCENERY."

passing vessels or from storms during the Summer months. What would not London give for a tenth part of such privileges? So far as known at present, only one house-boat proper has been built in New York for the coming season; but it is safe to say that when once the adaptive American genius grasps the ideal, house-boats of all shapes and sizes, and of all degrees of luxurious equipment, will speedily make their appearance along our sea-coasts and water-

our early infancy, had we but known it, from the models of Noah's ark that we played with in the nursery, and when we grew a little older we learned that a large part of the population of the great coastwise cities of China, Burmah and India are born, live and die in such homes—provided they do not fall overboard and drown, without waiting to expire comfortably in their bunks.

There are undeniably beautiful streams available for house-boating

in the United Kingdom, and there are a few tidal rivers and "broads" where life afloat at anchor is very enjoyable; but when compared with the tens of thousands of miles of lake, river and sheltered sea-coast sounds that we have at our very doors, the only wonder is that we have permitted our English cousins so long to enjoy a monopoly in this department of outdoor life.

Not that we are wholly without house-

boats in American waters. You may see them anchored in sheltered coves along the Hudson; they drift down the great rivers in the shape of rude structures in the head-works of rafts; they serve as abiding places for oystermen on the sounds, and even along metropolitan piers, and there is quite a little city of floating houses, as well as house-boats, along the Harlem and wherever else rowing men and canoeist do congre-



"WHILE MELTING MUSIC STEALS UPON THE SKY
AND SOFTENED SOUNDS ALONG THE WATER DIE." (p. 244.)



THE ARTIST, BERNARD PARTRIDGE, IN HIS HOUSE-BOAT STUDIO, AS DRAWN BY HIMSELF.

gate. None of these, however, are house-boats in the sense of floating domiciles for Summer use—homes no more costly than an ordinary seaside cottage, but which can be moved from place to place, which do not involve the purchase or rental of ground, and cannot be taxed as real estate.

The house-boat, in this sense of the term, first made its appearance in English waters, notably on the Thames, and it is singular how little is to be learned about it from the books. The *Encyclopedia Britannica* ignores them, though it has exhaustive papers on yachting, canoeing and the like. A tolerably careful search through the yearly indices of the English journals most likely to mention house-boats fails to discover the use of the term prior to 1884, though *London Field* says that such boats have been in use on the Thames since 1865. The only standard work that contains a considerable reference to them is *Appleton's Annual Cyclopaedia*, New York, 1888, which treats the subject at length.

The distinctive difference between house-boats and yachts is that they cost

far less and afford much better quarters. Thus, a forty-foot yacht complete, all save her furniture, costs anywhere from \$3,000 to \$5,000. A house-boat of the same length and twelve feet wide may cost, say from \$300 to \$500, according to quality of material and elaboration of design.

In the yacht there would be a narrow cabin, with no side-lights to speak of, and possibly one or two very cramped state-rooms. The house-boat cabin would be 12 by 15 feet, with side-windows and a door opening upon the forward deck. There would be several state-rooms, say 6½ feet by 5 feet, each with one or two folding berths, a passage running fore and aft, a kitchen at the aft end, and overhead a flat hurricane deck, 12 feet wide by 30 feet long, affording plenty of room for exercise and luxurious lounging in pleasant weather. Of course, the house-boat does not walk the water like a thing of life, and cannot sail into the eye of a ten-knot breeze, but she can float quite as fast with the tide in calm weather as a yacht can, and she can anchor safely where a yachtsman would not venture under any circumstances.

Such being the relative first cost of the two craft, it goes without saying that the furnishing and decorations may add as much or as little as the owner desires. Some will prefer rich upholstery, carpets and hangings. Others will be content with comfortable wicker chairs, and will aim to render life endurable by reducing, as far as possible, the amount of material that can catch and retain dust and dampness.

Such is the stability of the house-boat, under all ordinary conditions, that it is perfectly practicable to have an open fireplace in the main cabin, and it will be a poor day for flotsam and jetsam when one cannot pick up enough wood to keep up a cheerful blaze in the evening.

The question of a working outfit and equipment is of some importance. Two good anchors are essential, so that the boat can be anchored bow and stern when desired, and so that two anchors can be laid to windward if one is caught on a lee shore in a blow. Galvanized chain cable is best, but manilla rope will answer nearly as well, and is better for mooring to the shore. A small windlass and capstan is a great convenience, but it is not indispensable, and a pair of light tackle-blocks can be made

to serve very well in lieu of more costly mechanical appliances. A small boat is, of course, an indispensable part of the outfit. In fact, two or more of them are none too many. A light, small dory, such as mackerel-fishers use, is the best, inexpensive, all-round boat. Such craft have outlived gales in midocean, are so light in draught that they can be run ashore almost anywhere, and may be safely loaded down to the gunwales with any kind of cargo. Fitted with a spritsail and a centerboard, they will save many a weary pull to the nearest market for supplies, and when wanted aboard, they can be hauled on deck by one man, if he is strong enough, or, at all events, with the aid of the tackle-blocks aforesaid.

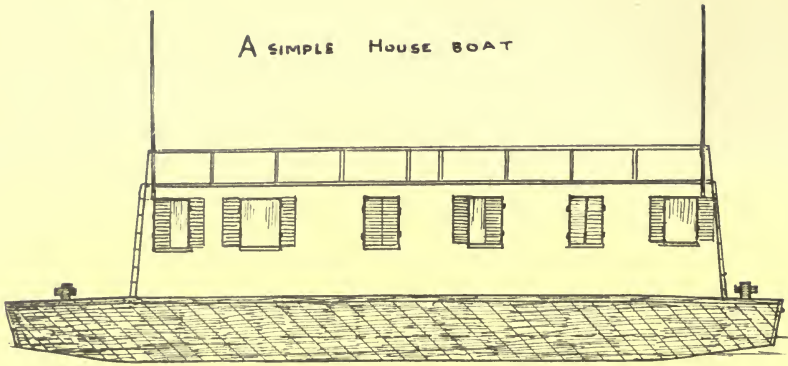
The next step toward a perfect complement of boats would be a moderately large lapstreak rowing and sail boat, fitted with centerboard and rudder, and preferably short at both ends. This would be used for pleasure-sailing and rowing and for excursions and picnics.

The climax of luxury would be a naphtha launch powerful enough to help a bit in moving the large boat, and not too heavy to be hoisted to the davits by the force that would ordinarily be counted upon. Such a launch would cost nearly or quite as much as the house-boat itself, and is only mentioned as one of the luxuries within reach of a sufficiently long purse.

Two long sweeps should be provided, and two setting poles should be kept on



"AFTER ALL SORTS OF FISH."



rests within instant and easy reach, and heavy galvanized-iron swivel oar-locks should be stepped wherever convenient for rowing or steering. A rudder is a convenience if much towing or navigating is contemplated, but it is not a necessity, since an oar can be made to do excellent duty instead. In any event, it should be made so as to unship readily, as it might easily be broken in beaching the boat or otherwise taking the ground.

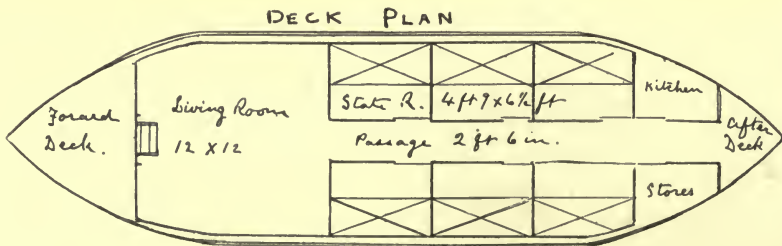
In considering methods of propulsion a wide field opens. One may float from the head-waters of the Missouri to the Gulf of Mexico, making the current do all the work, or, in a tidal river, one may work upstream or downstream simply by anchoring when the current sets the wrong way, and in both these cases the sweeps and setting poles will be useful in avoiding sand-bars and in the exercise of practical navigation generally. On navigable waters tugs are usually available, which, for a few dollars, will tow a house-boat from one anchorage to another, and on canals horses or mules can readily be hired by the day or week.

There is, however, a wondrous charm in independence. A moderate amount of sail-power will enable the house-boatman practically to defy the extortions of towboats, and make his way from

point to point at least with a dignified and restful rate of speed. No elaborate calculations are necessary regarding centers of effort or centers of lateral resistance, about which no two advisers were ever known to agree.

Suppose your boat to be twelve feet wide. Let some sailmaker build you three squares of moderately stout canvas, measuring about eleven feet on a side, with cringles at the corners and grommets along the edges. Attached to each cringle let there be eye-spliced a stout line twenty or twenty-five feet long. Order from the sparmaker six masts, each fifteen feet long and four inches in diameter at the foot, tapering to, say, two inches at the truck. Let a stout cleat be fastened to each mast, about six feet from the foot. At the head of each mast lash a small block large enough to reeve the lines above referred to. Lash another small block where it will just clear the hurricane deck. At intervals of twelve feet along the sides of the hurricane deck, arrange steps for the six masts, three on each side.

Now, suppose you are at anchor under a broiling sun. Pipe all hands to set awnings, unstep the masts if they are on end, and reeve the cringle-lines through the masthead-blocks, hoist away, make fast to the cleat, and you



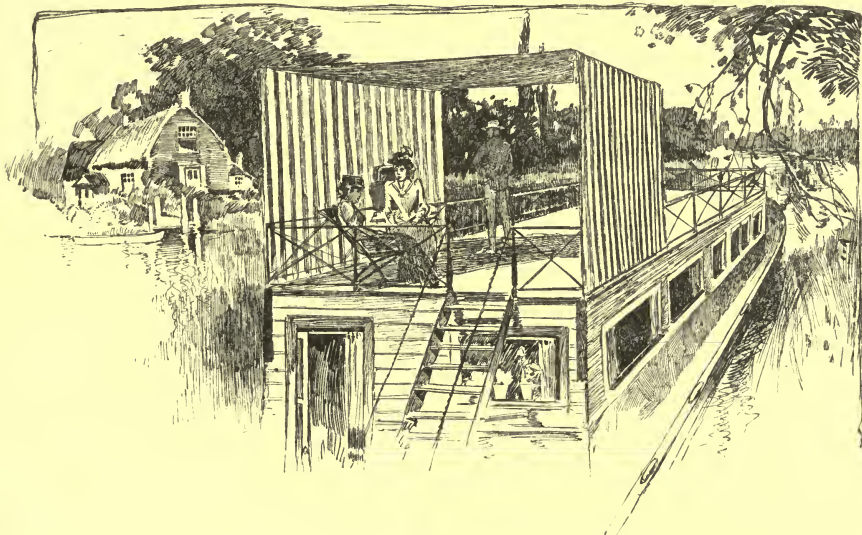
have a sun-proof awning set in a trice. Set all three of them if you like, covering the whole deck like a roof; or if the sun is so low as to be troublesome, rig one of your squares vertically, and there you are.

When a favorable breeze springs up, get up your anchors, and work out into the stream, cast off two of your cringle-lines, pull them clear of the topmast-blocks, reeve them through the deck-blocks, haul taut and belay. Set all three sails square athwartship, if they will all draw, and you will find yourself making very respectable progress.

Should the wind be quartering or abeam, you have only to change the arrangement of your sails, setting them

The advantage of having the three sails alike in size and rig is obvious. Any one of them will fit anywhere, and it makes no difference which of the clew-lines you reeve through either of the blocks. Each clew has its own line permanently attached, so that you never need stop to hunt it up. If desired, you can lash all three of the sails together by the grommets in the edges, these being large enough to admit the clew-lines. In this way a continuous awning can be made.

Some house-boats are furnished with greater sail-power, but at a considerable sacrifice of comfort, owing to the necessarily increased size of spars, greater elaboration of rig, and, of course, far



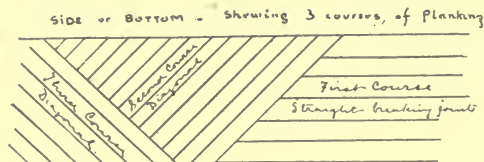
"ON THE SILVERY, STREAMING THAMES." (p. 244.)

upon masts that stand diagonally opposite, so that the canvas will cross the deck at an angle of forty-five degrees or thereabouts. The perpendicular side of the boat will offer sufficient resistance to prevent an excessive amount of leeway. But steering will be greatly facilitated by the addition of adjustable leeboards, that will prevent broaching to or luffing.

There is no danger from this amount of sail—432 square feet, all told. The masts will carry away before any serious damage can be done, and if a sudden squall comes, it is but a moment's work to let fly two lines on each sail and allow the loose canvas to flap till you have time to make everything snug.

greater cost in building and equipment, for with greater sail-area, provision must be made for enduring increased strain.

There are several different ways of building the hull or float on which the house-boat is to rest. The job may be given to a regular builder of ships or yachts, in which case she should be light, strong and costly; or it may be given to some sharpie-builder, who will make a hull lighter than the other, strong enough for all practical purposes and considerably less expensive; or you may make a contract with a regular scow-builder, who will turn out a heavy craft capable of giving and receiving hard knocks, and least costly of all thus far mentioned; or, lastly, you may hire a



carpenter by the day, furnish your own lumber and hardware, take a hand in the work yourself, and have the supreme satisfaction of being your own naval architect, for less outlay than would be required by any professional builder.

A system of construction that has proved very strong and economical, and is well adapted for amateur builders, may be described as the diagonal plan. Without going into minute details, the bottom and sides are made of successive layers of matched boards crossing one another at right angles, and with all continuous surfaces painted over with coal-tar or hot pitch, or some similar substance, that will at once preserve the wood and prevent leakage.

Each course is nailed to the one beneath it with many nails driven at different angles, so that it will be almost impossible to tear off a board when once it is in position. Practically, a hull thus constructed is in one piece, is necessarily strong and elastic, and may be made as stiff as desired by means of braces and knees.

The bow and stern may be square or sharp, or the bow may be sharp and the stern square. It is recommended that both ends be sharp, as she can then be navigated in either direction, and will ride easier to her anchors in a tideway or with either end to the wind. The sole advantage of square ends is that it gives more deck room.

The sides should run directly fore and aft amidships when the house is intended to stand, and the framing timbers of the house should extend from the floor of the boat to the hurricane deck, or above, and serve as railing posts. This adds greatly to the strength of the whole structure. Across the floor, at intervals of, say, three feet, lay ordinary floor-joists, and on these lay the flooring of the house proper, which should be made up in panels so that the under spaces can be examined without too much tearing up of permanent work. The stiffness of the structure is increased by setting up the

inside partitions diagonally, as is the custom in steamboat-building.

Steps descend to the cabin and passageway from the outside decks fore and aft, and, of course, every precaution must be taken to render doors and windows perfectly weather-proof, for a driving storm, from some inscrutable reason, seems to have greater powers of penetration afloat than ashore. Thus the doors of exit, if hinged, should open outward and close against a raised sill, and the top should be protected by a slightly projecting hood. Sliding rather than hinged doors are in all cases to be preferred, since they do not require any room to swing in, and do not bang when left ajar in response to every chance movement of the boat.

The decks, fore and aft, should be regularly calked, as they must serve as working platforms for the handling of anchors, small boats, etc. The upper or hurricane deck is best covered with canvas, and painted after the manner of steamboat decks. Oiled canvas is manufactured for this—canvas that is better than common canvas, and requires but one coat of paint to begin with.

Before laying the floor-joists their lower outboard corners should be cut off so as to permit the water, that will find its way into the tightest boat, to flow freely fore and aft. Somewhere near the midship section, on each side, provision should be made for a pump. This may be either a small trap in the cabin floor under a window, or a regular well may be made with a permanent outboard opening. The latter is perhaps the better plan, for in that case a stick three feet long, with a leather cup tacked to one end, will answer just as well as a more elaborate pump.

Across each end of the boat, at bow and stern, just beneath the deck, four-inch plank (technically called "partners") should be framed in from side to side, forming part of the structure of the vessel. To this may be bolted the heavy iron cleats necessary for making fast cables, hawsers and the like, or, if preferred, regular oak bits may be framed to the partners and stepped between the floor timbers, below decks.

The spaces below decks at bow and stern should be easily accessible, as they are very convenient receptacles for all sorts of stores.



"THE CATHEDRAL TOWN OF GRAN." (p. 256.)

FROM THE GERMAN OCEAN TO THE BLACK SEA.

BY THOMAS STEVENS.

Continued.



"REPAIRING THE BROKEN LEVEES." (p. 254.)

ONE often derives more pleasure from a return to an interesting country than on a first visit. Renewing the acquaintance of points of interest seems not unlike meeting with old friends after long separation; and it was with something of this feeling that I looked back on "The Gate of Hungary"—immutable by nature and unalterable by man—which has stood through the centuries, gripping the Danube as if grudging to let its fruitful waters spread.

Soon after passing it and the lofty old ruins of Theben Castle, a reminder of my previous visit—awheel—came into

view just in the foreground of the familiar and beautiful prospect of the city of Pressburg, once Hungary's capital.

As in the faces of long-absent friends, however, changes had come over the old town since my former visit. A familiar feature in 1885 was a bridge of boats across the Danube, connecting the city with pleasure-gardens on the opposite shore. The bridge of boats used to be the favorite promenade of the citizens on Summer evenings, and the opposite wine-gardens were filled with the fashion and gallantry of the old capital, drawn thither by the music and songs of gypsy bands. Now the bridge of boats was gone, and in its place was a splendid modern structure built of iron and high enough to accommodate the funnels of the largest river steamers. But the picturesque old Schlossburg, once the palace of the Hungarian kings, still crowns the hill, near three hundred feet above the river, and the crowded and squalid Jewish quarter still occupies the slopes leading up to it.

Below Pressburg the Danube enters upon an extensive plain and meanders about in a most bewildering fashion, creating a maze of islands and crooked side-channels. Huge arms branch off right and left and carve out of the plain, two islands as large as American counties, ere they rejoin the parent stream—one thirty-two miles and one fifty-five miles lower down. The main stream is in places a broad wilderness of water,



"THE PICTURESQUE OLD SCHLOSSBURG STILL CROWNS THE HILL." (p. 253.)

and islands, covered densely with willows, ozers and rank grasses, making it extremely difficult to keep the proper channel.

Immediately below Pressburg the *Julia* passed through a pioneer corps of the Austrian army, which was practicing the construction of pontoon bridges across the Danube. The exercises consisted in rowing the heavy boats out into the stream and dropping down with the swift current to a specified point, then casting anchor so as to bring them up in a perfectly straight row across and at equal distances apart.

The heavy rains had filled the Danube to overflowing, and the whole of the adjacent country seemed to be dominated by the flood. Much of the land is lower than the river at high flood, and the overflow had converted it into vast swampy tracts. At the worst places ripraps of brush and stones have been built to confine the river to its bed, and scores of miles of substantial rock embankment testify to the enterprise of the government. All day long the roar of water, escaping over the rock barriers at a thousand points, drowned every other sound. It was as though one were

passing fifty miles of noisy rapids without experiencing the commotion.

Rapid, indeed, was the flood, and wayward and erratic in its course, chafing and foaming like an imprisoned giant, beating itself against the barriers that man had placed about it not always without success. Gangs of baggy-trousered Hungarian laborers were repairing the broken levees and building new ones, and barges heavily laden with rock were drifting down. They all seemed like an army sent by the government to do battle and subdue the rebellion of the river.

Yea; a war, indeed, for soon the *Julia* swept past within a few yards of a ghastly object wedged against a pile of debris, that arrested my attention. It was the body of some poor fellow, one of the laborers, who had drowned at a point above and drifted down until lodged against the obstruction.

The scenes ashore were characteristically Hungarian. Herdsmen in white trousers so wide that they are practically divided skirts, and billycock hats with feathers stuck therein, were in charge of big herds of long-horned cattle and droves of hairy pigs. A halt was made

at the village of Venek, at the lower end of the Klein Schutt, the lesser island of the two formed by the divisions of the Danube at Pressburg, and here I found the people without a knowledge of German. An inn was no longer the homely and easily comprehended "gasthaus," but a "foyada;" "wasser" was "viz;" red wine was "vörös bör;" and village was "falva." I was among a people of truly alien tongue, and had to fall back entirely on my old device of signs and rude pencil-drawings to make myself understood.

The weather was now all that could be desired; and, having replenished my

tion. So wild as this are many parts of the Danube, even in these central reaches of Europe's greatest river.

Cannons were booming at Komorn as I reached that city on the following morning, booming in honor of a Hungarian national festival. The place was bright with flags and bunting, and the populace was in gala attire. The mixed races that make up the Austro-Hungarian empire are by no means a happy family. The Germans and Slavs hate each other; both of these hate the Hungarians; and the Magyars return the compliment with large interest. On all festive occasions of a national charac-



THE GATE OF HUNGARY.*

lockers with food and most excellent "vörös bör" at the village just named, it was my happy privilege to thrust the nose of the *Julia* into the reeds of a sheltered nook on a small island in mid-stream, to pass the night. Here the Danube was over a mile wide, and I was as completely out of touch with the world and monarch of all I surveyed as if my island had been in midocean. Indeed, to the eye and ear, one might easily have been thousands of miles from any civilized spot instead of midway between the two capitals of Austro-Hungary, centers of European civiliza-

ter patriotic feelings and race prejudices rise to fever-heat. Here, in Komorn, on July 31st, was a festival and procession of Hungarian patriots that appealed to the fiery passions of the Magyars. Young Hungary thronged the streets, arrayed in the national costume, feathers in hats, and the flush of patriotism was in every face.

"What is it?" I asked a young patriot, referring to the spectacle for which the crowd was eagerly waiting and watching.

"Parad," he answered.

"Es ist nicht ein 'parad,'" scornfully spoke a stout old German lady standing

* See also OUTING for June.

by—"it is nothing." The Hungarian reddened and looked as if he would have liked to murder her, but turned away. What else, indeed, could he do with a scornful woman in a crowded street?

Komorn is a rallying point of Magyar patriotism and a source of pride, for in the war of 1849 it was successfully defended by them against the Imperial arms. Its fortifications present a formidable front to the Danube at the juncture of the Waag, and supplementary forts are very much in evidence on the opposite shore. The scenery below Komorn is relieved by low hills and vineyard-environed villages on the slopes, chief among them being Neszmely, the wine "Neszmelyer" being justly celebrated throughout Hungary.

It was not all gliding serenely along through these interesting phases of Hungarian life, however. Occasionally I was reminded of the uncertainty of all terrestrial propositions by an abrupt or even a startling misadventure. A thing to be guarded against with a petroleum launch is allowing one's stock of fuel to run out. By a careless miscalculation of distance and quantity I found myself adrift one evening without the means of making steam. The providence that watches over poor Jack appeared to seize upon the occasion to teach a lesson that was not soon forgotten.

It was near sunset, and I was drifting with the current, congratulating myself that even without motive power I was making no inconsiderable progress, when I became aware of an ominously angry glare in the western sky. The next minute a rushing noise was heard ashore, and the forests of willows were seen to bend their heads and sway violently to

the blast. In a trice a wall of air swept down and all but capsized the *Julia* in waters that had been piled up into angry waves so sudden as to be almost startling. Despite my utmost exertions with a paddle, the *Julia* was held broadside to the gale, and required constant attention to prevent her filling with water or being blown over.

In this helpless condition she drifted on toward a long row of mills which could be dimly seen through the gathering darkness ahead. The situation was critical. As the gale and the current swept her down upon the mills, I shouted; but the millers were within, and the noise of the storm and the squealing of the wooden machinery effectually drowned my voice. At last I found myself clinging desperately to a beam of a mill to prevent the *Julia* passing under it and into the fatal arms of the wheel, which would have crushed her and dipped her under. My shouts were now heard, and the miller came out with a lantern and helped me clear of the mill. The *Julia* was half-full of water; but the shore was now near by, and in a few minutes I was among the ozers up to my waist in water, tying the launch in position to receive the driving waves bow on, and give me a chance to bale her out and make things as snug as circumstances would permit for the night.

The cathedral and town of Gran, with the archiepiscopal palace and chapter houses of the cathedral canons, form one of the most imposing collections of buildings on the Danube. The huge dome of the cathedral, built in imitation of St. Peter's at Rome, situated on a hill, forms a conspicuous feature of the landscape that is visible for many miles up the river.

At Gran the marshy plain, with its wilderness of water, and low, willow islands, is intersected by a range of rocky hills. The river contracts to pass through the range at the foot of one of the boldest crags, on which is situated the remains of the famous fortress of Visegrad, a memorable place during the early Turkish wars, and a stronghold of importance to the kings of Hungary so far back as the thirteenth century.

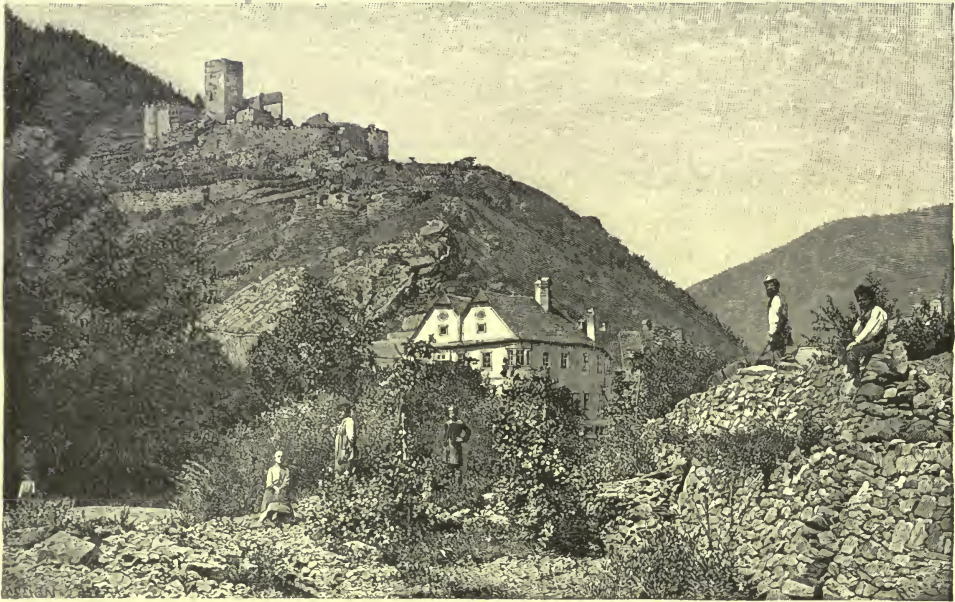
It was Sunday, and on the way between Visegrad and Budapest steamboats loaded with excursionists were met going upstream for an outing at



"THE GRAIN IS CONVEYED IN RUDE ROWBOATS."
(p. 260.)



THE HERDSMAN. (See p. 254.)



"VINEYARD-ENVIRONED VILLAGES ON THE SLOPES." (p. 256.)

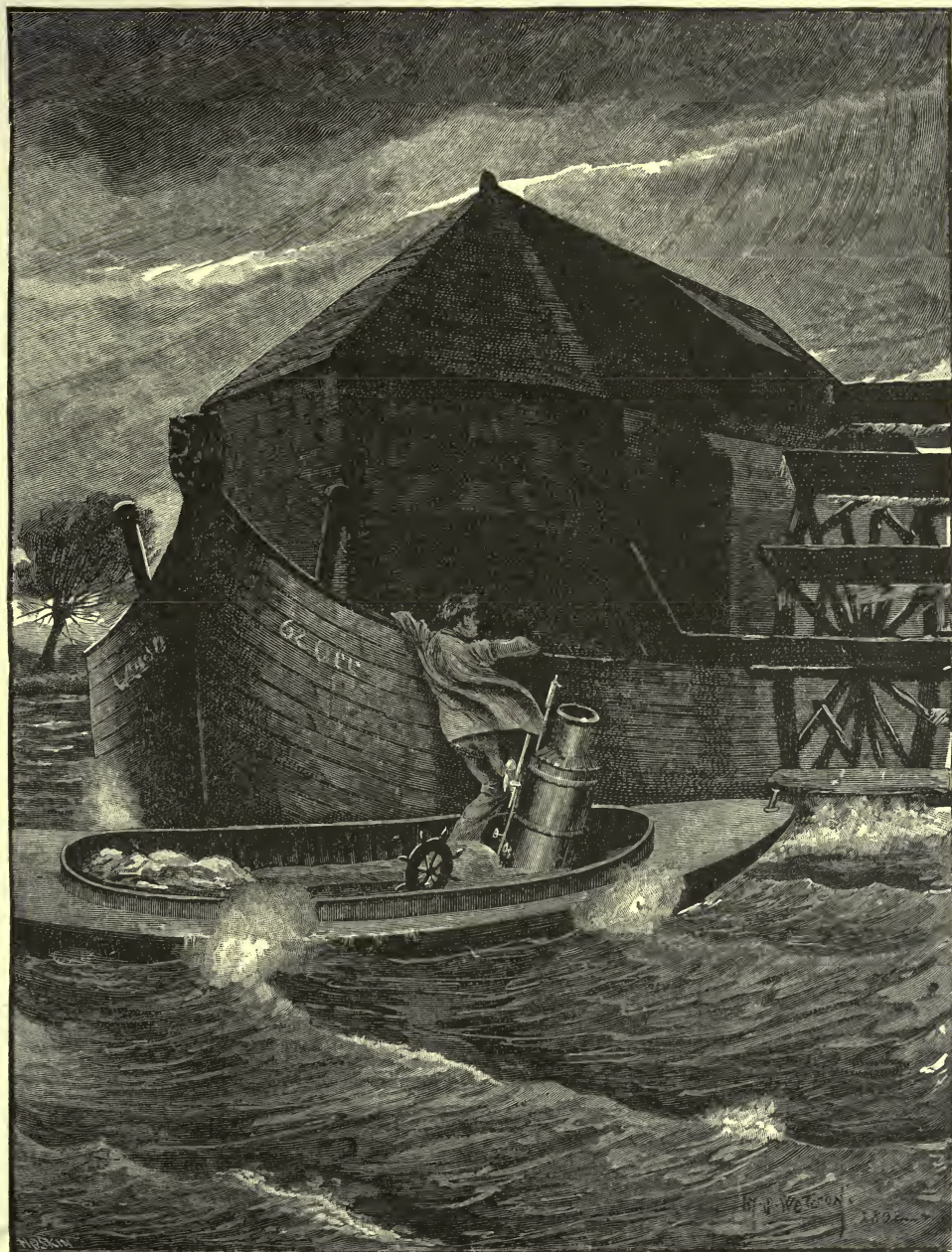
the fort, or Gross Maros, a place of vineyards opposite. Hats and kerchiefs were waved, and spontaneous applause given by the excursionists as they recognized the little launch bearing the Stars and Stripes which had come all the way from Hamburg.

Neu Pest, a suburb of Pest, was the rendezvous that night, and there the *Julia* added to the ups and downs of her eventful career an adventure that might easily have ended far worse for her than it did. Neu Pest is a halting-place for the timber-rafts that are floated down from the forests above Gran to the yards of the Hungarian capital. In the evening, whilst I was ashore, a raft of big logs broke loose above, and, floating down to the *Julia's* anchoring-place, swept her loose. A party of raftsmen sprang into a boat, and, overtaking the raft, managed to get the *Julia* out of the tangle in time to prevent her being crushed like an eggshell as her captor crashed into another raft moored below.

But a brief halt for letters and provisions was made at Pest, which, no less than Pressburg, had been marching onward since I wheeled across its suspension bridge six Summers before. There are three bridges now, and along the Danube the impressive array of substantial buildings had been aug-

mented by the erection of large flour-mills and warehouses. Pest had a busy, prosperous look about it, seen from the *Julia*. Steam ferries were plying between Pest and Buda, on the opposite side of the Danube, zigzagging across the river swiftly from one landing to another. Fleets of barges were moored along the wharves, lading and unlading; and lower down were a multitude of the same craft engaged in carrying flour and grain. Ashore the quays were the scene of a busy, picturesque life, an open-air market, where hundreds of peasants in the quaint national Hungarian costume presided over heaps of melons and all manner of country produce.

Across the river, on a rocky height, is the fortress of Buda, or Ofen, once an important Roman station. In the fourteenth century it fell into the hands of the Turks, and remained in their possession one hundred and fifty years. Relics of both Roman and Turkish periods are there in plenty. A short distance away is a small mosque, that is a place of pilgrimage to which Turks go annually, even at the present day. Its preservation here, where the history of Turkish rule would scarcely justify the people in regarding the reminder of it with reverence or respect, is due to a



“THE CURRENT SWEEPED HER DOWN UPON THE MILLS.” (p. 256.)

special clause in the treaty of peace of Karlowitz, which obligated the emperors of Austria to keep it in order.

From Pest the Danube traverses the vast Hungarian plain, and for five hundred kilometers the broad river winds and twists in every conceivable curve and angle whilst flowing in a

general course to the south. Innumerable islands were again the feature, and the river seemed to dominate the entire country. Hour after hour I was passing through a vast wilderness of water and forest and swamp, to which there seemed no limit. The water was unusually high, and much of the forest

was partly submerged. The trunks of the noble trees standing in the water made a gallant sight. Swineherds were seen poling about in rude punts, in charge of droves of hairy, wild-looking hogs, who enjoyed the inundation immensely. They swam over the deeper places, and waded and disported themselves in the warm water with an appreciation as keen as a herd of their distant relatives, the hippopotami.

Now and then I passed stretches of glorious forest standing in the waters and presenting most enchanting scenes, some of which I was, happily, able to secure with my camera. It is a charming sight to see a forest of large trees standing in the water, the undergrowth submerged and out of sight; to look through the woods and see, far as eye can penetrate, the floor of glassy water, lightened up with a hundred gleams of bright sunlight that pierce through the cloud of foliage above.

Occasionally I passed a wood-chopper's camp or a fisherman's rendezvous with long lines of nets hanging on poles to dry. The men were all clad in the white costumes of the South Hungarian peasants, and were paddling about in boats of rudest pattern. "Huns" I called them, for, indeed, the scene appealed to me as more appropriate to the days of Atilla than of Franz Josef.

Back of all this, however, was the richest agricultural district in Hungary, known as the "Bácksa," whence enormous quantities of grain are exported every year. It was in the sweep of a big bend of this part of the Danube that I passed a string of flour-mills, numbering

one hundred, the largest number in one group, I believe, on the river. The grain is conveyed from the shore to these mills in rude rowboats. The rowers have, from life-long practice and perhaps hereditary skill, acquired the greatest proficiency in manipulating the current between shore and mills.

This swampy country, too, swarmed with mosquitoes, myriads of which endeavored to make life a burden every evening. My refuge was to plaster hands, face and neck with a preparation of lard and peppermint, which, though not particularly agreeable as a separate consideration, at least secured me a vacant space in the clouds of my enemies in which to eat and sleep in peace.

At long distances apart came a town or village—Mohacs, Baja, Batina—river ports for the back country. The two first named are important market towns with from fifteen thousand to twenty thousand inhabitants, and all three interesting from historical points of view. The battle of Mohacs, fought August 29th, 1526, between Turks and Christians, was one of the momentous conflicts of history, the result of which placed Hungary under the Moslem yoke for a century and a half. It was in one of the extensive swamps we have just passed that the Magyar king, Lewis II., perished whilst fleeing from the field where the pride and chivalry of Hungary went down before the then all-conquering Turkish arms. It was almost on this same spot where Charles of Lorraine, 140 years later, in another great battle, routed the Turks and delivered the country from them.

To be continued.



SADDLE AND SENTIMENT.

BY WENONA GILMAN.*



CHAPTER XIX.

THE RACE OF THE YEAR.

“And every soul instinctive knew
It lay between the mighty two.

* * * * *
And head to head and stride for stride
Newmarket's hope and Yorkshire's pride,
Like horses harnessed side by side,
Are struggling to the goal.
Ride, gallant son of Ebor! ride
For the dear honor of the north!
Stretch every bursting sinew forth;
Put out thy inmost soul!

* * * * *
At once from thirty thousand throats
Rushes the Yorkshire roar,
And the name of the northern winner floats
A league from the course and more.”
—*Sir Francis Hastings Doyle.*

AS John Ormsby disappeared in the direction of the stand, Jem Stayner, having cast a last careful look over the accoutrements of his two charges and finding everything satisfactory, turned to little Kirk, who was to ride *Philosopher*, saying:

“Kirk, this is a queer-tempered mount you've got to-day. He is good enough to win if he will only try, but he is just as likely to finish last as anywhere. Don't fuss with him. Let him do things his own way, and, above all, don't punish him if he sulks. It only makes him worse. You've got the first colors on, and if you two are first and second, clear of the rest, Teddy will let you win. Put him up, Bill!”—to *Philosopher's* awaiting attendant, who gave Kirk a lift into the saddle.

“Wait till *Hartland* is ready, and go to the post together,” he continued. “I suppose they will have a parade, as usual.”

Then turning to Marlow, who was to ride *Hartland*, he said earnestly:

“Now, Teddy, this is the greatest chance you ever had. The old horse is fairly red-hot. I've just warmed him up a half in fifty-one seconds with his clothes on, and as it is his first race this year, he ought to go pretty free with you. Get off as well as you can and try and keep well up in the first bunch till you get over there by the *Darrell's* stable, and then make your run. Even if you should get into the lead, keep on riding him, as he is inclined to loaf after passing his horses. Keep your whip in your left hand, and don't use it any more than you can help. Just shake it around his head and drive him with your heels. If Kirk's mount gets second to you let him win, if you can do so safely, but don't take any chances. That's all. Get up!”

Teddy Marlow received his “leg up,” settled himself in his saddle, knotted his reins to his liking, and with an anxious look on his girlish face, started for the track, followed by Kirk on *Philosopher*, while Stayner took his way across to the center of the infield to witness the great contest.

It was no very easy task for John Ormsby to struggle through that vast throng to his party upstairs, but he finally arrived at his box just as the bugle had sounded calling the horses to the post. He found that Miss Austin, Dick Halstead and John Hastings had joined the party, and all were brimming over with excitement at the approaching race.

Some of the horses were already at the post, and others were on the way. Bursts of applause, starting at the paddock and spreading along the crowd closely packed against the rails, proclaimed the advent of this or that popular equine idol. The hand-clapping suddenly increased in a marked degree as two of the contestants, their riders wearing similar colors of blue and gold, cantered by. The first, a long, rangy, racy-looking black horse, whose coat

shone in the sun like polished ebony, mounted by a rider of almost equally sable hue, followed by a dainty-looking bay mare, her mane gayly decorated with ribbons, who tossed her beautiful head towards the vast assemblage as if acknowledging the almost universal homage so freely tendered to the game little "queen of the turf," Fiametta. Her stable companion was Grandee, and upon the two were centered the hopes and dollars of the powerful California contingent.

As they were passing, John Ormsby felt a slight tug at his arm, and turning, found the breathless Watt, slightly disordered as to collar and neck-scarf, and streaming with perspiration, who thrust a couple of pieces of pasteboard into his hand with a hasty—

"Dar's de credentials, Mars John. Dey's one hunderd at 40 to 1, an' de oder hunderd at 50 to 1. Dar wus one slate wid 60 to 1 on it, but I couldn't git near 'nuff to de man on account o' de intervenin' poperlation—tough place dat bettin' ring to-day, suh; wusen a dog fight. Yas, suh!"

"Thank you, Watt," replied Ormsby. "You have a five-dollar interest in these with me, if they win."

"If dey win! No if 'bout it, suh; win *sho'*—reg'lar cinch!" answered Watt. "'Scuse me now, Mars John, I'se got to go downstairs an' do some tall rootin' fo' de ole hoss. I had quite a argymint wid de officer befo' I could git up heah, an' I had t' promise him I'd come right back. Thankee fo' dat five-dollar interest, suh!" And Watt disappeared in the throng at the rear of the boxes.

As John Ormsby, after a hasty glance at the figures, thrust the tickets into his pocket, he could not help thinking what a vast change a few brief minutes would make in their value. They might be worth a small fortune, or they might be utterly worthless. If the latter, what then?

He was suddenly aroused from his meditations by a redoubled burst of applause from almost every quarter as a beautiful chestnut horse appeared on the track with his handsome head disfigured by the "rogue's badge"—a hood and blinkers. The favorite! There he goes! His satin coat was glistening like burnished bronze in the bright sunlight, his stride easy, powerful and regular as the piston-stroke of an engine. His

jockey was sitting him to perfection—feet rammed home in his stirrup-irons, back slightly arched, elbows in and hands well down, giving and taking with every stride and gather of the horse. There was a hard look on Dick Railey's sallow, wasted face as Royal Worcester bounded along towards the starting post, the black and gold chevroned jacket of the determined rider whistling through the breeze. A renewed outburst of applause, as the pair were passing the betting ring, startled the horse into a sudden and tremendous buck-jump that would have unseated almost any average rider, but Dick Railey's iron grip settled him immediately, evoking a shout of admiration at his fine horsemanship. He was the crack rider of the West, having ridden the horse in most of his races, and had been brought East especially for to-day's great event. Hemphill had promised him a princely fee should he win, and if nerve, skill and steadfast honesty of purpose could land Royal Worcester first at the finish, Dick Railey meant to get him there.

"By Jove, he looks well!" exclaimed John Hastings, in a sudden burst of genuine admiration as they swept by. "I wish I had put a bet on that fellow."

"Why, Mr. Hastings, I *am* astonished!" cried Miss Austin. "I thought you saw no other horse in the race than Hartland?"

"I haven't seen him yet."

"Well, there he goes now!" said Ormsby as Philosopher and Hartland cantered by, the former outlooking the latter immensely, and wearing Mr. Grey's first colors as jauntily as if he really meant to be on his best behavior that day at least.

"Why, what does that mean?" exclaimed Miss Ormsby, consulting her programme. "Hartland has the second colors on. What a shame! He is a very much better horse than Philosopher."

"Mr. Grey declares to win with Philosopher," replied her uncle, "if he can."

"Yes," said Hastings, "*if* he can! But it is a very large-sized *if* in this case. Unless that crazy-headed brute has improved very much since his last few races, you won't be bothered watching him after he has gone half the distance at the rate this field will carry him. Old Hartland will have to do the trick if it is possible, as he has always had to do before."



Painted for OUTTING by Henry Stull.

GOING TO THE POST.



"SEVEN-EIGHTHS IN 1:28 1/2." (p. 266.)

"Here comes the parade!" broke in Halstead, as the seventeen Sub-Rosa candidates, having formed in Indian file at the head of the stretch, were now pacing slowly toward the stand, headed by Hartland.

"There's a lucky omen!" cried Virginia, gleefully, as she saw her old favorite marching at the head of that goodly array of cracks. "Oh, I *know* he'll win now!"

"I only hope your omen is a true one!" replied Halstead, fervently.

John Ormsby said nothing, but as he gazed silently, and it even seemed sadly, at the proud line of thoroughbreds with arching necks and glittering eyes, he was thinking that all but *one* of that gallant company were soon to feel the sharp and bitter sting of defeat. His old college lore came back to him, and for an instant he almost fancied the hand-clapping had changed to the clash of the blood-stained broadswords in the Roman arena, and the hum of the vast crowd rose and swelled into the doomed gladiator's wild death chant:

"*Ave Caesar! Morituri te salutant!*"

The long line having defiled past the stand, suddenly wheeled and cantered back to the starting post. The excitement of the people had almost reached fever-heat, thousands of voices sounding at once making a perfect Babel of tongues; gloves, handkerchiefs and jewelry were staked by the hundreds, and many a fair gamester, carried away by the excitement surrounding her, ventured sadly beyond her powers to pay if she should lose.

A sudden hush fell upon the vast gathering.

"The world without, the sky above,
Have glided from the straining eyes;
Future and Past, and Hate and Love—
The life that wanes, the friend that dies"—

were all for the moment as if they had never been. From the haughty *grande dame* in her select box upstairs to the bedizened coquet in the seats of the lower tier, from the many times millionaire in the members' stand to the coatless, penniless "hustler" in the infield, all were animated by one universal, common thought: "Who will win?"

Every eye was turned to the starting post at the head of the quarter stretch, where the bright afternoon sun gleamed and sparkled upon the ever-changing, many-hued clusters of silks and satins.

Borne upon the clear air, the clarion-toned voice of the bronze-featured, snowy-haired starter could be distinctly heard at intervals during the inevitable breakaways.

"Now, boys, what *is* the use of breaking away like that? Oh, no! I *won't* start you till you're all in line. Oh, yes, that's right, Andy! Break off with those two horses walking back to you! Turn round, all of you, and go back! Go back! Do you hear? There you go again, Andy. You're having *your* fun now. I'll have *mine* when I go back to the judges. Jim, take hold of that horse and lead him back! What the devil are you trying to do, Sanderson? All of you go back to Mr. Maynard's horse! Stand still, William! I'll send them back to you. Harrison, why don't you move up with that mare? Do you want to get left again? Turn your horse around, Kirk! Oh, you *can't*, eh? Poor boy! What a lot of strength you've lost since last week! Go back, all of you! Fitzgerald, I'm surprised at *you!* Drive them back, Jim, if they won't go! Look out there! *Come on, all of you!* COME ON! GO!!"

A simultaneous rush and thunder of more than three score of iron-shod hoofs, an answering shout from tens of thousands of throats, "They're off!" the starter's red flag flashes downward through the air, and the great race has begun.

In a few brief moments the mingled human and equine cluster passed in front of the stand, with Barclay Alstynne's pink jacket on Torquay a length in front of Master Mason, who headed the closely bunched lot behind him.

"Oh, where is Hartland? I don't see him anywhere!" cried Virginia, in breathless excitement.

"There he is, in the middle of the lot," replied Hastings, who, with watch in hand, was closely following the flying squadron with his eyes.

Round the first turn they flew, Master Mason increasing his lead, followed by Eros and Torquay.

"First quarter in 25 $\frac{1}{4}$," said Hastings, glancing at his watch. "Lord, *what* a clip!"

Round the far turn and into the back stretch the terrific pace still held. Eros and Tom Totten had joined Master Mason and, as Hastings expressed it, were "fairly setting the track on fire."

Half in 51; three-quarters in 1:16.

And then the weak spot in many a horse began to show, many falling more hopelessly in the rear at every stride. Eros and Master Mason were still showing the way at apparently undiminished speed. About three lengths behind the leaders came a solid bunch of half a dozen, Fiametta, Royal Worcester, Grandee, Hamburg, Hartland, and Torquay running so closely that it was almost impossible to separate them distinctly. Philosopher, having had quite enough, had joined the rear division.

"Where is Hartland now, Mr. Hastings?" cried Miss Ormsby, to whose excited vision the fast-flying bunch in the far distance seemed but a confused mass of color.

"Right there, close up in the second bunch," replied Hastings. "He ought to come right along now if he can. Seven-eighths in 1:28½. Whew! Never mind. The faster the leaders run, the quicker they will stop!"

All through the first half of the race Hartland had been running freer and stronger than ever before. Marlow had been able to keep him in good position around the turn and into the back stretch, the old horse, meanwhile, pulling as he *could* pull when he wanted to, rasping his rider's hands across his saddle-bow and almost tearing his arms off in his effort to overcome the strong, steady restraint of the reins.

Passing the Darrell stables about half a mile from home, Master Mason fell back suddenly, having completely shot his bolt. A simultaneous closing up immediately followed, and the racing began in absolute earnest. To his dismay, Marlow found himself suddenly closely pocketed in the very center of the flying bunch and utterly unable to get through to make his run at that point as ordered.

Fiametta, running next the rail, was leading by a neck. Next to her, on the outside, was Eros, while Hamburg was directly in front of Hartland, Torquay and Royal Worcester being on the extreme outside. Round the turn leading to the home-stretch they flew, and as Teddy Marlow found himself unable to get through, a great lump swelled in his throat. A dim mist seemed to float before his eyes and for a brief second he recalled, even amidst the whips cracking like pistol-shots and the rapid hoof-

strokes sounding like muffled thunder in his ears, how he had stood close by the very place he was then passing while the inaugural Sub-Rosa was being run, and had seen the two favorites, ridden by the crack jockeys, Jim McFarlan and Tom Fitzgerald, helplessly fastened in the center even as he was then, and powerless to get out until too late.

As they swung into the home-stretch a many-voiced shout was borne to his ears.

"Fiametta wins! Fiametta wins!"

And fast-dying hope almost gave way to despair. A glance in front showed him the "Queen of the Turf" shoot into a clear lead of her field, as Harrison relaxed his steady pull.

At that moment Hamburg, upon whom Fitzgerald had been hard at work, suddenly faltered and began to roll in his stride like a water-logged ship. Still hopelessly persevering with his mount, Fitzgerald heard a hoarse, rasping cry behind him from Teddy Marlow.

"You're beat, Tom! For God's sake pull out for me!"

A fairer, more generous opponent than Tom Fitzgerald never wore silk, and without relaxing for an instant his effort on the rapidly tiring Hamburg, he bore slightly to the right, and the next instant, under a couple of stinging cuts from Marlow's whip, Hartland dashed by, the way now open for him.

"Go on, Kid! You'll beat the West-erner!" shouted Fitzgerald, as he recognized the colors he himself had worn so often to victory.

Royal Worcester, a most difficult horse to ride, owing to his propensity to swerve in a close struggle, had been giving Dick Railey no end of trouble all through the race, bearing out on the turns and running all on one rein, requiring all his rider's strength and skill to keep him from losing too much ground. But when once fairly straightened out for home, directly Railey sat down to ride him in earnest, he ran straight and true, and almost before Harrison, on Fiametta, with the shouts of his own name as winner ringing in his ears, could realize what had happened, both Royal Worcester and Hartland had passed him.

With but little more than a furlong yet to go, Dick Railey looked upon the rich prize for his employer, with the attendant glory and prestige for him-

self, as almost within his grasp. Hartland, with a clear road before him, had, however, now begun to run in downright earnest, and right nobly was he making good his trainer's proud boast that "he was the best finisher that ever stood on iron!" With head outstretched and ears laid flat on his sweating neck, he seemed to increase his already tremendous stride, even his whole body seemed to lengthen, and before Railey could fairly realize it, Hartland's coarse, ugly head, with its straining eyeballs and flaring, blood-shot nostrils, was almost on even terms with Royal Worcester's saddle-girths. The shout for the Western horse then changed to a mighty roar of:

"Hartland wins! Hartland wins!"

It fell on Railey's ear with almost stunning effect. His sallow face paled to a sickly hue, and the famous Western race-rider redoubled his efforts; hands and heels were hard at work, and every art at his command was used to maintain his short half-length advantage to the finish, then less than a furlong away.

Not even when Teddy Marlow is in his coffin will his bright young face be bleached to a more deathly pallor than it was then. The newly revived hope made his head reel, as with close-knit brows, glowing eyes, and teeth clinched so tightly that the point of the jaw seemed straining through the skin, he drove his steel-clad heels again and again into Hartland's blood-soaked flanks, and stanch and unflinching as a Heathwood game-cock, the gallant old horse bravely answered the call. Gradually, but none the less surely, he was gaining, gaining, always gaining on his hooded rival, then but a neck in front.

Dick Railey's terrific drive was too much for Royal Worcester. The old soft strain asserted itself, and he swerved from the direct straight line. Quick as a flash Railey's ready whip cut him cruelly along the neck, raising great welts on the delicate, satin-like skin. The punishment straightened him again, but the mischief was done! The slight deviation had brought Hartland on even terms with him, and they ran locked together, stride for stride, while the shouts, screams, and even oaths and blasphemy, from the frenzied multitude were appalling.

In almost the very last stride Railey,

in a desperation born of frenzy, fairly wound his whip around and under his horse, and as, pain-maddened, Royal Worcester's hooded head again swerved to the right, Hartland, running game, true and straight as a bullet, flashed across the finish, winner of the great race by the shortest of heads, in full two seconds faster time than it had ever been run before!

* * * * *

So close had the finish been that none but the judges could be certain which had won, and a momentary, breathless silence that was almost painful ensued, until Hartland's number, "7," was hoisted over "3," when a shout went up that seemed to fairly rend the heavens. Thousands leaped the rails and overflowed the track. It was almost impossible for the tired horses to make their way through to weigh in, even when aided by the police.

Jem Stayner had fairly to fight his way to his horse. As Teddy Marlow dismounted, the crowd of admirers seized him and would have carried him off in triumph without more ado, had they not been emphatically restrained by Stayner.

"What the devil are you trying to do?" he shouted. "Let him make his weight first, can't you?"

And almost carrying the half-breathless lad before him, he struggled and pushed his way to the scales.

When the welcome "All right" was heard, the mammoth floral chair, surmounted by a huge horseshoe, was hoisted from the judges' platform by a score of willing hands. Teddy Marlow was lifted into the seat, and with suffused eyes and a half-dazed, helpless look on his face, was borne in triumph to the paddock amid the yelling and cheering that was deafening.

Hartland stood in the center of the crowd closely packed around him, his drooping crest, blood-gorged eyes, and blood-stained, heaving flanks showing the severity of the late struggle. Jem Stayner, evidently greatly excited, made an heroic endeavor to retain his self-possession.

"Take a short hold of him, Bill," he said quietly. "Sponge his head off, Tom. Not too much! Look out, there! He'll kill some of you!"—as Hartland showed his appreciation of the grateful, cooling douche by a vicious lashing out

of his heels. "Scrape him a little over the loin, there," he continued. "That will do! Where's his linsey?"

"Hold on, Jem!" came the cry. "Put on his collar first!"

An attendant brought the great floral collar always bestowed upon a Sub-Rosa winner. It was slipped over his head and adjusted, Hartland making one or two vicious snaps at the green smilax, which evidently looked very luscious and tempting to him.

"I don't blame you for being hungry, old fellow," grinned Stayner with a resounding slap on the horse's streaming neck. "It's quite a while since you had breakfast. Loosen that girth a little, Bill. All right now. Go on to the stable."

And, accompanied by the still cheering crowd and half-stunned by the shoulder-slapping and hand-shaking, Jem Stayner, prouder and happier than he had ever been before or ever will be again, followed the pride of his heart to the paddock.

The vast human sea surged again toward the betting-ring, and the great Sub-Rosa race was over.

CHAPTER XX.

FORTUNE'S FAVORITE.

JOHAN ORMSBY had given the race up as lost when he saw Fiametta turn into the stretch clear of everything, with the race apparently in hand. His heart felt heavy as lead, and he looked across the field away from the bunch of horses, feeling more disappointed and disheartened than ever before in all his life. Then there was a shout from Hastings of:

"By George, the old horse is coming! Oh, if it were only a quarter further!"

He turned his eyes again towards the horses, then in the last furlong. The change was a startling one. The great mare had fallen back to third place, and Hartland and Royal Worcester had the race between them. The newly revived hope almost took his breath away, and when the two horses passed over the line side by side, it seemed to him almost an eternity before Hartland's welcome number was hoisted as winner.

What a blessed relief! His troubles were all over then, yet the reaction was so great that he scarcely realized the

full extent of his sudden happiness. Virginia was sitting still as death, her hands clutching each other, her face flushed crimson, her eyes suffused with tears. Miss Austin was laughing almost hysterically.

Thinking the two girls would recover their equanimity sooner if unrestrained by his presence, Mr. Ormsby moved quietly away, and descending to the betting ring, collected his welcome winnings, feeling as he did so that life was very sweet after all, and that the old truism had again been verified in his case, that the darkest cloud has a silver lining.

Dudley Dixon, in quest of the dower that was to insure him the maid of his choice, had made his way early to the track, determined to obey implicitly Hastings' instructions. Struggling through the crowd next the rails, the first race-horse he saw was a glossy black, ridden by a rider wearing a scarlet jacket. One glance at his number was enough, and the young adventurer hastened to the French mutual machines, where, with more prudence than would have been expected, he placed only five dollars each way on the famous black sprinter Germanic, whose running had been so bad lately that he was driven to an extreme outside price in the betting. Germanic won all the way by a couple of lengths, and Dudley Dixon's ten dollars were increased to nearly three hundred and fifty in a trifle over a minute of time. When he saw the result in figures on the blackboard, he mentally cursed his timidity in not doing exactly as Hastings had counseled, in which case his winnings would have been double.

As the first bell rang for the Sub-Rosa, he placed himself in the long line forming in front of the mutual machines, and melting away as the many betters were supplied with their vouchers. His turn came at last, and he faced the clerk with his roll of bills, saying in a voice he could hardly recognize as his own:

"Forty straight tickets on Grey's stable, please!"

"Great Cæsar!" was the astonished clerk's reply. "These are only five apiece. Go over there to the right and buy four fifty-dollar tickets."

Dixon left the line and followed the directing hand of an officer, falling into a much smaller line opposite the "fifty"

machine. He soon received his tickets, and retaining between forty and fifty of his winnings, determined that he would have a good time even if he lost the venture. He invested the remaining hundred in a couple of fifty-dollar place-tickets on the same pair.

Emerging from the crowd breathless and disordered, he ran across two of his friends, to whom he joyfully confided his recent good fortune. Of course such a winning had to be celebrated, and the trio sought the seductive coolness of the "gold room." Time flew by unheeded, and Dixon and his friends were suddenly aroused from their conviviality by the deafening shouts overhead, proclaiming the finish of the great race. Dixon dashed upstairs, but the race was over.

"Who won?" was his anxious query of his neighbor.

"Why, Royal Worcester, of course!" was the over-confident reply.

Dixon's dreams of bliss faded; but just then the numbers were hoisted and the roar of "Hartland wins!" almost stunned the poor boy. Yes, there it was, sure enough, and he darted wildly through the crowd to the blackboard, when he realized that his investment had netted him over eleven thousand dollars. He could scarcely believe his eyes. Yet there it was, plain as chalk could make it. No. 894, straight, \$2,300. No. 2256, place, \$1,010. Four times \$2,300 is \$9,200; twice \$1,010 is \$2,020. Dixon caught his breath and his head grew dizzy. The sum seemed to him almost an impossibility. But joy seldom kills, and quickly recovering himself, he secured his little fortune snugly in the innermost recesses of his sadly rumpled vest.

He felt like exclaiming with Monte Cristo, "The world is mine!" What would Mr. Austin say now? Well, he would just let that gruff old party see who was who and what was what. And what would Ethel say? Oh, she'd be all right, of course! And happy little Dudley sauntered around, fancying air-castles such as the wealth of Croesus could hardly build.

Suddenly he caught sight of old Mr. Congrieve standing on the extreme outside of the crowd, attentively scanning his programme. Why, there was the dear old fellow who first suggested his backing Hartland! He must have won also, Dudley told himself, and as happi-

ness, like misery, loves company, they would be happy together.

But Mr. Congrieve was far from happy. He had been rudely jostled by the crowd, his tender feet had been trampled upon, his more tender ribs had been roughly jammed by careless elbows, and, worst of all, he had lost his money. Altogether the old gentleman was in a most irascible mood, and was gloomily trying to study out how he could retrieve some of his losses, when a slap on the back almost dashed the breath out of him and a pair of arms grasped him in an ecstatic hug as he heard Dudley Dixon's voice:

"Hurrah for us, old fellow! Hurrah for *you* especially! Great winners, aren't we?"

"Confound it! What do you mean?" gasped the old gentleman. "Who are you, anyway? Oh! it's *you*, is it?" he sputtered, as his returning breath and eyesight enabled him to recognize the happy youngster, who seemed meditating another affectionate demonstration.

"Yes, it is I. How much did you win? A lot, I hope. I've got more money than I ever dreamed of having. Great horse, isn't he?"

This was wormwood and gall to the old fellow as he remembered his words of the evening before.

"Never mind how much I won!" he snarled. "I suppose you are quite a millionaire now."

"Not quite that," laughed Dixon. "But I've done very well. Look here!"—spreading his hands over the great roll of bills beneath his vest. "How's that, old chap?"

"Very nice! Very nice, indeed!" growled the envious man. "You'd better get out of here. Some one may steal your wealth ere you get home with it—wish to heaven some one would," he fervently added to himself—"yes, get away home, and the next time you chance to win a few dollars, don't go around slapping people as if they were sacks, and making an infernal idiot of yourself generally."

The remaining races had no interest for Dudley, and he was soon speeding towards home on the densely crowded train. Jammed in on the steps and holding on for dear life, the evening breeze whirled his hat away across the green fields. No matter. What signified a hat? He could buy a whole hat-store if he wanted to.

Making his way hatless to the Hoffman House, he dined right royally with a couple of companions whom he met there. The long-threatened shower had begun to fall heavily, but rain could not dampen Dudley's high spirits, and borrowing from the hotel porter an ancient tile that had evidently done frequent duty on St. Patrick's Day, he invited his friends to the Casino to fitly celebrate the occasion.

The next morning Dudley, with the valor that only the possession of money can inspire, sought Mr. Austin in his private office, and without any preamble, started boldly into the subject by saying:

"Well, Mr. Austin, I've come for Ethel."

"Bless my soul, Dixon, she's not *here!* Never comes to the office!"

"Yes, I know. I don't mean that. I mean—you know you said—that if I could get five thousand you would give your consent, you remember."

"Yes, I remember quite well," replied the good-natured merchant. "But I don't see that you are any nearer that stipulation now than when it was made."

"Oh, yes, I am, sir!" was the confident reply. "I've got that five, and five more besides, and here are two certificates of deposit," he continued, spreading the documents out before his astonished listener, whose first thought was that Dixon had robbed a bank.

"Have you just come in possession of your legacy?" asked astonished Mr. Austin.

"Legacy? No, sir!" was the lofty reply. "That, Mr. Austin, is the result of a little speculation I went into. I hope you will remember your promise as to my engagement with Miss Ethel."

"Oh, yes! I presume so. Of course. I'll speak to Mrs. Austin to-night. Dear me! This is very sudden."

That evening Mr. Austin did speak to his wife on the subject, and passed a very bad hour in consequence. At first she flatly refused to consent, but her daughter's tears finally silenced her objections, and she could but comfort herself with the thought that even if the engagement were announced, there was always a possibility of its being broken.

To be continued.

HORSEBACK SKETCHES.

JULY RIDES.

BY JESSIE F. O'DONNELL.*

"The white heat pales the skies from side to side ;

But in still lakes and rivers, cool, content,
Like starry blooms in a new firmament,
White lilies float and regally abide."

—*Helen Hunt Jackson.*



OUR water-lily trips are not the least delightful horseback excursions of the year. We start in the early morning to avoid the heat, with books and lunch-baskets, for a day's outing, and though the air is often sultry and the sun overtakes us before we reach the river's shaded banks, or the more distant forest ponds where finer blossoms grow,

the ride is still pleasant. The morning melodies of June have perceptibly decreased; robins and bluebirds are losing their song, and the bobolink's repertoire has dwindled to a commonplace chirp, while his courtship's gay dress has been changed for sober apparel befitting the cares of a family; yet the twittering of young birds, the drumming of woodpeckers, and the querulous call of "Bob White" are not unmusical.

The crested titmouse may be seen with wife and children hunting for eggs; and larvæ of insects in rotten wood; the indigo bluebird is still in full song, and greets us from fence-rails and clover-fields; flocks of our pretty common bluebirds hover over meadows or perch on mullein stalks watching for heedless insects; red-headed woodpeckers commit their thefts on the young Indian corn, and kingbirds flit above the woodland pools in search of the

* Copyright, 1891, by Jessie F. O'Donnell.

winged insects which haunt them, or dip and bathe in the quiet waters.

Crowds of insects are busy in meadow and roadside, and their merry, shrill voices deepen and multiply as the day advances; the sun's rays beat more fiercely upon us, the sky grows hot and dazzling, and we long for the cool woodland shadows; the horses creep lazily onward, and we have little inclination to urge them to greater speed, though our faces burn, our heads ache; we begin to wonder why we came, and the straight, sandy road seems endless. But we reach the forest at last, dark, cool, and filled with delightful surprises; a chipmunk whisks across our path; woodmice scurry away from the horses' feet; a startled bird darts past us; red squirrels race up the trees, and mark our intrusion with bright, startled eyes; gay blossoms look up at us from the little-trodden path, and mossy old tree trunks, prone across it, tempt our horses and their riders to daring leaps.

The charm of forest-paths is their irregularity. One knows not just where their sudden curves and turns will lead. Who knows what lies in wait in those dark mysterious aisles, where the trees seem to meet and bar further progress? Our horses catch the vague, indefinable fear, pausing with ears alert and keen eyes piercing the shadows, as if they and we were on the brink of some mighty secret. A subtle Presence and Premonition are astir. What awaits us at the end of this forest aisle? Will we stumble upon a sleeping fawn, or do these interlacing branches open upon a mystic convocation of dryads?

Pushing forward to the opening, we catch the flutter of white robes and the waving of white hands, and half fancy we have come, uninvited guests, to some grand gathering of the water-sprites as the snowy lilies bend and sway upon the pond's dark waters, and seem, indeed, sentient beings from some sphere remote from earth.

Our first rapture at the beautiful sight is speechless, then delighted exclamations escape us, as we spring to the ground and unsaddle the horses preparatory to embarking in the *Kelpie*, for Hal and Rex drove over yesterday, and brought the boat, or the creamy blossoms would prove tantalizing indeed. Our lily-excursions mean three trips for some of us—a drive to bring the

boat, and another to carry it back, with the horseback rides, sugar-plums between, like the cream in the chocolate.

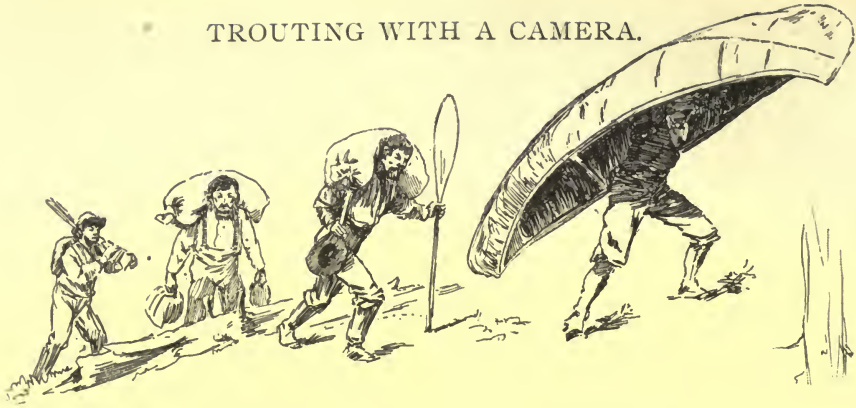
Daisy and I loop up our skirts and climb to mossy logs or stumps on the banks of the pond, where we can look out over the still water with its myriad exquisite blossoms. Then the boat is launched, and Rex paddles out into their midst while the rest of us fill the boat with the lovely, fragrant blossoms. There is no flower more beautiful—its snowy petals “white as the thoughts of an angel,” its heart of rare gold. I have found lilies, perfect in form and beauty, but without perfume. They are like Undine before she found her soul. But more beautiful than the blossom itself is the manner of its growth. In the darkness of the pond's sunless waters, the lily weaves its pearl and gold, from the black mud and slime the closed bud pushes ever to the light till, on the breast of the parent waters, the blossom expands in stainless light and radiance. So white souls sometimes spring from black depths of misery and vice, and we half disbelieve their stainlessness, with the old query: “Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?”

Occasional cool, cloudy days we have in July, when the sky-view is magnificent, the bright clear blue filled with clouds, varying from the fleeci-est, airiest white through all shades of pearl and gray to storm-clouds fairly black. Polly and I rode to Martinsburgh, three miles distant, on such a day. A breeze tempered the heat, and an occasional light sprinkle of rain laid the dust; bees and butterflies were busy in the stretches of red clover, gill-over-the-ground, and daisies; the pale yellow of the June grain fields was deepening to gold; the young corn was growing green and tall, and a stupid cow in a field full of daisies, thistles, clover, and all sweet things, had poked her head between the fence-rails and was cropping the thistles outside.

“Just like the rest of us!” sighed Polly. “Why is it that thistles the other side of the fence are sweeter than clover inside?”

Dismounting by the roadside, we gathered our hands full of beautiful blue-bells, which grew luxuriantly in the fence corners, and tempted by the cheery click of the mowing machine and the fragrance of the dying grass and flowers, wandered into a neighboring hayfield and dreamed away an hour.

TROUTING WITH A CAMERA.



IN the party were six, not counting the guide, who indeed soon proved himself to be "no 'count." It matters not where we were from or by what names we were

known. We were all members in good standing of the Ancient Order of United Outers, and enthusiastic on the subject of trout. There were an artist, a mechanical engineer, a musician, a Cornell undergraduate, a New Yorker (distinguishing title) and a counselor-at-law, the unworthy scribe of the expedition. In addition to these there was a person alleged by the enthusiast who procured him for us, to be a guide and cook well versed in the mysteries of woodcraft and frying-pan, and a great worker withal. A brief experience proved him to be neither, and with one accord we dubbed him the "Great Original Nuisance."

Our first plan, when discussing our Summer vacation, had been to go to Vermilion Lake, in Northern Minnesota, but learning that there were no trout in that region and being eager in the quest of *salmo fontinalis*, we decided to try the Brulé River, a stream emptying into Lake Superior on its north shore, about sixteen miles east of Grand Marais.

Our selection of this place was the result of much deliberation over signs which, to the initiated, looked favorable. It was in a trout country. We could find but one man who had been near there, and he was so guarded in his statements, that we were impressed with the idea that there were more untold.

Vague rumors of bear and other game also reached us. It was the bear that brought the artist around. He was rather loath at first to give up the scenery at Vermilion, but having promised several bear skins to his friends, he could not afford to take any chances. Bear he must have, and he accordingly armed himself with a shotgun and some three hundred shells.

The musician and myself were the photographers of the party, each having a small camera and a desire to "take" everything. The artist affected to look down on this branch of the service as being basely mechanical and entirely outside the realm of true art. But we got even with him by photographing him in *négligé* dress. These same cameras proved a very happy addition to the outfit, and afforded us occupation and amusement on many a day when nothing would bite but the black-flies and mosquitoes.

We left Duluth in the evening on the steamer *R. G. Stewart*, reaching Grand Marais the next morning. So far as a few frame houses and a string of fishermen's shanties represented civilization, we left it behind us at this point.

The run from Grand Marais to the mouth of the Brulé was thoroughly delightful. The lake was like glass, the air cool and bracing, and we were in a state of expectant exhilaration which enabled us to enjoy it to the utmost. About nine o'clock we sighted the break in the outline of the woods which marked the course of the Brulé.

As we had but one boat of our own, a light cedar canoe, our heavy baggage was loaded into the steamer's boat, and the canoe impressed into the

passenger service. The engineer took her bow, I crawled into the stern and the artist sat on the floor boards amidships. In this helpless position we piled bags and bundles upon him until he was nearly out of sight, shoved off from the steamer's side, and sinking our paddles to the round in the clear water, started for the shore. Our craft was most cruelly overloaded, and with even a light swell we might have fared badly. No mishap, however, occurred, and we soon ran the nose of the canoe into the mouth of the river which we had come five hundred miles to see. There it was before us, an actual verity, and in appearance not a whit below our expectations. It was no insignificant brook, but a lordly river, dashing out between tall cliffs in a foaming cascade, and spreading out in a broad stretch of quiet water at the mouth.

Getting the canoe into the river, heavily loaded as she was, proved to be no easy matter. The beach all along this part of Lake Superior is composed of gravel which the waves pile in high banks, in some places completely damming the mouths of the smaller streams, so that the water can be seen trickling out through the bank of gravel. The Brulé, however, was too strong to be treated in this way, but its actual outlet had been reduced to a space about a rod in width, through which the water rushed like a mill-race. After several failures, and by dint of much pushing, paddling and shouting, we forced the canoe through this rapid and into the quiet water inside. I wonder now how we ever did it. Tying the canoe to a clump of alders, we climbed the bank and sat down. We were in the wilderness at last.

The next thing was to select a place for the tents. Certain premonitory symptoms of mosquitoes and blackflies induced us to camp on the beach at the edge of the woods and about eighty rods from the river. Everything had, of course, been landed on the wrong side of the mouth, and had to be transported across or around that narrow chute of swift water. And here the "Nuisance" developed a skill and fertility of resource that roused in our breasts the hopes which were so effectually blighted by his subsequent shortcomings. No one but a man of most unusual strength could stand for a mo-

ment in the current at the mouth—a subsequent and most unfortunate experiment convinced me of this—yet that fellow carried the boys across on his shoulders, one by one, and then brought over most of the baggage. But it was a ticklish matter for the passengers.

The shore here is a succession of low, rocky points, with long smooth beaches between them, each one set on a curve that is the line of beauty itself. There is no dirt and but little sand. It is all solid rock and clean, bright pebbles. We selected a spot at the edge of the woods near one of these points, about twenty yards from the water, and began work. In a short time we had the tents up and a fire started. Our *impedimenta* was strewed about in a confusion that was more picturesque than convenient. We all knew that it ought to be stowed away at once, and the camp made ship-shape, but as soon as the tents were fairly up, each man began to furtively get out his fishing tackle, trying the while, in a sneaking sort of way, to look as though he were doing something for the common weal. As fast as each got ready he struck out for the river. I was one of the deserters, and why not? Had we not a hired servant to work for us? Had I not waited a year for this opportunity? Had I not fingered over my tackle every Sunday morning during the past Winter and, in fancy, caught the mammoth trout which now lay at the tail of the rapid by the cliff waiting for my fly? Now I was to meet him on his own water and carry him captive to camp. There, in an offhand, nonchalant way, I would hang him on a tree by my tent, put away my rod and remark to the "Nuisance" that the trout were larger in the Michigamme and Musquagumagum.

These things I thought of while walking down the beach to the river, anointing myself the while with the mixture of tar and sweet oil, so happily offensive to the mosquito. It was well for me that I had my fun in advance.

My fly-fishing is confined to a few weeks in each Summer when the fishing is the poorest, so that my skill is nothing to cause comment, at least not favorable comment. But there must be something of the true angling instinct in my make-up, for whenever I throw a fly at a rising trout—I would fare better if I threw a rock at him—I

experience the "peculiar thrill" with which the works of enthusiasts have made the public so familiar. But thrills do not count for much when you get back to camp.

I began fishing at the first rapid. I never could remember the names of artificial flies. My learning on this subject is embraced in one practical rule, viz.: If they will not take *brown* flies, try in succession a grasshopper, a worm, and a trout-eye. If they resist these beguilers, pick your creel full of raspberries, so that the boys will not chaff you when you get back to camp.

I fished industriously for about an hour. To the unspeakable delight of a bee-martin who attended my movements, I went through all the motions and assumed all the attitudes known to the expert; but the trout were not as much moved as the martin, or, perhaps, they were moved more and farther—they would not bite. Once in a while one would rise and play around in an exasperating way, and then quit. Finally one took the fly. I did not stop to "play" him or "give him the butt." I simply yanked him in without benefit of clergy, deposited him in the creel, and listened to his rhythmical flopping with savage satisfaction. He was the only reward of my efforts. Soon after catching him the blackflies took hold of me, and they attracted my attention as soon as they did so. I had considered myself familiar with all the forms of pestiferous insect-life that haunt the woods, but these North Shore blackflies were a new thing. When one bites it produces not a common boil, but a distinct and terrifying abscess. He does not bite and run, either, but drills a hole, fills it with poison, and then starts another. They are very industrious, observing neither Sunday nor the eight-hour law. After a little gentle dalliance with these fellows, I gave it up and went back to camp, leaned my rod against the slant of the shanty tent, lay down on the sand and swapped lies with the "Nuisance," who was making bread in the baker. The other boys soon came in, having had but little better success. We tried the Brulé many times afterwards, but this day's experience was a fair sample of our luck.

By the time it grew dark we had our tents floored with a thick layer of balsam boughs, the blankets spread, and were quite ready to occupy them. We

had four tents, two of the "shanty" pattern, entirely open in front, and two "A" tents, one for the "Nuisance" and one for a storehouse and dining-room. Our fire was on the sand in front of the shanties, which were close together, opening toward the lake. We were all tired and soon turned in, not to sleep, but to meditate and be comfortable.

In honor of the engineer's baby—"the finest boy, sir, that ever wore hair"—we called our resting-place Camp Stanley. Our days there, after the first, were a good deal on the same pattern—taking photographs, hunting agates on the beach, fishing, exploring the trails through the woods, and, in general, doing nothing useful and nothing ornamental. The musician and myself built a "dark-room" back of the camp. It was a most grewsome and funereal-looking tent of black cloth, three feet wide, four feet high, and as many long. There we kept our developers, our "hypo," and the various essences used in the photographic black art. As the tent was not dark enough to work in in the daytime, we were compelled to work at night.

We used to wash our negatives in the lake. One who has never washed a negative in Lake Superior at night when the waves are running, so that you have to chase down the beach and reach out for the water as the wave recedes, being careful all the time not to get sand on the film, and not knowing just where the water is, anyway, does not know what that pastime implies.

First and last we photographed nearly everything in the camp and about it. No Indian ever passed in the daylight without having the drop-shutter sprung on him. One day a party of three stopped in front of the camp. They were in a Mackinac boat, and towing astern was a birch canoe of most beautiful proportions. One of the Indians was a picturesque-looking old fellow, and the artist was anxious to sketch him. At first the crafty sagamore was shy, evidently suspecting that the artist had designs on a pre-Raphaelite checked shirt which partially concealed the upper part of his frame. Finally his suspicions were allayed, and he came ashore and sat for his portrait.

The fishing in the Brulé continued poor, and we cast about for some other stream. The map showed the Flute

Reed River about six miles east of us, and one morning the engineer, the artist and myself took the canoe and went in search of it. We found it without difficulty, but it proved to be almost dry. The engineer and I clambered along the bed for about a quarter of a mile, he with rod and I with camera, until we reached a fall. There was a good deal more water here, and at the base of the fall was a most enticing pool. As soon as the engineer began to fish he took out a good-sized trout. That startled me, and I straightway laid down the camera, cut a birch sapling, borrowed some line and went at it. We took about fifteen trout out of that pool, and lusty ones they were. The sensation of catching trout at all after our many disappointments was so overpowering that it drove us nearly daft. Our story created quite a stir in camp, and an expedition the next day by the others was equally successful.

West of Camp Stanley, distant five or six miles, were two small streams, and investigation proved that the trout were fairly plentiful in each. One was known as Kimball's Creek; the name of the other does not look well in print. At the mouth of Kimball's there was a log-house tenantless and in excellent repair. We decided to move camp to this place for the remainder of our stay. A party of Indians with two Mackinac boats were returning to Grand Marais from a berrying trip, and we chattered with them to move us. For a consideration which they expressed as "nish wau-beck" (two dollars) they undertook the job. We struck the tents, piled everything into the boats, and the engineer, the artist and the "Nuisance" embarked in the canoe. The rest of us were to walk; at least that was the plan at the start. The first mile changed our opinion of the matter most thoroughly. Walking over those loose pebbles was the most exasperatingly tiresome work a man could undertake, and we repented the experiment and envied the boys in the canoe. Just then one of the Mackinacs ran ashore to hoist sail, and we embraced the opportunity and scrambled aboard.

I remember nothing on the whole trip more thoroughly enjoyable than that morning's sail to our new camping ground. The boat was loaded flush with her gunwales with the Indians' "duffle" and our own. There was just

enough wind to make the sail draw, and that was all we wanted. We were close to shore, and it was a slow-moving panorama of curving beaches and pine-covered rocky headlands all the way. The musician stretched himself out on a pile of bedding, lighted his inevitable cigarette and watched the shore. I sat between a couple of little Indian boys and tried to

" * * * learn their language,
Learn their names and all their secrets."

We did not make much progress on either side, but had great sport on both. They were about six and seven years old, and were sturdy little warriors. The ease with which they could handle a ten-foot oar made me think the race was not degenerating so very fast. My attempts to talk Chippewa convulsed them, and they cracked no end of jokes at my expense.

We reached "Scott's Place," as the cabin on Kimball's Creek was called, about noon, and at once took possession, stowed away our baggage and put things in order. The musician and myself straightway converted the loft into a photographic studio, and voted it a decided improvement over the tent. Among the other things in the house we found a "papoose board," which we used for a developing table. Many a blank-looking dry plate was transformed into a negative on that Indian cradle.

We had pretty fair luck with the trout, though most of us were too lazy to fish. The musician distinguished himself from the common herd by catching a two-pound trout, the best fish caught on the trip. The water in these streams was much colder than in the Brulé, and the trout correspondingly gamy.

The cameras were kept busy almost every day. I think all agreed that the cameras added at least one hundred per cent. to the pleasure of the trip.

The days slipped away rapidly enough, and one afternoon the engineer and I ran the canoe out through the long swells and put the musician on board the *Stewart*. That was the first break in the party, and we all felt lonesome. Things went rather haltingly about camp after his departure, and we were ready to go, when, a few days later, we watched the *Stewart* turn in from her course to pick us up.

MULTIPLIER.

CYNTHY'S JOE.

BY CLARA SPRAGUE ROSS.

“I DON'T think he'll be sech a fool as to p'int fer home the fust thing he does.” The speaker, a young man with a dull, coarse face and slouching air, knocked the ashes from a half-smoked cigar with his little finger, which was heavily ornamented with a large seal ring, and adjusted himself to a more comfortable position.

“I dun'no which p'int o' the compass he'd more naterally turn to,” observed another; an elderly man with a stoop in his shoulders, and a sharp, thin face that with all its petty shrewdness was not without its compensating feature—a large and kindly mouth. The third man in the little group was slowly walking back and forth on the platform that ran across the station, rolling and unrolling a small red flag which he held in his hands. He turned with a contemptuous “umph” to the young man, remarking as he did so, “'Tain't mostly fools as goes to prison. Joe Atherton prob'ly has as many friends in this section o' the kentry as some who hain't been away so much.” “Joe was a good little boy,” pursued the old station-master; “he wuz allers kind to his mother. I never heard a word ag'in him till that city swell came down here fer the summer and raised blazes with the boy.”

“If there ain't the Squire!” exclaimed a hitherto silent member; “he's the last man as I should jedge would come to the deepo to welcome Joe Atherton.”

A stout, florid, pompous individual slowly mounted the platform steps, wiping his forehead with a flaming red silk handkerchief, which he had taken from his well-worn straw hat. “Warm afternoon, friends,” he suggested, with an air of having vastly contributed to the information of the men, whose only apparent concern in life was an anxiety to find a shady corner within conversational distance of each other.

The Squire seated himself in the only chair of which the forlorn station boasted; he leaned back until his head was conveniently supported, and furtively glanced at a large old-fashioned watch which he drew from his vest pocket.

“Train's late this a'ternoon, Squar',” said the man with the red flag. “I reckon ye'll all hev to go home without seein' the show; 'tain't no ways sartin Joe'll come to-day. Parson Mayhew sed his time was up the fust week in September, but there's no tellin' the day as I knows on.”

A sustained, heavy rumble sounded in the distance. Each man straightened himself and turned his head to catch the first glimpse of the approaching engine. With a shriek and only a just perceptible lessening of its speed, the mighty train rushed by them without stopping, and was out of sight before the eager watchers regained the power of speech.

Five minutes later the red flag was in its place behind the door, its keeper turned the key and hastened to overtake his neighbor, who had reached the highway. Hearing the hurrying footsteps behind him, the man turned, saying triumphantly, “I'm right-down glad he didn't come.”

“So be I; there's an express late this evenin' that might bring him down. I shall be here if Louisy's so as I kin leave her.”

“Wa'al,” returned the other, “I shan't be over ag'in to-night, but you jest tell Joe, fer me, to come right to my house; he's welcome. Whatever he done as a boy, he's atoned fer in twenty years. I remember jest how white and sot his face was the day they took him away; he was only a boy then, he's a man now, gray-headed most likely; the Athertons turned gray early, and sorrow and sin are terrible helps to white hair.”

The old man's voice faltered a little; he drew the back of his hard, brown hand across his eyes. Something that neither of the men could have defined prompted them to shake hands at the “Corners”; they did so silently, and without looking up.

Joe came that night. The moon and the stars were the silent and only witnesses of the convict's return. It was just as Joe had hoped it might be; yet there was in the man's soul an awful sense of his loneliness and isolation.

The eager, wistful light faded out of his large blue eyes, the lines about his firm, tightly-drawn mouth deepened, the whole man took on an air of sullen defiance. Nobody cared for him, why should he care? He wondered if "Uncle Aaron," as the boys used to call him, still kept the old station and signaled the trains. Alas! it was one of "Louisy's" bad nights; her husband could not leave her, and so Joe missed forever the cordial hand old Aaron would have offered him, and the kind message he was to give him, for his neighbor.

Sadly, wearily, Joe turned and walked toward the road, lying white and still in the moonlight. His head dropped lower and lower upon his breast; without lifting it he put out his hand, at length, and raised the latch of a dilapidated gate that opened into a deep, weed-entangled yard. His heart was throbbing wildly, a fierce, hot pain shot through his eyes. Could he ever look up? He knew the light of the home he was seeking had gone out in darkness years before. The only love in the world that would have met him without question or reproach was silent forever; but here was her home—his home once—the little white house with its green blinds and shady porch.

He must look up or his heart would burst. With a cry that rang loud and clear on the quiet night, he fell upon his face, his fingers clutching and tearing the long, coarse grass. There was no house—no home—only a mass of blackened timbers, a pile of ashes, the angle of a tumbling wall. Hardly knowing what he did, Joe crept into the shelter of the old stone wall. With his face buried in his hands he lived over again, in one short half-hour, the life he hoped he had put away when the prison doors closed behind him. All through the day there had struggled in his heart a faint, unreasoning faith that life might yet hold something fair for him; one ray of comfort, one word of kindness, and faith would have become a reality. As the man, at last, lifted his pale, agonized face to the glittering sky above him he uttered no word of prayer or entreaty, but with the studied self-control that years of repression had taught him, he rose from the ground and walked slowly out of the yard and down the cheerless road again to the station. Life hereafter could

mean nothing to him but a silent moving-on. Whenever or wherever he became known, men would shrink and turn away from him. There was no abiding-place, no home, no love for him in all God's mighty world. He accepted the facts; there was only one relief—somewhere, some time, a narrow bed would open for him and the green sod would shelter the man and his sin till eternity.

He hastily plucked a bit of golden-rod that nodded by the roadside; then taking a small, ragged book from a pocket just over his heart, he opened it and put the yellow spray between the leaves. As he did so a bit of paper fluttered to the ground. Joe stooped and picked it up. It was a letter he had promised to deliver from a fellow-prisoner to his mother in a distant town.

Not very far away an engine whistled at a crossing. A slowly moving freight and accommodation train pulled up at the depot a few moments later. Joe entered the dark, ill-smelling car at the rear and turned his face once more to the world.

It was in the early twilight of the next evening that Joe found himself in the hurry and confusion of a large manufacturing town. As he passed from the great depot into the brilliantly lighted street, he was bewildered for a moment and stood irresolute, with his hand shading his eyes. At one corner of the park that lay between the station and the next street, a man with a Punch-and-Judy theatre had drawn around him a crowd of men, women, and children. Joe mechanically directed his steps that way, and unconsciously became a part of the swaying, laughing audience.

"Hold me up once more, do Mariar, I can't see nothin'," begged a piping, childish voice at Joe's knee.

"I can't, Cynthia; my arms is most broke now holdin' of ye; ef you don't stop teasin' I'll never take ye nowheres again," replied a tall, handsome girl, to whom the child was clinging.

Joe bent without a word, and picking up the small, ill-shaped morsel of human longing and curiosity, swung her upon his broad shoulder, where she sat watching the tiny puppets and listening to their shrill cries, oblivious of all else in the world. Once she looked down into the man's face with her great, dark, fiery eyes and said softly, "Oh, how good you are!" A shiver ran through Joe's frame;

these were the first words that had been addressed to him since he said good-bye to the warden in that dreary corridor, which for this one moment had been forgotten. The little girl, without turning her eyes from the dancing figures before her, put one arm about Joe's neck and nestled a little closer to him. Joe could have stood forever. The tall, dark girl, however, had missed Cynthy's tiresome pulling at her skirts and the whining voice. She looked anxiously about and called "Cynthy! Cynthy! where are you? I'll be thankful if ever I gets you back to your grandmother." The fretful words aroused Joe from his happy reverie; he hurriedly placed the child on the pavement, and in an instant was lost in the crowd.

He set out upon his quest the following morning and had no difficulty in finding the old woman he was seeking. At one of a dozen doors marking as many divisions of a long, low tenement building near the river, he had knocked, and the door had opened into a small, clean kitchen, where a bright fire burned in a tiny stove, and a row of scarlet geraniums in pots ornamented the front window. The woman who admitted him he recognized at once as the mother of the man in that far-away prison, whose last hold upon love and goodness was the remembrance of the aged, wrinkled face so wonderfully like his own. In a corner behind the door there stood an old-fashioned trundle-bed. As Joe stepped into the room a child, perhaps ten years old, started up from it, exclaiming "That's the man, Granny; the man who put me on his shoulder, when Mariar was cross. Come in! come in, man," she urged.

"Bestill, Cynthy," retorted the grandmother, not unkindly, as she placed a chair for Joe, who was walking over to the little bed from which the child was evidently not able to rise alone. Two frail hands were outstretched to him, two great black eyes were raised to his full of unspoken gratitude. Joe took the soiled letter from its hiding-place and gave it to the woman without a word. She glanced at the scarcely legible characters, and went into an adjoining room, her impassive face working convulsively.

"What's the matter with Granny, was she crying? I never seen her cry before," said Cynthy. "Granny's had

heaps o' trouble. I'm all thet's left of ten children and a half-dozen grandchildren. She says I'm the poorest of the lot, too, with the big bone thet's grow'd out on my back; it aches orful nights, and makes my feet so tired and shaky mornin's. Granny's kind o' queer; some days she just sets and looks into the fire fer hours without speakin', and it's so still I kin a'most hear my heart beat; and I think, and think, and never speak, neither, till Granny comes back and leans over me and kisses me; then it's all right ag'in, an' Granny makes a cup o' tea an' a bite o' toast and the sun comes in the winder, and I forget 'bout the pain, an' go out with Mariar, when she'll take me, like I did last night."

The child's white, pinched features flushed feverishly, her solemn, dusky eyes burned like coals. She had been resting her chin in her hands, and gazing up into Joe's face with a fascinated intensity. She fell back wearily upon the pillows as the door opened, and her grandmother returned and put her hand on Joe's shoulder, saying brokenly, "You've been very kind." The little clock on the shelf over the kitchen table ticked merrily, and the tea-kettle hummed, as if it would drown the ticking, while Joe and Cynthy's grandmother discussed and planned for the future.

It was finally settled that Joe should look for work in Danvers, and if he found it, his home should be with the old woman and Cynthy. He did not try to express the joy that surged over and through his heart, that rushed up into his brain, until his head was one mad whirl; but with a firm, quick step and a brave, calm look on his strong face, he went out to take his place in the busy, struggling world—a man among men.

Two months passed; months of toil, of anxiety, sometimes of fear; but Joe was so gladdened and comforted by Cynthy's childish love and confidence, that, little by little, he came out of the shadow that had threatened to blacken his life, into the sunshine and peace of a homely, self-sacrificing existence in "Riverside Row."

Cynthy's ideas of heaven were very vague, and not always satisfactory, even to herself, but she often wondered, since Joe came, if heaven ever began here and she was not tasting some of its minor delights. Of course, she did not put it in just this way; but Cynthy's

heaven was a place where children walked and were never tired, where above all things they wore pretty clothes and had everything that was denied them on earth. Joe had realized so many of the child's wild dreams, had made possible so many longed-for or unattainable pleasures, had so brightened and changed her weary, painful life, that to Cynthy's eyes there was always about his head a halo as in the pictures of Granny's saints; goodness, kindness, generosity—love, were for her spelled with three letters, and read—Joe. Out of the hard-earned wages the man put into Granny's hand every Saturday night, there was always a little reserved for Cynthy. Her grandmother sometimes fretted or occasionally remonstrated; but Joe was firm. Alas! human life, like the never-resting earth, of which it is a part, swings out of the sunlight into the shadow, out of the daytime into the darkness through which the moon and the stars do not always shine.

One night, a bitter, stormy night in November, he was a little late in leaving his work. He had to pass, on his way out of the building, a knot of men who were talking in suppressed voices. They did not ask him to join them, but the words "prison-scab," "jail-bird" fell on his ever-alert ear. With a shudder he hurried on.

Granny was stooping over the trundle-bed in a vain attempt to quiet the child, who was tossing upon it, in pain and delirium. Cynthy had slipped upon a piece of ice a few days before, and now she was never free from the torturing, burning pain in her back. Sometimes it was in her head, too, and then with shrill, harsh cries, she begged for Joe, until Granny thanked God when the factory-whistle blew and she heard the man's quick, short step on the pavement. Joe warmed himself at the fire for a moment, then taking Cynthy in his tired arms, he walked slowly up and down the room. Through the long, dreary night he patiently carried the moaning child. If he attempted, never so carefully, to lay her down, she clung to him so wildly or cried so wearily that Joe could only soothe her and take up the tiresome march again. Granny, thoroughly worn out, sat sleeping in her large chair. Cynthy grew more restless. Once she nearly sprang from Joe's arms, screaming, "Go way, Mariar; you're a

hateful thing! I won't listen; 'tain't true; Joe is good," and dropping back heavily, she whispered, "I love you, Joe." She knew, then! Joe thought his heart would never throb again.

He listened for the early morning whistles. One by one they sounded on the clear, keen air, but never the one for which he waited. As soon as it was light, he peered through the ice-covered window at the tall chimneys just beyond the "Row." They rose grim and silent, but no smoke issued from them. The end had come. Joe knew a strike was on.

Sometime in the afternoon of that day Cynthy suffered herself to be placed on the small, white bed; but she was not willing Joe should leave her, and was quiet only when he held her feeble hand in his close grasp. No sound escaped the man's white lips. Only God and the angels watched his struggle with the powers of darkness. As night came on again, Cynthy sank into a heavy sleep, and Joe, released, took his hat and went out very softly.

He stopped after a long walk at the massive doors of a "West End" palace. He followed with downcast eyes the servant who answered his ring into a small but elegant reception-room, where he was told he might wait for the master of the house, the owner of the large manufactory where he was employed. Into the patient ear of this man, whom he had never seen before, Joe poured the story of his life. The sin, the shame, the agony of despair, his salvation through Cynthy.

"I will call my son," said the sympathizing old gentleman as Joe rose to go; "he is one of Danvers' best physicians. He will go with you and see what can be done for the little girl."

An hour later the two men were bending over the sick child. "She is very ill," said the young doctor, in reply to Joe's mute, appealing face. "This stupor may end in death, or it may result in a sleep which will bring relief. You must be brave, my friend. A few hours to-night will decide. You may hope."

Joe's weary limbs faltered beneath him. He fell upon his knees breathing a wordless prayer that the child might be spared to bless and comfort his lonely, aching heart; while all unseen the Angel of Life hovered over the little bed.

SHOT-PUTTING.

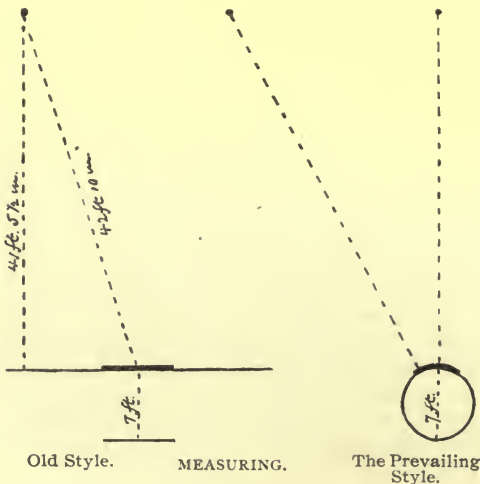
BY MALCOLM W. FORD.

W EIGHT-THROWING, in amateur athletics, generally consists of three distinct styles: Putting the 16-pound shot, throwing the 16-pound hammer and throwing the 56-pound weight. There are other events, such as tossing the caber, throwing weights like a baseball, throwing the discus and throwing weights for height, which we need not discuss. On account of a style of throwing adopted in amateur athletic circles since 1886, throwing the 16-pound hammer and the 56-pound weight are very similar, so far as the use of the muscles is concerned. Putting the shot differs from the other two very much in the muscles used while performing at it. It is a game, too, in which a comparatively medium-weight athlete, for a weight-thrower, may do a fair performance. For instance, George R. Gray, who holds the best amateur record in the world at putting the 16-pound shot (46 feet $7\frac{3}{4}$ inches), weighs only about 180 pounds.

Weight-throwers, as a rule, are men of the build of James S. Mitchell, C. A. J. Queckberner, F. L. Lambrecht, W. L. Coudon and Charles Coughlan, averaging between 215 and 220 pounds, and Gray is like a pigmy alongside of them; but at putting the shot none of these, though they are 30, 40 and 50 pounds heavier, can compare with him. At

throwing the other two weights Gray is no match for them, and it is considered next to impossible for a light man to beat a heavy one at throwing the hammer or 56-pound weight. An athlete generally throws weights in proportion to his own weight, and no exception to this has yet come to light with either the hammer or the "56." In putting the shot, however, a man's weight does not have everything to do with his ability to perform it.

My attention was called very forcibly to this point at the Canadian championship games of 1885, held at Toronto. It was the first occasion of the Irish team, which visited America that year, competing, and among those on that team were such men as W. J. M. Barry, 6 feet $4\frac{3}{4}$ inches tall, weight 247 pounds, and Owen Harte, 6 feet $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches tall, weight 224 pounds. The chief American competitor in the weight-throwing events was Queckberner. Next to me in the dressing-room was Gray, preparing for the competitions, and asking him what event he was in he replied: "I've come down to take my chances at putting the shot." This greatly surprised me, for I had taken in his build and never would have thought he would have the slightest chance of success at shot-putting against Barry, Harte and Queckberner, to whom I called his attention. Gray was then a very roundly and muscularly built athlete, as he is to-day, but he weighed then only 164 pounds, for I told him that he and I were about the same weight, and yet I would no more think of competing against the three big men in the dressing-room, at shot-putting, than they would against me at running and jumping. Gray's answer was that he had never met any one who could come within four feet of him at the 16-pound shot, and I naturally thought he had met a very poor class of performers, until asking how much he expected to do, he answered, "anywhere from 40 to 43 feet." This was, indeed, a staggerer, and he made his remark in such an unconcerned way, that I could not help feeling he knew what he was talking





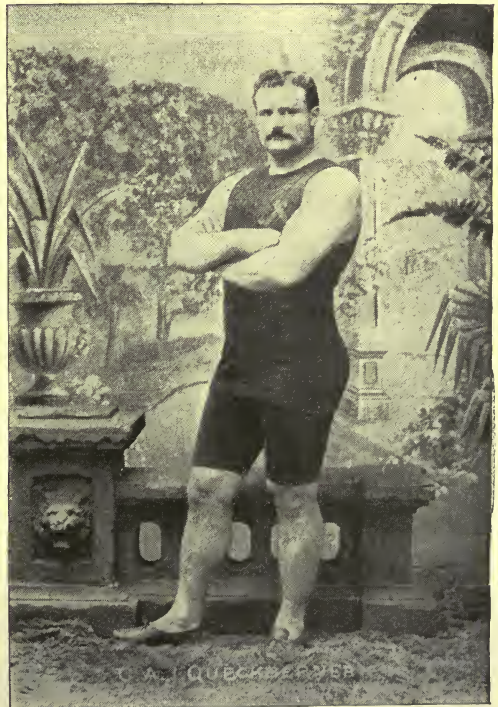
JOHN MCPHERSON.

about. During the shot-putting contest I was a most interested spectator, and the first put Gray made convinced me that he was a phenomenon in that line. He displayed far more action than any of the others, and the three big men, who had expected to have a tussle among themselves for first place, were amazed when a mere boy put the ball 41 feet 5½ inches, and won the championship.

In those days the shot was put from behind a joist 6 feet long with a line 7 feet back of it running parallel, to restrict the runner to that length of run. If the shot were put off, to one side, measurement was made from where the shot landed to the joist at right angles. If the joist were not long enough its line would be continued by whitewash far enough to permit a measurement at right angles to it, as per the diagram "Old style of measurement." On this occasion Gray put the shot off considerably to the left-hand side, and from his nearest foot to where the shot landed was within a few inches of 43 feet, and the measurement made at right angles to the joist was the distance at which he won the event.

The diagram "The prevailing style" shows how measurement is made from a 7-foot circle. It will be seen that no matter in what direction the shot goes, the putter will be given the full benefit of his effort, for the rule reads that measurement shall be made from where the shot lands to the nearest edge of the circle on a line drawn through the middle. The front part of a 7-foot circle is equipped with a raised edge 3 or 4 feet in length and fitting the curve of the circle. This serves the same purpose, as a toe-board, that the old-time straight joist did. Were it not for this toe-board, the judging of fouls, where the competitor steps over the line, would be difficult. It is the object of all putters to lean as far forward as possible when delivering the shot, and this toe-board enables one to come up with considerable force at the mark, knowing that his foot will not go over unless he is so wide of the range that he puts his toe on top of the elevation.

Disputes arise occasionally in regard to whether a certain athlete is "putting" or "throwing" the shot, and only an expert at the game can distinguish



C. A. J. QUECKBERNER.



W. REAL.

in many cases a fair from an unfair delivery. A "put" is nothing but a fair, square push from the shoulder, while a "throw" is where the athlete will get his hand back of his shoulder and describe a curve while sending the missile from him. It is very easy to detect an out-and-out throw, such as, for instance, if an athlete were strong enough to throw a 16-pound shot as the average man would a baseball, but nearly all the unfair deliveries consist of a compromise type. Part of the motion may impress one as being a throw, and the remainder may look like a fair push, and *vice versa*. It is conceded that the best shot-putters have the fairest delivery, and no shot-putter disputes the idea that there is no better way of delivering a heavy shot than the right way, which is a "put."

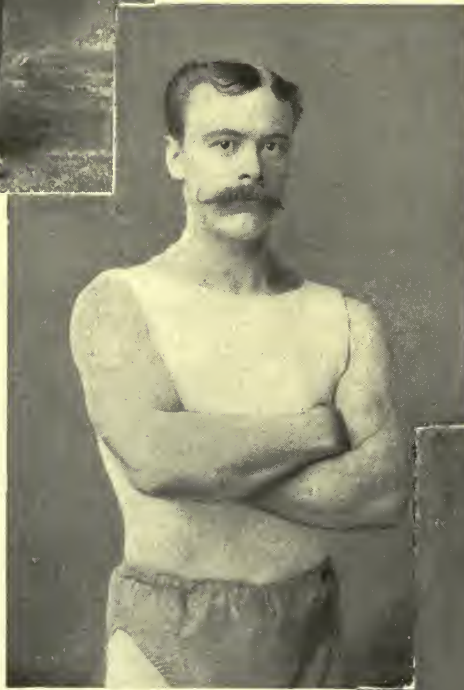
With the light-weight shots, such as ten or twelve pounds, this rule with some strong-armed men would not hold good, for they might throw those weights farther than they could put them.

An excellent way to teach a novice to put the shot fairly is to have him practice with a shot of such weight that there is no tendency to throw it.

Shot-putting is probably the most popular of all weight-throwing events, and is generally the first one tackled by an athlete with weight-throwing propensities. To the average spectator it does not appear to be especially scientific, such as throwing the hammer or "56," and one who has never tried the game is surprised that he cannot send the ball farther on his first attempt. Although the record for putting the sixteen pounds is forty-six feet, the average man would be doing well in sending it twenty-five feet, which is not much of a percentage. The game is deceptive, and it looks so simple that many are attracted to practicing it only to find out how weak they are.

Some athletes cannot hold the shot against the neck on account of the muscles in the upper arm being so large as to prevent the elbow from being bent as much as is necessary

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W. F. ROBERTSON.



G. R. GRAY.



LACK OF ANIMATION.

to hold the shot in that way. Gray, when he is standing preparatory to putting the ball, holds it an inch or two away from his shoulder, and it would be a useless effort for him to put the shot against his neck on account of his large biceps. The missile should not be grasped in the hand, and should rest easily anywhere between the palm and the fingers. Gray holds it on the palm, while others balance it entirely on the fingers. It is purely a matter of taste and has nothing to do with the arm motion in the actual delivery, although some claim that an extra spring from the fingers can be obtained just as the shot leaves the hand by having it rest entirely on them. Those who hold the ball in this way have to be very expert in getting a fair, square push, for the tendency for the shot to roll off, while putting it, is greater than when held in the palm of the hand and partly surrounded by the fingers.

It is not a bad idea for the novice to practice putting the shot from a stand in the place of beginning right away in

trying it with the 7-foot run, which is used in competitions. The habit of getting a good delivery is developed better from a stand than with a run. The illustration "Back view of starting position" shows the correct attitude to practice from a stand, and after the athlete has assumed it he should rise, pushing mostly with his right leg, and at the same time turn his body so that the right shoulder moves forward and the left one comes back; shove the right arm out in a straight line, aiming upwards, and jump in the air, landing with the feet in an exactly opposite position to where they started from. This explanation will do for a right-handed putter, but if one uses the

left he should follow the same advice with the opposite side of the body. It makes no difference whether the shot is put from a run or a stand, the motion in delivering it should be the same in each case. A seven-foot run adds extra momentum to the athlete while he is performing the game, and there should be between three and five feet difference in putting under the two styles.



BACK VIEW OF STARTING POSITION.



A PECULIAR POSITION.

This difference between putting from a stand and with a run is not always noticed with a novice, for one, in learning, may acquire an excellent style from a stand, but when he prefixes it with a run, his good standstill delivery cannot be used. I well remember, when first

muscles used to do their work, but, before one's distance can be obtained, he must give his whole body the momentum which a 7-foot run will do. In practicing with a run, the athlete should start from the back of a 7-foot circle and assume the position shown in "Back



MITCHELL'S DELIVERY.

practicing putting the shot, I could do about 33 feet from a stand, and could not do over 30 feet with a run. This was on account of having practiced the delivery from a standstill. I was able to do it slowly and surely, putting considerable force into the motion by using the whole body. In trying it with a run, I was at sea, and the reason the ball did not go so far was that, between the first and second hop, I had no time to get my body in a position to apply force. I put altogether too much importance to the first hop, as is the case with all novices, but, after acquiring the essential points in putting with a run, the strength of muscle and style of delivery I had obtained by practicing from a stand, enabled me to reach 38 feet.

After an athlete practices shot-putting sufficiently to acquire a good style, it then becomes a question of mere strength as to how far he will put it. Practicing from a standstill is an excellent preliminary exercise, for it accustoms the

view of starting position," or "John D. McPherson." It makes no difference how the unused arm is held, and it will be noticed that in these two illustrations the left arm is about on a level with the head. Gray stands with his left arm raised above his head, but the manipulation of this member is of no importance compared with a good delivery.

If the putter is right-handed, he should stand as per these illustrations, and in hopping should lift his left foot from the ground, using it then to facilitate a hop, and hop with his right foot so that he lands with this member about at the middle of the circle, while his left foot is at the front edge. It is here that the real exercise begins, and yet it will be noticed that he is at this moment assuming about the same position from which he started; but now his body has been given momentum, which he follows with the same movements that have been previously described in putting from a stand. The chief point in these move-

ments is the landing from the first hop, which, of course, takes place just before the beginning of the delivery. Novices, as a rule, completely reverse what should be done, by landing too perpendicularly. The correct way is to land with the right shoulder thrown way back and around, this being accomplished by bending the right knee and lowering the body from the waist. It can easily be seen that the farther back one's shoulder is before making a thrust the more power can be put into it, for the swinging up of the body from a lowered position will accumulate more force than if it had not traveled so far. If an athlete who is endeavoring to learn shot-putting has any knowledge of boxing, he will see that the same movements necessary to hit a hard blow must be applied in

end of the first hop that too much strength is wasted in, firstly, preserving a balance and, secondly, in getting up again.

To sum the movement up in a few words, it may be said: Take the first hop slowly, land away down, jump up quickly, throwing the right shoulder around, and put the shot out and upward, reaching forward as far as possible and landing with the right foot inside of the mark. Novices, as a rule, do the following: Take the first hop quickly, land rather upward than down, and then get the shot out as well as they can. It is very amusing to watch them; but I have always noticed that the principle of shot-putting is so plain that, when the importance of a vigorous waist movement is shown, the novice soon acquires it. Then all other points



QUECKBERNER AFTER DELIVERY.

giving a strong thrust in shot-putting.

The whole body must be put into it, and the longer the arc which can be given to that body, just so much more force will it accumulate; but care must be taken not to get down so low at the

come easily. A novice should be careful about hopping too far on the first hop, or so that the front foot will overstep the edge of the circle. Good shot-putters gauge their first hop so as to have their hind foot far enough back to allow a good spread of the legs, which,

in turn, will permit a steady position, necessary in jumping and turning the body for the delivery.

One who has not tried the game might suppose that the arm did nearly all the work, but such is not the case; it is the strong, quick movement from the waist which gives the necessary force. Very often the athlete will follow the shot too far with the motion of his body, and even though his front foot is firmly on the ground, his arm being extended so far out, combined with the movement of his body, may tend to overbalance him, and he will fall or step over the line, which is a foul, and renders his effort useless. To offset this there is, in every good put, a feeling of being pushed back from the line, for the athlete is shoving against the shot, and in doing so he pushes himself back. Good putters have often said that they experience this sensation in making their best efforts, and it can only happen when a straight push is used, for if the shot gets away from a straight line the athlete's body gets ahead of the missile, and he not only loses force, but is apt to fall over.

Novices are often given the idea that shot-putting is merely a question of quickness, and when they begin to practice, their sole idea seems to be to do everything with all possible acceleration. If they would stop to consider that before an athlete can be quick in anything he must be strong, they probably would then confine their efforts to getting muscle along with style. Quickness in shot-putting is very essential. Gray is so quick that only one who is thoroughly familiar with the game can understand his movements; but Gray is quick only because those muscles which have been used to many trials at shot-putting are developed to a great extent, and therefore they respond quickly. If Gray should hold the shot in his left hand and endeavor to go through the same movements that characterize his right-hand putting, he would display what many would call "unusual slowness." The sinews, tendons, and muscles used in Gray's shot-putting are so thoroughly at home with their work that he can exert a combined power when putting the shot that no other athlete has yet done, although plenty of athletes could be found whose sinews, tendons and muscles might exert just

as much force as Gray, only in another direction. The secret of success at shot-putting is the same as in all other athletic events: the more one does of it up to a certain extent, just so much stronger and thereby quicker will the muscles become.

A great many will wonder how Gray became so much better than other men of his size at putting the shot. During the many times I have met him we have discussed this subject quite thoroughly, and this is about all there is to it. Gray lives in Coldwater, a town north of Toronto, Ontario. He has been trying various forms of athletic exercises since he was very young, and in putting the shot he became specially interested. Athletic feats can be tried in a small country town to much more advantage than in a crowded city, and Gray has often stepped outside of the store in which he is employed and engaged in impromptu shot-putting competitions on the country road. He has not been forced to visit a gymnasium some distance from his place of business or residence to put the shot, but has merely taken off his coat and had a little physical recreation whenever he felt so disposed. Only one who is familiar with the human system can know the effect years of such living will have, and although Gray is of a natural athletic build, his great shot-putting ability has been acquired only through a tremendous amount of practice taken most informally.

An athlete must not think that much practice at a single time can be taken without bad effects. One can become temporarily stale at shot-putting, just as is the case in running or jumping. When one has practiced too much shot-putting he will find that when trying it next time he cannot hop with the same snap, nor get up quickly at the beginning of the delivery, nor turn and land properly. Everything seems to be askew. What is the reason? The leg on which he hops is tired, and is, therefore, slow to act. The muscles controlling the waist movement are tired, and will not respond as he expects, and, in fact, every sinew, ligament, and muscle used in shot-putting fails him, and the result is that the shot will not go. The athlete should not, then, endeavor to make himself put the shot, but he can use his time with profit at practicing

some exercise which brings in the use of untired muscles.

A discussion concerning the relative merits of prominent athletes pictured here will give those who are learning shot-putting some useful points. Gray reveals a strong, compact figure; he is 27 years old, 5 feet 10 inches tall, and varies in weight between 180 and 185 pounds when in his usual athletic trim. He has been considerably lower than this since his boyhood days, in 1885, for in 1889, when 180 pounds was his normal weight, he reduced himself to take part in the all-around championship games of that year, and he was down to 163 pounds. But he was weak, and could not do himself justice in anything. Gray is naturally a good runner and jumper, and if it were as easy for him to practice these events as it is for him to practice putting the shot, he would probably have made a name in them. He is considered one of the best put-together men that has ever appeared in amateur athletic circles, and he holds the following world's amateur records at putting the shot: 12 pounds, 53 feet 11 inches; 14 pounds, 47 feet 7 $\frac{7}{8}$ inches; 16 pounds, 46 feet 7 $\frac{3}{4}$ inches; 18 pounds, 41 feet 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches; 20 pounds, 38 feet 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches; 21 pounds, 39 feet 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches; 24 pounds, 33 feet 11 $\frac{3}{4}$ inches.

John D. McPherson is not so smoothly built as Gray; he is a Canadian also, and is just about as good a shot-putter. He

is one inch taller and a few pounds lighter than his countryman, and reveals the same quick movements as Gray. He is represented here in Highland costume, with a stone in his hand, for from the old-time Scotch game, putting the stone, came putting the shot; and even at this day a number of Caledonian clubs in America give competitors a stone to put in place of an iron or lead sphere. McPherson's best record is 40 feet 11 $\frac{1}{4}$ inches for a 20-pound shot, with a 7-foot 6-inch run. This is ahead of Gray's record for the same weight, but there have been many days when Gray could have equaled it, especially with a run 6 inches longer than the amateur rules prescribe. Another professional record which McPherson holds is 50 feet $\frac{1}{2}$ inch for 12 pounds, which is nearly 4 feet behind Gray's for the same weight. McPherson is rather wiry in build, and is a fair all-around athlete.

William F. Robertson is another Caledonian athlete who was distinguished for his shot-putting abilities. He could put a 16-pound shot over 40 feet, yet when he was at his best he did not weigh over 150 pounds. In his day he always held his own at this event, and had he devoted special attention to it might have done still better. He was a good high jumper and a very fine pole-vaulter, having cleared 5 feet 7 inches and 10 feet 6 inches, respectively.



A NOVICE.

THE BALLAST FIN.

BY A. J. KENEALY.

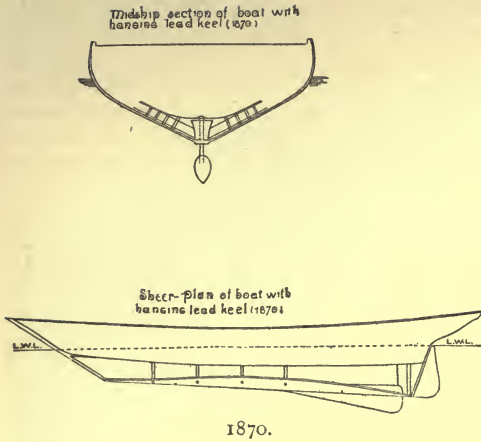


THE "DILEMMA."

DEVICES for decreasing the leeway of sailing vessels when close-hauled on a wind are as old as the hills. Leeboards were used by that maritime nation, the Dutch, several centuries ago, and from this primitive contrivance was evolved the center-board, and in natural sequence came the "Ballast Fin."

Mr. Dixon Kemp, the accomplished yachting editor of the *London Field*, who has forgotten more about naval architecture than many so-called experts know,

has already pointed out that the "Ballast Fin" is by no means a modern invention. In fact, if the "Transactions" of the Institution of Naval Architects are gone through, it is surprising how many examples and modifications of this idea are to be found. Some American publications did not hesitate to declare that the "Ballast Fin," which did excellent work on the *Dilemma*, a racing machine built last year by the Herreshoffs, was something quite unique in naval architecture. I am quite certain that no member of



that celebrated firm has ever claimed for it the invention of the "Ballast Fin."

When scientific men like John B. Herreshoff and his brother Nathaniel exercise the gray matter of their brains on a vessel, or any part of a vessel, it is certain that brilliant results will follow. The torpedo boat *Cushing* and the yacht *Vamoose* are striking examples of what they have accomplished in the construction of craft propelled by steam, while the *Gloriana*, unconquered as I now write, is a magnificent monument of their skill as designers of sailing yachts.

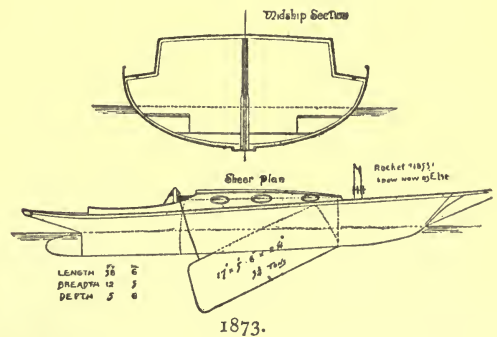
Therefore, their conception of the "Ballast Fin," as it appears on the *Dilemma*, is probably a vast improvement on those that have preceded it.

The *Gloriana's* type will be manifested in many yachts that will make their debut this season, and a rising young New York naval architect will be represented by a "Ballast Fin" craft with which he is satisfied he can vanquish the *Dilemma*. In my judgment the "Ballast Fin" is an excellent adjunct to a racing machine. That it will ever be compatible with the exigencies of a cruiser I cannot believe. There is, of course, a limited number of yachtsmen in this country that can afford to keep in commission all the season a yacht for cruising and another for racing, and not feel the expense more than a country gentleman who has in his stable a hack for park purposes and a hunter to follow the hounds. But such cases are the exception.

A combination racing and cruising craft seems now impossible. If ever such a craft existed its era is over. The type of yacht in which our Corinthians

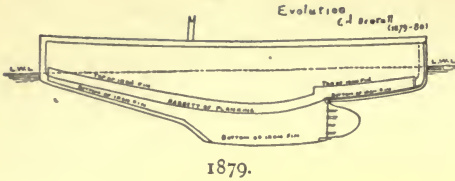
took their pleasure and sport a dozen years ago is obsolete. This is a progressive age in yacht development—not because anything really novel has been invented, but rather on account of the improvement in old types and the scientific evolution of crude and antique devices such as the "Ballast Fin." It may be said with considerable accuracy that the useful craft known across the Atlantic as a "good cruiser and a first-class racer" is rapidly on the decline. Seaworthiness, combined with a moderate degree of comfort, in days gone by used to be considered as indispensable characteristics of a gentleman's pleasure craft. Nowadays everything is sacrificed to speed. Thus the man who goes to a naval architect and gives his order for a craft able enough to round Cape Horn, and also to beat the fastest of modern racing machines, is very likely to be disappointed. It is impossible in yacht naval architecture to unite the speed of the race-horse with the sturdy endurance of the dray-horse.

Many were the claimants of the invention of the sewing-machine, the telegraph and the telephone. Gen. I. Garrard, of Frontenac, Minnesota, now claims to have created the "Ballast Fin." There is no doubt that he is perfectly sincere and honest in his allegations. He certainly never heard of the antique fixed centerboard keel with a weight at the bottom, which has been experiment-



ed with ever so many times, and which is the basis of the "Ballast Fin" he claims to have invented in 1881.

Gen. I. Garrard purchased the New York centerboard sloop *Daisy*, a typical skimming dish, 22 feet keel, 10 feet beam, with fixed ballast and sand-bags, and men to hang out to windward. He took out the centerboard and trunk, and



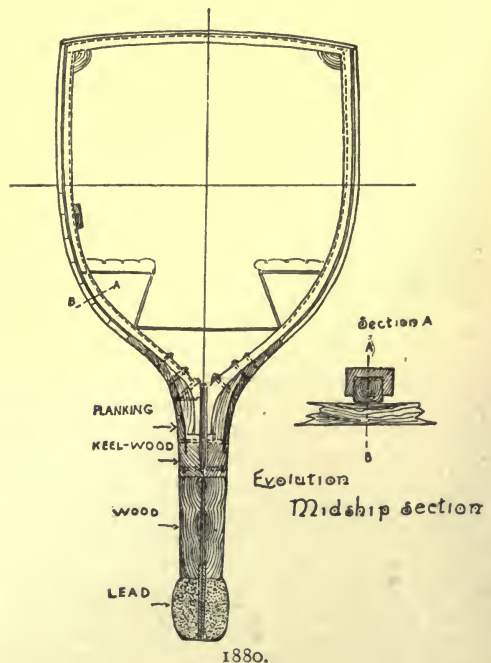
attached the fin, intending that it should take the place of the centerboard and of all ballast of whatever kind. The experiment was in all respects a complete success. By getting rid of a large part of the former load it was possible to sail the boat on nine inches of draught of hull. It was impossible to capsize her. The cockpit-room was enlarged, adding much to comfort. When careened to an angle of thirty-five degrees the increasing mechanical leverage of the fin gave her the sensation of sliding on a mud bank, and with the water up to the coaming, and with the flange and part of the blade of the fin showing out of water, she was entirely safe from going any farther. Being "knocked down" by a squall was a thing of the past.

Every yachtsman will agree with the General that the "Ballast Fin" is a great improvement on the sand-bags, and I can well believe that the *Daisy*, after being altered, had all the advantages he claims. But still I should hesitate to advise an amateur to follow the General's example. A boat to stand the unusual strain of a "Ballast Fin" should be specially constructed for that purpose. I don't suppose that one in a hundred "sand-baggers" would be strong enough to withstand the violent strains (not provided for her in her original design) which are inseparable from the fin. The greater the angle at which the boat heels, because of a more powerful pressure upon her area of canvas, the greater the strain. And thus it would not take long to pull such a craft to pieces, provided she were sailed by a man ambitious for great speed and with pluck enough "to carry on" in a puff. To alter a "sand-bagger" and make her sufficiently strong to carry the "Ballast Fin" with immunity from strains and consequent leakage would involve considerable expense, and then it is by no means certain that the job would prove satisfactory.

If I were to buy a "sand-bagger" with the intention of altering her into a handier racing machine I certainly should not

fit her with a "Ballast Fin." The principle of the weighted centerboard would answer my purpose far better. For instance, it could be hauled up when running before the wind or when approaching shoal water. And in this connection it should be added that a boat with a "Ballast Fin" that happened to strike on a shoal at high tide, and stuck there, would be in a particularly bad position at low tide. In such an event a pair of "legs," such as are in daily use by yachts and fishing vessels on the British coasts, but which I have never seen on this side of the Atlantic, might be useful to keep the craft on a comparatively even keel. Otherwise, as the tide receded she would be left on her beam-ends, and it is questionable whether there would not be some difficulty in causing her to right when the flood-tide made.

The type of "Ballast Fin" invented in 1882 by General Garrard is shown in the sheer-plan of the *Daisy*. The principle is much older. In 1870 we find that a plan to suspend the lead keel by steel bars was proposed. The midship section of this craft and her sheer-plan are reproduced from Dixon Kemp's invaluable book, "Yacht Architecture." The author remarks: "The obvious objection to this plan is that the bars would have to be of the greatest width trans-





Sh and manual boat Row
fitted with Gen Garrard's
ballast fin (1882)

1882.

versely to withstand the lateral strain, and would thus offer a surface of much greater resistance than would arise from the whole of the spaces between the two keels being filled in solid."

It might not be uninteresting to compare the midship section of this craft with that of the *Dilemma*. It may afford food for thought. It will, at any rate, expose the fallacy of the notion that the principle of the "fin," as exemplified in the *Dilemma*, is a modern "creation."

Continuing the investigation, it may be found that in 1880 Mr. E. H. Bentall, an English yachtsman, well known through his connection with the famous yawl *Jullanar*, designed by John Harvey, had the "Ballast Fin" fever. The result was his design of a ten-tonner yacht he called *Evolution*, the sheer-plan of which is reproduced from Mr. Dixon Kemp's book. The author says: "The yacht was not a success, but that was mainly because she was of insufficient beam and displacement. The form of the lead keel was quite a sound conception and was much recommended for small yachts as a 'fixed centerplate.'" In 1887 Lieutenant Tipping, R.N., fixed such a keel to his centerboard, and since then the idea has been successfully carried out in the small classes for racing on the Solent, like the *Lady Nan* and *Dolphin*.

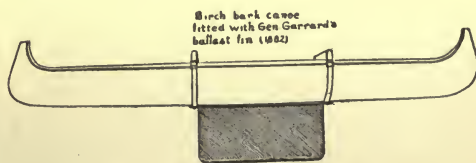
I think it was in 1852 that John Harvey built the famous "tonnage cheater," *Kitten*—a little boat that made such a record as a prize-winner. She was brought to this country some years ago, and is now in Boston waters. Mr. Alfred Neck had the praiseworthy ambition to try to defeat the *Kitten* with a centerboard craft. John Harvey, in the following year, designed the *Rocket* for him. Her specialty was an adjustable cast-iron centerboard weighing three and three-quarter tons—the heaviest sliding fin ever put in a boat of the *Rocket's* dimensions. She was only forty-two feet over all. The draught of the *Rocket* with her board up was only two feet ten inches, as the board when hoisted into its trunk

was completely within the hull. The object for which the *Rocket* was built was achieved. She beat the *Kitten*, but it was at the expense of a much more costly structure of hull and a far larger sail-area, which means more money in the wages of extra sailors to handle the canvas.

By the adoption of the iron fin with its cigar-shaped weight of lead, such as is shown in the sheer-plan of the *Dilemma*, stationary ballast to the required amount may be secured, but the ugly fact remains that the boat's draught of water cannot be reduced, while in the case of the *Rocket* the three and three-quarter tons was available when required, whether for the purpose of giving her stability as ballast or to "hold her on a wind." Then, when running before the wind or in approaching shallow water, the fin could be hauled up—advantages not by any means to be despised. The *Rocket* is still in existence. Some so-called improvements have been made in her, and she is now called the *Elsie*.

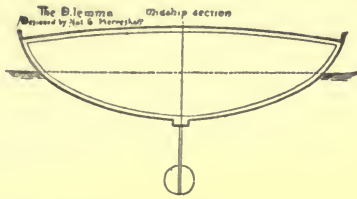
General Garrard's idea of fixing his "Ballast Fin" to a birch-bark canoe may appear fascinating to an amateur, but to a practical man the plan offers few alluring inducements. The various methods already in existence for increasing the weatherly qualities of these frail little craft are quite sufficient for all business-like purposes. It is only necessary to instance the fan or folding centerboard, both of which are admirable contrivances, and, in my judgment, far superior to the "invention" of General Garrard. If I was the owner of a birch-bark canoe I should hesitate for a long while before fitting her with a "fin," as recommended by General Garrard.

The chief objection to the "fin" is that it gives a permanent draught of water, and, so far as I can see, offers few advantages that cannot be attained by the use of the adjustable weighted centerboard. This permanent draught would certainly prove an inconvenience



Birch bark canoe
fitted with Gen Garrard's
ballast fin (1882)

1882.



in shallow water, and at low tide might even prevent the luckless navigator from getting within hailing distance of the janitor of his club. On an occasion of this kind the old-fashioned "board" would be apt to recommend itself in a striking manner. The inconvenience of hauling out a craft with a "fin" will also be apparent to one versed in the practical lore of boating.

When it comes to racing pure and

simple, the case is altered. In that event any contrivance for increasing the speed or weatherly qualities of a yacht should be adopted at almost any sacrifice or inconvenience. Cups must be won at all hazards, and the adoption of the "Ballast Fin," as exemplified in the *Dilemma* and the boats of similar type built by the Herreshoffs for Mr. E. D. Morgan and others, is sure to be the cause of many exciting brushes. But in my opinion the "fin" will only prove serviceable in racing machines. It can never be adapted with advantage to the yacht built for cruising purposes only, and it seems to me to be an utterly useless encumbrance to the ordinary cat-boat, jib-and-mainsail craft, or canoe.



MY WHEEL AND I.



HERE'S a road we know,
My wheel and I,
Where we love to go,
My wheel and I.

There the briers thick by the roadside grow,
And the fragrant birch bends its branches low,
And the cool shade tempts us to ride more slow,
My wheel and I.

But through shade and sheen,
My wheel and I,
By the hillsides green,
My wheel and I,
We roll along till there's plainly seen
The bridge that crosses the deep ravine,
With its echoing rocks and the brook-laugh between,
My wheel and I.

Then's a hill we hate,
My wheel and I;
But we toil up straight,
My wheel and I,
For beyond the hills is an ivy-crowned gate,
And a pair of eyes that to welcome us wait;
If we do not haste we will surely be late,
My wheel and I.

ALBERTO A. BENNETT.



WOODCOCK SHOOTING ON THE UPPER MISSISSIPPI.

BY T. S. VAN DYKE.

IN few places has there ever been woodcock shooting that for certainty of finding the birds and ease in following them equaled the sport of the bottom lands of the upper Mississippi River twenty years ago. Scarcely any of the resident sportsmen then troubled this charming bird, the estimation of game at that time depending entirely upon the number of pounds avoirdupois that reached the ground after the report of the gun. The market shooter was then unknown upon those grounds and I enjoyed a practical monopoly of the woodcock shooting for miles below the foot of Lake Pepin. The bottoms were then very different from what they now are, when much of the timber is gone and the sloughs of once clear water are muddy and full of sawdust instead of fish. Then when the light canoe left the river it entered a new world, as the cedar paddle sent it gliding swiftly among fallen trees, driftwood and sand-bars, around sharp elbows and through swirling eddies. The soft, warm air, the strange fragrance wafted by the light breeze, the hum of bees and a thousand other insects, the banks of deep, dark soil, densely covered with long grass, the heavy masses of climbing vines that festooned with showers of green and white the tangled brush or fallen tree-tops, the immense growth of flowers of a thousand kinds, reminded one of the tropics. Yet the wide, waving arms of the elm along the banks, and the maple's head, broad with silvery green, brightly pictured in the smooth water, quickly broke the illusion. Above the dense undergrowth of soft maple, swamp-oak and poplar the ash reared its dark green form, trim and stately the basswood stood on every side, while aged cottonwoods, still proud in death, raised their ragged, storm-scarred limbs skyward as in defiance of the elements. In the openings the flag stood in serried ranks along the edges of little ponds, and from the water rose the luxuriant wild rice.

Outstretched on many a limb lay the gray squirrel with bushy tail outspread, taking his midday rest, and on many a

tree sat the wild pigeon, nodding with curiosity, while others, like arrows feathered with white and gray, hissed with speed through the openings in the timber. Dark, shining turtles slipped with soft splash from the logs of driftwood or waddled off the sand-bars, while the kingfisher sprung his noisy rattle from the dead limbs that overhung the stream. Blackbirds with burnished necks of bluish green and others with red-barréd wings rose in roaring flocks from the reeds, and the wood-duck with her dolorous "wee, wee, wee, wee," winged her way up the stream while the little brood paddled the reeds for safety.

My first trial of those grounds was with a friend from the East. On the edge of the little side slough in which we first landed we found the soft mud by the water's edge riddled with small holes. The dog had not yet smelt a woodcock in Minnesota, and while coming up the slough had looked intensely disgusted, for since he had been in the country he had hunted only on the prairie. But now he looked happy at once, and with cautious trot and gently swaying tail keeping time to the motion of his legs he plunged gayly into the reeds.

But scarcely had he vanished when the reeds and grass stopped waving above him and the sound of his feet in the mud ceased. We soon found him standing perfectly still with head projecting from a strip of reeds partly covering a point of muddy shore. His nostrils twitched faintly at the corners and his eyes were staring confidently at the muddy shore ahead of him. But a yard from his nose, in the shade of some water-lilies left by the receding water, sat a full-grown woodcock. Numerous small holes were in the ground around him, fresh mud was on his bill, and he had evidently been breakfasting late and paused to inspect the party. His strangely shaped head was drawn well back until its rich colors blended with the rosewood tints of his back, and his large, dark, liquid eye was quizzing us with sublime indifference to the dog.

With whistling wing the bird whirled upward in a spiral line over our heads before we were fairly out of the mud and vanished through the tree-tops with two charges of shot scattering ruin among caterpillars' nests and leaves in his rear. My friend and I looked at one another in blank amazement, each chuckling internally with satisfaction at the other's missing. By the time we had loaded our guns all was again quiet and the little birds that had been scared by the noise were soon as busy as ever.

The rustling of the dog in the reeds soon ceased again and we found him in a clump of saplings standing calm and solid as the Sphinx, with one forefoot on a fallen log which he was evidently about to cross as he had caught the scent of the bird. With soft twittering of brown wings a woodcock rose a few feet ahead of him as we came up, making, as we raised our guns, so sudden a turn downward that neither of us fired. Scarcely thirty feet from where it rose it alighted upon the ground, then with drooping wings and tail erect and outspread like that of a turkey-gobbler it strutted along for several yards with the dog pacing solemnly behind it at a safe distance, watching the bird intently and evidently much surprised at this peculiar action, which many dogs and many sportsmen have never seen. Suddenly the bird ran into a little bunch of thin grass and squatted along its edge as unconcerned as if hidden in a jungle, while the dog as suddenly stopped and looked around at us a moment as though amazed at the bird's coolness and then settled to a rigid point.

We came up to within fifteen feet of it, when with a flash of brown and a whistle of swift wings the game was lost to sight in an instant in the dense cover of the leaves above. But almost as quickly two loads of shot rent the foliage from two different directions across the path of the bird, and amid a small shower of leaves and twigs it came tumbling down with a small cloud of fine feathers floating slowly after it.

A few yards beyond, the brush opened into a shallow slough full of wild rice, into which the dog plunged, while out of the edge of it came two woodcock wheeling over the timber above us. As we fired both the birds pitched downward in succession, and in a moment

more the dog came out of the reeds bearing in his mouth, alive and unharmed, a young wood-duck nearly full grown. The scamp seemed quite unconscious of having flushed any woodcock in his eager hunt for the ducks, which at this stage of growth run into cover instead of flying, and set the best-broken dogs half crazy. He seemed quite astonished when we took him to retrieve the two fallen woodcock, but quickly recovered from his surprise and galloped away to the reeds again and brought out another duck.

Along the shady sides of strips of timber, with open grassy slopes merging into the reeds that fringed the edges of little ponds, our sport continued, the dog trotting cautiously with upraised nose along the outer edge of the reeds, occasionally poking in his nose for a closer inspection. Suddenly his body disappeared within the reeds, leaving only his tail visible along the outer edge. And so long and so rigidly did this remain in one position that we hastened to see what it meant. We found it quivering with its owner's attempts to hold it still; and as we came near him, out from almost beneath the dog's nose came a large woodcock, wheeling so close to my head that neither I nor my friend was able to shoot at it until it swept over the tree-tops behind us. And then nothing came down at the report of the guns but some leaves and twigs. Yet we fancied that something brown settled softly down into the timber beyond. We went to look; the dog quickly drew and walked slowly up to a wing-tipped bird that was making off toward a clump of dense grass along the outer edge.

As we went from the timber to the ponds again, two more woodcock rose from under the top of a fallen tree around which was a heavy growth of grass and weeds. If anything can excel the brilliancy of cutting down on the right and on the left, one with each barrel, two birds that spring together, it is the dexterity with which two barrels can often be emptied at a single bird without ruffling a feather. And no one could help admiring the grace and speed with which my friend executed a flank movement of smoke and flame on the tail feathers of the first bird before it was a yard from the tree-top, and then, wheeling halfway around, emptied

his second barrel at the other before I had fairly caught sight of either. What the writer did is none of the reader's business.

With birds rising in this way, a very short time on pleasant days used to afford all the shooting a reasonable mortal could want. It always grew better toward evening, and then the homeward trip was ever a pleasure. Swiftly the little boat glided down the slough to the great river in the falling of the twilight. The muskrat clove the dark water ahead of the boat, leaving a rippling wake as he passed; the night-heron flapped his solemn way in the air above, and the deep "too hoo" of the great owl resounded far and wide through the darkening green. The smooth face of the great river glimmered with crimson and gold mirrored from the fleecy clouds above; and far up and down the Minnesota side the long line of bluffs lay darkly blue, while on the Wisconsin side they retained a last lingering trace of pink, as if unwilling to let go of day. Long pickerel shone for an instant as they threw themselves in air and sank back with a splash into the water; night-hawks by the score pitched here and there over the water; little bands of ducks went whizzing by, and from both shores in every direction rolled across the waters the rich but mournful monotone of the whip-poor-will.

He who has never seen woodcock-shooting on these bottom lands at high water has missed the rarest of all sport with the shotgun. It is something rarely, if ever, seen on the Atlantic coast and rarely in the Western States, except on streams like the Upper Mississippi. And even there it could be seen only in occasional years. In most sections where this bird is found, heavy rains scatter it over the whole country instead of concentrating it. But on the Upper Mississippi the woodcock are always confined to the bottoms of the river, and never go in any numbers to the bluffs or the low benches of land between the bluffs and the river. Suppose, now, that when they were numerous throughout the bottoms generally, the river should rise just high enough to cover about four-fifths or nine-tenths of the bottoms, leaving the whole a network of islands and peninsulas, among which, in a little boat, you may paddle anywhere. Does

it need much stretch of fancy to picture the intensity of the shooting that may be had at such times? And when it is one of the noblest of game birds—the one of all others with which the soul of the sportsman is most deeply and quickly charmed—what can equal it?

You have, perhaps, seen a dog point from a wagon on the prairie. But have you ever seen him refuse to get out of a boat when it touched the shore; or, if he did step out, remain standing in the water beside it? Such was a common sight on the Upper Mississippi in days of high water.

As you step from the boat a woodcock rises a few feet from the shore with that mellow whistle of wing so enchanting to the soul of the sportsman. A puff of feathers comes from it at the report of the gun as it is wheeling over the tree-tops and it falls through the dense green beyond. As the dog goes to retrieve it he stops halfway and stands with up-raised forefoot and rigid tail. As you go up to the dog a bird springs from the ground a few feet ahead of him and vanishes in a spiral line through the green canopy above. Over the tops of the trees it wheels and away it scuds across an open piece of water for the next island beyond. But, as the dim line of brown and buff fades through the dense foliage, a charge of shot flies across its path and down it goes into the open water.

Make no more such shots as that today. Too much time will be lost in retrieving the game, for the dog cannot see it fall. As you will now have your choice of shots, it is best to take such birds only as will fall where they may be quickly found.

The dog soon finds the first bird that fell, and as you take him to retrieve the second one he refuses to go faster than on a slow walk. This gait settles at once to a crawl and, just as he is about to stop, three woodcock whiz out of a bunch of grapevines along the water's edge. One falls almost beside the bird you are going to retrieve and the other two disappear in the brush over the next piece of water. Crossing with the boat to the next piece of dry land, which is much larger than the last one, you pick up the fallen birds as you go and let the dog swim across. He soon reaches the opposite shore, shakes the water from his sides and walks with

cautious sniff of upraised nose toward the first projecting bush. He stops a moment for a longer sniff of the air, which not proving entirely satisfactory, he swings cautiously around to the leeward side, where his tail, which has been wavering in a manner expressive of considerable doubt, becomes suddenly as stiff as an icicle. Before you have the boat moored four woodcock spring from the driftwood and grass ahead of the dog and start for the four points of the compass. Out of a shower of fine feathers one falls in a twinkling into the brush, while another making rapid time across the open water descends with a splash into it.

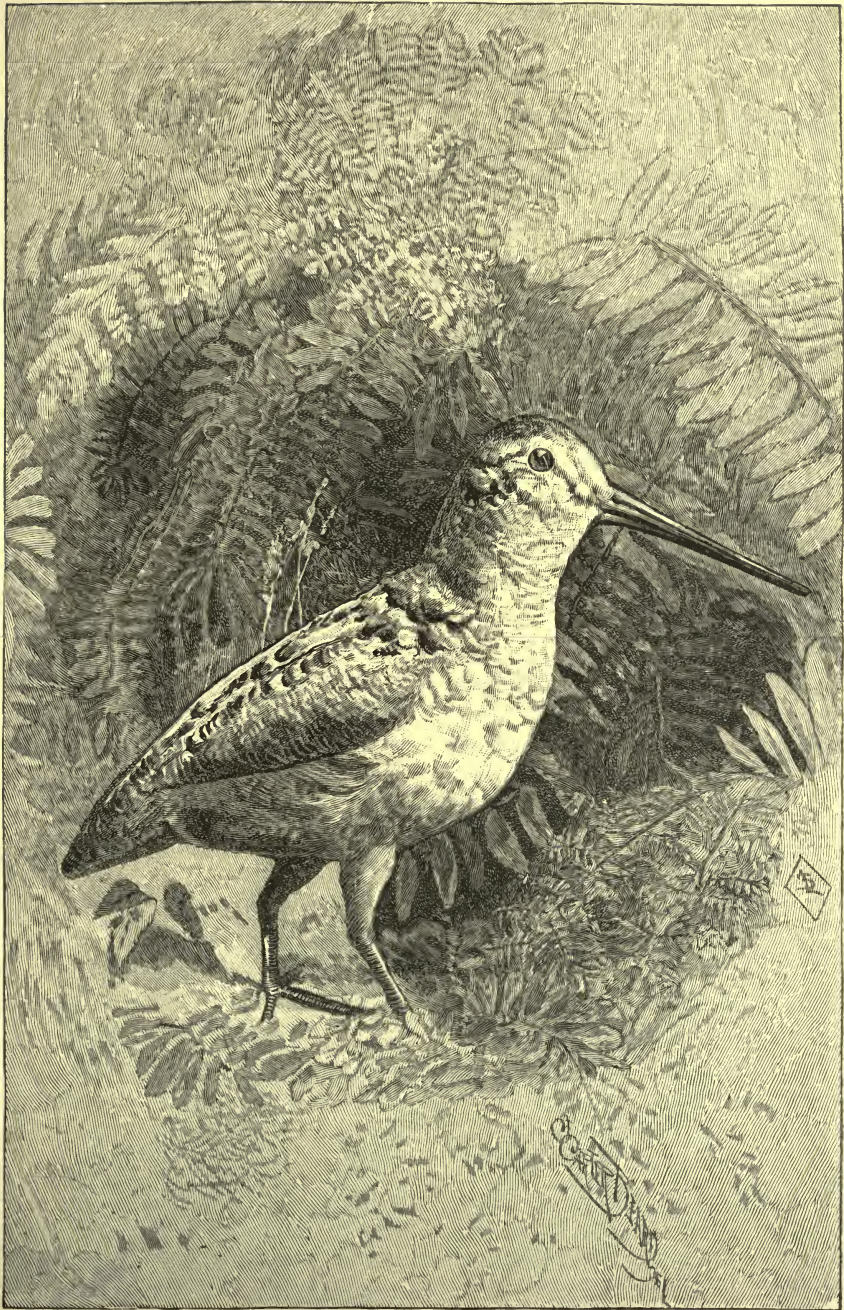
Entering the timber the dog comes to a sudden stop and two twittering brown lines dart away from in front of him amid the roar of two successive barrels which send both of them whirling downward. But scarcely a step does the dog take toward them when he again stops and turns his nose, first to the right, then to the left, then to the right again. Before you can take another step ahead away goes a cock on the right, then another on the left, with three or four more rising out of a clump of grass-grown driftwood ahead, and before you or the dog can reach the first one that falls half a dozen more are twisting with whistling wing in every direction. And so you may go on from island to island with the dog not even walking, but half the time merely crawling about with thievish stealth and every minute or two stiffening into a rigid point.

During high water on these bottom lands the woodcock are generally much wilder than usual. Many rise far ahead of the dog, many lie in the edge of the timber and wheel away upward on the outside while you are inside, or dart away across the water to the next island. Some twist upward among the tree-tops and then spin away on a straight line; some whisk away so close to the ground that the brown line of their flight is hard to distinguish from it, while others bustle out of sight in a twinkling through some dense thicket.

You do some missing, as who will not? Here goes a bird whizzing across an open place only twenty-five yards away. Clearly along the iron rib of the gun you see the rich brown robes of this prince of game birds and the gun (as

you think) pointing just a foot ahead of him. You see so plainly his rich colors and his long bill that you feel a sublime confidence. What a perfect aim! How exactly in line! How nicely calculated at the proper distance ahead of the game! How cool you feel, and what an immensity of confident expectation is crowded into one short instant! You pull the trigger and the brown line whistles on without wavering or shedding a feather on the air, leaving you so engulfed in amazement at the fact, that you forget to shoot at two other birds that rise at the report of your first barrel.

The most hardened nerves may become fluttered by such fast rising of birds as was often seen on these bottoms at such stages of the water at the right time of the season. To have a fresh bird bustling up as you go to pick up a dead one, and killing the fresh one, to see your dog pointing another before he or you can reach either of the two that have fallen, and then to have a couple more spring right and left before you can reach your dog, will turn into a shuttle the heart of the most experienced shot. It is then almost impossible to preserve that coolness indispensable for steady shooting. The finger will sometimes betray one and pull the trigger when the eye plainly sees that the gun is not pointed at the right spot, and sometimes it will tremble and balk upon the trigger and disobey one's will to pull it at the right instant. Sometimes, when a quick shot is necessary, the gun fails to come to the right place as you raise it and it cannot be shifted before the bird is out of range. Sometimes when thrown up at a crossing bird it comes directly upon the mark and the temptation to pull the trigger at once instead of shifting the gun ahead to the proper place is irresistible. And often, in coming up, it strikes an unnoticed branch or twig; and frequently when wheeling suddenly with heavy pockets swinging around, one is thrown out of balance and cannot recover it in time. These and a dozen other causes—above all, that mysterious "bad spell" which at times attacks the best of shots—make it impossible for any one to shoot without an occasional miss. Thanks to human infirmity that it is so! Were it otherwise, most of the pleasure of the field would be gone.



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THE WOODCOCK AT HOME.

WE GIRLS AWHEEL THROUGH GERMANY.

BY "MARTHA."

"ALLES muss nach Meyerstrasse!" exclaimed the police, with emphasis on the word "alles," as we five girls came up from the dock in the city of Hamburg.

"Did he say we must pay duty?" asked Marian, excitedly.

"No; only that everything must go up to Meyerstrasse," answered Martha.

So we followed the crowd to the custom-house, and were luckily among the first to have our baggage examined and passed—I mean the hand-baggage. The five bicycle boxes fared differently. They came up from the docks with the last dray-load, and caused much curiosity as they were put down before the dignified officers.

"Oh, my lock is completely spoiled, and I can't open my box!" cried Marie. One of the porters evidently understood her troubled tone, if not her words, and kindly pried off the remnant of a pretty brass padlock.

"There, we haven't any screw-driver! I'll try to ask for one. Is it 'corkzieher' or 'schraubenzieher?' Let me see—oh, yes! Bitte, haben sie——" But more was not needed, as several screw-drivers appeared, and the porters began to open the boxes. Thinking that an explanation would assist in passing the wheels, Martha tried to tell the officers that there were bicycles in the boxes, but that they had been used several months. When he had partly gotten the meaning of her broken German, he asked where the owner was and why he had five wheels.

"They are ours, and we are going to ride them to Leipzig and then to——"

Her truthfulness was too much for the credulity of the man, and he interrupted her explanation by calling two other officers into consultation. They pushed aside the packing and carefully examined the bicycles.

"Lady," asked one, "you have said these belong *you*? You use them *self*?"

"Yes; they belong to us, and are for our own use."

A bit of mud discovered on one of the tires seemed to settle the matter favorably for us. The boxes were closed and passed.

It took us two days of hard work in the basement of the Washington Hotel to unpack and put our wheels together. Great luck! Everything had come safely and nothing was lost in the packing material. To be sure, Julia dropped a handful of balls on the floor, but we all helped and soon found every one.

Then we tried "to do" the beautiful city of Hamburg. We visited the celebrated Nicolai Church, the Alster Basin, the parks, the zoölogical gardens and the celebrated Renz Circus.

On Tuesday, July 14, we filed out of our pleasant little hotel on the Zeughausmarkt, and immediately became the observed of all observers. Business men, errand-boys, bakers, butchers, fruit-women and all sizes of children gazed at us with open-eyed, and, in many cases, open-mouthed astonishment.

"I just know I can't mount with such a mob looking on," said Julia. "I wish they had sense enough to get out of the way. I wonder if they think I am going to fly over their heads."

"Oh! they think you won't make it the first time," said Laura, by way of consolation.

"Well, I can." And she did. The crowd opened and let us through. We had started on our long-looked-for tour. A large gang of boys started at the same time, but before many seconds we had left the "clang of the wooden shoon" on the pavements far behind.

Our route out of the city followed the "Ringbahn" across the Alster Bridge, and then as far as the Berlin Depot. We found the pavement rough and often dangerously slippery with thin mud. Several times a sleepy teamster with a great, heavy wagon would slowly but surely run us into the curbing. After one or two dismounts we reached the New Elbe Bridge, a beautiful and imposing structure.

Before we reached Harburg it began to rain.

"We'll get perfectly sopping, if we can't find shelter," said Marian.

"Let's go in at the first house. Ride fast."

"Oh, don't let's ask here! it's too dirty," begged Laura from the rear. But the increasing rain overcame Laura's objections, and we asked for shelter. We were very politely admitted and given seats. Then one by one the family came in and looked us over, the old people asking us questions and the young talking in whispers.

Oh, the luck of that first day! When we went on the rain began again so hard that we were compelled to take refuge in a little bier halle in Harburg.

Thus far the roads had been what the Germans call "pflaster"—that is, rough, cobble-stone pavement. But the "fussweg," or footpath, beside the cobblestones was as smooth as a floor. Of course, we took the path.

By the time we started from Harburg

what a glorious morning it was! Not a cloud in the sky, and the cool breeze brought us the scent of the sweet linden-blossoms.

The roads and weather were fine till about noon, when it clouded and looked very much like rain. We put our "bikes" in a barn, and bravely entered the "gaststube," or guest-room, of the little inn opposite.

Seated at a little table near a window we worried down some sour rye bread and some thin slices of "wurst," or bologna sausage. As to a beverage, the vote stood one for beer and four for tea. So we all waited and watched the rain till the tea came in piping hot.

The rain stopped, and as the chaussée was not muddy, we started on immediately. By the way, our lunch had cost us seventy-five pfennig, or about eighteen cents, for all five of us.

We had made several miles when the drops began to fall again. For several minutes no one said a word. Finally Julia asked:



"I CAN'T MOUNT WITH SUCH A MOB LOOKING ON." (p. 298.)

"What do you say to calling on some of these good people along here? I believe they'd like to see us."

The lady at whose house we stopped and asked shelter was very kind and very curious about ladies that rode bicycles. We answered innumerable questions about ourselves, our route, our adventures by the way, and our country, and made friends with her



"AS WE CAME DOWN THE ROAD." (p. 302.)

pretty little children, as we watched the water drip off from our bicycles under the trees, and tried to talk German with the maid.

Presently the frau directed us to an inn quite near. After wading through the mud for about two blocks, we came to a large straw-roofed cow-stable and inn combined. We looked at each other in silence and entered the hotel end of the building.

After inflicting a good deal of poor German upon the hostess, we engaged the one little chamber that she had.

Two of us were to sleep between feather-beds in each of the single bedsteads, and the odd one—poor thing!—must sleep upon the couch.

We spent the rest of the day reading novels and wondering what kind of weather the morning would bring.

The next morning was fine, and we found the roads very good—no longer any "pflaster," but all smooth *chaussée*. These *chaussées* are made out of the stones forming the old "pflaster" roads.

Several places we saw men busy breaking the stone, and in one place we passed a gang of workmen making new roads with a steam-roller.

We reached Lüneburg at one in the afternoon, in time for table d'hôte, to the satisfaction of all. Late in the afternoon we saw several tricycles passing on the rough pavement. The "Columbia" we saw made us think of home.

Fine roads, fine spirits, fine weather, brought us to Uelzen in good time. After supper the vote to push on to Gifhorn stood two to three; but, as Sunday dawned clear, and as the hotel did not suit us, we were all in favor of going on toward Gifhorn.

Luckless decision! We climbed hill after hill, the country became barren and wild, there were no small "dorfs," or villages, the only trees were dwarf firs, the soil was dry sand. But the *chaussée* was good, and we went on generally in silence. But such remarks as these were heard:

"Won't we ever come to a coast?"

"I wish I had two glasses of lemonade, two ice-cream sodas, and a big glass of ice-water."

"So do I."

About noon we reached the top of the great hill or ridge of land, and could get magnificent views of the surrounding country lying in the mist of the distance. There were dark-green hills, light-green valleys, with red-roofed "dorfs" peeping out from among the trees.

Far in the west lay a dark cloud that said "rain," so we hurried on to a lonely little inn. There we rested and ate a little rye bread and cheese. Our weather prophet examined the sky and said the storm had gone around.

From the inn the road goes gradually down, and the riding is very fine. It is not sloping enough for a coast, but just sloping enough to make one think he is a fast rider. About two o'clock the storm that had "gone around" thought of us girls riding on Sunday, and so came back. We raced for the nearest house. The road was as smooth as a Washington boulevard. How the wheels flew, how the wind blew! We were going south and the wind came from the west. Soon the wind became cold, and the great drops of rain pelted us.

"We'll never—get there—" said Julia, breathlessly.

"There goes my hat!" and away flew Martha's little straw. But the wheels flew on. The road was perfectly straight, and we could see a "dorf" ahead. There was shelter if we could get to it. The big drops came thicker and faster, and still the first house seemed a long way off.

The people must have been very much astonished to see five dripping girls come into the room almost unannounced. But when they understood the case, they made us as comfortable as possible in their little home. They gave us a chamber, where we put on dry underwear and went to bed till our

an arch over our heads. That day we met a crowd of about thirty men, each with a pack on his back. We all thought of the good old American tramp, increased our speed, and passed by. They gave us what we called a cheer.

The run from Gifhorn into the city of Braunschweig was, perhaps, the pleasantest of all. For miles we sped along upon a veritable floor of a road, upon each side of which were cherry trees loaded with the most tempting red, white and black fruit. This belongs to the towns, and is sold to pickers, who sell it to fruit-women or to the consumers. Each of these pickers has a



"THERE WE RESTED AND ATE A LITTLE." (p. 300.)

clothes were dried. The landlord and his wife of the only inn in the little town were in the midst of a family quarrel. So we were kindly invited to stay where we had taken shelter from the rain.

Next day the weather was fine, and the ride to Gifhorn was delightful. The trees along the *chaussée* were very large and old, nearly meeting and forming

booth under the trees, from which he sells the cherries at wholesale or at retail. All along are piles of finely broken stone for road-repairs, and oftentimes neat piles of stone removed from the old "pflaster" roads, but not yet broken up. These stone-piles made convenient seats when we lunched on cherries.

When we were at the top of the hill overlooking Braunschweig, Laura pro-

posed taking our picture as we came down the road.

The Braunschweig photographer who developed Laura's plates became enthusiastic over the "photographische Reise" (journey), as he called our trip, and would take no pay for the development.

The proprietor of the "Hôtel Stadt Bremen" could hardly understand how we could be touring through Germany on bicycles; but when we said "Amerikaner" all seemed explained — Americans dare anything.

Just as we were leaving our hotel next morning, the landlord came forward with many smiles and bows, and elbowing his way through the crowd of waiters, asked if he might be permitted to present the American ladies with some roses. Of course he was permitted. We each received three lovely Maréchal Niel rosebuds. We have kept them among the souvenirs of our trip.

While we were yet in the city and were finding the road to Helmstedt, we turned a corner, and, before we knew it, were riding under the silken folds of our own beautiful Stars and Stripes. We gave three cheers for the Red, White and Blue. Then we all had a streak of homesickness. The flag was hung out from the American Consul's residence.

We spent nearly a day in Magdeburg, a good part of it in visiting the grand old cathedral. From this city we rode to Bernburg. On the way Julia's chain broke, or, rather, the fastening screw of the chain caught in one of the screen-braces, bending a link and parting the chain. At first it seemed as though we should have to hire a conveyance to Bernburg. But we removed the chain, straightened the link, and soon were bowling along again as merrily as ever.

Saturday afternoon we rode from Bernburg into Halle, where we, remembering our former Sunday ride, remained till Monday morning. Sunday evening about one hundred German army officers, not so observant of the Sabbath as we, had a celebration in the courtyard of the hotel. They had a fine military band, and judging from the amount of good beer they drank and from the noise they made, we thought they must be having a good time.

The road from Halle to Leipzig is of

the best, and the wheels soon measured it off. On the way Laura took two pictures, one of the German chaussée, with Marian and Julia in the distance as small specks, and the other, of us four as we drank "all we want for once" at a roadside well.

It was not long before we were resting and reading home-letters in the Hôtel de Prusse, in the learned city of Leipzig, Saxony.

A few words in general: Of course the roads are fine, but the villages and cities almost always have cobble-stones, that are well-nigh impassable for "bikes." The German police are efficient and courteous. They often took great pains to speak slowly and distinctly for us when directing us on our way. Our treatment by the Germans in the cities and country was, as a rule, very polite and pleasant. Of course, we caused some astonishment and aroused people's curiosity, but we expected that.

If we didn't expect to reach our destination by dinner-time, we would usually take with us a dozen buttered rolls and a small bottle of Moselle or St. Julien. We had several very pleasant lunches.

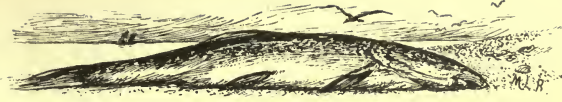
In the cities the cobble-stones are rough and often slippery, and the people walk in the street as much as on the footway. So it was really economy of time to dismount and walk to our hotel.

Most of the German ladies that ride the steel steed use tricycles, and a *very* few ride the bicycle, but as a rule they do not ride the wheel. As for us, we have not seen even one lady rider, either of tricycle or of bicycle.

For our baggage we made canvas rolls about eighteen inches long and six in diameter, packing them full and strapping them to our handle-bars. Our coats—don't forget them if you tour—we slipped through these straps. In our bags we carried changes of linen, handkerchiefs, necessary brushes, combs, etc., a pocket-dictionary, a road-map for cyclists, and a few other things.

Our expenses from Hamburg to Leipzig were about two dollars a day apiece, including everything necessary.

To conclude: If you want to see the country and the people in the best of all possible ways, and if you want to have a delightful time, buy a bicycle and tour.



PICKEREL-FISHING IN SOUTH JERSEY.

BY JOHN GIFFORD.

ALTHOUGH almost within hearing of the hustle and bustle of busy life, that part of South Jersey called the "Pines" or "Pine Barrens" is wild and lonesome. It is a low sandy land of woods and swamps, fringed by narrow strips of sand-beach separated from each other by inlets and from the mainland by miles of marsh-meadow, in which are many bays and salt ponds, and through which wind many channels, the haunts of wild water-fowl and the home of noxious insects. In places these flat meadows are, to the eye, endless.

The water of the streams where it babbles over shingly bottoms is the color of amber, but black and deep where it writhes in the eddies, mid forests of sweet-scented pine and gloomy swamps of white cedar.

Scattered throughout the "Pines" are small, still ponds with fish galore. Years ago these streams were dammed to supply the power with which to move the clumsy, old-fashioned bellows to pump air into the furnaces in the manufacture of iron from "bog-ore." Shells were brought from the sea-shore for a flux by well-worn roads, along which were the "jug taverns" of old.

In these ponds and streams, and the fresh water of these rivers, the pickerel is king. The genus *Esox*, or "pikes," constitutes the family *Esocidae*. There are six or seven species, all of which are natives of North America, and only one species (*Esox lucius*) is found in European waters. *Esox nobilior*, the huge muskallunge of the Great Lakes, grows to be six feet in length, while *Esox lucius* seldom exceeds half that size. The two species found in South Jersey are known to zoölogists as *Esox reticulatus* (the one this article refers to), and *Esox americana*, a smaller species. They are, however, always associated, and often confounded.

Because of its long, slender shape and pointed snout, the *pike* or *pyke* received its name. It is an old English word, meaning to pierce with a pointed instrument, from which was formed the word *peck*, as does a bird with the point of its bill. So also originated the word *pick*. Finally the word *pike* was applied to this fish, which is not unlike the shape of that pointed weapon called the "*pike*." The word *pickerel* is simply the diminutive of *pike*. It is a term used, however, to designate the young pike as well as the small species of the genus.

The pikes are all noted for their ferocity. They are the sharks of fresh water. They are long-lived and prolific, and were it not for their cannibal habits they would soon, no doubt, depopulate our fresh-waters. *Esox reticulatus*, the "green pike," or "common Eastern pickerel," is a beautiful fish and, considering its size, the gamiest species of the genus.

In the Spring they ascend the small streams to spawn—a precaution taken for the safety of the fry. In the Winter they lie in deep water, and can be caught through the ice by fishing near the bottom with live bait. They are then, however, sluggish, and lack the vim and life which characterize them during the Summer and Autumn months, when they are plentiful and sportive in the rivers, larger streams, ponds and lakes.

There are many hypotheses connected with pickerel-fishing. Every old fisherman fosters his pet suppositions and theories founded upon his own experiences. The moon, which is supposed by many to play such an important part in the tide of events, is also accused of influencing the pickerel. Once, when returning after an unsuccessful day of fishing, I met an old "piker." "Fool-hardy to pike now, my son," said he;

"the moon's in 'pogie and the signs are 'bout the feet and legs."

Akin to this idea of the peculiar power of the moon and the signs of the zodiac is the influence of the wind. When it blows from the eastward for a time, anywhere between north and south, it is foolish, many think, to fish for pickerel. With the moon and east wind, however, there are too many superstitions associated. They have long been accused of an inauspicious power, and when the fish refuse to bite, it is natural to attribute it to the east wind, if it happens to then be blowing; if not, to some peculiar persuading power of the moon. They say, too, that fish sink to deep waters when it thunders, and refuse to bite when it rains.

There is one thing certain, however—a fact which applies to animals of all kinds—that, after a night of fasting, they are hungry and commence to feed just as soon as the light of dawn is sufficient for them to see their prey. The twilight, too, is a favorite time for feeding. The dimness warns them that night and their period of fasting are approaching. It is during early morning and evening that there is an exuberance of life.

Pickerel detest the sunshine. They hide under leaves and in the eel-grass. A favorite spot is in the shade of overhanging bushes. Thus concealed, they are ever ready to pounce upon their unwary prey. They bite better therefore in the shade of a cloudy day. They have also been known to bite on bright moonlight nights. The habit of hiding, although principally for concealment from its prey, is also no doubt for protection, since they feed upon each other. The writer found a partly digested pickerel, ten inches in length, inside of another only twice as long.

The pickerel is both beautifully shaped and marked. Being built by nature to prey upon other fish, he is, in consequence, full of life and gamy. He is shaped for agility, and slips through the water with the swiftness of an arrow. With strong muscles, a quick eye, a large mouth and many sharp and poisonous teeth, he snatches and devours his prey with shark-like voracity. Thus armed, he is indeed the enemy of fresh-water fishes.

The lower the tide the better. Fish are more plentiful of course when the

tide is out. The flats are bare where they feed at high water on the small fish, and they are forced into the deeper parts, where they conceal themselves along the edges.

Pickerel are strange fish. The day may appear to be perfect for piking, you may see them dashing around you, apparently playfully lashing the water with their nimble tails, or darting into the air to show their beautifully marked and arched bodies in tantalizing piscatorial glee, and yet return empty-handed.

When the five-pounders condescend to bite, they afford excellent sport. Well away from the hustle and bustle of life, and the cares of business, surrounded by novel scenery, breathing pine-scented air, drinking clear, cedar-savored water (only) and catching such fish, is a change of scene and occupation of benefit to anybody.

There are of course many wild tales afloat as to the number of pickerel caught by two men in a single day. The writer, however, can vouch for the statement that two men on Lake Lenape caught 182 with spoon hooks one day last Summer, and that on another occasion, between daybreak and noon, they captured 67 in the same manner.

This lake, far-famed for its cedar-savored water and the beauty and wildness of its scenery, is the pickerel ground of highest repute in South Jersey. It narrows away northward, broadening here and there into shallow lagoons, forming excellent feeding places for fish and wild water-fowl, for which it is also noted. A trip much in vogue is to start from the sleepy village of May's Landing, to cart your boat to Weymouth and to float down with the current into Lake Lenape. Such a trip I will endeavor to describe.

For a long time I had been planning a day's sport at pickerel-fishing. An old "piker" volunteered to guide me and initiate me into the secrets of his art, since he still considered me a neophyte. He was well versed in the habits of the denizens of the woods and streams, and although unable to read or write, he possessed a peculiar wisdom gained from a long experience. He had cultivated the oft-neglected faculty of observation, and nature's page was an open one to him. Less tangible, however, were the signs which guided him while fishing, yet he declared he could



H. W. W. 18

"EXHAUSTED AND VANQUISHED, HE IS SAFELY HARBORED." (p. 300.)

tell by tasting the water when the herring came up into the fresh water of the river to spawn in the Spring.

I waited some time for him to decide upon a suitable day. Either the moon was not in the right phase, the wind was wrong or the sun was too bright. At last a day was chosen which suited his whims. It was clear and cool, there was a gentle breeze from the west and a mass of gray clouds absorbed the rays of the sun.

We placed our boat on a wagon and were hauled seven miles through the pines to a romantic spot called Weymouth, where we transferred the craft to its proper element.

We stowed our luggage in the bow of our bateau, which drifted swiftly with the current, augmented by recent rains. For the first few miles the scenery was beautiful. The river was there narrow and deep and bordered by swamps of water-oak birch, gum-maple and magnolia. Snake-like the black waters swept down the reaches and curved and curled in whirlpools and eddies, or rushed hither and thither through the swamps. All was silent in these solitudes save the sounds and echoes of our voices and the rippling of the water. At times we encountered logs which had fallen across the stream and over which the water fretted and foamed.

We were drifted into what is locally known as the "Whirlpool," at the mouth of "Dead River," a deep but still branch of the main stream, which I have neglected to say is known as the "Great Egg Harbor"—a name conferred upon it not because of the size of the harbor, but because of the enormous numbers of mud-hen's eggs which have been found there in times past.

Near "Dead River" the writer one night last Autumn caught eighty-seven turtles, fifteen catfish and four pickerel in a fike-net baited with a piece of old mackerel.

We passed many duck-stands on the banks, which are places worn smooth by the patient hunter, and at times from the shade of the edges a wood-duck would fly into the fastnesses of the swamp.

The stream broadened, and here and there were spreading bayous in which stood the gray stumps of countless pine-trees. Now and then we passed pine-covered sandbanks, Naples-yellow in

color. The scenery was peculiar and fascinating. It seemed like a "bit of the South brought North." Turtles sunning themselves on the logs, dropped with a splash into the water. In places the banks were white with habernarias, and here and there were patches of water-lilies.

The sun had been shining brightly, and although I had fished diligently, I had not as yet been favored even by a "strike." In the technicalities of pikeology, a strike is when the pickerel simply hits the spoon and does not swallow it. We reached the region of the "Eagle's Nest," an old-time landmark, and lunched on a little sandy island covered with pines.

The afternoon became cloudy, and with renewed hope and vigor which a lunch is sure to instill into a fisherman, I began again to fish, and by four o'clock forty-five fish were snugly stowed in the stern of the bateau. We set the little leg-of-mutton sail on her, and she quietly skimmed with a light breeze along the edge of the channel. In my mind's eye I can picture it all—the spoon temptingly whirls and glimmers; the fish is lured from his retreat; a V-shaped ripple marks his course; he tauntingly "strikes" and misses what he thinks a dainty morsel. He is plucky and darts jocosely away, but soon again to resume the contest. Again he spies the glittering spoon. With a graceful twirl of his agile tail he forward glides and spitefully nabs it. The reel sings; the dainty morsel was a triple-hooked spoon. In the agony of a mistaken identity he darts for deep water. He pulls—he hauls—he jerks—he darts—now towards you—now from you—now downward—like a seething caldron he churns the water into a mass of foam, and at last exhausted and vanquished, he is safely harbored. A beautiful trophy indeed! A delicate green with golden lustre, banded with dark lines and streaks; a graceful shape; and a large, ravenous pair of jaws fringed with teeth as sharp as the sharpest needles.

Yet, after all, it is these peculiarities which constitute sport. If pickerel were as plentiful and easily captured as mosquitoes, we should soon tire of the play. It is in such scenes of wildness, in the freedom of the streams and woods, in the haunts of primitive man, we delight and are benefited.

THE OAR IN THE NORTHWEST.

BY H. W. WACK.



JUNIOR FOUR, '91-'92, MINNESOTA BOAT CLUB.

BOW, W. N. ARMSTRONG. 2, O. T. ROBERTS. 3, RUSHTON PEABODY. STROKE, L. S. BIGELOW.



W. H. LIGHTNER,
President Minnesota
Boat Club.

AMONG all the pioneers in the wilds of Minnesota and western Canada foremost were young men who represented the cream of the athletic element of the older East. No sooner were the new fields of labor opened than hundreds of these stalwarts hurried westward, eager and willing to take the short-

est road to fortune and shoulder the herculean task of building up mighty commonwealths. With them they bore that undying love of sport and pastime characteristic of the American and Canadian nations, and perhaps a thirst for adventure and sheer love of free, outdoor pastimes hastened many of them toward the setting sun.

How well they performed the arduous labor of empire building and development is attested to-day by countless great business centers and huge industries in the land of their adoption, and

that neither they, nor their sons, have lost the old chivalrous spirit of true sport, is apparent to any one at all familiar with the present flourishing condition of general amateur athletics in the vicinity of and westward and northward of the Great Lakes.

The nature of the country favored every pastime, and the extensive system of waterways, embracing lakes and rivers, naturally favored aquatic sports. Hence it is not strange that rowing speedily attained prominence, nor is it surprising to find the young blood of the Northwest excelling to-day with the oar, sail and paddle.

As far back as 1870 a strong movement was started, which, within a few years, developed into the formation of flourishing rowing clubs in the twin cities of St. Paul and Minneapolis. Some time after these had gathered considerable strength the younger city of Winnipeg followed the example of her Minnesota cousins, and ere long the Canadian city's precedent was imitated by Duluth, the stronghold of Lake Superior.

For a time these four rowing clubs, situated at the four corners of an im-

mense square, flourished as independent organizations, and among their members were some giants of the oar. They were too remote from the busy centers of aquatic sports of the East for frequent contests at the regular fixtures, and by force of circumstances were confined chiefly to club events—and an occasional inter-club measuring of oars—always a keen though friendly rivalry until the Summer of 1886, when the Minnesota and Winnipeg Rowing Association was organized, composed of the following clubs, viz.: the Minnesota Boat Club, of St. Paul, Minn.; the Lurline Boat Club, of Min-

neapolis; the Duluth Boat Club, of Duluth, Minn., and the Winnipeg Boat Club, of Winnipeg, Manitoba.

interest; costly trophies stimulate the keenest competition in the several events, which lose none of their interest on account of the international rivalry caused by the presence of Canadian oarsmen.

The association has always been fortunate in the selection of officers, and certainly its interests have not suffered at the hands of the enthusiastic gentlemen who hold the reins of power for the current year. They were elected at the meeting held in Winnipeg during the annual regatta (rowed last season on the Red River), and their names are as follows: President, Col. John T. West, of



MINNESOTA BOAT CLUB HOUSE.

neapolis, Minn.; the Duluth Boat Club, of Duluth, Minn., and the Winnipeg Boat Club, of Winnipeg, Manitoba.

The formation of the association has proved a wise move, and the sixth year of its existence finds it prosperous and powerful, and wielding no unimportant influence in the aquatic world. It is the representative embodiment of the best brawn and muscle of the broad country north and west of the Mississippi River, and perpetuates its purpose and good-fellowship with elaborate annual features. Its annual regattas excite widespread

interest; costly trophies stimulate the keenest competition in the several events, which lose none of their interest on account of the international rivalry caused by the presence of Canadian oarsmen.

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Minneapolis; vice-president, Theo. L. Schurmeier, of St. Paul; commodore, Otto M. Nelson, St. Paul; vice-commodore, Almeric H. Paget, St. Paul; ensign, Mel. H. Eddy, Minneapolis; secretary, E. B. Clement, Minneapolis.

Each of the four clubs possesses an excellent course for training and racing. The Minnesotas have a ten-mile live-water stretch of the open Mississippi River; the Lurlines have a fine still-water course on beautiful Lake Calhoun, three miles from Minneapolis; the Duluths utilize the deepest and most treach-

erous course in the country — on Duluth Bay, an arm of Lake Superior—and the Winniepgs have an excellent horseshoe course on the slow water of the Red River.

Regattas of the Minnesota and Winnipeg Rowing Association have been held since 1886, the first being rowed on Lake Minnetonka, Minn., the second in 1887, at Winnipeg, those of 1888-9 at Minnetonka, 1890 at Duluth, and 1891 at Winnipeg. The record of winners is given in tables at the end of this article.

Of the four clubs comprising the association, the Minnesota Boat Club, of St. Paul, is the pioneer of aquatic sport, its organization dating from March, 1870; its incorporation from December, 1873. In its charter are found the names of William R. Merriam, at present His Excellency the Governor of the North Star State; Richard J. Bond, H. A. Boardman, Jr., Norman Wright, E. C. Bell, Geo. S. Acker, Col. Jas. N. Granger, Col. H. P. Rugg, A. K. Barnum, W. H. Ross, E. W. Johnson, Paul D. Ferguson, S. C. Williams, and W. Y. Rumney, gentlemen who to-day — twenty-two years after rearing their athletic symposium in a region heaving with sterner toil—are leaders in the professions and public service of the prosperous Saintly City.

St. Paul lies watchfully upon the eastern banks of the Mississippi River, and the ivy-webbed Minnesota boat-house sits huddling at her feet. One might search long and not find another



HERBERT W. BROWN, WINNER JUNIOR SINGLES '91.

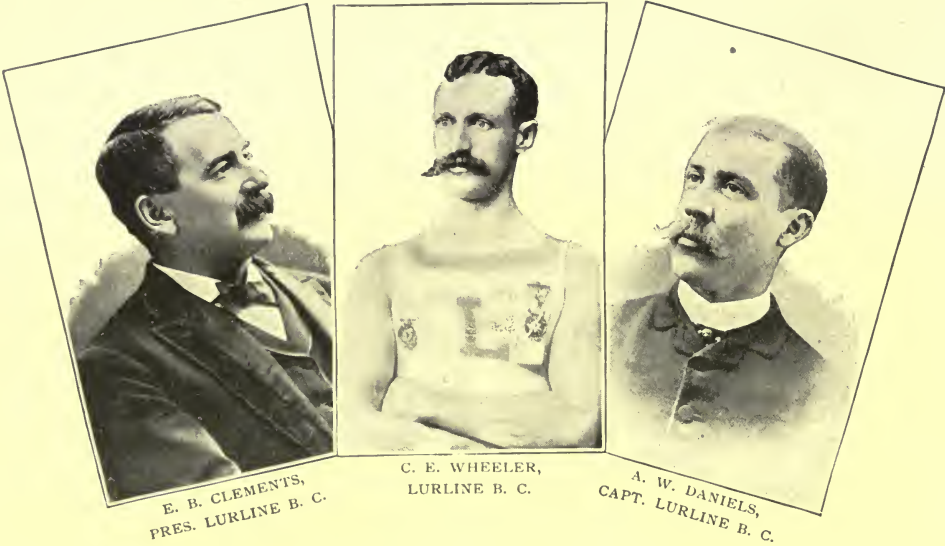
such glorious landscape nook as that in which the Minnesotas have built their boat-house. Raspberry Island, ripped and with high-graded banks, with its many legends of the red man and exemption from a world's intrusion, lies studded in the bosom of the river, directly under the Wabasha Bridge, which has connected, since first the town began, corporate East and West St. Paul. Here, not a thousand yards from the city's active center, embowered in a profuse growth of elm, willow, birch and pine, Minnesota's cherry and white floats from the staff of the picturesque old club-house. The structure is built



WINNERS '91, MINNESOTA DOUBLES.

A. H. PAGET, CLUB SENIOR, '91. H. W. BROWN, CLUB JUNIOR, '91.

OUTING FOR JULY.



E. B. CLEMENTS,
PRES. LURLINE B. C.

C. E. WHEELER,
LURLINE B. C.

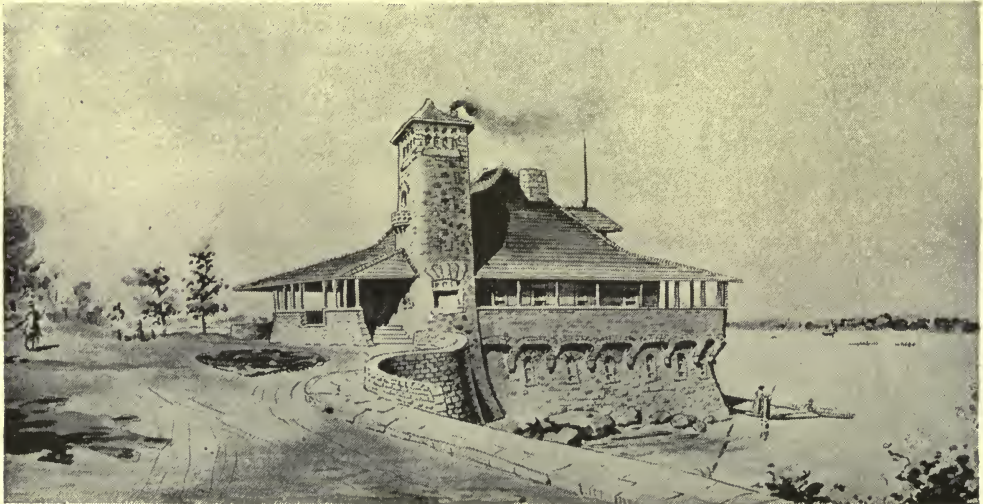
A. W. DANIELS,
CAPT. LURLINE B. C.

of wood, incloses three large boat floors, a spacious hardwood hall, an ample bath and laundry, numerous locker and dressing apartments, observatory above, and extensive store-room and building-shop in the basement. The club domain embraces half the island, and therein four acres are devoted to a running track, lawn-tennis ground, turf lawn, and garden, the entire plat adorned with a rugged growth of natural shade-trees, shrubbery and wild brush.

The course runs between the clubhouse and the white city front which surmounts abrupt sandstone heights casting unfathomable reflections along

the water-course. Indeed, the situation of the Minnesotas is one of uncommon beauty and rare advantage. The scene of daily activity is come upon in a moment—from a hot, dusty city to all the features of the remote countryside. The results and benefits of these conditions are obvious.

The mutations of the year just past have wrought materially to the strength of the Minnesotas. The club has had a wholesome infusion of new blood, a large accretion of modern properties and a strong social wing in its amalgamation with the St. Paul Boat Club, for some years a thriving organization. The amal-



LURLINE BOAT CLUB HOUSE.

gamation was completed in the Spring of '91, the St. Paul Boat Club dissolving its identity and adopting the colors and the government of the Minnesotas. This union is telling in its effect in every department of the sport, and promises marked successes in the future. The valuable properties of the St. Pauls became the estate of the Minnesotas, and both boat-houses, situated on Raspberry Island, are now used in common.

Minnesota's log-book bespeaks in itself the sharpest satire upon the Eastern belief in the rigors of the

miles, and for nine months—from April to December—the lieutenant received contributions to the log-book.

Herbert W. Brown, medal-bearer with many records, rowed three miles on Christmas morning, and with this *coup de grace*, having rowed 10,424 miles, and, submitting to nature's mandate, the Minnesotas declared the season closed.

The club has an excellent record. Nearly a quarter of a century ago, when the racing shell was of awkward model and a sliding seat meant a glide in soap, when sculls were long and heavy and

NIC BLAKELEY. J. D. DENEGRE. B. TRAPNALL.
H. W. WACK. GARDNER CORNING.



RUSHTON PEABODY. L. S. BIGELOW.

O. T. ROBERTS. W. N. ARMSTRONG.

A. H. PAGET. H. W. BROWN.

JOHN J. FLANNAGAN.

C. W. GORDON.

T. L. WANN.

ACTIVE JUNIORS AND MAIDENS MINNESOTA BOAT CLUB.

Minnesota climate. The rowing season is not only delightfully inspiring, but its duration is full, its term eventful and its wane richly productive.

Of the 438 members, 43 active Minnesotas rowed throughout the month of April, scoring a log of 876 miles. Mr. Edw. B. Young, a speedy sculler, ventured upon the course in March, and his was the earliest exercise in '91. In May and June fifty-two men rowed 4,496

all boats were ages behind latter-day inventions, the sturdy Minnesotas launched a fleet which is manned and navigating to-day. The charter members are now staid heads of families. Their names are on the past list and the record of their triumphs adorns the faded page of history. To-day the time-records of that old-method-rude-craft sport appear as precedents to be smiled upon. Notable among the records



F. W. HEUBACH, BOW. P. A. MACDONALD, STROKE.
 F. W. ASHE, 3. J. D. MORICE, 2.
 THE WINNIPEG JUNIOR FOUR, 1890.

drawn from Minnesota's musty archives are the following :

Year.	JUNIOR FOUR.	Time.
1881—	at Moline (Miss. Val. Assn.), 2 miles and turn.....	13:38¼
1883—	at Moline (Miss. Val. Assn.), 2 miles and turn....	13:55¾

SENIOR FOUR.

Year.	Time.
1881—	at Moline, 2 miles turn. 13:31
1882—	at Moline, 2 miles turn. 13:39½
1884—	at Moline, 2 miles turn. 12:30*

* Fastest time on record in the Mississippi Valley Association.

JUNIOR DOUBLE.

1881—	Getty and Granger, 2 miles turn.....	13:40½
1883—	Schiffman and Parker, 2 miles turn.....	13:55¾

SENIOR DOUBLE.

1878—	Butler and Hyndeman, 2 miles turn...	14:42
1881—	Getty and Granger; 2 miles turn.....	14:42
1883—	Schiffman and Parker, 2 miles turn.....	15:54

SENIOR SINGLE.

1878—	W. H. Hyndeman, 2 miles turn.....	15:18
1879—	H. M. Butler, 2 miles turn.....	14:41

JUNIOR DOUBLE.

N. W. Amateur Rowing Assn., Detroit, Mich.		
1890—	Geo. O. Nettleton and A. H. Paget, 1½ miles turn.....	10:22

SENIOR DOUBLE.

1890—	Nettleton and Brown, 1½ miles turn.....	9:53
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The fastest junior crew ever trained by the club went abroad last season. The four were young, hardy and courageous. Wm. N. Armstrong rowed bow, Oscar T. Roberts 2, Rushton Peabody 3, and Lewis Sherrill Bigelow, stroke. When the crew embarked for the Sum-



H. GARWOOD. J. H. TURNBULL. A. C. L. FOX. G. F. CALT.

THE WINNIPEG SENIOR FOUR.

mer's campaign it was predicted by competent judges that it would win wherever entered. This was a reasonable expectation, as the crew was showing wonderful time in its training spurts—the fastest for two miles with turn ever made on Western waters. Unfortunately at the eleventh hour their cedar shell was so wrenched as to unfit it for use, and with much misgiving the cherry and white sallied forth hampered with a log-modeled paper shell weighing 130 pounds. The result might have been foretold, for in the first junior race at Winnipeg, Minnesota succumbed to the Lurlines—the latter an emergency crew which instinctively developed a speed and form which accomplished an astounding victory against all popular belief in the probable on that occasion. Disgruntled with the stupor of a sudden defeat, and harnessed to an unwieldy craft, the Minnesotas returned—*sans* laurel or renown.

New and fitting equipment for '92, however, will soon be in service, and these lusty colts will probably yet display their prowess with greater satisfaction. During the past season Minnesota trained five local crews, about fourteen doubles, senior and junior; and thirty odd senior, junior and maiden singles, four working boats constantly serving a novitiate full of varied mishap and incident. Canoe and barge parties cruise frequently from St. Paul to Lake Pepin and its landmarks. A fine of \$2.50 is levied upon each subject of a tip-over during the season. The fund thereby created is applied in the Autumn to defray the expenses of an *al fresco* concert and country-side picnic, at which the "tippee" becomes the butt of maidenly wit and the sterner sarcasm of his more fortunate fellows.

The glorious Fourth is invariably the day of the annual regatta. A reception usually follows, for the Minnesotas are social leaders and their gallantry is often tempted to such depths as, in years past, suggested a slight to the real purpose of the club—that of physical culture on turf and course. The Winter season is generally punctuated with a banquet, and the annual meeting is held on the first Friday in March.

There are five degrees of membership: Active, associate, past, honorary and life honorary. The total membership is about five hundred. The Min-

nesotas are in excellent financial condition, and own valuable properties. The younger and at present active element of the club is a harmonious composition of earnest, vigorous manhood, loyal in fellowship, constant in endeavor and firm in the ethics of the nobler sports.

The officers and directorate are:

E. A. Jaggard, president; Oscar T. Roberts, first vice-president; M. J. Boyle, second vice-president; Wade Hampton Yardley, secretary; T. L. Wann, treasurer; W. N. Armstrong, captain; Raymond Du Poy, lieutenant; D. W. Hand, ensign.

Directors—A. H. Paget, H. W. Wack, C. A. Pettingill, C. W. Gordon, E. B.



DULUTH BOAT CLUB HOUSE.

Young, L. S. Bigelow, L. Defiel, O. M. Nelson and A. Wright. John Kennedy (employed), trainer. Ladd Burmaster (employed), custodian and mechanic.

Mr. Geo. O. Nettleton was the senior club champion in 1890. In 1891 Mr. A. H. Paget succeeded to the honor, defeating H. W. Brown, a promising junior, winner of every swimming race in which he has contested.

A worthy rival of the Minnesotas, in the matter of energy and rowing ability, is the well-known Lurline Boat Club, of Minneapolis.

The Lurlines observe as a precept that "it was the oar that brought Phœnician letters and civilization to Greece; it was the oar that saved Europe from Persian despotism, and it

was the skillful use of the oar by free citizens that was the glory of Athens in her prime."

The club was organized and incorporated July 9, 1877. Its first officers were Chas. McC. Reeve, president; Mel. H. Eddy, vice-president; secretary and treasurer, George W. Felt; captain, Chas. H. Harving; coxswain, Chas. F. Baker; Board of Directors, R. L. Whitney, W. L. Bassett, C. A. Heffelfinger, A. E. McMullen, Geo. W. Knettle, Arthur R. Hathorn, James Kennedy, and the officers. These were also the charter members. From this beginning has grown the present strong and well-equipped club, which, in 1890, numbered eighty-five active members, and owns, in racing-craft—singles, doubles and fours—shells to the value of \$4,000. Last year the old boat-house, which has sheltered the club properties for fifteen years, was replaced by one of the prettiest structures devoted to club purposes to be found in the Northwest. This new nest has absorbed, in its building, over \$10,000, and that the sum was judiciously expended is attested by the multiplied convenience and comfort one enjoys in its cozy apartments. The Lurline site is on the shore of Lake Calhoun, three miles out of Minneapolis, in an open, airy promontory which commands a wide view of the beautiful, park-pictured Flour City. Motor transit affords a means for ready attendance at the club exercise, which, in season, is performed regularly and with enthusiasm. Lake Calhoun is a place of general public resort. It is picturesque, a mile long by three-fourths of a mile wide, with sloping, wooded shores and well-kept boulevards.

The Lurline course, notwithstanding its short, straightaway stretch, turns out strong-hearted tuggers of the ash; for no club of so many relapses into a social, nominal, desuetude, can display a more beautiful pile of trophies. For the first eight years of its existence the club wavered between success and collapse, between frequent fits of robust fervor and dormancy. However, there came a time which impelled it to a just appreciation of its own undeveloped qualities. Thenceforward all was glowing summer, and when the campaign of 1887 was begun, J. E. Muchmore (since ousted), Louis Watson, Hal. P. Watson and Chas. Sibley skimmed the

Winnipeg course of the senior and junior double and senior single victories. Invigorated by new blood, the Lurlines engaged in thirty-six contests and triumphed in twenty-nine. The club now holds the finest cup ever offered as a prize in an amateur regatta, and is accredited with the fastest time ever made in public by a junior four in a mile-and-a-half race over a straightaway course.

In the Summer of 1888 victory broke over the bow of every Lurline craft. Out of six possible trophies rowed for at Lake Minnetonka, twenty miles out of St. Paul or Minneapolis, the Lurlines won five prizes—pendants, cups and badges. At this regatta Norman Wright, Paul King, J. E. Muchmore and W. B. Groskopf carried off the big prize cup, winning the mile-and-a-half straightaway in 8:15, then the fastest time on record. This trophy, which was an object in the eye of every Northwestern four, is presented to the Minnesota and Winnipeg Association by Sir Donald A. Smith, of Winnipeg. It is valued at \$2,000, and is rowed for annually by the senior crews of the association. Chauncey E. Wheeler, A. W. Daniels, George K. Taylor and W. B. Groskopf were the successful junior crew. Muchmore won the single senior, and Taylor and Wheeler vanquished all junior doubles. The same year, at Pullman, Ill., the same oarsmen and scullers won every race they rowed. In 1889, at Minnetonka, the Winnipeg senior four, composed of Garwood, Turnbull, Fox and Galt, carried off the honors, overcoming the Lurlines, who broke an oar at the turn.

The great Olympiad was the season of '90, when three associations met on Duluth Bay. The event attracted 30,000 visitors to the Zenith City, which extended a royal hospitality to all the world. Duluth was decked in festive garb. Superior City smiled 'neath bunting red and gay, and the harbors swarmed with lake and sea craft. All the professional talent in the country was on hand, trained and in earnest. Purses aggregating \$14,000 awaited the victors. Medals of rare design and considerable value were offered the amateurs. Among other notable triumphs, the Lurline seniors again captured the Sir Donald A. Smith trophy, besides a \$400 cup, the latter from the Ameri-

can champions of '89. The same year Winnipeg juniors rowed away with all junior four medals. They were a lithe, plucky crew of well-trained fellows, afraid of nobody and favorites with all.

A notable event in the history of the Lurlines was the wonderful victory of their "scrub" crew on the Red River on August 3, 1891. It was the junior event at the annual regatta of the Minnesota and Winnipeg Rowing Association, and the crews went to the starter's buoy as follows: Minnesotas—W. N. Armstrong, bow; O. T. Roberts, 2; R. Peabody, 3; L. S. Bigelow, stroke. Winnipegs—W. E. Wing, bow; E. M. Robinson, 2; E. D. Carey, 3; P. McDonald, stroke. Lurlines, Minneapolis—Fitzgerald, bow; Buffington, 2; Heffelfinger, 3; Fitzgerald, stroke.

Early in the season of '91 the Winnipegs, the Minnesotas and the Lurlines entered upon a manual of training which suggested war. All were in to win and each misjudged the prowess of the other. The Minnesotas were trained like a string of seasoned thoroughbreds; the Winnipegs were fit and fine, and the Lurlines had developed their tendons to the textural qualities of Minneapolis steel. About three days before the meet at Winnipeg anticipation and speculation were rife, and wagering was general on both sides of the border. Minnesotas bethought themselves to vanquish the Winnipegs, and the Winnipegs dreaded only the Minnesotas, whom they deemed their most formidable foes, and the Lurlines, with a shrewd sense of their powers, relied upon their own representatives as by no theory the least element in the strife. The Lurline juniors left home discouraged and quite indisposed by reason of sudden incidents in the late training days which rendered their finishing touch uneven.

At the very last moment there came from the moss-capped sawdust mountain range a giant huge and strong—a lion with a kindly face, and arms which teach the anvils how to sing—and Walter Heffelfinger announced his presence to lend his power to the Lurline crew. And thus the Lurlines strengthened their indisposed crew by taking aboard a travel-worn fellow whose prowess has had its various tests with results more or less glorious. For all this, however, the cry was Winnipeg and Minnesota—the blue and red, and cherry and white—only.

The Red River course, from start to finish, forms a horseshoe. The outside crew, when three or more line abreast, is, therefore, in a lengthened course and at a disadvantage.

There was a deal at stake when the starter's shot rang out amid the hurrah of a great concourse. Twelve heaving, dipping, sliding bodies swung off in unison. A mighty struggle waged fiercely and about evenly between the Winnipegs and Minnesotas. The Lurlines pulled past the Minnesotas. All was over in the stretch, the Winnipegs at sea, the Minnesotas struggling listlessly, while the Lurlines, sorely tired, pulled gamely home to an illustrious victory. Composure was *outré* in that crowd, at that finish, before those boys. It was a great race—the greatest junior race ever rowed in Canada—and the record crashed, echoing 8:10. The Minnesotas with their one-hundred-thirty-five-pound boat and the lightest crew, the Winnipegs with an expanded confidence which made them unwary of the "scrubs," and the Lurlines with their dogged determination under adverse circumstances and their thoroughly ingrained fighting qualities, all contributed to this great surprise in Western aquatics.

The same day the Winnipeg seniors retaliated with a signal victory over the same mile-and-a-half straightaway course, in time a minute slower than that of the junior—9:11.

The annual regatta and ball of the Lurlines are brilliant events in the social Twin Cities. At the regatta the guests take possession of Calhoun in every form of pleasure craft, and upon the evening of the ball a social success is assured.

The officers and directorate of the Lurline Boat Club are: E. B. Clements, president; Mel. H. Eddy, vice-president; A. W. Daniels, captain; G. K. Taylor, secretary; Chas. B. Wright, treasurer; John Chisholm, first lieutenant.

Directors: John T. West, W. A. Kerr, and the officers.

In the fourth corner of the quadrangle which forms the structure of the Minnesota and Winnipeg Rowing Association there thrives a most active young club. The Duluth Boat Club, of Duluth, is but past the fifth year of its robust being. Organized and incorporated in July,

1886, it now ranks as the social leader in the Zenith City. In its appointments, properties, sports and situation it is a worthy rival of many an older organization. Its charter is replete with the essential bone and sinew, trade and talent, of all that district lying at the head of the lake. Among its staunchest supporters are such men as D. A. Burke, F. W. Bement, Frank Burke, Jr., J. A. Boggs, I. J. Bond, D. G. Cash, D. G. Cutler, Thos. Cullyford, Jno. A. Dewey, Chas. H. Eldridge, E. A. Gilbert, J. C. Hunter, T. H. Hawks, Jr., J. P. Johnson, Frank B. Haller, E. W. Markell, Watson Moore, E. W. Matler, B. F. Meyers, Chas. McMillen, H. W. Pearson, R. W. Petre, H. Petre, W. C. Sargent, Geo. M. Smith, H. A. Smith and Wallace Warner.

The club-house stands on a leased site on the south end of the N. P. slip. Duluth's rugged side rises behind and overlooks the bay and the club-dock, which has been a busy, bustling landing since its formal dedication, July 13, 1887. Three sides of the club-house open on the water, the general entrance being on the south or city side. A spacious porch surrounds the entire building, upon which open the several departments on the upper floors.

The gymnasium, equipped with all the modern apparatus in use, occupies the entire third floor. Reception-rooms, parlor, halls, lockers and smoking-rooms lend their comforts on the second and main floor; and shell-slides, canoe-racks, workshop, bathrooms and storerooms fit out the basement, which lies just above water-level. The furnishings generally are new, of pleasing pattern and tasteful application.

All about the premises there is an evidence that the Duluthians are a gregarious, sociable set; that their chief purpose is a club communion for pleasure rather than for glory or renown, and to that end there has been a nicer touch and finish to the equipment. Racing fours, or doubles or singles, is one—but only a minor—object of the club. Sailing-craft—sloop, gig, cat-riggers, yacht, yawl, steam and naphtha launch and canoe—are in reality the most popular.

The Duluths have trained a four, however, which proved itself a crew of indomitable pluck and promising speed. In the trileagued regatta held at Duluth in 1890 the crew showed excellent form,

good stroke and fearless dash. Many conditions, however, intervened while training which rendered them no match for crews who devote themselves to the speeding of shells to the exclusion of all gentler sport. In singles H. W. Pearson has achieved some success in short distances. Beyond this, however, earnest shell-racing by the Duluth club is entirely eclipsed by aquatics of a more general, less violent nature. Cruising, bay-sailing and rowing highly finished rowboats are more congenial to the denizens of the Zenith.

In season there is ever an airy gayety about the club-house and dock, for harmoniously blended in the moving, fidgeting body are the various uniforms worn by those exercising the several branches of the sports. In the pursuit of this general outing the womenfolk participate with a vigor truly characteristic of the robust, jovial Minnesota nature.

The pervading club color is scarlet. The barge crew wears white flannel blouse with scarlet lacing, scarlet neck-scarf tied in sailor knot, navy blue breeches, scarlet yacht cap and stockings, letter "D" in scarlet on breast. The captain is decorated with three gold cords on sleeves and cap, while the lieutenant and ensign wear two and one cord respectively.

The club fleet consists of two four-oared racing-shells; two doubles; two singles; the Petre double shell; a lawyer's single-working gig; two family barges; two slat decks, natural finish; two clinker-built doubles; two singles; H. W. Pearson's private combination boat; one clinker-built, natural-finish double; A. Viele's private skiff; McCLOUD's double boat, *Helen*; two ducking-boats; S. W. Hall's double-clinker boat; C. H. Eldridge's canvas canoes; Mann's canoes; W. A. Foote's combination canoe, and C. H. Arthur's "L. B." canoes.

The officers and directors are: H. W. Pearson, president; E. A. Gilbert, senior vice-president; F. P. Lazie, junior vice-president; C. H. Eldridge, secretary; J. C. Hunter, treasurer; F. W. Bement, captain; B. F. Meyers, lieutenant; W. E. Perry, ensign. Directors: R. W. Petre, W. C. Sargent, W. A. Foote.

The Winnipeg Rowing Club, of Winnipeg, Manitoba, was organized February 2d, 1883, Mr. George F. Galt, then

late of the Argonaut Club, of Toronto, fostering the new charge from its very inception. Mr. Galt, still aglow with the laurels of long and brilliant service, is to-day complimented as the "father o' the Winnipegs." From the Winter of its organization the Winnipeg club bloomed into Summer's robustness. In the Spring of 1886 the club became a body corporate. The Hon. John Norquay, Premier, was patron; Mr. Thomas Renwick, first president; and George F. Galt, captain, when the first clubhouse sat perched upon an acclivous eminence just above the confluence of the Red and Assiniboine rivers—a site about one mile out from the city of Winnipeg. A disastrous flood in the Spring of 1884 carried away the club float, demolished the club-house and dealt destruction to every superimposed obstacle on the ground.

But the Winnipegs are an undaunted set, and their earnest and wealthy admirer, Sir Donald A. Smith, came to the rescue and presented an estate worthy the tenant, and now the Winnipeg club-house, with its steep terraces, its broad verandas, its wide-extending views, is a model of completeness.

In one of their first ventures abroad the Winnipegs pressed hard for first, and won second honors at Hamilton, Ont., August 5, 1885, at the C. A. A. O. Regatta, an event notable in the history of Canadian sports. The crew at this "meet" was the first firmly organized four the Winnipegs ever trained. It was manned by F. W. Stobart, E. W. Van Allen, B. M. Caldwell and Geo. F. Galt. When, in 1886, the Minnesota and Winnipeg Rowing Association was organized, the Winnipegs quite convincingly proved their prowess at its first regatta, held at Lake Minnetonka, Minn., on July 12 and 13. There, at the first public exercise of the association, the Winnipegs won the senior and junior fours and junior doubles. In 1887, at Winnipeg, they won the senior fours and senior doubles, and the same year, at the Canadian regatta at Ottawa, they swished past the home-buoy, winning the junior four in phenomenal time. In 1888 the Winnipeg junior double rowed a dead heat with the sturdy Lurlines of Minneapolis. In the same season the Winnipegs won the senior doubles.

The triumphal year for the Winnipegs

was the season of 1889, when, at the regatta of the Minnesota and Winnipeg Rowing Association, held at Lake Minnetonka, August 2 and 3, they won all senior races—fours, doubles and singles. Flushed with these victories, the tanned Winnipegers sped their crew down to the National Regatta, held a week later at Pullman, Ill., and there won the championship of America. The seniors who achieved this distinguished honor are: H. Garwood, bow; J. H. Turnbull, 2; A. C. L. Fox, 3, and Geo. F. Galt, stroke. The defeated crews were the Delawares, of Chicago; the Atlantas and Athletics, of New York, and the Torontos, of Toronto, Canada.

In 1890 the Winnipegs, at Duluth Bay, won the junior fours in the Minnesota and Winnipeg Association, the Mississippi Valley Association and the Duluth Regatta. In 1891 the club carried off the senior four, junior single and junior double, as follows:

Junior Single.—Lurlines—D. F. Fitzgerald, W. B. Groskopf. Winnipeg—W. H. Thompson. W. H. Thompson won in 9:28¾.

Senior Fours.—Minnesotas—W. N. Armstrong, bow; O. T. Roberts, 2; R. Peabody, 3; L. S. Bigelow, stroke. Lurlines—A. W. Daniels, bow; A. Buffington, 2; D. J. Fitzgerald, 3; W. B. Groskopf, stroke. Winnipegs—F. W. Heubach, bow; J. D. Morice, 2; C. M. Brown, 3; P. A. Macdonald, stroke. Won by Winnipeg. Time, 9:11.

Junior Double.—Lurlines—D. F. Fitzgerald, W. B. Groskopf. Winnipegs—F. L. Patton, W. H. Thompson. Won by Winnipeg. Time, 8:47.

For reasons suggesting themselves to the club economy, the Winnipegs remained at home during the season of '91. Had they entered in any of the Canadian and American regattas, success would have been theirs undoubtedly. For the present ('92) season they are entered in all the races of the Minnesota and Winnipeg Association, which will hold its regatta at Lake Minnetonka, Minn. They are also pitched against the thew and speed on Eastern courses, and in the melancholy days of November these aggressive young scullers will have abundant consolation.

The club membership, active, honorary and past, numbers 210. Of this roster about 150 are active. The club color is alternate red and blue.

The club is a powerful factor of Winnipeg social life, and within its fold may be found some of the best blood of Canada. For its method in exercise, its form, and much of its late success the club acknowledges much to its trainer, Mr. Daniel Murphy, of Boston, Mass., a sculling champion of renown and favor in the older class of American scullers. He made his coaching attractive to his men, and his manner of training has proved most efficient.

The officers and directorate of the club are: Patron, Sir Donald A. Smith, K. C. M. G.; president, W. F. Alloway; vice-presidents, L. A. Hamilton, J. B. Mather, E. W. H. Van Allen; captain, G. F. Galt; vice-captain, J. H. Turnbull; honorary treasurer, J. D. Morice; honorary secretary, P. A. Macdonald. Committee: A. C. L. Fox, F. L. Patton, A. A. Andrews, M. F. Christie, E. D. Carey, W. H. Thompson, F. W. Heubach, E. M. Robinson, Geo. L. Tempest, A. B. Clarke, T. H. Verner, G. P. R. Harris, B. E. Chaffey.

The Winnipeg club is the strongest and most enterprising body of athletic sportsmen in Manitoba. Its personnel consists of men of rare good fellowship, with a high endeavor in all wholesome sport, and strong, hearty and bold in its indulgence. As rivals, the Winnipegs are fair, honest, fearless, and as for club zeal and fraternal attachment, there are none more loyal than these sturdy fellows from the Red River of the north.

TABLE OF WINNERS MINNESOTA AND WINNIPEG ROWING ASSOCIATION.

SENIOR FOUR.		
Year.		Time.
1886	—Winnipeg, 1½ miles straight....	8:56
1887	—Winnipeg, 1½ miles straight....	8:25
1888	—Lurline, 1½ miles straight.....	8:15
1889	—Winnipeg, 1½ miles straight....	10:12
1890	—Lurline, 1½ miles straight.....	9:08½
1891	—Winnipeg, 1½ miles straight....	9:11

JUNIOR FOUR.		
Year.		Time.
1886	—Winnipeg, 2 miles turn.....	13:07
1887	—St. Paul, 2 miles turn.....	13:10¾
1888	—Lurline, 1½ miles turn.....	9:25
1889	—Minnesota, 1½ miles turn.....	9:41
1890	—Winnipeg, 1½ miles turn.....	8:59
1891	—Lurline, 1½ miles straight.....	8:10

JUNIOR SINGLE.		
1886	—L. Watson, Lurline, 2 miles turn	16:07
1887	—H. P. Watson, Lurline B. C., 1½ miles turn.....	*
1888	—C. E. Wheeler, Lurline B. C., and H. Galt, Winnipeg R. C., dead heat....	10:42
1889	—H. D. Pearson, Duluth B. C., 1½ miles turn.....	11:15
1890	—G. O. Nettleton, Minnesota B. C., 1¼ miles turn.....	10:35
1891	—W. H. Thompson, Winnipeg R. C., 1½ miles.....	9:28¾

JUNIOR DOUBLE.		
1886	—A. C. L. Fox, D. L. Dewar, Winnipeg R. C., 2 miles turn..	14:21
1887	—H. P. Watson, C. Libby, Lurline B. C., 2 miles turn.....	15:42
1888	—G. L. Taylor, C. E. Wheeler, Lurline B. C., 1½ miles turn..	9:08½
1889	—R. J. Knox, W. H. Brown, Minnesota B. C., 1¼ miles turn...	10:22¼
1890	—G. O. Nettleton, J. Paget, Minnesota B. C., 1½ miles turn...	10:09
1891	—F. L. Patton, W. H. Thompson, Winnipeg R. C., 1½ miles....	8:47

SENIOR DOUBLE.		
1887	—A. C. L. Fox, J. H. Turnbull, Winnipeg R. C., 2 miles turn..	13:12
1888	—A. C. L. Fox, J. H. Turnbull, Winnipeg R. C., 1½ miles turn.	10:35
1889	—A. C. L. Fox, J. H. Turnbull, Winnipeg R. C., 1½ miles turn.	10:48
1890	—G. O. Nettleton, W. H. Brown, Minnesota B. C., 1½ miles turn	10:17½

SENIOR SINGLE.		
1887	—J. E. Muchmore, Lurline B. C., 2 miles turn.....	14:52½
1888	—J. E. Muchmore, Lurline B. C., 1½ miles turn.....	10:13½
1889	—A. C. L. Fox, Winnipeg R. C., 1½ miles turn.....	11:02
1890	—A. C. L. Fox, Winnipeg R. C., 1½ miles turn.....	10:32
1891	—G. O. Nettleton, Minnesota B. C., 1½ miles.....	11:22

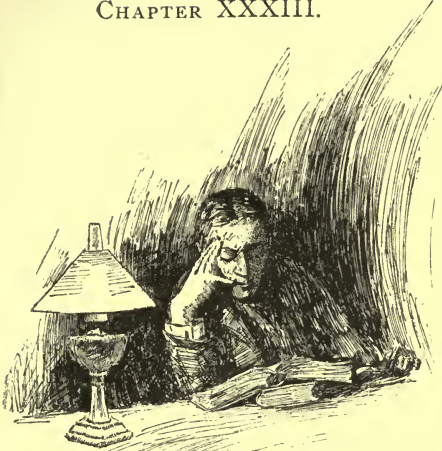
* No time taken.



HARRY'S CAREER AT YALE.

BY JOHN SEYMOUR WOOD.

CHAPTER XXXIII.



THE sophomore year at Yale is often a repetition of freshman year in the warfare between the two lower classes. It is not always that the sophs are the instigators of the mischief. Sometimes freshmen are very bold and obstreperous, and require disciplining. Fagging, such as Tom Brown at Rugby knew, never obtained at Yale, even in the last century, because in America "even the boys were independent and proud and full of personal pride and manfulness."* They were more obsequious than at the present day to upper classmen, touched their caps (all wore caps in college, except seniors, in those early days) and probably ran on a few errands, but no one had his especial fag, or servant, among the freshmen. The institution of hazing dates from time immemorial. Doubtless freshmen always have been very green, and always fell a prey to fun-loving students. It is often the young lad's first venture from "home and mother." Nowadays the lad so often goes away to a preparatory school, where he learns a great deal about college life, that he never comes to pass his entrance examination quite an ignoramus.

There came to college in the class of Umpty-five a young lad by the name of Bogey, whom our sophomore crowd claimed to be greener and more ridiculous than even Lambda Chi Briggs ever thought of being. Barney said himself that that "red-haired yowling terror of a freshman, Bogey, orter be took down an' a reef took in his sails."

He lived (as all freshmen were compelled to do, owing to lack of dormitories) in a boarding-house on Elm street. There were several other freshmen in the house, and the plan was to quietly get into Bogey's room, then lock every one else out and fumigate the freshman to their hearts' content.

About 9:30 o'clock one night in November half a dozen sophs stole out of old south middle. Each had a clay pipe and plenty of tobacco. Arrived on the street, near Bogey's boarding-house, they put on black masks.

Harry was expecting to go on this expedition to Bogey's room, but Harding sent for him, and there was to be a baseball consultation in the captain's room, in south, over a proposition from Harvard to play three games next year instead of one only. Steele was in the crowd—quite changed from freshman year, too, for he had succeeded in growing a formidable mustache.

They strolled along the brick sidewalks two by two. Presently Ritch struck up

"Room, boys, room!

By the light of the moon!

Isn't this a jolly night to find your way home!"

and they all joined. As they passed a freshman's window they sang out: "Put out that light, freshy!"

And generally a window flew up, a freshman's head flew out, and a taunting reply was flung after them.

"It's a red-hot, cheeky class," said Steele, "and it needs to be 'tuk down,' as Barney says."

"But if you think we're going to have a picnic on an easy time with Bogey you're mistaken," spoke up Jack hotly. "There'll be two freshmen to every one of us. It's a fight from the word 'go.'"

* See letters of Lafayette, 1804.

It's no soft snap. Bogey knows we're after him. Depend upon it, it will be a tough old 'hit-from-the-shoulder' row. I'm glad we've all got on our 'mud' clothes. All the night-rushes put together this year won't equal to-night—mark my word! There's Stillman, whom Bob Clark says shall go straight onto the 'varsity crew—he's a young ox—the strongest man at Andover last year—he rooms in the same house."

"Yes, and there is McCullogh, the freshman single sculler, who is captain of their crew; he lives there, too," said Ritch, "and they say he swears he'll get even for the rough initiation we gave him into Delta Kap. So get ready, boys! It's to be a scrimmage—and we may get left."

They heard footsteps, of some one on the run, behind them.

"Stop him if he's 'fresh!'" whispered Jack. It was Caswell. "Why didn't you tell me of this?" he sang out, out of breath. "I went up to your room, Jack, and no one was there but little Nevers, crouching down before the fire with Stamp's head in his lap. He said you were all out after Bogey, and were bound to get into trouble—well, I thought I'd like to be in it, too."

"We thought you were off doing the society racket on Temple street," said Jack, alluding to a dance that was to take place at the residence of a well-known resident of New Haven that night, to which *he* was not invited.

"Well—I'll take that in later," said Caswell laughingly.

Neither he nor Holland quite occupied the place in Umpty-four they had filled in Umpty-three a year ago. Men who drop back into a lower class are seldom as popular as they were in their own.



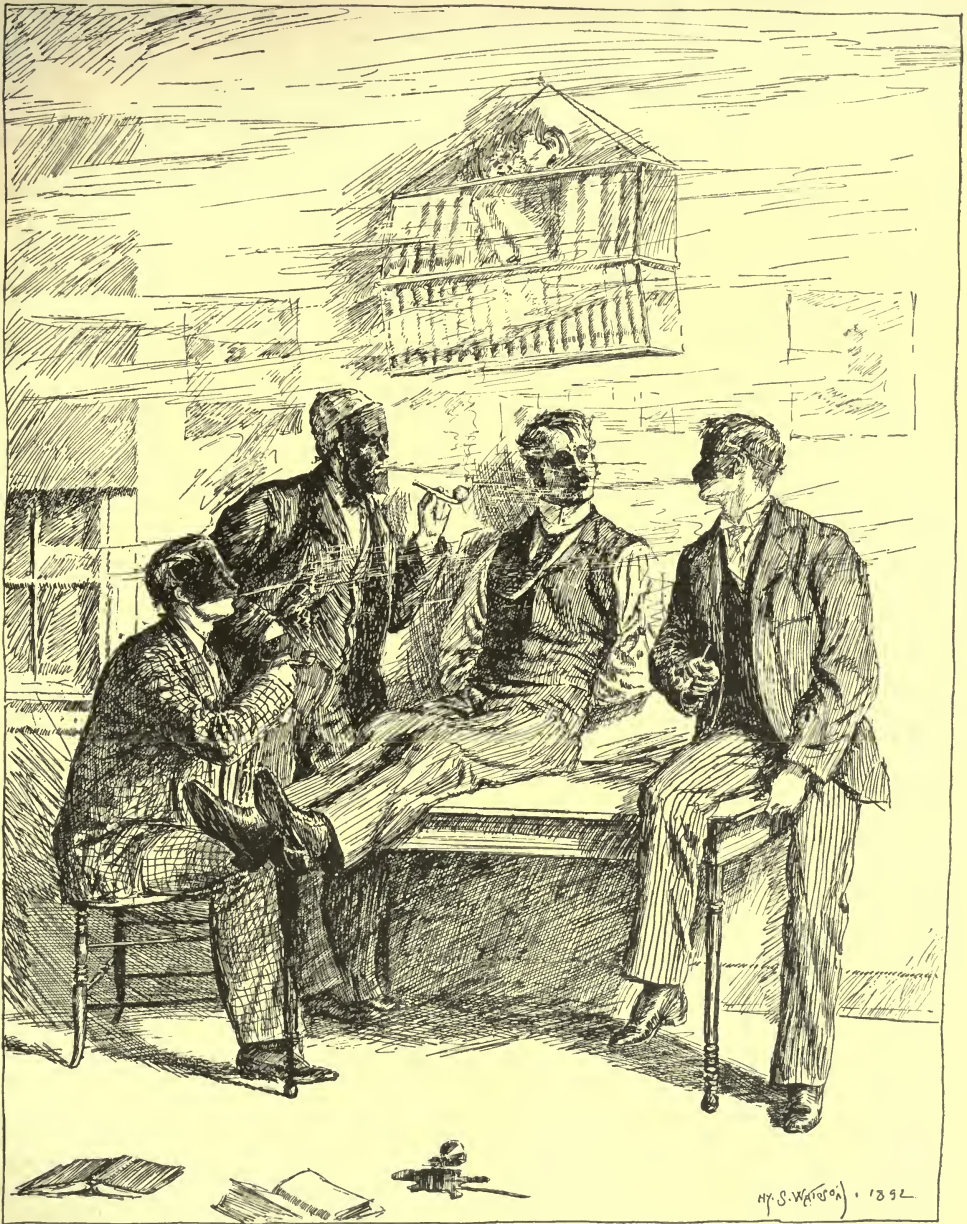
He was not the unmitigated "terror" he had been. At first, like Paul before conversion, he had gone about breathing threatenings and slaughter. Then he had openly asserted that this rowing between classes was "brutal" and ought to be abolished. It really astonished Jack and his friends to see him so ready to mingle in the fray once more. October had been a "rough-and-tumble" month. There was a rush of some sort nearly every night. Every one had ready their "mud" clothes, adapted to wrestling 'neath the dim light of some glimmering street lamp. The days of "glorious barbarities" were not then over. The modern sophomore probably looks upon such long-continued animosity as "ungentlemanly" and absurd. The days whereof we write are perhaps passed forever, gentle reader, but, while they existed, developed a certain hardy manhood, and kindled a certain sense of respect for personal courage and "sand." There were real *heroes* in those days, and "Chestnuts," as Harry was called, was one of them.



CHAPTER XXXIV.

PRESENTLY the gallant little band of sophs—setting out on the laudable errand of smoking out the freshman Bogey—arrived within close proximity to the latter's boarding-house. The night was not very dark, and they drew closely together in the friendly obscurity of an alley to consult as to the best method of approach. Should they boldly go up in a body or one at a time?

It was decided to steal up softly, and yet in a body in Indian file. So, Jack leading, up they went—seven maskers—bent on their fell design. At the top of the stairs, as luck would have it, two freshmen happened to be coming down.



"ALL PROCEEDED TO LIGHT THEIR PIPES." (p. 322.)

They immediately ran back upstairs, shouting "Lambda Chi!" at the top of their lungs. Of course, Jack and the sophs hurried up, and bursting into Bogey's room, hastily slammed the door to. Bogey looked up from where he sat. When he realized what was going on, he hurled text-book, lexicon and patent framework at the heads of the sophs

and made a break for a window. He was quick as a cat and strong as a colt, but he wasn't too quick for Jack to nab him and trip him up. He began to shout like a shrill newsboy.

"See here, freshman, shut up!" said Caswell sternly. "Your doom is sealed, and you had better make your peace with Heaven, and die in quiet."

Bogey at once kicked the harder and yelled the louder. As the freshmen were by this time trying to break in the heavy door of the room, Jack left Caswell to hold Bogey, and joined the others in holding the barricade. Very heavy pressure was being brought to bear outside.

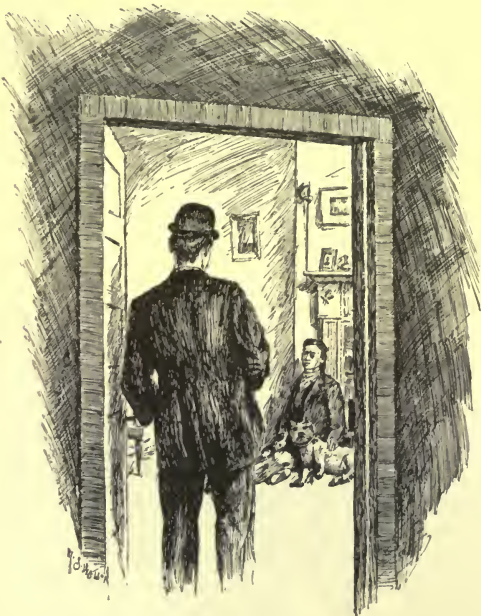
Meanwhile Caswell was having all he could do to hold Bogey. Jack pounced on Bogey and tied his hands behind him with a strap he had brought for the purpose—and he was harmless.

Bang—thump—bang! It shook the whole house! Would the door resist that attack?

"A nice brave lot you are—seven onto one!" laughed Bogey. "Oh, I know you, and we fellows in Umpty-five will make *your* life miserable, Mr. Caswell!"

"Shut up, freshman!"—in sepulchral tones.

All proceeded to light their pipes, taking care to blow their clouds of smoke always in Bogey's direction. Presently the room was dense and thick with smoke, so that you could cut it with a knife. The banging at the door ceased, and Jack correctly surmised that the freshmen had gone in search of some heavy article which they could use as a battering-ram.



"NO ONE WAS THERE BUT NEVERS." (p. 320.)

"Say, see here," coughed poor Bogey in the dense smoke of seven puffing pipes, "you'd better get out of here. My class will be back here a hundred strong in five minutes——"

"Freshman, sing a song!" called out a mask, solemnly.

Bogey, coughing and swearing, sang:

When freshman—first I came—to Yale—
ALL. Fol—de rol—de roll—rol rol!

When Bogey got through sputtering and stammering out his song, they called on him for a speech; this is what they had to endure:

"Gentlemen of the great class of Umpty-four:

"At this entirely unexpected and, I assure you, gentlemen, entirely unsolicited honor, my feelings nearly overcome me. That *I*, a humble freshman, only lately from the 'wild and woolly' should be singled out to be offered incense to as a god, completely unmans me. I am too well aware that Umpty-four is low down enough to worship almost anything in the firmament [murmurs of rage], but that they should select poor unpretending me, passes the wonders of the times."

"See here, freshman, don't think too small pumpkins of yourself—it isn't like you," growled Coles. Meanwhile the smoke grew thicker and thicker, so that poor Bogey was all but invisible in the cloud.

"Go on! Go on!" they shouted. "Well, gentlemen, I will go on. I'm no hog on smoke, though, nor ham either, and if you prefer smoked herring you can get it cheap down at the corner grocery. Perhaps you take me for a Yarmouth bloater—but I can tell you right here and now, I don't intend to bloat worth a cent. Why, I'm used to smoke—lived in a ham-curing establishment in Cincinnati three years."

Jim Danforth, who ordinarily was rather a quiet performer at these hazing performances, at this speech gave the table a kick, and down came Bogey in a heap. Jack caught him in his arms. He was pale and sick and dizzy.

"I'm knocked out," he gasped. Jack carried him to a window, and opening it, placed Bogey's limp form across the sill.

Meanwhile the sophs were made aware that the freshmen had returned with reinforcements. They had procured

a heavy battering-ram, by means of which the door began to give signs of falling inward. Caswell danced up and down at every thump now. He fairly ached in his excitement for the row that was to come.

Ritch was for jumping out of the window into the soft flower-beds below, but Caswell would not hear of it. "Let them be twenty—thirty to one!" he shouted—for the noise was now very great—"what do we care?—we're going out of that door and down the stairs and out like gentlemen!" At the instant the hinges flew off the door, and it fell inward over the furniture they had piled up against it with a mighty crash. Stilwell was the first freshman to leap over the debris. Jack and Danforth caught him, whirled him to a window and threw him out. It was now hit from the shoulder, hot and heavy. Jack and his friends got their backs up to the wall and knocked down freshmen as they came up as if they were nine-pins. The freshmen were tough and strong, but had little science. They surged about the sophs, yelling and swearing to kill them. But the sophs slowly beat a retreat, not without many a blow. Down the stairs they went fighting and shouting, and out into the street. Here a great crowd of "townies" had gathered, and two policemen came running up, waving their clubs, and threatening to arrest every mother's son. Instantly fresh and soph turned on the "peelers." The "townies" joined in the cause of the latter, and it was now "Yale against the town."

A huge "towny," well known as an ex-prize fighter, a boxing teacher, and a man who hung about Gradley's bar-room waiting for odd jobs, came running up, and taking in the situation, fought on the students' side. He didn't care very much *whom* he hit, provided he hit something, and he bowled over one or two students by accident. It was now a great

fight all along the line. Caswell was knocked senseless and his head cut open by a heavy stone, and then came the well-known cry of "*Faculty!*" "*Faculty!*"

Ritch came running up, "They've arrested Coles!" he cried. "Shall it be a rescue?" Four peelers are walking him down across the green to the City Hall.

Others came up. Jack and Jim Danforth and Ritch started on a run between the chapel and north middle, cross lots to where poor unfortunate Coles was being dragged. On the edge of the crowd was a stocky, well-built young man who seemed to be prowling about as with an object—a serious object—in view.

"By gad, Harry! it's you, is it?" cried Ritch as they came up. "Oh! we've had a time!"

"Hush! I know," said Harry; "I just came out of Harding's room and heard the racket. They've got Coles—and there will be the devil's own time if they lock him up. The faculty will visit on *him* the whole affair—especially if it leaks out he was in your hazing crowd. They will expel him."

Harry took in the situation quickly. Coles was watching. When they dropped his arms to pass the gate, he dropped on his hands, and the peeler in the rear received a stinging blow behind the ear from Harry's right. It stunned him, and Coles got away like a deer. Harry walked leisurely away as if nothing had happened.

"It's him that sthruck ye's!" pointed out a small "towny."

Harry quietly took off his coat. The peelers started for him, but he spurted off in the direction of old Trinity Church. Coles made a wide circuit, and in ten minutes was in his room and in bed. One by one all the sophs dropped back very quietly to south middle. The great row was over, and—best of all—no one was caught.



THE ST. LAWRENCE SKIFF.

BY C. BOWYER VAUX.



THE CLAYTON BOATMAN'S SKIFF.

SYSTEMATIC skiff-racing had its birth in Brockville, of which place a writer truly says: "There is probably no place in the world with better natural facilities for pleasure-boating, and no place where these advantages are more keenly appreciated by the lovers of aquatics, than at Brockville, a town on the Canadian side of the St. Lawrence River, at the very foot of the far-famed Thousand Islands.

The skiff, as a distinctive racing boat, is an evolution and direct result of the American Canoe Association's annual meets, the fifth of which was held in August, 1884, on Grindstone Island, Eel Bay, St. Lawrence, six miles from Clayton, seven from Gananoque and an easy day's journey in a skiff from Brockville. The association was then four years old, had a good code of racing rules and had learned how to conduct a regatta successfully, besides dividing the fleet into classes and adopting limits beyond which the canoemen must not go in length, beam, etc. This was the most largely attended meet the canoemen had up to that time held, and members came from far and near. Boston, New York, Rochester, Oswego, Toronto, Montreal, Kingston, Peterborough and many other localities were represented, and naturally every variety in rig and build that the inventive brain of the canoeman could conceive were represented. The Americans came by the way of Clayton, and

most of the Canadians via Gananoque. During their two weeks' stay on the island the canoemen visited in their canoes all the interesting places in the vicinity, and visitors from all the river towns came to witness the racing.

A large party of boatmen from Brockville were in camp. They sailed up the river to Grindstone in their skiffs and canoes, bringing their camping outfits and provisions with them; and after the meet they sailed home again in company with a number of canoemen who had leisure for a cruise. They took back with them many new ideas about boats, rigs, races and sails, which were digested during the Winter and were put to the practical test the following season. Then began the series of skiff-races on scientific principles, which have gone on developing each year since, quite as fast as the canoe-racing and racers have progressed, and on practically the same lines.

The A. C. A. returned to Grindstone Island in 1885 and 1886, and the Brockville men were on hand, some of them with canoes built at home, equal to any in the camp. In 1887, on Lake Champlain, Mr. Ford Jones, in a Brockville canoe, was near the head in the sailing races, and the following year, on Lake George, he won prizes. When the A. C. A. again returned to the St. Lawrence in 1889, near its old camp ground, those who remembered the skiffs of '84 were surprised to note the changes that had taken place and the beauty of rig and lines of the new craft. That year Mr. Ford Jones won the A. C. A. sailing trophy, and he has successfully defended it every year since in his Brockville-built canoe *Canuck*. He and his brother are veteran skiff-sailors, and the improvements in hull and rig and the present perfection of the racing skiff are in no small degree due to them.

There has always existed a keen rivalry in sailing between the boatmen of the different towns along the river, American and Canadian, and when Brockville took such a jump ahead about the year 1885, the successful

boats there in the local races were challenged by the racers of Prescott. Then Gananoque took a hand in the game, and that brought in Clayton. Finally the match races included boats from Clayton and Ogdensburgh—Americans—and Kingston, Gananoque, Prescott and Brockville—Canadians. The races were held off each town on the river in turn, and the keenest interest was taken in them, the whole town turning out to see the contest on race days.

The racing interest was worked up to fever-heat in 1889 by more or less boasting on the part of some over-enthusiastic Clayton boatmen, which was equaled by claims of a championship won by the skiff-sailors on the other side of the river. Up to this time no rules governed the size of boats or sail-areas carried, and where the skiffs were originally sailed by two men the crews had been increased and no agreement had been reached as to how many men should compose a crew. Some ill feeling was caused by the entering of races of larger boats than those usually built, although no limits had ever been agreed upon. It was, therefore, apparent that if good sport was to be looked for in the future, it was absolutely necessary for the interested parties to get together and come to some mutual understanding on the vexed questions.

The 1889 championship was won by skiff *Yurka*, owned by W. J. Wallace, of Montreal.

Before the season of 1890 opened, a meeting of skiff-sailors was arranged for, and it took place at Prescott on May 15th. Delegates were elected by the different sailing clubs to attend the meeting, and they were instructed to organize an association and frame rules to govern the races, and define in terms a "sailing skiff." The St. Lawrence Sailing Skiff Association was organized, and the following officers elected: Commodore, H. G. Wiser, Prescott; vice-commodore, Dr. Bain, Clayton; secretary, A. R. Porte, Ogdensburgh; pursuer, H. E. Walton, Gananoque. Regatta Committee: D. H. Lyons, Ogdensburgh; Neil McLean, Brockville; H. E. Walton, Gananoque; Dr. Bain, Clayton, and H. G. Wiser, Prescott. The framing of a definition of a skiff came near breaking up the meeting, so varied and apparently diametrically opposed were many of the opinions expressed.

Finally it was agreed "that any skiff, to compete in the races of this association, must be sharp at both ends, with no counter-stern or transom. In measurement it must be such a boat that the extreme length in feet, multiplied by the extreme beam in feet, must not exceed a product of 88," etc., etc. No limit was placed on ballast, number of crew, sail-area or depth.

Seventeen races were sailed in 1890, and some of the events had as many as twenty skiffs cross the line at the start. The *Choctaw* won the championship, owned by Frank P. Jones, Gananoque. The first year, therefore, of the association was certainly a very successful one.

A clearer idea of the rapid development of the racing skiff can be given, perhaps, by noting the increase in sail-area than in any other way. When the sailing skiffs began their career, 150 square feet of sail was considered a very large spread. The racing skiffs of today—boats very little, if any, larger than those on which sails were first hoisted—carry in ordinary racing weather from 350 to 400 square feet. The bat's-wing batten-sail is used, as in this



CHAMPION SAILING SKIFF, "ST. LAWRENCE."

shape a large area, with a low center of effort, can be obtained. The lower battens also help matters in reefing. The modern racing skiff is the fastest sailing craft afloat for its displacement—possibly the canoe excepted. These boats usually draw from five to about nine inches—rarely, if ever, more than the latter figure. The masts and spars are grown sticks. The *Akake* is one of the few skiffs having stays on the masts. The cost of a racing skiff rigged is between \$250 and \$300. Some of these boats have large copper air-tanks in each end as an additional protection against sinking. Others have simply the air-chambers formed by the bulkheads. It is worthy of note also that up to the present time not a single accident of a serious nature has occurred in connection with the racing fleet.

The racing skiff of 1891 is exactly like a canoe—is, in fact, a big canoe. Twenty-two feet long and four in beam, it is sharp at both ends, has metal rudder and plate centerboard, pointed, flare coaming, and it is all decked over except the cockpit, which is large enough to accommodate six men, with no room to spare. The form of the hull, disposition of sail-area and shape of sails, and the method of sailing are all borrowed directly from the canoemen. Skiff-racing is canoe-sailing on a large scale. The skiffs are varnished boats, and are housed when not in use. The racing boats are never left at anchor, although it takes fully an hour to get one out of the house and rigged ready for sailing. To attain great speed a well-designed hull and properly cut and rigged sails are necessary; but the most important item is a clever skipper and a well-drilled crew.

The multitude of fortunate people who are able to visit the Thousand Islands and the St. Lawrence in the Summer are all familiar with the skiff, and depend on it for a large part of their vacation pleasure. This boat has been described in print many times, and its good points have been so well appreciated that it is now to be found on many inland lakes and rivers, and it is not unknown even in Florida. The ordinary skiff is an open boat about nineteen feet in length by three feet six wide. There is a short bit of deck at each end—bow and stern are sharp—and oars are used. A folding centerboard is forward, and a single sprit-sail can be raised when there is a

breeze. The sailing is done by trim, centerboard and handling of the sheet. Two revolving chairs with backs and no legs furnish comfortable seats for the passengers while sailing, fishing or rowing, and the oarsman sits on an ordinary thwart. Thousands of these boats are to be seen on the river between Kingston and Brockville. All the hotels have a plentiful supply, and the fleet is called a boat livery. The Atwood folding board was the invention of a hardware dealer. The introduction of this device about ten years ago, resulted in the transformation of the fleet of purely rowing boats into combined rowing and sailing skiffs.

The following extract, taken from an illustrated article on skiffs published in *The American Canoeist* April, 1886, is a true description of the boat in use to-day:

“Every visitor to the Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence, knowing anything about boats, is at once struck with the beauty and usefulness of the Clayton skiff. This boat is eminently fitted to its purpose—comfortable, safe, fast and easily handled. It is a rowboat carrying one pair of oars forward, with room aft for two or more persons. Instead of the usual uncomfortable seats, easy chairs are fitted in. The bow is quite high, to stand a pretty heavy sea, often met with in the reaches between the islands. The folding Atwood board is placed well forward, and a single sprit-sail is carried. The boat has no rudder, but is steered entirely by the sail, board and trim, and a nice adjustment of all three makes this a very easy and delightful piece of work. The boat is used for pleasure, rowing, sailing and fishing; and in no way can a day be more delightfully spent than cruising among the islands in one, including the most attractive meal a man can sit down to—a Clayton boatman's ‘shore dinner.’ When not in use, the sail is furled to the mast, and mast, sprit and sail laid along the seats at one side. The oars are pivoted on pins let into sockets, and can be dropped at any moment without fear of their being lost. They cannot be feathered, of course. Sailing on the wind, the board is dropped down, sail brought in flat and the boat trimmed a little by the head. By placing the live ballast well forward she shoots up into the wind and is easily brought about. Running free, the board is up, ballast clear aft and sheets eased off.”

The racing skiff is an entirely different craft. It is larger, to begin with, has a plate board and a very perfect steering gear, is decked over and rigged with two sails always, sometimes three—when a jib is set—and, like a canoe, carries the larger sail forward.

The plate board and rudder were first adopted by the Brockville builders.

One fine morning last September I found myself on the shore of the St. Lawrence aboard the ferry-boat for Brockville.

Across the river I saw several skiffs were sailing about, and I noticed that they spread more sail than I had ever seen on a boat of their size. Some one on the ferry-boat informed me that there was to be a skiff-race in the afternoon, and that boats from the towns up the river were expected to take part in the race and might appear at any moment.

Just as we were landing from the ferry, and the customs officer was inspecting my small hand-bag, a launch hove in sight with four skiffs in tow, and I heard an excited bystander exclaim:

"There come the Gananoque boats! I wonder where the Clayton men are! Not wind enough for them to sail down, I fancy."

It did not take me long to transact the business that brought me there; and I then strolled down to Sauve's boat-house to have a look at the racers. The whole town had only one topic of conversation—the race.

As I walked out on the staging over the water, I came upon several men who were busily employed in stepping the masts and getting the rigging in order on a very handsome boat, the *Akahe*.

I was in luck. That boat I had heard of—designed by William Gardner, the famous marine architect of New York, built in Clayton for Mr. Wiser, the commodore of the Skiff Sailing Association. She had won the first race she entered earlier in the season and received considerable newspaper attention.

"Would you like to sail her?" queried her genial owner. "Get aboard. Take the stick. Here, Jones, Williams, Ford, jump in and give the New Yorker a chance to see what a skiff will do! It isn't a canoe, but I guess you can 'catch on' in this breeze easy enough."

I protested and begged to be taken as supercargo, but before I realized it the skiff had been shoved off; the first puff

from over the trees had struck the sail, and I had instinctively hyked out as I would have done in a canoe. To my surprise, the others leaned over to windward, too, and all moved together as one man.

We four were seated on the weather side, with our feet in the cockpit, which was almost divided in two by the center-board-trunk, and under a cleat running the length of the trunk, just above the floor-boards, our toes were braced. In this position it was easy to lean far out and come in again quickly as the force of the wind varied, always keeping the boat on an even keel or nearly so. I steered and soon found it was my duty also to trim the mizzen-sheet, which was double, with an end on either side of the deck, within easy reach of the hand on the tiller. The man next to me held the main-sheet, which led from the boom down to and under a pin on the lee-rail, and then up to his hand, so that it could be eased off instantly in case we were struck suddenly by a vicious squall.

My! how that boat did sail! Long, sharp and narrow, she slid through the water without making any fuss, and fairly jumped ahead when a puff struck the sail.

"Shall we come about now?" I asked.

"Whenever you're ready," Ford replied.

"Well, what do I do?"

"Just luff her, and when the mizzen shakes, ease off sheet a little and trim in when she gets on her course again."

"Hard a lee!" and I shoved the stick over. Ford instantly eased up on the main-sheet, and all the crew came in board like lightning. Then, as the bow pointed into the wind, I eased off the mizzen and shifted my position to the other side. The crew did likewise, climbing over the centerboard-trunk and taking their positions on deck as the mainsail filled on the other tack. Then I trimmed in the mizzen, and the men leaned over as a puff shot us ahead on the new course.

The boat was "tender." The slightest variation in the force of the wind affected her; so I asked:

"Is there any ballast aboard?"

"Yes; live ballast, but that's all."

"Well, but how do you keep her up in a blow?—reef?"

"No; we rarely reef in a race. If it blows hard we carry six men. No limit



SAILING SKIFF "CANADIAN."

to crew under the rules. All hyke out and keep her up. She can't sink anyway, because the cockpit is small, as you see, and the bulkheads at each end of it make water-tights of the rest of the hull. If we take any water aboard, which is seldom, we bail it out. When it blows, though, the crew get wet."

"How do you keep her up when you jibe?"

"Easy enough in light weather, but in a stiff breeze the crew must make no mistakes, or we are all in the drink. Just before shifting the helm, one or two of the fellows change over to the lee-side and lean out, and then, as the sails go over, the rest of the fellows get over the trunk lively and lean out ready to take the pressure as the sail brings up on the sheet. Running down the wind, of course, the crew is divided, three on a side, to keep her trim and steady. Everything depends on quick work, every man knowing his business and all working exactly in time with one another."

"What is the bowsprit for?" I asked. "The boat balances perfectly with the main and mizzen, I find."

"Oh! that is for a jib — only set it reaching. It is 'no good' close-hauled. Down the wind we sometimes rig it as a spinnaker."

When we landed a few minutes later, the owner held on to the mast as he stood on the staging, while the crew and I jumped ashore; and I noticed he did not let go when we were all out. The reason was, as I found out later, that the skiffs will not stand up when afloat with masts and sails in, unless one or two men are aboard. The racing rig makes them top-heavy.

The *St. Lawrence* and the *Canadian* were in the boat-house, and I had a chance therefore to examine them carefully. The *St. Lawrence* holds the '91 championship of the river, having won three out of six of the association's championship series of races. The *Canadian* won two and the *Akake* one. The two first-named boats hail from Gananoque.

The time set for the race was 3 o'clock. Long before that hour crowds had collected on the wharves and along the bulkhead, and the most important business in every one's mind seemed to be to view that race. It must be remembered, too, that this was only an extra event. The championship series of six races had been sailed, and neither Clayton nor Ogdensburgh boats had put in an appearance.

The starting line was just off the main pier of the town, and the course was a triangle, three miles, to be sailed over four times, making a twelve-mile race. The first buoy was anchored near the American shore, opposite the town a mile away, and the second buoy was a mile down river and nearer the Canadian shore, so that the boats were in sight during the entire race and their relative positions could be easily judged at any time by those watching from near the starting point.

A warning gun was fired five minutes before the start, and the skiffs began working for good positions. A second warning gun was fired four minutes later, and one minute after that the

starting gun marked the instant from which the time was recorded. It was a flying start ("one gun," in the technical yachting language), and no allowances were made—just the same as the canoe men adopted years ago.

Skiff and canoe sailing races have one great advantage, from the spectators' point of view, over all sailing races, in that the boats are never out of sight, and the entire fleet can be followed from start to finish, greatly adding to the popular interest in the sport.

I never saw a large crowd more interested in, or following with closer attention, an event than those Brockville people followed that skiff-race. It was a sight well worth seeing. The way in which those fellows handled their boats and the enormous sails, was fascinating, and it was a pleasure to note the movements of the crew as they performed their various duties.

The *Pastime* led at the start, with the others closely bunched. As the first buoy was rounded the fleet, which seemed from our shore to be well bunched, spun out into line, one boat behind another. Unfortunately there

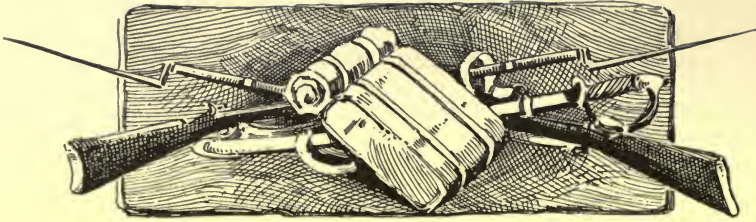
was not enough wind to make a very quick race, but quite enough to keep the boats moving at good pace.

While the sailing race was in progress no end of amusement was furnished the spectators near by in watching a tub-race, and then a greased pole-walking for a five dollar bill at the end of it. The pole was horizontal over the water, and those who slipped off got wet.

It was time for me to leave. A friend kindly offered to row me across to Morristown in a skiff, from which the race could be watched. The *Pastime* completed the course first and started off on the second round, with the *St. Lawrence* gaining on her. As our skiff neared the American shore we passed just ahead of the leaders on their windward leg to second buoy. *Pastime* was still ahead, but the *St. Lawrence* had worked out to windward. Just as my train rolled into the station I took a farewell glance across the river and saw the *St. Lawrence* round the home-mark (for the second time) well in the lead, and as the train rolled away south I knew the champion would again be a sure winner.



THE START, CLAYTON REGATTA, 1891.



THE MILITARY SCHOOLS OF THE UNITED STATES AND THEIR INFLUENCE ON THE NATION.

BY LIEUT. W. R. HAMILTON, U. S. A.



WEST POINT CADET.

"None make better soldiers than those who are transplanted from the region of letters to the fields of war; never scholar became soldier that was not a good and brave man."—*Cervantes.*

THE great nations of all times, and those which have contributed most to the advancement of the human race, whether it be in art, letters or science, have attained their greatness by the sword. As a matter of fact, advancement in civilization has gone hand in hand with the art of war. The adage "the pen is mightier than the sword" must be understood to mean that when the sword prepares the way, the pen then takes the lead, but it maintains it only so long as it has the power of the sword behind it to enforce its decrees. Among the ancients, the Greeks attained their highest and most enlightened state in the half century following the wars with the Persians. It was during the reigns of Cæsar and Augus-

tus that Rome conquered the world, and it was those same reigns that beheld the greatness of her poets and sculptors. During the middle ages the little state of Flanders was wealthier than the rest of Europe combined, yet she lived in a condition of unceasing and bloody war. England has for centuries scarcely had a decade without war, and her period of greatest national peril, the Elizabethan, produced her greatest philosophers and poets. Bacon and Shakespeare were contemporaries of Drake and Raleigh, just as England's great civil war produced a Milton as well as a Cromwell.

We know what the Revolution did for America, and the Rebellion freed 4,000,000 slaves. There is no mistaking that the great symbol of human liberty and freedom is the sword, the sacred palladium to which nations resort after all other means have failed. War has its inconveniences and evils, but whatever they may be, they sink into insignificance in comparison with the ocean of calamity which flows upon society from the abandonment of virtues taught in its rough school. To be worthy of liberty men must be ready to fight for it; for freedom has its enemies as well as its lovers. We must not suffer ourselves to believe that tyranny and ambition have been lulled to repose. Von Moltke says: "Perpetual peace is a dream, and it is not even a beautiful dream. War is an element of the world, ordained by God." It is not a particularly cheerful doctrine, but it is truth. Nothing great or good in this world can be purchased without suffering. Nations, like individuals, rise to power and distinction by the perpetual exertion of

the virtue of self-denial, by diligently watching and waiting, by courage and perseverance, and if we prefer civilization to barbarism, we must be prepared to accept all the consequences of it. When a nation is ignorant, it is tolerant of tyranny and misgovernment, because it does not know in what its rights and privileges, as men, consists. Knowledge dispels the clouds of prejudice. War is the educator, and may, therefore, be regarded as the parent of free and liberal institutions. The science of war is even more—it is humanizing and beneficial in all its influences. In it the highest virtues of man are developed—self-abnegation and courage, faithfulness to duty and a spirit of sacrifice, even to the laying down of one's life. In tracing its history we see how the old brute courage has given way to the infinitely higher courage of to-day. The old art of killing all able-bodied men in the struggle for victory, the butchery of the wounded, the slaving of women and prisoners, tortures, rapine and ruin, have developed into a consideration of the enemy that marks him as one of the great family of men. The dead are buried, the wounded cared for, prisoners treated as men, and, in fact, war has become a science wherein all the humanities show to their fullest extent. Man fights with an individual responsibility, and as much depends on the action of the private soldier to-day as formerly depended on an entire battalion. Men

go to battle not to see their enemies, but to be struck down by invisible missiles. They have not the animal feeling of revenge left to them, for they know not from where the missile comes or who sends it. Their duty is not of the fearfully active sort, but consists rather in passively submitting to be killed without knowledge of the time or place; in obeying orders simply because it is duty to do so, though there be no glory, no revenge, no profit, to be gained thereby, nothing but death and obscurity. Yet who is there who will not say that, through it all, the world is steadily growing better, and that the nations of the earth who to-day stand highest up the ladder of civilization are those who have gone through the ordeal by fire and sword and the baptism of blood to the greatest extent? Now all civilized people are trained in war—not as soldiers only, but in the whole science, for the private of to-day would have made the general of a thousand years ago. War goes hand in hand with civilization, and just so sure as a nation gives itself up to luxury and licentiousness, and omits military training and discipline, it sinks, like Rome of old, back into darkness. And war means education—not only education of a nation, but education of the individual as well, and the successful soldier of to-day must understand all arts, all sciences, all professions; and those requisites that go to make the perfect soldier are just those that make



UNITED STATES SCHOOL OF SIGNAL INSTRUCTION. SIGNAL SQUAD AT PRACTICE.



COL. J. M. WILSON, U. S. A.,
Superintendent United States Military
Academy, West Point.

the best citizen—fidelity to the cause, faith in its justness, confidence in the leaders, hope for the future, loyalty to our country, charity to the enemy, patience and courage under all trials and self-reliance. The profession of arms encourages these virtues and gives the fullest scope for putting them into practice. In the end war will prove its own destruction, but the end is not yet.

It is noteworthy to remark that every great educational movement has occurred just after a great war, in which the educators have taken part. German scholars and German teachings have never been so popular as during the last twenty years, since Germany conquered her great rival, France, who, before that time, gave to Europe the majority of great savants and scientists, as well as warriors. If we look into the individual history of great generals, we find them almost all men of good and extensive education—not purely military, but of such a character as would distinguish them in civil walks of life. Their lives have moulded and formed the history and lives of the countries and nations to which they belonged. Knowledge, experience and energy are the elements of success in any undertaking or profession of life. But to be great generals, as well as to be great poets, or artists, or inventors, requires genius to conceive great projects. Alexander was

instructed by Aristotle in all the annals of Grecian history, and became himself an annotator of the Iliad. Cæsar was a great author and a master of eloquence. Napoleon said: "Do you think that if I had not been general-in-chief, and the instrument of fate to a mighty nation, that I would have accepted place and dependence? No; I would have thrown myself into the study of the exact sciences. My path would have been that of Galileo and Newton; and since I have always succeeded in my great enterprises, I should have highly distinguished myself also in my scientific labors. I should have left the memory of magnificent discoveries." Hannibal was a learned pupil of Hamilcar. Turenne, Maurice, Gustavus Adolphus, Condé, Prince Eugene, Frederick the Great, Wellington, were all learned men. Cullom says: "In our days we no longer believe in 'heaven-born' generals. It is agreed that modern war is the offspring of science and civilization; that it has its rules and principles, which it is necessary to thoroughly master before being worthy to command . . . It is mind, disciplined and instructed, which leads armies and builds up empires—mind not stultified with pedantry, but developed by thought and inward will, conferring the power of discerning, analyzing and combining means essential to an end."

The value of a military education, in the



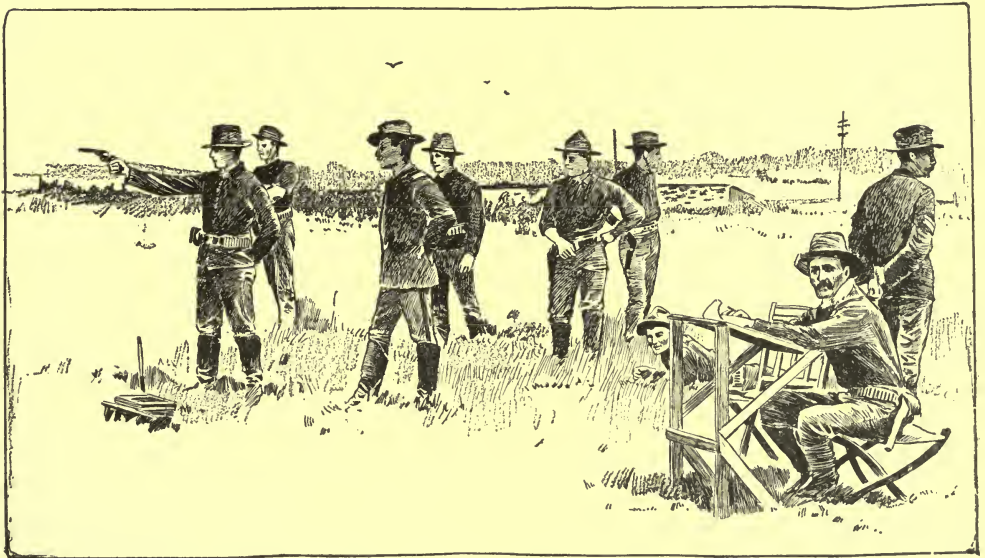
LT.-COL. ROYAL T. FRANK, U. S. A.,
Commandant United States Artillery
School, Fortress Monroe.



COL. JAS. W. FORSYTH, U. S. A.,
Commandant United States School of
Cavalry and Light Artillery,
Fort Riley.

Revolution, as exemplified by Steuben, La Fayette; Kosciusko and Washington, resulted in the establishment of our great republic. General Scott, himself not a graduate of West Point, said of the Mexican War: "I give it as my fixed opinion that, but for our graduated cadets, the war between the United States and Mexico might, and probably would, have lasted some four or five years, with, in its first half, more defeats than victories falling to our share; whereas in less than two campaigns we conquered a great country and secured a peace without the loss of a battle or skirmish." At the outbreak of the Rebellion it was the military gradu-

value of educated officers, it was the habit of our people to declaim against anything of a military character. A military education was looked upon by troubled parents as the last resort by which unruly sons were to be brought up. And to-day, a quarter of a century having elapsed since the Rebellion, there are many who assert the positive disadvantages of a military education, and who in particular direct their powers of pen and speech against West Point. But without going into an argument on the subject, let us glance at the following table of graduates of that institution, of those who have taken up civil pursuits. Glancing at this table, we find that all



CAVALRY PISTOL PRACTICE, UNITED STATES ARMY.

ates who were pitted against civilians, and it was not till the people had learned, through defeat, that in time of need we had best trust to experts alone. In looking over the list of great generals of that war—Grant, Sherman, Lee, Johnston and Thomas—and coupling them with Von Moltke, Todleben, Wolseley and others of modern times, and noticing that all were also distinguished in fields of letters and science, who is there who can say that their lives have not wielded powerful influences in shaping the destinies of nations, and the customs, habits and lives of their peoples?

Until the Mexican War proved the

professions and trades are represented—not in a mediocre way, but shining with such brilliancy that proves that the highest rounds of the ladder of fame have been attained. Great historians like Copee and Ripley, novelists like Hardy and King, artists like Whistler, astronomers like Mitchell, lawyers like Matthew H. Carpenter, scientists, ministers, doctors, etc., we find them holding positions of trust from the humblest to the highest gift in the power of the nation to give. Out of 3,300 men specially graduated for the military profession, nearly 2,000, or 60 per cent., have attained distinction in the purely civil pursuits of life:

TABLE I.*

1	President of the United States.
9	United States Ministers to foreign states.
3	United States charge d'affaires.
109	United States civil officers.
7	Lieutenant-Governors.
10	Presiding officers of State Senates and Houses of Representatives.
109	State officers.
202	officers of State militia.
38	city officers.
143	principals, regents, professors, teachers, chancellors, etc.
23	members of the United States Cabinet.
7	United States Consuls.
37	United States Senators and Representatives.
13	Governors of States and Territories.
06	members of State Legislatures.
14	Adjutant-Generals of States.
7	Mayors of cities.
32	presidents of colleges, etc.
146	authors.
12	bankers.
7	bank presidents.
15	bank officers.
3	artists.
7	architects.
19	editors.
140	counselors at law and attorneys.
12	judges.
29	clergymen.
3	bishops.
14	physicians.
90	merchants.
51	manufacturers.
106	civil engineers.
57	presidents of railroads and corporations.
09	chief engineers of railroads.
30	superintendents and treasurers of public works.
15	Chief Engineers of States.
1	Superintendent of Coast Survey.
6	Surveyors-General of States.
7	superintendents of electrical companies.

A perusal of this table must convince any one that the influence of our military educated men has made deep and lasting impressions on the nation, and to a certain extent moulded sentiment, public opinion and the character of the people.

There is an old saying, "like father, like son," which, in the case of nations, might be well reversed. Certain it is that as a nation educates its youth, so in course of time does the nation itself become. In the infancy of the United States the nation, just born after a long and hard war, came into possession of a vast continent, mostly unexplored and uninhabited, but possessing untold wealth and marvelous resources. All the energy of the people was turned toward developing, not the nation, but the country, and we soon came to believe that greatness consisted in wealth only. It was forgotten that Rome, Greece and Persia, at the epoch they attained their greatest wealth, became imbued with ideas and customs of luxury that begat their downfall. How narrowly we escaped falling likewise, in 1861-5, we all know. The lessons of the great war were learned through terrible sufferings, but they infused in our

people a new life and new impulses, and, in the terrific energy of the nation to become great as well as powerful, influences have been created, surrounding the young men of to-day, that are entirely different from those of all other times. The great factor of individual greatness is knowledge—knowledge of art, science, law and religion. But, though knowledge is power, in order to be lasting and produce great and good conditions it must have restraining influences placed upon it. And this is not the case with the young man of to-day. He is practically self-taught. He jumps from boyhood to manhood at a single bound, and at an age when formerly he was considered but a child in leading-strings. Too often, alas! his great knowledge makes him shiftless, lawless, cynical and irreverent. His ideas of duty, of obedience, of respect to old age and his parents, are too often a bar to what he is pleased to term his independence and liberty.

As he reaches man's estate with this feeling, liberty is distorted by him into license, and independence into lawlessness. This is not his fault—it is the spirit of the age, and the necessity he feels under of being, or seeming to be, a little more than his fellows; the many allurements open to him, and the few bonds and restraining influences thrown around him.

To attain the best and higher types of manhood, knowledge alone is not sufficient. Knowledge acquired through discipline of the mind and heart, as well as the body, is requisite to teach him that freedom from prejudice, that unselfishness, that honor and integrity, that self-reliance and energy, are and ever will be necessary to reach the full development of his manhood. This plane cannot be reached in those schools and colleges where the effort is made to instruct the mind in the branches of worldly knowledge only, but it is attained in those where, to remain, he is forced to obey the laws of nature and man both—the military schools. That the people understand the great good done by such schools, is proved by the great increase in the number of them throughout the United States the last ten years. It is this great increase of the number, and the manifold benefits accruing to the country at large, as well as the youth at-

* From G. Cullom's "Graduates of the Military Academy."

tending them, that is the cause of this paper.

The military schools of this country may be divided into three classes, viz.: 1. The national schools. 2. State and public schools. 3. Private schools.

The national schools are the Military Academy at West Point, and the Post-graduate Schools at Willetts Point for the Engineers, the Artillery School at Fortress Monroe, the Infantry and Cavalry School at Leavenworth, and the Light Artillery and Cavalry School at Fort Riley. The first-named of these schools is too well known to require any description. Founded at the beginning of the century through the efforts of the "Father of the Country" himself, the history of two wars has given ample proof to the country of its great good to the nation and the wisdom of

and obedience in the cadet, and by securing from the cadet a higher percentage of study than is perhaps obtained from any other class of students, make it possible to cover a great deal of ground in a very thorough manner. The effect of the *whole*, as a *course*, is to develop to a high point the physique, morals and mind of cadets. The slouchy, round-shouldered candidate is, before the end of the second year, erect and square-shouldered, and moves with a brisk step and a military carriage; and, mentally, the cadet is carried from the standard of the ordinary high school to a position from which, as a graduate, he may enter without difficulty upon the performance of his duties as an officer well fitted to carry on his studies to advantage in any special branch to which he may be appointed; or, if he enter civil



UNITED STATES SCHOOL OF INSTRUCTION OF HOSPITAL CORPS. LITTER DRILL.

its founders. An inspection of the above table shows that the course of study pursued there is as well adapted to produce good citizens as good soldiers; but it does not show the manner in which discipline is imparted and observed. On this point Lieutenant Weaver, of the army, says: "The exacting system of rules and regulations under which the cadets live, move and have their being, and the rigid discipline associated with the administration of the system, is, in truth, the mainspring to the action of the whole piece of mechanism. In these rules the cadet has the minutest detail in the routine of his daily life prescribed; he rises, studies, eats, exercises and retires according to the directions they contain. It is not surprising that such a pervading and perpetual influence should instill habits of system, order

life, equally fitted to pursue the studies of the specialist in the scientific professions."

The West Point school was the only military school of the country up to the outbreak of the Rebellion. The post-graduate schools were established after the advance of the science of war had demonstrated their absolute necessity. They are all essentially schools of practical application; thus, that at Willetts Point requires the young officers to plan and then construct siege batteries, pontoon and trestle bridges, military and topographical maps, use of and adjustment of all kinds of electrical apparatus, etc. At the Artillery School at Fortress Monroe, officers are required to mount and dismount, take apart and put together and transport all kinds and sizes of cannon and artillery material, train-

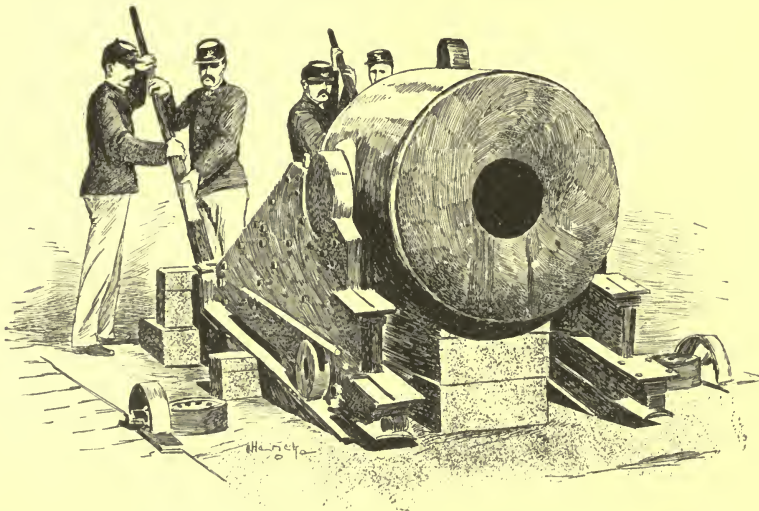
ing in the attack and defense of forts, calculation of trajectories under all circumstances, the theory and practice of gun construction and material of war, photography, electricity, telegraphy, etc.

At Leavenworth every officer who graduates is capable of constructing all kinds of field fortifications, military bridges, to command a company, a regiment, etc., under all conditions, to command a rear or advanced guard or an outpost, to estimate the value of ground for military purposes and best adapt it, the subjects of bits and biting, horseshoes and shoeing, the care of and training and breaking of horses, the treatment of horse diseases, etc.

The school at Fort Riley is but just under way, and it is too early to formulate a complete course of instruction.

It is, however, the idea to carry the cavalry instruction still farther, while, in addition, the light artillery course treats of field artillery and its action with an army in the field. In all these schools minor tactics, battle tactics, logistics, etc., with all their varying problems, together with military history and military law, and law of nations, are taught in the most thorough manner. It is to be noted that while West Point is established by law, and maintained by annual congressional appropriations, the other schools have been organized by army orders, and are maintained by the zeal and *esprit de corps* of army officers alone. The professors and instructors are officers of the rank of captain or field-officer, while the students are all lieutenants.

To be continued.



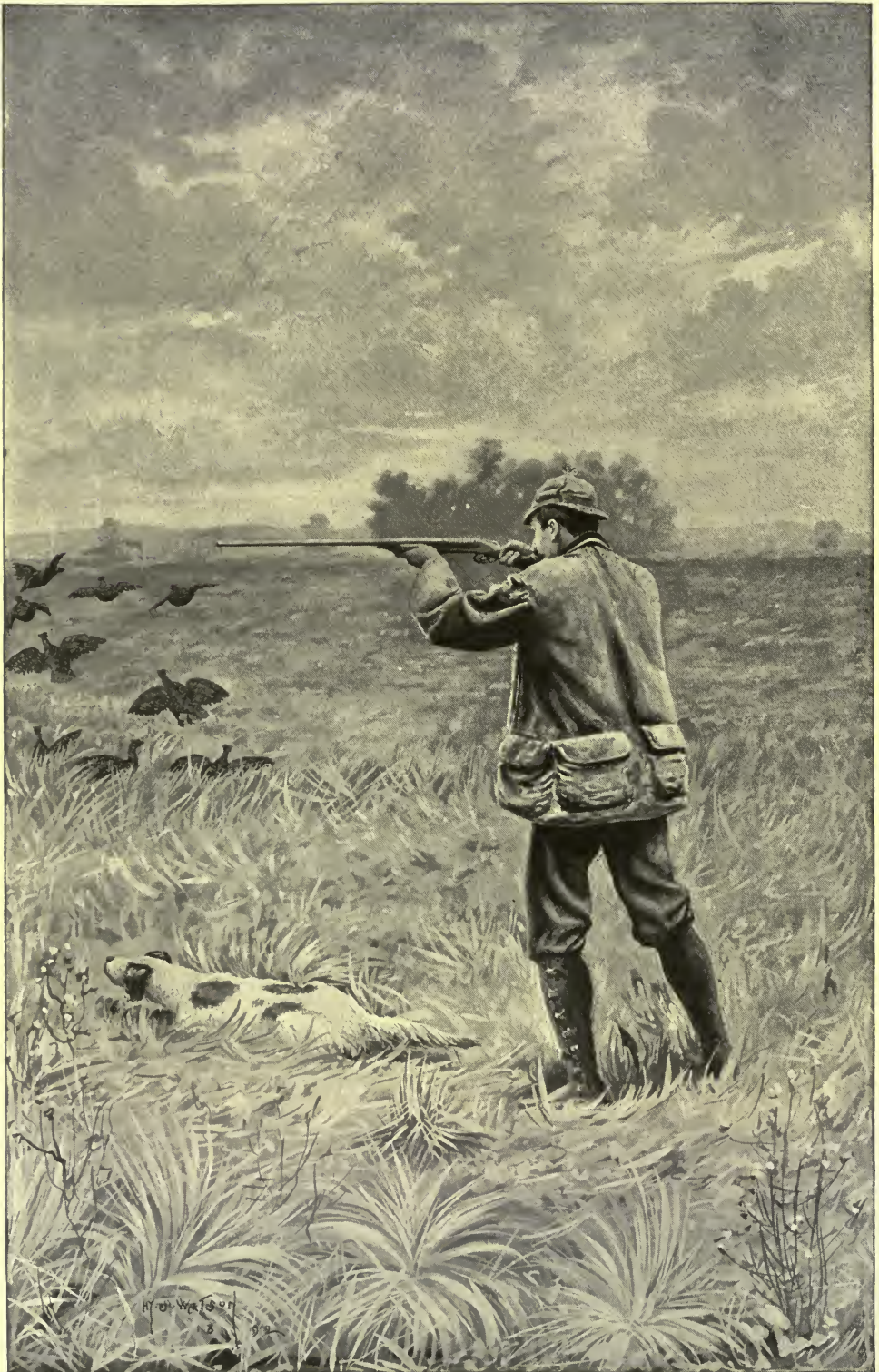
UNITED STATES ARTILLERY SCHOOL. DISMOUNTING THIRTEEN-INCH SEA-COAST MORTAR.

A SUMMER THOUGHT.

SOMETIMES I can but ask me
 this—
 Would heaven to me be always
 bliss
 If I should miss the robin's call,
 The bluebird's cheery note,
 The fragrance of the lily fleets
 On shining ponds afloat,
 And all the precious things of mine
 That make me glad in Summer-time?

And then the droning, fluttering bee,
 The butterflies awlirl,
 The pennons which the growing corn
 From stately masts unfurl;
 Primroses, like a golden fleece,
 Spread by the singing rill;
 The shadows which the sunbeams chase
 Across the grassy hill.
 Ah! over in that other clime
 How sweet must be the Summer-time!

EUGENIA CHAPMAN GILLET.



Painted by Hy. S. Watson.

WITH THE IOWA CHICKENS.

"Half a dozen birds buzzed away." (p. 407.)

OUTING.

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AROUND THE WORLD WITH WHEEL AND CAMERA

BY FRANK G. LENZ.

MY wheel and I had become familiar with all routes within reach of Pittsburg by a series of holiday tours. I had climbed the Alleghanies under every variety of conditions, had stretched out my excursions eastward to New York, westward to Chicago and southward to New Orleans. I had invented many devices for carrying my camera and personal belongings, and had become so familiar with my "bike" that to ride it, laden like a pack-horse, had become second nature. Still I yearned, like Alexander, for new fields to conquer. I had come to the conclusion that I would, in my next vacation, take a wider flight. The trials I made with the pneumatic slowly carried conviction to my mind that it would bear me around the world, should I desire to accomplish such a feat. A diligent and gratified reader of *OUTING* for some years, I had become desirous that my experiences, both old and new, should be communicated to my fellow-wheelmen through it. Imagine, then,

the pleasure with which I received a letter, with the well-known "trade mark" of *OUTING* upon it, containing in effect a proposition so entirely within my desire—"Westward Ho" and around the globe—suddenly turned from fancy to fact.

The question what kind of a wheel I should ride was settled by the nature of my experiment. It was to be a pneumatic tire, but which of the many makes? That was the question on which I had to bring my personal experience and judgment, and woe me! Consult the many wheelmen whom I numbered amongst my friends? Each and all had, of course, the very best wheel on the market, and I knew that many had good ones, which, under their skillful management, were excellent servants; but I had especial points to consider. My journey was to be one under conditions to which their wheels were strangers, and so, after all, I had to fall back, in the main, upon my own judgment, both as a wheelman and a mechanical engineer.

A visit to the great establishment of the "Overman Wheel Co.," and a full discussion of the pros and cons with Mr. A. H. Overman, decided me for the "Victor" as a wheel, both in design and workmanship, for world-girdling *par excellence*.

May 15, 1892, being set for departure from my native town, Pittsburg, Pa., my readers can well imagine how anxiously I wished for good weather for the start; but the fates ordained rain for six days prior. The sun, however, broke auspiciously through the clouds as the start was made.

A hundred wheelmen had intended to accompany me a short distance, but the muddy condition of the roads deterred all but three. We were not long in obtaining a foretaste of the consequences of the week's continuous rain. Once beyond the city limits and board-walks, we literally floundered in the mud over what is known as the old Washington Pike, leading out of Pittsburg towards Washington, whither I was bound for the papers that would open the way for me as an American.

The roads in western Pennsylvania are sorely neglected. The charters of most of the macadamized roads have been abandoned, and the railroads have gradually absorbed all local hauling, even to towns only ten miles distant. We were glad indeed, at Washington, Pa., to strike the old National Pike, which is yet in fair condition.

This "pike," built by the United States

Government from 1808 to 1838, is macadamized from Indianapolis to Baltimore, and runs due east and west for 900 miles. Would that more such roads



MR. A. H. OVERMAN,
President Overman Wheel Co.

existed. We have conquered a new world, but have not yet learned to make roads like those which cover the world the old Romans subdued.

My second day out dawned bright and beautiful, and with some wheelmen from Washington, Pa., I started in high spirits east for the old town of Brownsville, the birthplace of the Hon. James G. Blaine.

My fellow-wheelmen returned from Brownsville by boat, and I imagined myself left to proceed on my journey



"GOOD-BY AT BROWNSVILLE." (p. 340.)

alone; but not for long. The local wheelmen came out to meet me and to compare notes, as all wheelmen delight to do.

The entire section between Pittsburg and Uniontown is an excellent farming district, but rather mountainous. On the hilltops one can see the road wind about as a white streamer far into the distance towards the Alleghany Mount-

here, so as to leave no trace of his grave. When building the National Pike in after years, his remains were found, reburied back from the road, and here stands his unmarked grave, with only a half-dozen pine trees and a square fence to show the spot. Many unsuccessful efforts have been made to raise a fund to erect a monument over his grave.



"THE ROAD WINDS ABOUT LIKE A WHITE STREAMER." (p. 341.)

ains, which loom up like a huge black wall running north and south, seeming to defy the cyclist to cross.

Uniontown is a manufacturing town, and lies at the base of these mountains, where an ascent of 2,600 feet is made in three miles. Part of the way can be ridden, but most of the grade is easier walking. From the top of the mountain the National Road follows nearly the pike used and built by Gen. Braddock in his unfortunate campaign against the French and Indians in 1755. After his disastrous defeat on the banks of the Monongahela River, being mortally wounded, the General was carried back to the mountains and buried in the road

I neither passed nor met many fellow-travelers. The hack which drives from Uniontown to Farmington was mounted by a driver, who was not slow to inform me that his overworked horses could beat me to Farmington, and my first race took form.

I let him proceed halfway down the mountain. Then I mounted and coasted after him, and the rate of speed of the "pneumatic" fairly astounded him. I thought it a good plan to wait and get his opinion. Coming up to me, he exclaimed, "Ain't thar some machinery or electricity on that thar thing?"

The National Road between Uniontown and Frostburg, fifty-two miles, is

but little used. The few farmers along the way allow their cattle and fowl to wander along, and to strike a chicken does not bring disaster, but an obstinate cow or pig might prove an awkward customer to the wheelman. It was my unpleasant experience to run with a horse careering and kicking and dodging three miles ere he turned off a cross-road, and my argument with the owner waxed warm, for he was of the irascible kind and little given to taking charitable views of the cycle or its riders.

Passing the night at Somerfield, a small mountain hamlet, I pushed on the next morning over the most difficult part of the Alleghanies, through Petersburg, Grantville to Frostburg, Md., a local coal-mining town. From here to Cumberland there is a gradual fall of 1,100 feet in eleven miles. The ride down the valley to Willis Creek, through the Narrows to Cumberland, was most enjoyable. All the stone bridges and culverts on the National Road are built to last, and the ever-welcome mile-stones, cast of iron, which will probably stand forever, tell the distances to four points. Cumberland itself, beautifully situated in a mountain valley on the Potomac River, is one of the old landmarks of Maryland, and now quite a railroad center.

The National Road from Cumberland to Hancock, I knew from former expe-



"FLOUNDERING IN MUD."
(p. 340.)

Georgetown, was doing a flourishing business. Since then, although repaired, but few boats have plied its waters.

The chief products transported are coal, hay and lumber. Their average rate of speed is about twenty-five miles a day, with two to four mules on the tow-lines. Some run all night, placing a headlight on their boats, thereby making fifty miles in twenty-four hours. It must be dismal boating, year in and year out, through such a wild and desolate country, with no towns for miles. The scenery at some points is really grand, and quite a compensation to those who cycle this way.

The towpath is generally good, but rather rough riding where it has been repaired. Between Cumberland and Hancock, a stretch of sixty miles, there are no towns, and fresh water and eatables are scarce; even the lock stores sell only poor cake and tobacco. On this day's ride my dinner consisted of ginger-snaps and milk and my supper of ginger-snaps and water, as short commons as I am likely to have to put up with in far wilder countries.

At one place, twenty-eight miles below Cumberland, I came to a tunnel nearly a mile long, going straight through the mountain. I rode in confident enough, but it soon grew so dark that I was glad to dismount, and the walk I had then was one through mud and dripping water. Luckily, no canal boats entered the other end before I got through, otherwise I should have been compelled to turn back, for the path is too narrow to allow the mules to pass a bicycle.



"A SORELY NEGLECTED STRETCH." (p. 340.)

Although the scenery which surrounds the flat level of the canal is fine, the riding and unceasing pedaling becomes monotonous to one used to hills. I concluded, however, to keep on the towpath to Williamsport.

I had already ridden eighty miles, and was within four miles of Williamsport, when it grew dark and began to rain. There being no place of shelter, I was compelled to push on. It soon became so dark I was unable to distinguish the path from the water, and being wet through to the skin, I dismounted for safety and trudged on afoot—a useful hardening process for the beginning of a

edge the compliment of these wheelmen of the Southland.

Hagerstown, familiar to cyclists because of the meets held here, has fine pikes running out in all directions and is a regular paradise for wheelmen. I was well rewarded for my wet ride. On visiting the club-rooms of the Hagerstown Bicycle Club I found that these social fellows had arranged a special dinner for the occasion.

With three cyclists as escort next morning I started east for the old and famous town of Frederic, Md., twenty-five miles away; the National Pike from here eastward is locally known as



"HE WAS OF THE IRASCIBLE KIND." (p. 342.)

world cycle tour. I was, indeed, glad to reach Williamsport at last, change my wet clothes and retire, for I had, obstacles notwithstanding, made eighty-four miles in the day, with my thirty-five pounds of baggage behind me. I thought I had done a fair day's work.

The landlord informed me next morning that ten or fifteen of the Hagerstown wheelmen had been there the evening before to meet me, and although it still rained hard and I had decided not to ride in rain when I could help it, I could not resist putting up the umbrella I had constructed for a sun-shade and ride to Hagerstown, six miles away, to acknowl-

the Baltimore Pike. Passing through Funkstown and Boonsboro, we reached South Mountain, the scene of one of the great battles of the late war. The road being smooth on the town side, we almost coasted the entire distance to Middletown, then up again over Frederic Mountain, from which the town seemed only to be two miles when really it was six, but being all down grade, it mattered very little.

We decided to tarry the afternoon at Frederic and look over the old town, seeing its peculiar streets, its quaint old buildings and the grave of Barbara Freitchie, the heroine of the American

flag when General Jackson with the Confederate Army marched through Frederic; and the grave of Francis Scott Key, the author of the famous National anthem, the "Star-Spangled Banner," over whose grave always waves the emblem of which he sang so enthusiastically.

I determined to reach Washington, D. C., next day. Following the Baltimore Pike east I reached Brookville for dinner over a good pike and thence I ran into Washington at 5 P. M., May 23d, and had been eight days out from Pittsburg, having made 296 miles. It had rained three days; consequently I had not ridden more than five days in all.

Washington has at last become more than an average city. It is in very truth the capital of this nation—one is touched with pride by its many attractions. The time is near when its libraries, art collections and universities will draw hither the youth of the nation and besides the politician, the artist and the scholar will have a home here. But as a city Washington shows, above and beyond all other things, the possibilities in roadbeds. It is a city lifted literally out of the mud. By the indomitable pluck of enterprising men it has in less than twenty years become the model up to which every city in the States should work.

It is not surprising, therefore, to find Washington a favored home of cyclists. It even boasts a Congressmen's Club with the Hon. Jerry Simpson, of Kansas, as its president. Such phenomena as Phil S. Brown, Rex Smith and Will Robertson might well be the pride of any wheelmen's club.

Cycling is a delightful pastime over the 400 miles of asphalt which Washington boasts, but in time one longs for the road again. In the evening I visited the club-rooms of the Columbia Cycle Club, the most active wheel club here, now building a splendid club-house.

Armed with my passport papers and a letter of introduction from Hon. J. G. Blaine, through the kindness of Hon. J. M. Rusk, to all diplomatic and consular officers of the United States, I was ready to start May 25th for Baltimore, *en route* for New York, my real point of departure westward, and was escorted to the city limits by members of the Columbia Cycle Club. My friend, Harry Park, the trick-rider, also was in the party. Leaving Washington by the same route I had come in two days before we reached Brookville, but struck a cross-country ordinary clay road north-east to Clarks-ville, Md., through a section inhabited mostly by negroes, who know nothing of roads a quarter-mile from their houses, their invariable answer being "I dunno."



"WITH THREE CYCLISTS AS ESCORT." (p. 343.)

At Clarksville I struck the Baltimore Pike again, which is in good condition to Ellicott City. This rolling country abounds in large farms on all sides. Nearing Ellicott City we spun along the long down grade into the city with an impetus which made the inhabitants hold their breath.

Ellicott City is beautifully situated on the Patapsco River, but owes more than beauty to its stream, for it furnishes the water-power for its many mills.

In nearly every case after a long coast the poor cyclist finds a long hill to go up, and so it was here; about a half-mile beyond is a long up-grade, but after reaching the summit it is almost all down-grade again into Baltimore. Entering by West Baltimore street I bid farewell to my friend Park, who lives in the outskirts of the city, and proceeded down the streets over a mass of stones, planks, tracks, concrete and past hundreds of negroes, who were building cable lines and who shouted with delight to see the knapsack on my back. Here I visited the Maryland, Chesapeake and Baltimore clubs, who all have excellent quarters.

Next morning, in company with Messrs. Cline and Bruce as far as the Hartford road, I started for Philadelphia, 110 miles away. The road is macadamized, rolling, and in fair condition to Bel Air, then over clay roads, which were fortunately dry and in good condition, to Churchville and Hopewell Cross Roads. Here the down-grade begins and runs until one begins to think it will never stop, but at last I was on the banks of the Susquehanna River and Tidewater Canal. Reaching Lapidum, it became necessary to cross in a small tugboat, no bridges being here to Port Deposit. Landing on the other side, I could see a heavy storm coming down the river, and I pushed up some sandy roads, anxious to reach Oxford for the night, but the storm over-reached me at Brick Meeting-House, so named after a meeting-house used by the Quakers, and also used as Washington's headquarters when his army was encamped here during the Revolutionary War. The old building still stands, partially made of stone and partially of brick brought from England.

After supper a few farmers of this small hamlet came to the hotel to discuss the crops and cattle, while I sat

there wondering what sad havoc the rain was playing with the clay roads, and as the lightning flashed and the rain came down in torrents, my prospects for riding in the morning rapidly clouded, and I retired, fearing for the morrow.

Next morning, however, the sun beamed beautifully, and after waiting two or three hours, to allow the roads to dry sufficiently so that the mud would not adhere to the wheel, I pushed on six miles over the State line to Oxford, Pa. More rain fell in the afternoon, and the red clay in this section seemed to me like glue, or material fit for making bricks; but pushing on through Avondale, Kennet Square, I struck a fairly good pike, and crossing the Brandywine, reached West Chester, having made thirty-four miles through the mud.

West Chester is a model town. Its streets are macadamized and drained so well that there is no mud after a heavy rain. From there I cut across the country northeast over a clay road, now being macadamized, to Paoli, on the famous Lancaster Pike. Once on this road, I did not feel like stopping. Toll is charged wheelmen at the rate of a little less than a cent a mile, but the road is so well kept that a wheelman has no cause to grumble. Wheeling through the beautiful suburban towns of Bryn Mawr and Ardmore, I soon reached Fifty-second street, Philadelphia, and bumped over a long stretch of cobble-stones down Lancaster avenue to my hotel.

Philadelphia's beautiful park, with its miles of superb roads winding through scenery by the Schuylkill, so fine as suggest, and not inappropriately, "the infant Rhine," has naturally wheelmen in large numbers, and as I wheeled down the familiar Lancaster Pike by the site of the Old Toll Gate—now gone, alas!—I had visions of days that inspired the pen and pencil of Pennell, of Harry Wood and other ancients of the Lancaster Pike. Philadelphia has ever given a hearty welcome to wheelmen. Witness the grand reception it gave at the meet of the Keystone wheelmen in 1890.

The Century and Pennsylvania Bicycle clubs are the most active clubs here in the City of Brotherly Love, and both I visited, of course, as I made a

pilgrimage to Independence Hall and other notable places.

Next morning I crossed the Delaware River to Camden, accompanied by some of the Philadelphia wheelmen for more than ten miles. From Burlington east the road gets sandy to Bordentown, but a narrow side-path enables one to travel briskly.

Near the forks of the road by Bordentown stands a monument in memory of the first mile of railroad laid in New Jersey, with one of the first rails bent around it. It is not far from the estate upon which the ex-King of Naples and Spain, Joseph Bonaparte (the elder brother of the great Napoleon), kept semi-court during his exile. It was here also the late Louis Napoleon, whilst yet but an obscure "nephew of his uncle," dreamed and planned the policy which culminated in the famous *coup d'état* and made him Emperor of France. The old house in which Prince Lucien Murat, son of the great cavalry leader, lived a life of not too reputable idleness, and in which the princess, his wife, taught school and earned the family bread and butter with a pluck worthy of her American birth, still stands in Park street, shorn of all but the reminiscence of its former greatness.

Trenton, where one of the celebrated battles of the Revolution took place

and Washington defeated the Hessians after the memorable passage of the Delaware over the ice, is a large manufacturing town, where the Mercer County Wheelmen have their bicycle club-house.

Being anxious to reach the Irvington-Milburn cycle race-course this day, May 30th, I started at 4 P.M., and riding over fair clay roads through Princeton, Kingston, Millbush and Bound Brook, I reached Plainfield. From here on east the roads are excellent and all macadamized. Wheelmen by the tens and twenties were all going the one direction to Irvington and Milburn. I reached there at 10 A.M. Thousands of wheelmen and spectators in all sorts of vehicles were lined along the course. The fastest men in the country were there. Few thought, when the race started at 11:30 A.M., that the record for twenty-five miles would be broken by Hoyland Smith, who rode it in one hour and seventeen minutes, being ten minutes faster than the previous record.

After the race I wheeled to Newark for dinner, then set out for New York City, reaching Jersey City ferry at 4:10 P.M., and the OUTING offices in New York City at 5:15 P.M., making in fifteen days' time from Pittsburg five hundred and fifty-five miles by the route I had come east.



"GOING STRAIGHT THROUGH THE MOUNTAIN." (p. 342.)

HORSEBACK SKETCHES.

AUGUST RIDES.

BY JESSIE F. O'DONNELL.*



“When the air is white with the down of the thistle,
—And the sky is red with the harvest moon.”

THE summer grows languid; the brooks murmur lazily or lapse into silence; our most familiar birds are mute; the trees have put on their darkest green; the pasture grass grows brown and shriveled in the fierce sunlight; the mosses, dewy and soft in June, are dry and crisp and crumble under the horse's tread, and

“Summer silence falleth on the earth.”

There are days when the heat is scarcely endurable, and a cool, white gown and hammock in a shaded spot are to be preferred to even the laziest of rides. But all August days are not like these, and if the horsewoman who would possess herself of the subtle delights of an August ride will array herself in her coolest habit; if she will forego those blood-kindling gallops so delightful a month later; if she will choose a country road where elms and maples interlace their branches to shut out the sun's rays, except as they fall aslant through the interstices between leaf and leaf and lift some late rose or buttercup by the roadside into gay prominence by their sudden light, where purple thistles burst into color and fragrance side by side with the ripe blossoms whose balls of snowy down are just breaking to scatter a million winged seeds through the summer land, or where the golden-rod flaunts its suntangled mazes—a solitary yellow plume against a weather-stained fence, or a stretch of gay flowers like a com-

pany of soldiers on holiday parade—she will find that August heralds September's purple and gold. And if she will breathe the fragrance of the hayfields and Canada thistles, those pretty purple pests, she will rejoice that all of Nature's incense was not burned with the May apple-blossoms and the June roses; and if she will listen to the cheery sounds of the scythe and mower as, softened by distance, they fall not unmusically on the ear, and to that great unceasing undertone of insect music—the shrill song of the grasshoppers and crickets, the gay gossip of locusts, the contented hum of the honey-seeking bee, and the whir and murmur of innumerable tiny wings—she will not be sorry that Nature's melody is not confined to April and the days of wooing and wedding. From August roadsides and meadows myriads of tiny voices are blending in a harmony which seems in perfect unison with the summer day, though, as has been suggested, were our ears keener, instead of that “joyous pastoral symphony,” they might “descry in all that babel many a cry of terror and wail of agony; for if in death the poor beetle in corporeal suffering feels a pang as great as when a giant dies, these grassy jungles hide many a dark tragedy, and this singing field is but one vast battle-ground.”

Weeds run riot in the summer months and thrust up their bold faces in every neglected spot. Burdocks reach their wiry hooks to detain you as you ride out by the side of the road and bend to gather the tall, tossing golden-rods you can reach without dismounting; burs and “stick-tights” cling to your habit, and the thistles challenge you to respectful admiration. Gaze at them long as you like, but beware that your hand comes not in contact with their formidable spines.

How the farmers detest you, pigweed and plantain, mustard, Mayweed, tansy and catnip, dandelions and daisies, as you crowd about his buildings, and congregate in his fields, peer up through his walks and come familiarly to his very door-stone! But having never borne a part in the war of extermina-

tion waged against you, I love your homely faces and aggressive ways. Sandy roads and stony fields would be monotonous and dreary without the mullein's pale yellow candles, the mustard's sulphur-yellow, and the orange hues of the "Black-eyed Susans;" and August would scarcely be August without the graceful, airy motion of the thistledown, when some light breeze shakes it from the parent plant and sends its fluttering and quivering snowflakes over the land.

Like those tiny white arrows circling and darting in the air, myriad visions crowd my brain. I see the snowflakes fall in soft showers; I see hundreds of tiny white butterflies in an elf-like whirl; I dream of the delicate fancies that float through the brain of a child, and the fairy creations of the poet's brain; and through them all I see a maiden walking through a field

"White with the down o' the thistle,"
and as she walks, she sings:

"O thistledown! soft thistledown!
A breath dispels thy dainty snow.
The softest of all winds that blow
May carry wide from each roadside
The treasure of the thistledown."

One of the prettiest sights in the world is a flock of yellow-birds descending suddenly on a group of thistles, hovering over the ripe, bursting flowers, darting their bright little bills into them after the tiny seeds, or alighting on the top of great purple blossoms to sway gracefully to and fro, while the plant bends and rocks with their weight.

* * * * *

We had a very happy ride one August afternoon, Tyler and I. It was not very warm, and we took a road with many long hills, galloping up, and walking leisurely down the other side, singing and reciting and talking to each other, for Tyler and I have many a sympathetic conversation, and rarely fail to comprehend each other. Our winding road led first past pleasant farms, where loaded hay wagons in the great barn doorways drew Tyler's attention, and he emphatically declared them a prettier sight than the bright, quaint faces of the hollyhocks and sunflowers laughing at us from the gardens. Then we stopped at a mossy old trough, for Tyler wanted a draught of the cool, trickling water, and after a moment's pause, cantered away by sunny pastures, where colts ran

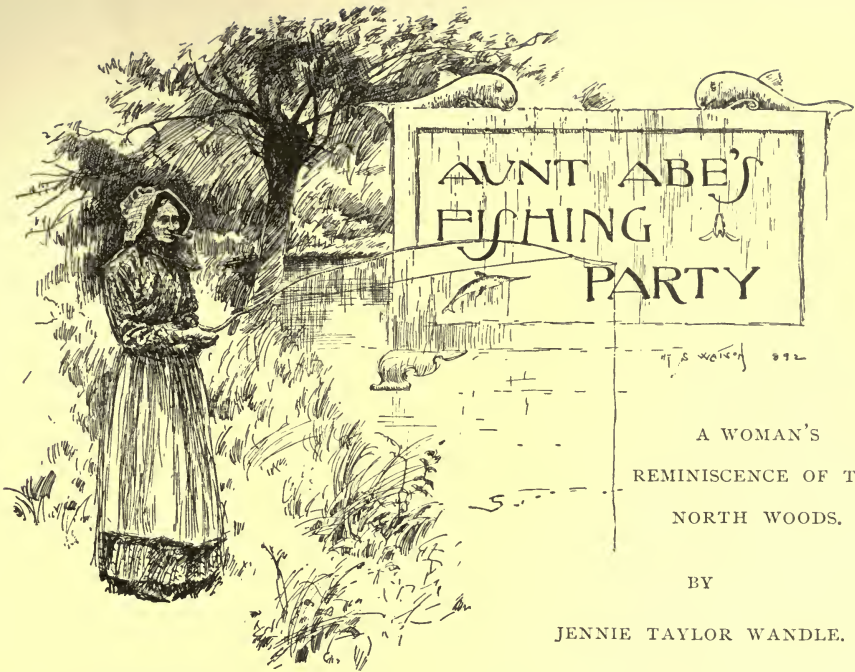
races with us as far as the fences allowed, and bored-looking cows started up to watch, with wistful looks in their patient eyes.

"Don't you think they envy you, Tyler?" I queried. "You don't half appreciate your privileges. Don't you believe they wish they were handsome, spirited horses, to gallop away with nice girls on their backs? Aren't you glad you are not a stupid, humdrum, commonplace cow? and Tyler tossed his head in disdainful acquiescence.

Lying between the hills were bits of marshy ground where brown, fuzzy, cattails rocked gleefully, and the dragonfly spread his brilliant, gauzy wings and poised himself airily above the nodding scarlet tops of the cardinal flowers; then came a short cut through a little-traveled cross-road which seemed to have gathered all the sunshine of summer in its tangled borders of golden-rod, and flocks of startled yellow-birds rose midst a cloud of thistledown at our approach; then an easy canter through the village home.

"O summer day, so wonderful and white,
So full of gladness and so full of pain!
Forever and forever thou shalt be
To some the gravestone of a dead delight,
To some the landmark of a new domain."

During the August sunsets, when the whole sky is suffused with crimson and gold, and the moonlight evenings are alike delightful for riding, I like to start just as the sun, a great ball of red fire, is sinking through quivering, radiant waves of rose, touched here and there with gleams of gold, and as the red light fades to purple and the splendor of the sunset dies into the peace of twilight, to watch the stars shine out one by one, and the moon rises radiant above them all in conscious queenliness. The most familiar and rude objects grow mystical and fair when bathed in that mellow light, and the world seems new and strange. Flowers and leaves are slumbering in "a pleasing land of drowsy-head," and one looks in vain for the bright faces which greet one by day, while the evening primrose lights her pale golden tapers to welcome the silver-winged moths, other blossoms make themselves beautiful for their nightly flirtations with moths and fireflies. And elfin lights dance and glitter here and there as if the August stars were falling on the tangled grass!



THE time for our summer outing was rapidly approaching. The boys—we had three, as manly youngsters as one would wish to see—were in earnest conversation with their grandfather, concerning their own special plans for sport at the sea-shore, where we intended going.

Father had not been with us long, and as he had always lived inland, the boys, of course, felt it their duty to enlighten him as to the pleasures and methods of salt-water fishing, in return for the information he had imparted to them of the ways of the fishermen who ply the streams of mountain and plain with rod and reel and deadly fly, or of those who coax with whirling, glistening decoys from their placid waters the wary denizens of those many limpid lakes which jewel the northern portion of New York State. The interchange of ways and means became intensely interesting, and as he told how he fished when a boy, father's face lighted up until he seemed years younger and as happy as my own bonny lads. I had inherited his love for this sport, and, though I was now a staid and sober matron, I felt the sportsman's blood again quickening, and impulsively throwing down my sewing I joined the group. Then father became doubly

reminiscent, and recounted some of the fishing expeditions in which I had accompanied him while I was yet a child. The delight of the boys knew no bounds at these disclosures. They were wild with an enthusiastic desire to fish where I had fished, nor was their ambition in the slightest cooled as their grandfather suggested that they might possibly fall into the same pools into which I had made many an ignominious plunge with arms and legs ungracefully waving in the air and my fishing-rod floating serenely down the stream. And how wistful the dear old face became as he talked of his youth and my childhood, both spent within the shadow of the Adirondack Mountains, and almost wholly in the aromatic, exhilarating atmosphere of their resinous forests!

Ned, our baby, had just begun again to add to grandfather's stock of piscatorial knowledge by telling him how to go crabbing up the Shrewsbury River, and trolling for blue-fish in Captain Brino's catboat, when I heard my husband hastily enter the house and come as hurriedly up the stairs to our little sitting-room, saying as he entered, "My dear, I have disappointing news for you. I shall not be able to be with you at the shore this time. Business complications necessitate my spending August in the towns

along the St. Lawrence River. It's too bad, but it can't be helped."

Silence fell upon our little group for a few moments. Then grandfather came to the rescue, and this is what he proposed and we carried out, and how I came to go a-fishing once more with Aunt Abe:

"Why can't we go up near the old home, Martha, and camp out? Then Julian could get away once in a while and run down to camp to see us; and besides, the boys could then learn something for themselves of the sport I've just been telling them about."

My husband welcomed the suggestion, and after the full meaning of "camping out" had been explained to the boys they simply clamored to go, and go at once.

"Tis said 'the woman who hesitates is lost.'" Well, I hesitated, and with the proverbial result; and though confessing to a silent desire to make haste to forest and lake, I am not certain that the result of my hesitation was not precipitated by the subsequent events of the day.

The camping-out idea had taken full possession of the active little brains of our trio, it seemed, for during the afternoon I discovered a well-developed camp in the parlor, with my most cherished silk bed-quilt in use for a tent; all sorts of improvised fishing-tackle arranged around it, and my antique copper punch-kettle suspended from a tripod of canes in front of it; all this, to say nothing of various cooking utensils, filched from the kitchen closet which were deposited here and there on my very best furniture. It was evident I had hesitated long enough and that home rule would have to be supplemented by a very high protective tariff unless we went somewhere. So I decided to let my young citizens become savages for a time.

The preparations which followed our trip to and arrival at the place selected by father who knew the country well, possess so little interest as compared with our life in camp, that I will omit all details of this nature and bring the reader at once to our habitation in the wilderness. Previous campers had built a structure which was neither tent nor cabin—and probably that was why some facetious guest of the past had rudely carved over the doorway, "The Hybrid," as a fitting name for it—upon a

smooth dry knoll overlooking and close by one of the prettiest lakes in the whole Adirondack region. Fortunate in finding "The Hybrid" vacant, we took possession. Two or three curtain partitions divided it into apartments—and some cots we had brought along with other necessaries, and a couch or two made of twigs of balsam, pine and hemlock, provided us with very comfortable sleeping quarters. Father made a fireplace just outside the door, and within the "shanty"—as the boys disrespectfully called "The Hybrid"—we set up a small stove obtained at the village where we left the railway. Within two or three hours after our arrival our forest housekeeping had begun. So had the fun.

The four boys—for father was as much of a boy now as any of my three—launched the skiff we had thought best to hire at the village before mentioned, and were soon paddling over the lake, "getting our bearings," as father explained. The first "cooked meal" in camp was a decided success, and we early retired, only to wake and wonder that morn could come so soon.

Father, with his old habits strong upon him, had risen just as the dawn appeared and had been gliding about over the lake for an hour before we opened our eyes. He had discovered the haunts where the fish did most congregate, and soon after breakfast the four "savages" were afloat with lines out and expectation in every pose. Father was the motor and he dipped the paddles into the rippling waves with all of his wonted consummate skill. Presently there was a commotion, for our baby had caught the first fish. By a dextrous movement father grabbed him by the back of his jacket just as he had concluded a hazardous dance of glee and lost his balance and was about to tumble out of the boat. After this he was careful enough, and as the other boys had profited by observation, the party became very decorous. At noon the quartet landed, drew up their skiff and displayed their catch, some of which were soon in the frying-pan and over the fire; and I believe one or two of them got into the fire from falling off the long sticks on which they were put to roast according to the plans laid out before we left the city.

"We're going float-fishing to-morrow, mamma," said Jack. "Grandpa has got

the floats and will get the bait this afternoon, and to-night we are going out to set them." The floats were bits of board about ten inches square with auger holes in the center, through which were firmly driven long stout pegs. A line six or eight feet long was fastened to one projecting end of each peg, and

green frogs. At dusk the lake was dotted with a dozen or more of the bobbing affairs. Early the next morning, before the sun was up, we all went down to the boat. I was obliged to remain on shore as the craft would hold but the four fishermen, and away they went after the floats which were pres-



"SHE BEGAN TO BACK TOWARD TERRA FIRMA." (p. 354.)

when placed in the water they looked something like caricatures, on a gigantic scale, of the ordinary cork float. The floats were left out all night and gathered in, as Jack said, "with fish on 'em next day." A single good-sized hook was attached to each line, and for bait father used large minnows and small

ently enacting most curious antics, darting here and there, disappearing only to reappear elsewhere, whirling about, making zigzag pilgrimages across placid pools or scudding straight ahead as if they would traverse the length of the lake. One by one they were gathered in, and I could see long and slender

pickarel and pike wriggling and twisting as they were lifted up over the side of the boat by my wildly exultant boys.

Presently I saw Ben tugging away at a float which seemed to be anchored, it was so stubbornly resistant. Pretty soon it appeared to give, for Ben nearly fell over in the boat. Then he began to move from one side to the other of the skiff and around the stern as if a fish were darting back and forth. Suddenly he gave a strong, impatient, upward jerk, and up went the line and a long, wriggling, squirming something, rose swirling out of the water and right across his face. The lad put up his hands and threw it from him, straight over father's head. It must have landed between Ned and Jack, for they scrambled upon their seats while father took one of the paddles and made a vigorous onslaught upon the reptile. I was convinced it was a snake, and one of goodly size, and was puzzled at seeing father lean forward, pick it up and put it into a large basket they had taken along to hold their catch.

The thing, whatever it was, did not seem to feel at home in this basket, for I saw father put it back once or twice and finally give it a sound clubbing with the paddle. When the only float now left was taken up, father headed the boat towards home.

With an intense hatred for snakes, I prepared to beat a hasty retreat. Even Trixie, our pet dog, scented danger, and gave vent to ominous growls. Up the short stretch of beach came my fishermen, while I almost imperceptibly receded as I thought of that dreadful thing in the basket. I think father saw I was alarmed, for he roguishly called out, "Don't be frightened, Martha; it's only the sea serpent."

"No, mamma, it isn't a serpent at all. It's a great big eel!" said Ben.

And sure enough, it was an eel, and one worth seeing—that is, if one can forget the apparent kinship between an eel and a snake. Father held it up and it was almost as long as Ned was tall.

While we were debating whether it should be thrown away or cooked—I refused to prepare it for the pan, and father was promising I should not see it until it was in sections—a strange rumbling sound, accompanied by a high-pitched male voice was heard. Turning to the roughly-made road over

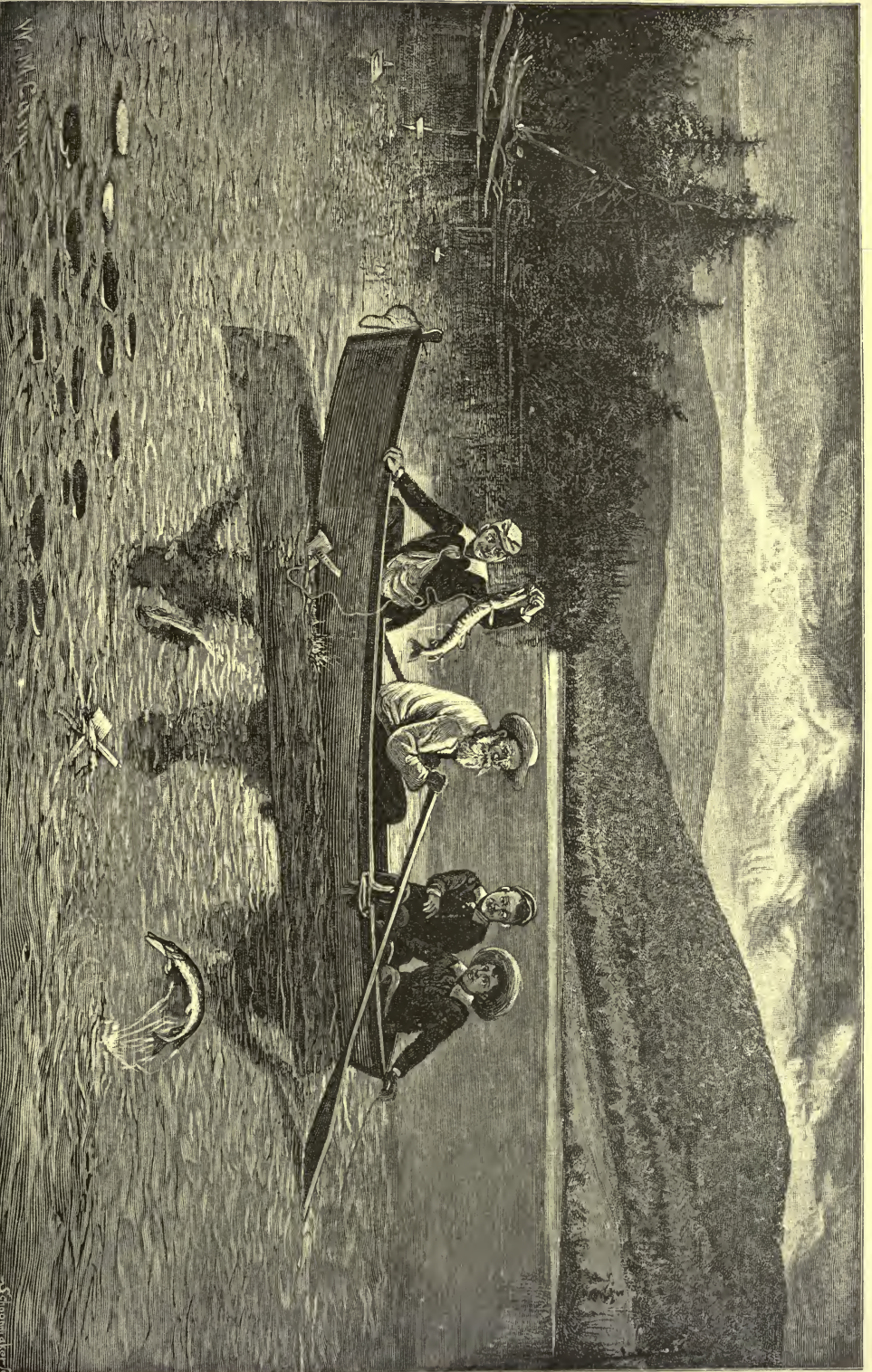
which we had journeyed to camp, we beheld a lumberman's buckboard wagon, drawn by a pair of spotted black-and-white oxen. Their driver was a lean, lank youth of twenty or more years, who stalked at their heads and continuously shouted "Haw there!" "gee up, you 'tarnal beast!" until it seemed to me as if the poor oxen, in obeying orders, would need a very winding way over which to travel. On the buckboard, her feet dangling almost to the ground and clothed in cowhide shoes and blue yarn stockings, her figure gowned in calico of a nondescript color, her face concealed by a gingham sun-bonnet beyond which extended the bowl of a blackened clay pipe, even now in the process of "coloring," sat a woman as long, and lean, and lank as her charioteer. As the vehicle approached, we saw within the bonnet a sallow, wrinkled face with deep-set gray eyes, separated by a long, thin nose. A hand went up to the smoking clay, grasped the bowl and drew the stem from a mouth which began to widen until there beamed forth from under that bonnet the most open smile I had witnessed since I saw, away back in my girlhood, that selfsame face, that selfsame smile.

Father brought his hand down upon the side of his leg with a resounding slap and exclaimed, "Aunt Abe, as sure as I am alive!" And Aunt Abe it was, just as we remembered seeing her years ago. She seemed to have found the secret of a permanent grip on life.

"Wal, Jason, (Jason was father) how'dy du. Heerd you was here, and Marthy tu, and thought I'd come down an' pay yeou a call, as they say in the citty I s'pose. Yeou don't 'member me, Marthy, but I shud know yeou anyhow, tho' your har ain't *quite* as red as it uster be."

"Yes, I do know you, Aunt Abe, and very glad I am to see you. Come right in and let me get you a cup of tea."

"Wal, I'll stop long enough for that; then I want you all to git on the buckboard and go hum with me and stay a day or tew. Shan't tek no fur an anser. I mean you too, Jason. Got room enough for all on ye, even if some on us hez to go to the sawmill to sleep." "Oh! is the old mill still standing?" "Yis indeed, Marthy, and buzzin' away every day just as it uster when you



Painted by W. M. Cary.

"ONE BY ONE THEY WERE GATHERED IN." (p. 351.)

Engraved by Schoonmaker.

tached school up in our deestrick, and me'n you uster fish in the pond. Do you r'member that? Laws, no! I aint fished any for ten year, but I vum, I'll go once more, if you'll all go hum with me."

The boys had stood in open-eyed wonder all this time; but when they heard about the pond where mamma had fished, they lifted up their voices in unison with a "please, mamma, please go." And as father seemed to enjoy the prospect of the visit, we made short work of our tea-party and were soon *en route*—all of us seated side by side on the buckboard without any special attention to a symmetrical arrangement according to our sizes. A kodak would have secured a prize just as we were about to start.

It was only two or three miles to the sawmill, Aunt Abe's home, and we arrived about five o'clock. Everything looked as natural as though I had left the scene but yesterday.

The pond, nestling down at the base of a steep hill; the old house of rough boards, perched in a little nook hollowed out for it below and to the left of the pond; the flume in its wooden channel extending over the door and passing on to the mill below, about which were shapely piles of yellow, fragrant lumber; and the little foot-bridge extending from the steep roadway, across the waste water of the dam, under the flume to the embankment by the house, were all as fascinating to my boys as they had been to me fifteen years before.

Jeremiah, Aunt Abe's grandson, and our driver, took the children in charge, and showed them the mill, and how the long slender boards were made, and finally, with them, wandered over the hill to the woods beyond. Father had disappeared up the stream, laden down with fishing-tackle found on the premises. Supper had been eaten and the cow milked. The sun was getting red and gnats and mosquitoes were making themselves felt. I looked wistfully at the pond and then at Aunt Abe. Her famous smile rewarded my silent appeal, and putting on her sun-bonnet, and handing me a clean one just like it, and a pair of old stocking-legs with thumb-holes cut in them, "to keep the skeeters from bitin' tew hard," she said, just as of old, "Come on!" I went, needing no second invitation. Around the corner of the house we found two fishing poles

with ordinary lines and hooks attached. I said something about bait and Aunt Abe smiled again and drew from her capacious pocket a tin box that had once held pepper, but was now filled with earth-worms—"angle-wums" she called them. That convinced me she was of a very provident disposition, and I reached for one of the wriggling things and quickly impaled it on my hook, Aunt Abe following suit.

Up a steep bank, over the dam, picking our steps between the streamlets running lazily over it, and we were "on the other side"—the old and favorite spot for sunset fishing.

For a long time we got nothing more than nibbles—then Aunt Abe landed a small trout and I brought up a bullhead. Now, bullheads are abhorrent to me and I had never learned to take them off the hook in true fisherman's style; so I stepped back a little to find a stone with which to pound the bullhead from the hook. He was a troublesome chap, and I had worked over him some time when, splash! snap! crack! dash! "Marthy, oh! Marthy!" broke upon the quiet air. I sprang up, turned around and saw Aunt Abe knee-deep in the muddy water at the edge of the pond, her skirts floating about her, her bonnet falling down her back, her pole broken in twain and separated, the two pieces being insecurely held together by an extra length of line tied near the butt and at the tip.

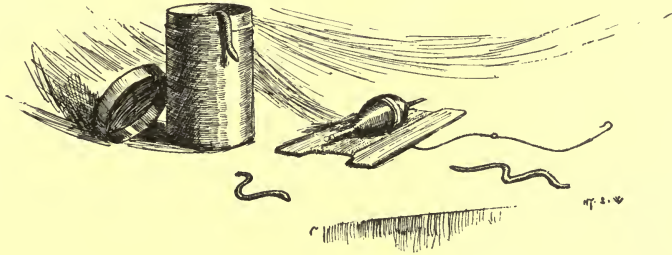
The upper half of the pole was dancing about as if alive and mad, and Aunt Abe herself was struggling to keep her hold on the jerking line and preserve her balance at the same time. Still shouting to me to help her, she gradually recovered her equilibrium, and getting a firmer grip on the broken tackle she began to back toward *terra firma*, all the time fighting her unseen captive. Just as she reached the muddy portion of the bank her heel hit a small piece of board that had become imbedded in the soil and down she went into the soft mud, with heels up and arms out, but never forgetting her grip on the line which was sawing through the water in every direction. Springing to her side, I dragged her up on dry soil, and then getting hold of the line and broken rod with her, together we landed one of the largest and prettiest brook-trout it has ever been my good fortune to see.

He weighed nearly three pounds and had proved game to the very end. It is just possible that he only gave in when he saw there was one woman too many for him to conquer.

Well, we left as much of the mud Aunt Abe had collected on her gown and shoes as we could get rid of at the pond, and took the rest home with the trout. Aunt Abe was a sight. In the matter of beauty the trout scored by many a point, but Aunt Abe had a woman's revenge the next day, when she scored and stuffed that trout and gave him a

roasting in her oven that turned him out brown and savory, a delight to the eyes and the palates of her guests. No rose was ever pinker than his dainty flesh, no morsel ever more toothsome.

The next evening we went back to camp and for a number of weeks enjoyed ourselves, and when we were again at home the boys never tired of asking just how Aunt Abe and mamma caught that trout, nor of telling how that eel frightened them when it flew out of the water into Ben's face.



CANOE SONG OF THE MILICETES.

TRANSLATED BY J. E. MARCH.

*"Whu-t-hawgn!
Mochsqua-löök!
Piskit pokut mitatakso
Piska-tah."*

BLADE of maple! Boat of
bark!
Hear the voice that calls
through the dark!
Blade of maple! E'en the leaves
Of the overhanging trees
Strive with quivering emulation,
Strive with sibilant vibration
To repeat the voice that calls
Through the dark.

Boat of bark! The river's breast,
Softly by thy light form pressed,
Tells thee—in the waves that leap
Against thy prow, then gently creep
Along thy sides into the deep
To sleep—

How sweet the voice that calls
Through the dark.

Voice that calls! Thou hast made
Arms of steel dip deep the blade.
Where the waves leapt, there the
spray is;
Where they gently crept, the foam is;
Where they slept, I'm piling billows
Heap on heap,
Across the deep,
Seeking out the voice that calls
Through the dark.

Blade of maple! Thou hast heard;
Boat of bark! Thou, too, art stirred;
O'er the waters we are leaping,
Now'neath tangled branches sweeping
To the nook where love is keeping
Never-sleeping tryst for me
Under birch and maple tree.
Sweet!

We knew thy voice was calling
Through the dark.

SADDLE AND SENTIMENT.

BY WENONA GILMAN.*



CHAPTER XXI.

THE PRICE OF VICTORY.

“Farewell, a long farewell to all my greatness !
This is the state of man : To-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope ; to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honors thick upon him ;
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
And nips his root, and then he falls.”

—*Henry VIII.*

JOHNS ORMSBY took the early train for the track the morning following the Sub-Rosa—“work day,” as the trainers call each intermediate day during the meeting, as distinguished from “race day.”

But what a contrast the course presented to the previous day ! No surging crowd of many thousands, no thundering shouts and cheers as the silken jackets flashed by—the place was almost deserted. A few scattered groups of touts, trainers and attendants were busy with their horses, which dotted the dusty track at intervals. Some were trotting along leisurely in single file, well out from the rails, some cantering along at about half speed, while now and then the silence of the quiet morning was broken by the rapid hoof-strokes and occasional whip-

crack, coupled with the warning cry of “Look out in front there !” as a couple of two-year-olds rattled by in their “winding-up gallop” for some race near at hand.

How pleasant the whole scene appeared to John Ormsby as he took his way across the many-pathed infield toward his stable ! He felt like Christian climbing the Hill of Difficulty when his heavy burden became loosened from his shoulders and rolled away from him never to be borne again. His heart felt light and his pocket heavy with his handsome winnings of the day before. Nearly nine thousand dollars reposed snugly in his wallet, and almost as much more was still to arrive from the Western “bookies” with whom he had backed Hartland during the past winter.

The formidable array of bills awaiting him at his stable had lost all terror, for when the uttermost dollar due had been settled, there would still be a more than handsome balance on hand with which to go on, sufficient even to carry him over into the next season. To add to his complacency, the victory of Hartland had created quite a boom in Lord of the Wind’s stock.

Altogether, life looked very bright, and the rosy visions of the future seemed about to be realized. Diverging slightly from the direct path to his stable, he stopped at Wilbur Grey’s to tender the congratulations he had been unable to offer the day before, owing to the enormous crowd. He found the stable gayly decorated with Chinese lanterns that had been joyfully illuminated by the stable-boys the night before. Hartland’s floral collar of victory hung on the upper half of his stall door, located in the place of honor next to the feed-room ; but there seemed a strange air of quiet pervading the group under the shed.

Jem Stayner leaned against a post, puffing away at his corn-cob pipe and staring into vacancy. He scarcely seemed to see John Ormsby, who approached with outstretched hand, expressing his hearty congratulations on the great victory of the day before. Stayner thanked him in a constrained

sort of way, and was evidently so ill at ease that Ormsby said :

"You don't act much like a great winner, Stayner. Is there anything the matter?"

"Well, the fact is," replied Stayner, "I don't feel very much like a winner. I'm afraid my good old horse is done for."

"In what way?" was Ormsby's startled question.

"Well, you see," answered Stayner, "I hardly know how serious it is. While I hope for the best, my experience leads me to fear the worst. Hartland must have hit his leg during the race, or it may have been in pulling up after the finish. He did not show any lameness coming to the stable, but when Tolliver was doing him up, he noticed quite a lump, apparently from a blow, on the inside of his nigh foreleg. We have both been working at him all night long, but without any benefit. I've telegraphed for Mr. Grey to come down immediately, and I've sent a boy for the veterinary, Dr. Lamb, from the other track, where he lives. Here he comes now."

As he spoke a light village-cart arrived in front of the stable and the expected veterinary, Dr. Lamb, alighted.

The horse was led out in the bright

sunlight, but how different! His stride, heretofore so bold and strong, was cramped and painful. A large bandage disfigured the injured foreleg, which evidently caused him great suffering, as he scarcely touched his toe to the ground when standing at rest.

"Take off the bandage, wash the leg and dry it well," were the trainer's orders to the boy.

The bandage was removed and the cooling blue clay that had been wetted and packed around the injury was washed off, and when thoroughly dried, Dr. Lamb slipped off his coat, rolled up his sleeves, knelt down and made his examination as carefully and thoroughly as was possible. As he proceeded, his face grew more grave. He arose finally to his feet and stood looking intently at the injury, while the whole stable force gathered silently around, awaiting the result.

"Trot him to the end of the shed and turn him around sharp to the left," he ordered the boy, who immediately obeyed. "Now trot him there again and turn him the other way."

When the horse had been led hobbling back to him, he again knelt down and more carefully than ever repeated his digital examination. Then he arose



"HE FOUND THE STABLE GAYLY DECORATED." (p. 356.)

again and dusting off his hands, said to the trainer, who had been anxiously looking on :

"The sheath of the middle tendon is badly ruptured. It seems to have been caused by a hard blow. You had better give up all idea of training him this year, at all events. A long rest and a couple of good blisters may possibly bring him around by next spring, but you must stop him now entirely. I'll send you over a lotion that will ease the pain for him. See you again to-morrow. Good-day, gentlemen."

And the veterinary, jumping into his cart, hurried off on his professional round.

"Well, I suppose you know what *that* means, Mr. Ormsby," said Stayner, slowly and sadly, as they stood looking on while Hartland's boy was replacing the bandages.

John Ormsby silently nodded his head, being for the moment utterly unable to frame words for a suitable reply.

"I've had all kinds pass through my hands," continued the trainer, "and I've patched up many a one with the back sinew bowed, but I never knew of one who ever trained after the middle tendon had gone. I'm afraid he'll never be saddled again."

Never again would that iron crest be reared aloft as the clang of the saddling-bell sounded through the air. That mighty heart would never throb and swell almost to bursting as, gasping and reeling, the game and honest old racer struggled home a scant winner. That soft, satin-like skin would never more be cruelly marked and torn by the merciless whalebone and steel. The frenzied roar of the great multitude, shouting his name as the proud winner, had fallen on his ear for the last, last time. Hartland's racing days were done.

As his devoted trainer stood gazing at the grand ruin of the best horse he had ever saddled, and thought and thought again of the many trials and triumphs they had endured and enjoyed together, small blame to the rough and rugged Westerner if a great lump swelled up in his throat and

"Over his eyes began to move
Something that felt like tears."

Only a horse, it was true; but when Jem Stayner's erect and agile form is bent with age, and his hair grown scant and gray, as his little grandchildren

clamber upon his knee and twine their affections around his heart, they will surely never displace a thought of his good old horse, who will hold sway in his love and memory for all time.

* * * * *

A cloud had darkened the sun of John Ormsby's perfect content.

He felt almost as if he had heard of the death of an old and valued friend, for, while Hartland had his faults of temper, he was a horse that had endeared himself to all those with whom he had come in contact because of his pluck and ability.

It was, therefore, with drooping head and sinking heart that Ormsby made his way to his own stable. His racing interest had received a stunning blow, for that day at least. It is doubtful if he should have felt worse if Hartland had still been his own. He looked neither to the right nor to the left, but with hands jammed into his pockets, was stalking on, when he was accosted by a familiar voice.

"Whither away, Mr. Ormsby? You surely don't intend to run over a fellow without speaking, do you?"

"That you, Hastings?"

"Ay, sir! You look like a thunder-cloud. Nothing wrong with the horses, I hope?"

"Have you seen Hartland to-day?"

"No!" his own face growing anxious. "Anything wrong?"

"He hit himself in the race yesterday, and is so lame he can hardly put his foot to the ground."

"That's bad! very bad! He's the only horse in Grey's stable fit to run that can win!"

"It looks as if his racing days were over. I feel as if I were burying my best friend."

"What does Stayner say?"

"Very little. If he were raving and swearing I should have some hope. He and the boys are almost in tears, and hanged if I don't feel more like crying than ever I did before in my life."

"Is Grey there?"

"No, but Stayner has telegraphed for him. Dr. Lamb has just left."

"And he says——"

"That it will be next year before he can be trained, and even then the prospect is doubtful. It looks like a funeral over at the stable. Even the flowers give it a piteous aspect. I suppose

something had to stop his racing sometime, but it is too bad that it had to occur just now when the season is at its height and he had such a splendid year before him if he had stood up. It is a great loss for Grey."

"Stayner loved the old fellow like a child," said Hastings, his own eyes curiously shadowed. "It is singular, yet true, that Hartland's ebullitions of temper never made him disliked. Every one around him seemed to take it as quite a matter of course."

"I suppose you are going over to see him?"

"Yes, I am on my way there now."

"Well, as a horseman, I'm afraid you'll see how little hope there is. He has pulled me out of two of the worst holes I've ever been in."

"You mean by winning the Garden City Handicap last fall and yesterday's race?"

"No. I went very shy on the Garden City. I mean at Pimlico."

"Oh! Then you backed him there, did you? I didn't know that. I heard Wilbur Grey abusing Halstead right and left for going back on the old horse, telling him that it would bring Hartland bad luck. You know how superstitious Wilbur is. We had a great laugh at Halstead when Hartland won. I thought that he put your money and his own on the same horse."

"But Halstead backed Hartland."

"Oh, no, he didn't! He went broke on Grandee."

"Are you sure?"

"Dead sure! Oh, yes! He lost a pile. He had to borrow something like three thousand until he could pull himself together financially. Grey patted himself on the back and gloated over it. It was a memorable time, I tell you."

Mr. Ormsby looked at Hastings sharply, but the latter was gazing in the direction of Hartland's stable, a most serious expression darkening his face.

"That's strange!" muttered Ormsby, semi-unconscious of having spoken audibly.

"What, that Halstead should have backed Grandee? Oh, it was all good-naturedly done, and Grey didn't really mind. It was all fun. Well, good morning, Mr. Ormsby. I hope it isn't so bad as you seem to think with the old horse. I must see Stayner."

The two men separated, Ormsby walk-

ing onward, his head bent even lower than before. At his own stable he found Johnson, his trainer, and after telling him the news of Hartland's misfortune, said:

"By the way, Johnson—do you happen to remember whether Mr. Halstead backed Hartland against Grandee at Pimlico last fall? Hastings and I have just been having a dispute over it."

"Mr. Halstead backed Grandee, and heavily, too. I remember it quite distinctly because of several things that occurred immediately afterward. He put ten dollars on Hartland for Watt, I believe, but that was all. He went home the same day, and I didn't see him again during the meeting."

"Then, that settles that matter," replied Ormsby. "And now get out the bills that are due and I'll settle them all up."

That task, once so much dreaded, was soon over, and John Ormsby returned to the city by the first train. All the way back his thoughts were busy, surmising how he could satisfy himself as to the absolute certainty of the suspicion that, look at the matter how he would, still obstinately clung to him.

As he sauntered into the hotel, almost the first person he caught sight of was Dick, who, with hat perched upon the back of his head, was enjoying a choice cigar, and evidently on the best of terms with himself and all the world besides.

"Hello, Dick!" exclaimed Ormsby. "Where's Virginia?"

"She and Puss went out shopping and haven't returned yet. Been down to the track?"

"Yes, and I regret my journey, almost. I stopped at Grey's stable on my way, and that good old horse that did us such service yesterday, has, I'm afraid, run his last race."

"You don't mean it! How?"

The story was told and Dick's sympathy expressed in the strongest terms for his friend Grey's loss. Then, suddenly, after a pause, he said:

"Dick, if I were to ask a favor would you grant it?"

"Why, certainly. That goes without saying," replied Halstead, straightening up attentively, aroused from his lethargy by Ormsby's tone.

"Well, then," continued Ormsby, after a pause, speaking slowly and earnestly, "I want you to tell me why you deceived

me about that Grandee-Hartland race last fall."

It was a bow drawn at a venture, but the arrow had gone home.

Dick's face crimsoned and then paled. He made an effort to speak, and finally managed to gasp out hesitatingly :

"Deceived you?"

"Yes, Dick, deceived me," replied Ormsby, now certain of his surmise.

"Well, you see—I thought—because, if—oh, hang it all! I knew it would be all right sometime. If not, it didn't

Everything is all right now, Uncle Jack. Please don't say anything more about it. When I get hard up I'll come to you first of all, and then you can even the thing up."

The hands of the elder and the younger man met and closed round each other with a warm clasp, as Ormsby said :

"It was more than generous of you, Dick, and I shall never forget this great kindness. You say you did not need it, yet I am afraid it kept you from spending last winter in Rome."



"WHAT IS IT, UNCLE JACK?" (p. 361.)

make much difference to me. I knew you were pressed for ready money. You know the onlookers always see the game best, and I knew your antipathy to mortgages. I couldn't bear to see such a promising stable scattered far and wide when the tide was sure to turn some day—and you see it has; and then I knew your check would be ready for me. I didn't need the money. I didn't, really. Perhaps it *was* taking a liberty, but I never thought of it in that light.

"Spending the winter in Rome? Pooh! Nonsense! Never had any such idea. That was all talk," was the airy reply. "There are the girls now!" he exclaimed, with almost joyful relief. "Let us join them."

So desirous was he to escape Ormsby's expressions of gratitude that he forgot to carry out his intention of exacting a promise from him that he should say nothing to Virginia of the matter.

Hartland's calamity became immedi-

ately the topic, and the news sorely distressed Virginia; but with the sanguineness and inexperience of womanhood, she still hoped it might not be so bad as her uncle fancied.

The dinner hour was approaching, and the little party separated to dress for that event and the theater that was to follow. As Virginia was about to leave the room, her uncle recalled her. She returned and stood beside the chair in which he sat looking fixedly at her.

"What is it, Uncle Jack?" she asked, after waiting for him to speak. "No more unpleasant news, I hope?"

"Not exactly unpleasant, though it might have proved so. It was a noble, generous thing of him, though."

"Of whom?" queried Virginia, rather puzzled.

"Dick."

"What did he do?"

"You remember the Pimlico races last fall?"

"Yes."

"And that I instructed Dick to place some money for me on Grandee, who was beaten?"

"And he didn't do it, but put your money with his own on Hartland. Yes, I remember."

"Well, that's what he *said* he did, but just what he *didn't* do. He found out in some way my pressing need for money and took that means of rendering me

assistance, which he very likely knew I should have refused in the ordinary business way."

"And he has just told you?"

"Who—Dick? Well, not much! No; I found out through an accidental conversation with Hastings this morning."

There was a long silence between them; then, Virginia said, very quietly:

"That was indeed very generous and noble of Dick. If he could be more my brother than he is, I think that act would make him so. It was a great sacrifice."

"I fully appreciate it all."

"Dear Dick! How loyal and true he has always been. Uncle Jack, I have a favor to ask of you that I know you will grant if you can, but I should like to be sure, before asking, that if it will embarrass you at all you will refuse."

"What is it, Ginsie?"

"Puss and her mother are going to England and Paris next month. I wonder if you could allow me to accompany them?"

He hesitated a moment. It was very hard for him now that she had become so necessary to his every-day existence, but then the thought came of—Lützow.

He arose and took the sweet, sad face between his hands to kiss it.

"Yes, my darling," he answered, steadily. "I shall miss you, but it is my greatest wish that you should go. God bless you, my little girl!"

To be completed in September.



"A COUPLE OF TWO-YEAR-OLDS RATTLED BY." (p. 356.)

FROM THE GERMAN OCEAN TO THE BLACK SEA.

BY THOMAS STEVENS.



PETERWARDEIN.

AT Batina the people have beautified their water-front, and protected themselves from the ravages of the river by planting long avenues of willows that stand out of the water when the river is low, but at high water are half submerged. The trees break the force of the current and protect the bank, and at the same time provide sheltered moorage for their fishing-boats.

It was in this novel avenue that I passed a night long to be remembered. With the *Julia* snugly tied to a willow tree, I turned in for the night after procuring supper. In the morning the boat was swarming with ants. Myriads of these troublesome insects had been "treed" by the flood, and attracted, I suppose, by my lantern, had invaded my quarters by passing along the rope. All next day the invaders made life interesting aboard the *Julia* as I busied myself trying to clear them out, and for days after ants would occasionally issue from the lockers and make their appearance on deck.

A peculiar feature of the south Hungarian Danube-side villages was the geese. Young peasant girls on the banks, in charge of big flocks of geese on the water, was a common sight. The geese are controlled by shouted orders and motions of the arms, which they seemed to understand as thoroughly as dogs and horses, but are not always willing to obey. Then would ensue an amusing contest, in which the geese seemed to comprehend the weak points of the enemy in the mat-

ter of throwing stones. The cool generalship of the geese in keeping just beyond the range of the battery until the assailants had grown weary of uselessly expending their strength, was comical to behold. As the stones ceased they would, warily and with exasperating slowness, venture again into their favorite shallows near the shore.

One evening, while anchored near a village that seemed particularly given over to the goose industry, I became interested in watching the movements of two big flocks of geese, which their herders were bringing home for the night. One flock was in charge of two girls, the other in charge of a small boy. The circumstance that arrested my attention particularly was that the geese in charge of the girls were far more troublesome and unruly than the others. The flocks seemed equally reluctant to return home; but whilst those in charge of the girls turned back several times and seemed willfully mutinous in behavior, those of the herdboys paddled steadily, though slowly, in the right direction. One could not help seeing that this difference in their behavior was due to their knowledge of the superior stone-throwing talent of the boy; if the herders had changed places, these wise birds would instantly have changed their manners to meet the altered conditions.

Below the junction of the Dran and the Danube, hills covered with vineyards and orchards relieved the Slavonian shore from the monotony of the great plain, but the northern shore continued



THE GOOSE-HERD.

flat and swampy. Barges loaded high with wood were towed up-stream in a most laborious manner by long teams of men up to their waists in water. Smaller craft laden with watermelons were rowed up-stream with tremendous effort, or dropped swiftly down without any effort whatever beyond mere guiding.

The days were now uncomfortably hot, and the Danube was a river of glass, reflecting the glare of the sun in a manner that made dark goggles come in very useful. Fish and water-snakes were abundant, and boats fishing in pairs with long seine-nets were seldom out of sight. It was pleasant to see elevated ground again after the interminable wilderness of water, swamp and willow islands; it seemed almost like approaching land after a long voyage at sea.

Stops were made at the Slavonian villages for food, fruit and wine, and a halt made for Sunday forenoon at Cserevitz. The Slavonians are a kindly, mild-mannered people, Oriental in spirit as compared with the Austrians proper.

The priest in Cserevitz reminded me, both in dress and manner, of a Russian village pope. I happened upon him on Sunday morning as he was sitting on the shady side of a shop, gossiping with a group of villagers. He offered a fair picture for the camera, if he would only step out into the sunshine a moment. A coaxing word and a friendly pat on the back, and the "subject" readily acceded to my request. His costume was a long black gown, fur, wide-awake hat, low of crown and broad of brim, and around the waist was a sash of blue ribbon a foot wide. Like the village pope of Russia, there was nothing in his face or deportment to inspire reverence for his profession. On the contrary—and again like his Muscovite brother—he had the look of a bird of prey; and at noon I was not in the least surprised to stumble up against him again, at the gasthaus, and to find him smoking and drinking with a small gathering of boon companions, consisting of the postmaster, the police captain and the apothecary.

An interesting feature of these Slavonian villages was the town-crier. This individual, a man in military uniform, marches from street to street, halting at intervals to play a tattoo on a kettle-

drum, and to announce in a loud voice the orders of the chief of police, the opening of court and general programme for the day.

Swift flowed the current on the afternoon of Sunday, August 8, as the formidable and imposing fortress of Peterwardein appeared on the horizon to the east. For the past few days the *Julia* had been a crippled duck, the result of an indiscretion in leaving her for a brief time one day the center of attraction for an admiring and inquisitive crowd of villagers without turning off the flame. When I returned, the blow-off valve was open, the boiler dry and badly burned. By maintaining low pressure in oil tank, and the minimum amount of steam for working the engine, matters had gone on fairly well, however, till this fateful Sabbath afternoon.

Now—as though the very moment of danger had been chosen by Fortune to complete the mischief—whilst but a few hundred yards above the bridge of boats that connects Peterwardein with the Hungarian city of Neusatz on the opposite shore, one of the badly burned pipes snapped in twain, and the entire contents of the boiler emptied into the fire-box. Not a minute was to be lost, however, in bewailing the accident, for just below was the bridge of boats, toward which the flood was hurrying the *Julia* with resistless force.

The gate was open for the passage of an up-coming steamer, and seizing the paddle, I worked frantically to bring the *Julia* to it. All to no purpose, however; the distance was too short and the current too swift and strong. One hope seemed left as I quickly removed the flagstaff from its socket. I must guide her fairly between two of the boats and trust to luck. There was, indeed, nothing else to be done; and there seemed a possibility that she might even clear the beams on which the road-bed of planks was laid. Foot-passengers on the bridge, however, thought differently. They, seeing the sweeping down on the bridge, shouted and waved their hands excitedly for me to keep back. Keep back! As well might they have been shouting at a boat on the brink of Niagara. The *Julia* was in the grasp of the inexorable flood, and the most her captain could do for her was to keep her from being borne broadside on the sharp prow of an iron pontoon. As she, like



A BRIDE OF THE BALKAN PENINSULA.

taking a mill-race, shot between two sections of the bridge, I ducked and held fast to her slender sides.

Crash!

For a moment her impetuous career was checked, and then the current swept her clear of the bridge and out on to the broad, lake-like expanse of swirling water that characterizes the Danube below Peterwardein. Her whistle, the highest point aboard after the removal of the flagstaff, had caught on the beams, and the force of the shock had bent its copper stem and torn loose the screws that held the boiler to its bed. The damage was trifling—nothing in fact; but the disaster to the boiler was irreparable!

I very soon learned that a keel-boat adrift in a rapid current is a very exasperating thing. The boat seems to be perversely striving every minute of the day to go wrong. The constant tendency is to float broadside on, or, owing to the keel being deeper at the stern and the rudder, stern foremost. Every little whirlpool, every erratic swirl in the current, hundreds of which were created by the flow of the waters in a most tortuous bed, twisted and buffeted the *Julia* as though maliciously glorying in her crippled condition. Constant watchfulness alone prevented her being drawn like any piece of floating debris through some one of the numerous breaches in the banks made by the escaping surplus of the flood, when she would have been landed helplessly in some shallow swamp miles from where assistance would have been available.

Eternal vigilance, paddle in hand, was now the price of progress, instead of merely sitting by with hand to wheel, taking an occasional glance at the steam-gauge and tube. As for the pace, no fault could be found with that, even by one grown accustomed, from extensive travel and under all sorts of adverse conditions. I regarded with equanimity the "slings and arrows of outrageous fortune," seeing that the current swept me along at the fair rate of five miles an hour.

Yet something must be done; for I was but half-way down the Danube, and the idea of simply drifting with the current for nearly a thousand miles was not exactly to my taste. The canvas that had covered the *Julia* up for the

transit overland from Aussig to Linz would now come in handy for a sail. Poles were therefore obtained, and a cross-piece with a hole in it nailed across from locker to locker; a socket was cut in the floor and a sail rigged up—"a poor affair sir, but mine own." The sail was a bit of canvas, ten feet by five, and by its aid the *Julia* did noble work.

Carlowitz, celebrated for its wine—the world-renowned "Carlowitzer"—as well as for the "Peace of Karlowitz," which gave Hungary and Transylvania to the Austrians; Slankamen and another village or two were passed. The Fruskagora Mountains, old friends of the bicycle ride around the world, were dimly visible to the south. Then a city on an imposing site became a picturesque feature of the eastern landscape. It was Belgrade, the capital of Servia; and far beyond, faintly outlined against the eastern sky, could be seen the irregular outlines of the Lower Carpathians. They denoted a point toward which I had been looking forward with considerable interest as the crucial point of the voyage down the Danube. Between the shadows of those distant mountains the great river rushes down through imposing defiles, a series of formidable rapids, ending in the "Iron Gates." Would so small a launch as the *Julia* be able to make the passage?

But we are at the Servian capital, with the *Julia* anchored under the walls of the grand old fortress that has been a theatre of fierce strife since the days of the Cæsars. Owing to its commanding position on the Danube and at the junction with the Save, Belgrade (properly Beograd; beo: white; grad: fortress—white fortress) has always been a strategic point of the utmost importance, and around it has raged battle after battle in the centuries of struggles between Turks and Christians. In 1455 it was successfully defended by Hunyady, the Magyar hero, against the Turks, who, however, captured it in 1522. In 1688 it was recaptured by the Christians under Maximilian of Bavaria, but restored to the Turks by the treaty of peace. It was taken from them again in 1717, and again in 1789, having been restored to them by treaty both times. The Turks occupied it down to 1867. When the Servians gained complete independence by the treaty of Berlin, Belgrade, with other forts on the international reaches of

the Danube, were dismantled, so that it is now more interesting from its historical associations and its picturesque-ness than as a place of strength.

Within the fort is a very interesting relic of the Roman period, in the form of a deep, large well for furnishing water during times of siege, dug from the brow of the hill within the ramparts, down to below the level of the Danube. The well is an enormous affair, a circular bricked shaft about 40 feet in circumference and 250 feet deep, outside of which a stone stairway, winding round the bricked tube, leads down to the water. Openings through the wall occur at regular intervals all the way down, through which one can look down into the well. The guide leads the way with a lantern, and takes hold of the visitor's clothes as an act of precaution as one peers down through the openings. The view from the ramparts of Belgrade fortress is a magnificent panorama of river and plain.

Belgrade, too, had changed since my previous visit in 1886. The Oriental railway service to Constantinople had brought great change in its appearance and prospects. A splendid iron bridge spanned the Save, and the streets of the city were all torn up after the manner so familiar to New Yorkers. The Servians were putting down water-pipes, tramways and electric-light plants. The water-works were badly needed, but they would crowd out one more of the time-honored Oriental features that have helped to make attractive and picturesque the life of their capital city for many a century past.

No more will be seen those long processions of wretched donkeys and ponies dragging huge barrels of Save water up the steep and badly paved streets, in charge of sturdy ragamuffins in baggy trousers and Turkish fezes. The mosques, with their gracefully slender minarets, are all gone save one; this, in the Turkish quarter, once the chief, but now the humblest quarter of the city, a fountain or two and a Turkish octagonal tower in the fortress, being about the only remaining relics of the Ottoman dominion.

The market, however, was the same interesting picture of Oriental life as ever. These open-air markets are, indeed, the focal point of the country's life in these Eastern cities. Here on

any morning could be seen Turks, Servians, Bulgars, Bosnians, Montenegrins, Roumanians, Greeks and all the races and types that make up the interesting life of the Balkan peninsula.

At Belgrade I met with the usual misadventure of the traveler who essays to carry away pictorial impressions of these Eastern countries by means of the camera. I had followed a band of new recruits into the fortress, and was busily engaged "snapping them off" as the officers were issuing their guns, and, almost as a matter of course, was placed under arrest. Fortunately, however, I happened to be well known to Mr. Rashkovitz, chief of police, who at once came to the rescue, and obtained permission for me to take what photographs I wished. "All's well that ends well," and in the end I fared better for having fallen into the hands of the authorities.

On August 14, a hot, still day, the *Julia* floated down on the clear blue flood of the Save, away from Belgrade; and the little craft was again adrift on the broad water-road of the Danube. In her lockers were roast chickens, loaves of excellent bread and bottles of Servian wine, besides a couple of huge melons and a paper of grapes.

The Danube now flowed between Servia and Hungary. On the Servian side was a pleasant country of hills and valleys, slopes covered with fair vineyards and the levels with fields of maize; on the opposite shore was the interminable Hungarian plain, that had extended, with scarcely an interruption in the monotony, all the way from Buda-Pest. The day was passed in drifting smoothly down with the current, on water as unruffled and smooth as a mirror. The current brought me to Semendria for the night. Here a well-preserved Turkish fortress of considerable dimensions, with towered and battlemented walls, imparted to the landscape an aspect peculiarly medieval and picturesque. The broad river, too, was alive with rude Semendrian fishermen in small rude craft that smacked of ages past no less than did the fort.

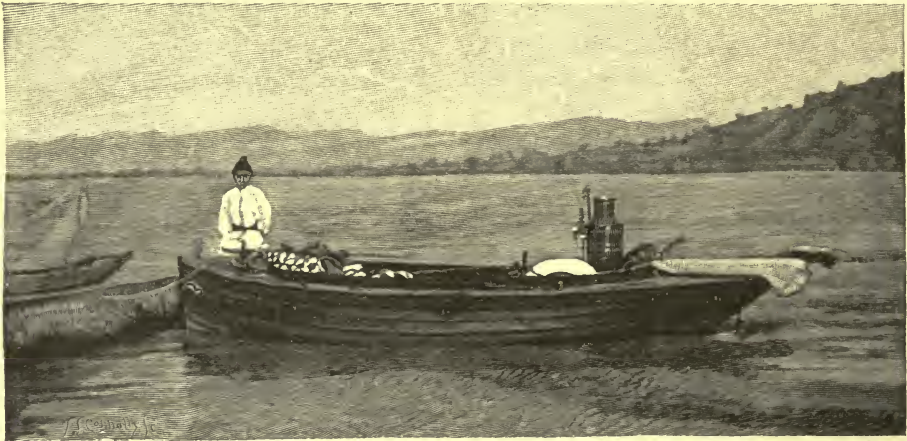
At Alt-Moldova, on the Austrian side, after another quiet, uneventful day, I camped on Sunday evening. The whole population were out in their Sabbath finery: the men in loose white costumes, with red putties about their legs and red kammerbunds around their

waists; the women, also, mostly in white and less gaudily adorned than the peasant women of other places. The moon was shining brightly and the evening air was balmy and soothing to the senses. The whole population of the place seemed to be singing—not together, but each in a spontaneous manner, like birds. From my place of observation aboard the *Julia* I could see couples wandering about, arms round each other's waists, singing most merrily, and seemingly in very joy of the day of rest and the beauty of the moonlit evening.

Early next morning the *Julia* glided into the narrow defiles of the Carpathians, passing at the entrance ruined castles on either side. In the middle of the passage rises a curious pinnacle of rock, called Babajac. The river passes between towering cliffs of rock, in which many caverns are observed. The neighboring peasantry affect to believe that from one of the largest of these caverns issue swarms of poisonous flies which,

all through the passages of the mountains. The road is supposed to have been built by Trajan during the Roman wars with the Dacians—ancient inhabitants of Roumania. As the *Julia* drifts along it is observed that wherever the perpendicular rocks left no room for a passage Trajan's engineers chipped out a path and made the square holes for beams of wood, on which to fasten planks for a footway.

Here one's imagination easily went back to those ancient days, and saw, toiling along this narrow roadway, gangs of slaves hauling boats laden heavily with supplies for the Roman legions, and, in Indian file, the helmeted soldiers marching to the conquest of Dacia. Then, back again, slaves, soldiers and boats; many new faces among the former; the soldiers bronzed from the exposure of the campaign, a few with arms in slings, others limping from wounds and blistered feet; the boats laden to the sinking point with the spoils of war and badly wounded men. A



"THE PILOT WHO STRUCK FOR EXORBITANT PAY." (p. 369.)

like the *tsetse* of Africa, are fatal to cattle. The river scenery is grand, and the noise of the rushing water as it races and swirls along its suddenly narrowed bed adds greatly to the impressiveness of the scene.

Here, too, was a new object of great interest in the form of unmistakable remains of the old Roman road that was, with tremendous labor, cut through the defiles. Numerous square holes chiseled in the solid rock just above high-water mark are to be seen here and there

strange company; and on this return journey it numbers more women than men, for every Roman soldier has captured Dacian wives, and thousands of female slaves are among the spoils of the campaign.

It was odd to contrast the remains of this ancient relic of Roman times with the modern wagon-road recently built by the Hungarian government on the opposite shore—one built but yesterday, the other a century or more before the Christian era.

At Dobra, in accordance with advice received at Belgrade, a pilot was engaged for the passage of the rapids, of which there are several between that point and the cis-Carpathian plains. He was a Servian fisherman of about fifty years of age, a bronzed and weather-wrinkled man, who eagerly agreed for a consideration to pilot the *Julia* through the

He was a very good actor in his class. The old chap spent his time aboard shading his ferrety eyes and peering anxiously about the river, as though frightful dangers lurked thickly on every hand; and he counseled the most extravagant precautions when nearing water through which the *Julia* rode light and triumphant as a cork. As this



SERVIAN WOMEN WAITING FOR THE FERRY.

perils of the rapids. No sooner were we fairly afloat than he, like every guide, commissionaire, pilot and all others of the tribe in the East, developed into a fraud and a humbug, whose usefulness was as problematical as his avarice was keen, and whetted at the prospect of coin in hand.

Three rapids were passed in safety, lines of angry water where the river flows over sunken ledges that cause it to heave and leap in a ridge of boiling waves. We then swung round a point of obstructive rock, bounded through another agitated area and emerged into a broad, lake-like expanse, inclosed by picturesque wooded heights, where a halt for noon was made at the Servian town of Milanovatz.

Here the ancient pilot, having played his part to the best of his crude dramatic ability, believing that he had now convinced his employer that his services would be absolutely indispensable for the passage of the rapids yet ahead, struck for exorbitant pay. This was not altogether unexpected; for my experiences with gentlemen of his persuasion had been varied and instructive.

sort of thing developed I knew what was coming at Milanovatz. It came as a matter of course; and so rather than submit to extortion, I paid him off and pulled out, *sans* pilot. So far the rapids had been less formidable than described. Such things usually are. Why not, then, the Iron Gates?

The scenery beyond the basin of Milanovatz is the grandest river scenery in Europe. Another rapid was passed, and a few miles beyond a rock, dividing the river in two, denoted the entrance to the Kazan Pass. The rock causes a curious circular motion to the water—known as the Kazan Whirlpool. It is agitated but little on the surface, but holds a boat with considerable tenacity. The downward suction is caused by the sudden deepening and narrowing of the river, which is here 200 feet deep and but 180 yards wide.

Perpendicular cliffs tower above several hundred feet high, with numerous evidences of the Roman road at their base. At the narrowest point the Danube, often a mile or more wide in the open country, contracts to 120 yards. A little below this narrow part of the

defile is the famous Roman inscription supposed to commemorate the completion of the road by Trajan :

In the calm of the night at Orsova the roar of the Iron Gate rapids was plainly audible. It sounded ominous, and in the morning I determined, before venturing to shoot them, to stroll down that way and take a look at them from the shore. Peasant women were coming into market, wearing as pretty and "fetching" an article of dress as I had seen for many a day. The skirts were white, and over them, depending from a waistband, a number of bright-colored cords dangled to the heels behind.

It was a charming walk by the Danube side in the cool of early morning. Poplars lined the road, and blackberry bushes laden with fruit tempted one to linger by the way. All was lovely, and

perhaps they would permit me to go on far enough to accomplish my purpose. I passed the Austrian guard-house without being noticed, and one hundred yards farther arrived at a gateway spanning the road. Out stepped a Roumanian soldier and barred the way with bayoneted rifle. An officer beckoned me to the guard-house.

"Passporte!"

"It is in Orsova; I only desire to walk far enough to see the rapids."

"Go back the way you came!" The Roumanian was not to be persuaded. Back across the hundred yards of neutral ground I walked.

"Halt!" called an Austrian sentinel. "Come here," beckoned an officer.

"Passporte!"

"It is in Orsova."

"Go back the way you came!"



THE THRESHING FLOOR.

only man was suspicious of the stranger. Three or four miles from the city, on the face of a bold, rocky bluff, was painted the legend "Roumania," notifying all that the frontier of that promising kingdom had been reached. Unaware that the Iron Gate rapids were over the Roumanian border, I had neglected to put my passport in my pocket; but per-

Thus did these watchful and zealous guardians of frontiers attempt to battle-dore and shuttlecock me between them to and fro across this hundred yards of space. At length I prevailed on the Austrian to send a soldier with me to Orsova, where I quickly convinced him that I was not, at any rate, a spy from the Roumanian side.

THE CITY IN THE VALLEY.

BY MATTHEW LESTER.



SAINTE BEUVE says
"Nothing is swifter to
decay than civilization ;
in three weeks the re-
sult of as many centu-
ries is lost."

The flower of civilization that springs in our bonanza towns and cities bears a decidedly American fragrance. Given precisely the same conditions, a like development would be impossible in any other clime. But when once this bloom is cut down, no ruin of fable or legend is more complete.

During a walking tour in the summer of 189— the close of an August day found me at, apparently, a considerable distance from human habitation.

I had strayed from the beaten track, tempted by the charming scenery of a winding brook.

I wanted to find its source and catch a view of a

"Bosky dell
Where tiny rivulets rise and swell,"

when I noticed, half hidden by trees at my right, a cluster of buildings.

It was still some distance away, so I made all possible speed toward it. I let down an intervening pair of bars and stepped into a grassy meadow flecked with daisies.

Beyond this opened a vista of low massive hills, now covered with a rising purple mist.

I tried to brush up my rather rusty recollections of the topography of the State, for I saw as I went on that not one but a large number of buildings occupied the valley.

I paused in front of the first house, a long, low structure, in appearance like a typical country hotel. The windows were gone, in some instances not even the casements remaining. As I put my foot on the veranda floor, a couple of calves thrust their heads out of the window and gazed at me inquiringly. A glance told me that whatever refreshment that caravansary might afford for beast, it had none for man, and I went on.

I saw some stalwart rows of corn growing in what had once been the street, and tried to picture them a regiment of soldiers ready for action.

An eerie feeling, as if I were surrounded by ghosts, came over me.

Open fields were decidedly to be preferred, I thought, to deserted cities.

But just then I caught sight of a thin line of smoke from the chimney of a house farther up the road.

"Some one lives here, after all," I said to myself.

I saw that the house bore some signs of occupancy.

A chair stood on the porch at just that distance from the wall which permits its being tilted back at an angle inviting to a smoker.

The windows in the lower part were intact, and a dog lay sleeping in the doorway. I rapped loudly on the floor with my stick, and in response a man appeared in the entrance.

He was short and bowed, and had a curious one-sided limp as he walked. His long white hair hung in curls about his face, giving him a singularly juvenile look. His keen black eyes regarded me with some curiosity, but no fear or astonishment. He held out his hand, and in answer to my explanation of my presence invited me to enter.

His voice had something of the harsh sound of a long-unused flute.

"You're quite a ways from anywhere's else, and I guess you can stay here if you want to," he went on, as he led the way inside. The room was dusky, but I could distinguish a table drawn before the window. Upon this my host placed a plate and bowl, remarking as he did so:

"I didn't build no extra fire to-night, but I can give you some bread and milk if you can eat it." I assented at once, adding that the air of Pennsylvania had a marvelous effect upon a jaded New York city appetite.

He sat near me while I ate, and when I had finished, rose remarking:

"I don't burn a light much summer evenings, and it's pleasanter out on the stoop."

He gave me the one chair, and seated himself on the floor. I offered him my cigar-case, but he refused, saying, "I never held much by them cannons; I like my old pipe best."

"I grow my own leaf in a little garden patch," he went on as we lighted up.

"Seems to be a city about here?" I said after a few puffs.

"Was once," he said, sententiously.

"I am the only one left now, though."

"What place is it?" I questioned.

He mentioned a name known to every oil speculator in the country twenty years ago. "This the place?" I gasped.

"You wouldn't hardly believe it, would you? There was a big fire not long after the boom died out, and as most folks had moved away, there wa'n't nobody to fight it, and it took a good deal of the town."

"I always felt thankful this house was spared. I was born here and so was all my children, and I guess I'll die here."

"Then you lived here before the boom?" I inquired.

"Why, it was over there in my south hill pasture that they first struck the ile. There was two farms here where the buildings stand now. I hain't never forgot the day the first well spouted up. Charlie—he jumped on my gray mare 'Jen' and just made her fly over to Titusville with the news."

"I suppose they paid you a good price for the farm?" I remarked.

"No-o; I didn't sell," he hesitated. "Charlie—that's my son—he was all for havin' me take part interest in the ile that was found. Well, I didn't exactly like to sell the old homestead nuther. I don't own only just the house now; the rest of the town was sold for taxes a spell ago—brought \$1,200. A farmer back in the country bought it."

Presently he rose and hobbled into the house. I heard him moving about for a time, and then he called to me.

"I have made up a bed for you on the settee; it is the best I can do for you to-night, and I will leave the candle on the table."

"Don't forget to blow it out," he called again as I entered the house, and I heard no more of him that night.

The next morning I rose late, and the sun was well up when I stepped out on the veranda.

My host of the night before was nowhere in sight, but a frugal breakfast was arranged on the table.

After eating I strolled out and took my way toward that quarter of the town that I had noticed as I sat smoking the evening before. I passed the ruin of a church built of brick in an ugly ornate style; behind it lay the cemetery, and as I ap-

proached I saw a figure crouched before a grave. I marked the bunch of fresh wild-flowers placed upon the smooth green turf and hastily withdrew.

When I made my way later back to the house, I found my friend seated on the porch with his pipe as on the evening before.

He greeted me in a friendly manner, and after a moment's silence, said:

"I saw you up to the graveyard when I was there?"

"Yes."

"I was glad you did not speak to me then. It kind o' seems to me when I am up there that they ain't far away, and sometimes I think I can hear 'em talking to me."

He had laid down his pipe and his eyes were fixed on the distant hills.

"They all went to once, stranger. It was only six weeks from the time Charlie died till Lydia went, and her mother couldn't live without her."

"Then you had two children," I said.

"Only two, and there never was such children before. Some folks said my son was drunk when he was drowned, but it was a lie—a lie, sir!" He struck the post fiercely. "It happened this way," he said as he grew calmer.

"He went out with Fred Alton on the river one evening—Fred was going to marry Liddy. They said he was drunk, and maybe he was, but Charlie wasn't. Well, next morning we found the boat bottom side up, and then they found the bodies that evenin'. Liddy didn't ever get over it. She just pined away, and in six weeks she was put beside the boys up there on the hill. Mother wa'n't long to follow, and then I was alone and I been alone ever since. It wasn't long before the wells dried up and folks moved away. I told 'em I should never go, so I have stayed on. I saved money enough to buy the house and the ground it stands on, but all the rest went."

It seemed like a dream to sit there listening to the old man's story while my eyes wandered about the deserted town.

The city of the living called me from this city of the dead. The old man kindly bade me farewell, and refused the money for my lodging. I laid it on the chair and walked away.

I turned at a bend in the street and looked back. A bowed figure was toiling up the hill toward the cemetery.



THE SHADOW OF REVENGE.

BY LOUISE DUPRÉE MITCHELL.

I laughed scornfully. "And I suppose the ghost prowls around at night with a kerosene lamp, trying to find himself, hey? Haunted! That's all pure rot, my man. Some one lives there, I'll bet a dollar. What do you know about the place? Come, speak out, can't you?"

He eyed me with sullen suspicion.

"You seem to know more'n I do," he replied insolently. "I tell you the place *is* haunted by the form of a woman, for she's been seen more'n once. The folks about here do say that for the last two years a strange man has been a-livin' there; but I ain't seen him and don't want to, and no more does any of the folks about here. He's jest let alone to himself. He's queer, and don't want to see nobody. He gets his garden truck from the Lane's farm near him, and that's all I know about him."

"Is there no possible way that I could meet a train at the junction above, instead of waiting around here? Couldn't I meet one that would take me to B—— and thence on to N——?"

He put down his book with a guilty start and jumped up.

"Well, by Gosh! Let me see." He leaned forward and ran his finger hurriedly down the time-table tacked upon the wall in front of him. "Yes, there is, sir. There's the 10:05, that goes off on the L. L. W. road at the junction. You might ketch that, sir, if you're a good walker, but it's a two-mile walk, sir, and perhaps it might pay you to wait here, after all."

He followed me out on the platform, looking meekly apologetic.

"See them trees up there on the right, sir? Well, the old Malmsey House is jest the other side of 'em, and the junction's jest a step or two beyond that. You can't possibly miss it, and you've got time enough. Good-night, sir. I'll be doggoned if I ain't sorry I didn't think to tell you before, so's you wouldn't have to hustle, for its terrible hot walkin', but

"NO, sir, ain't no train for N—— for two hours yit; you've jest missed the 9:20; she pulled out'n the station only a minute ago. There, you kin see her light disappearin' down in the valley now."

Yes, I *had* lost that train without the shadow of a doubt, and I had nothing to thank for it but the carelessness of the stupid farm-boy who had landed me where I was. I almost regretted having yielded to the whim which had brought me down to this remote farming district to attend the funeral of an old servant of the family, since it had resulted in this unlooked-for delay. I went out on the platform and paced restlessly back and forth, wondering what I could do to amuse myself until the arrival of the train. The scenery about was devoid of interest to me. Fields of grain stretched out as far as the eye could reach in the moonlight on either side of the track and waved lazily in the gentle breeze then blowing. In front of me the single track ran in unbroken lines of black till it was finally lost to sight behind the dark woodland on the right. In the opposite direction it made its way down into what the agent had been pleased to call "the valley."

Moved by the impulse of curiosity, I went back into the *dépot*.

"I see a light up there in the direction of the woods," said I; "does any one live in there?"

The agent had been poring over a novel under a smoky lamp, but as I addressed him he laid his book down and eyed me stupidly.

"That's the old Malmsey House, I s'pose," he said, and picking up his book, added sullenly, "it's haunted."

you see a feller gits kinder lonesome at these here way-stations, and is apt to —”

“Well, good-night,” I said, cutting him off short. “If I catch the train, it’s all well and good. If I miss it, I’ll probably curse you for your negligence. Another time you’d better look sharp!”

“I will, sir. Good-night and good luck to yer.”

“Good luck!” I laughed bitterly to myself as I started forward up the apparently unlimited stretch of rail before me. Good luck, indeed! What possible significance could that term have when applied to me, unless I was to see at last the consummation of the hope which the search of years had denied me? At the very thought my spirit rose within me with a fierce strength. The blood rushed in a torrent to my brain, and for an instant I staggered dizzily. Then I righted myself and hurried on; but heavens! my whole being was in a ferment as I walked along in the oppressive silence of that night, and no sound in my ears but that of my own impatient footfalls. All the ghastly thoughts of revenge that were my inseparable companions made themselves heard at the unbarred door of my brain. I clenched my hands in passionate hopelessness, and a sob of baffled rage swelled my throat till it seemed about to burst. It was so little that I asked of life—nothing more than to meet him just once, then I would be willing to await the climax of my existence in stolid silence. Year after year the boon had been denied me, and I chafed under the restraining hand of fate with the sullen fury of a tiger deprived of its prey. Down the vista of years, spent in useless search for him, my wasted life lifted its gaunt head with meaning terrible and real to me. I knew that slowly but surely the strength of my vigorous manhood would steal into the horrors of decrepitude and I would be too weak to effect my purpose. Already my hair was white, and my beard a drift of snow upon my chest. I felt that I should not die before I found him—I was convinced of that; but oh, to hasten that meeting; to feel my fingers sink into the flesh at his throat; to watch the gray shade of suffocation creep over his face like a mask, and to know that I—I, whom he had so bitterly wronged, was torturing him to death! I smiled in ecstasy at the picture of

revenge yielded by my imagination. I shuddered, and then awoke to the fact that I was trembling with weariness—a weakness that was unprecedented in one of my strength, unless—unless—but no, not that, not yet! Let me retain my vigor until that blow had been dealt in *her* honor—my poor lost *Elinor*!

For the first time in years that name—*her* name—had escaped me. As the sweet word breathed itself upon the evening air, all the deep, forgiving love that I had learned to feel for my erring wife surged into that paroxysm of hatred in my heart with cooling effect. Tears gushed from my eyes, and broken words, incoherent even to myself, but full of pity for her weakness and tender remonstrance for her lack of trust in me, fell from my lips, and the picture of my home as it had once existed unrolled itself as a scroll from beneath my feet at every step I took. Its wealth and refinement, and the beautiful young girl I had called my wife, were recollections that wrung my heart. My wife! but, oh God, my wife lost and dishonored now! I saw again before me in shadowy pictures each captivating grace which had been hers. The touch of the small hands stealing about my neck; the fine, curling threads of dark hair brushing my cheek as I held her folded against my heart; the teasing, half-veiled glance from the eyes raised to mine at some passionate outburst of love and the little tricks of manner that used to set my brain afire with their winsomeness! Where were they? I stretched my arms toward heaven in agonized remonstrance. Gone, gone out of my life forever in one harsh stroke of fate, and he yet free and hidden beyond reach of my avenging hand! My head sank in despondency upon my breast, and I stumbled mechanically onward, no longer conscious as to why I was following those long, gleaming lines stretching on either side of me. I watched them curiously after a while, wondering why they did not curl up and strike at me with their fangs, and thus end the unceasing motion of my feet. I tried to stay my progress and see what the effect would be, but I seemed to have lost all control of my limbs, and after one or two ineffectual efforts to restrain my footsteps, finally gave it up and fixed a cautious gaze upon the track ahead. The very

fact of watching the rails so closely, relieved that pressure on my brain, and with a deep-drawn sigh I lifted my head and glanced inquiringly about. The whole place appeared to me as dark and forbidding as an evil dream. I could not repress a shudder, and as I hastily turned my gaze from it, I saw something gleaming like polished steel in the moonlight under the trees. It was a narrow sheet of water, that seemed to possess a stealthy backward motion, as though it was gradually drawing itself out of sight beneath the trees. Its calm, gliding surface seemed treacherous enough to cause an involuntary feeling of aversion, and fearless as I was, my blood chilled at the first glimpse I had obtained.

"A fitting place for a murder," I thought, and instinctively felt for my pistol; but beyond the death-like stillness which prevailed, nothing occurred to alarm me.

The point of light that had attracted my attention at the station below was no longer visible, but looking sharply across the water to where the trees seemed to climb a slight rise in the land, I could see the chimney-tops of a house,

"The old Malmsey House," I murmured, peering curiously. "It certainly looks mysterious enough to give credence to the belief in the existence of even the all-powerful ghost with the kerosene lamp. The agent—" but appropos of the agent, what was the hour? Time had taken wings; I had but eight minutes in which to do the last mile. I was a good runner, and with the faint hope that the train might be delayed, I started ahead on a run, but by some mischance my foot caught, and with one desperate effort to regain my balance, I plunged forward, my head striking sharply against the rail. I remember that my last conscious thought was that if I did not arise at once I should certainly lose the train I had taken so much trouble to meet; but a suffocating darkness pressed me down, down, into oblivion, and I knew no more.

* * * * *

When next I opened my eyes it was to feel something cool and wet upon my face, and to be conscious that I was near water. I lifted my head feebly, and at last managed to raise myself to a recumbent position, staring stupidly

around, trying to comprehend the situation. My eyes blinked in the fine stream of light that was flung out across the water in front of me like the keen blade of a knife. Following it to its source with my eye, I discovered that a light pierced the foliage back of me from the old Mamsley House beyond. A voice from behind me suddenly broke the silence:

"You are feeling better then?"

A confused sense of familiarity in the tones made me wonder where I could have heard them before. I sat up with an effort.

"Yes, I am better, thank you," I said slowly—"a—a fall, I think. I stumbled awkwardly; my head is still spinning like a top, and the pain is unbearable," and faint and giddy, I dropped back again.

"I am afraid you are badly hurt, sir; but you are near my house, and if you will permit me to assist you, I think you had better try to reach it. I can then give you proper attention. I am alone in this place, and therefore cannot call for assistance, but if you will make the effort I think I can get you to the house without much difficulty."

The refinement and courtesy of his tone surprised me, but, despite that, a faint, uncomfortable suspicion tapped warningly within, and I disliked him upon the spot. However, I was in a bad predicament. At every effort I made to sit erect my head whirled, and a distressing nausea threatened to overcome me. I saw that I must either accept his offer of assistance, or lie there helplessly to await a slow death. If I must die, it should be in some other place than that in which I then was, with its surrounding horrors. So, with the stranger's assistance I struggled to my feet, and after a moment spent in steadying myself, took a step or two forward. The superstitious thought would come into my mind, as we crept along, that perhaps my rescuer was leading me to my death. Yet the tones of his voice, low and feigned as I felt them to be, had raised a determination in me at all risks to discover the truth or otherwise of my suspicions that this man was the destroyer of my early hopes. As we penetrated deeper into the shade of the trees, the long flash of light looked so like the keen blade of a knife that I found myself growing more and more uneasy.

Strangely enough, the fears and hopes battling in my heart, instead of weakening me, imbued me with unnatural strength, which buoyed me up like an elixir.

My host, for such he now constituted himself, led me up the rickety steps, and pushing open a door, motioned to me to enter; but I bade him precede me. For some unaccountable reason he hesitated an instant, but immediately thought better of it, and stepped briskly forward, bidding me to move cautiously, as the boards were rotten, and a few holes were discernible if I kept a sharp lookout for them. In the dim light of the moon I could see that we were in a large square hall with a broad oaken staircase leading from the middle of it, and doors opening into it from all directions. To the left of the one by which we had entered I observed a richly carved mantel, beneath which yawned the wide mouth of a chimney, resembling to my excited imagination a private entrance to the land of darkness.

My host crossed the hall with accustomed ease, and pushed open one of the doors to the right of the staircase. I followed, and discovered a narrower hall, damp and chilly, into the extreme end of which poured a flood of light from the half-open door. Approaching this light, we came to a large room scantily furnished and smelling strongly of chemicals, but having an inviting look, notwithstanding. I was struck by the degree of comfort this recluse had managed to introduce into this room, considering the poor materials with which he was provided. There were one or two clumsy wooden benches, evidently made by his hand, and an stately old armchair, with the hair-filling protruding from gaping wounds in its moth-eaten and tattered covering. It was apparently a relic of the mansion's more prosperous days, as was also the crazy old lounge pushed back against the wall, its age and dilapidation partly concealed by a faded red curtain flung carelessly over it. A rudely constructed table, littered with writing materials, books, papers and bottles, occupied a conspicuous place beneath the lamp.

My host pulled forward the armchair for me, and not without some reluctance, I seated myself. I tried to catch a glimpse of his face as I began a recital

of my experience since leaving the East Farms station, but, either consciously or otherwise, he avoided my glance, and stood with his back to the light at the end of the room, before some roughly finished hanging shelves with swinging doors. His non-committal manner and strange actions added fuel to that smouldering fire of suspicions in my breast, and I felt cautiously for my pistol again, but this time, with a chill of dread closing in about my heart, I realized that it was *gone!* For an instant I was staggered by the discovery. Then I tried to reason the thing out coolly. Could it not have slipped from my pocket at the time of my fall, or was it possible—could it be that he—I watched him keenly. He stood there, with a medicine glass in his hand, carefully dropping liquids into it from the bottles he took from the shelves. He was mixing the concoction for me, and I could not resist a smile of sarcasm prompted by the estimate I had formed of his character. To be sure, I was defenseless, but I was still in possession of all my faculties. He was a slightly built man, but his lithe, wiry-looking form appeared to me to possess a strength not to be looked for in other men of his physique. His fingers were long and supple, his hair sleek and dark, and such of his features as I could see, were delicate almost to the point of effeminacy. I was a much larger man, heavily built, but past middle age, and therefore less agile than he. I glanced hastily about the room, hoping to find a weapon of some kind with which to defend myself in case of necessity, but could see nothing.

"You are a physician, sir?" I asked quietly, as I watched the movements of his deft fingers. He replied that he was not; that he devoted his whole time to the study of chemistry, and had at last dared to hope that he had made some valuable discoveries, which were to be given to the world later, adding that he had constructed a sort of laboratory in another part of the house, which we could visit at my pleasure when I had regained my strength. I thanked him, taking care not to let him know *how far* that strength had returned. I questioned him in a casual manner as to his work and plans, and he answered me politely, but almost in monosyllables, which deepened the impression that was rapidly becoming a conviction in my mind.

Having replaced the last bottle upon the shelves, he closed the doors with deliberation, and turning, came toward me with slow and measured steps, the glass in his hand. His face was pale and set, but quite composed. My own was free from agitation, and I was outwardly unmoved, but in that first swift, apparently idle glance at him my heart had swelled almost to bursting, for I *knew* that the destroyer of my home and happiness was unearthed at last!

"If you will drink this, sir, you will feel your old strength revive immediately," he said, and set the glass down on the table before me; then, with well-feigned ease, he sank down into a chair opposite. I felt his eye studying my face keenly as I pretended to be absorbed in an examination of the contents of the glass. I asked him many questions concerning the mixture, all of which he now answered readily enough, though a shade of uneasiness had come into his manner.

At last I glanced up calmly. "It's a wonderful drug," I said, turning it around slowly, and then holding it up to the light; "from your description of its virtues, I should say that you have certainly made a remarkable discovery, and one that will doubtless be of great benefit to mankind; but it strikes me that another man, equally clever with yourself, would hardly expect me to drink anything at *your* hand had prepared—*Nelson Parks!*"

The name electrified him. He had been thrown completely off his guard by the ordinary tone in which I had spoken, and he now betrayed himself by the start he gave and the pallor of his face. A treacherous light came into his eyes, and I saw his hand creep stealthily behind him. In a flash I reflected that he must have my loaded pistol concealed about his person, and as he leaped to his feet, I, realizing that life or death lay in my next action, dashed the glass with its deadly contents to the floor, and with a strength born of desperation, gave one tremendous bound forward, and was upon him before he had guessed my intention. With the blind instinct of self-preservation, he darted aside to avoid me, but I was too quick for him, and the impetus I had given myself threw my weight heavily against him. With a shrill cry as of a wild beast, he staggered backward, and in an instant I had

clutched him about the body in an embrace that well-nigh crushed the life out of him at once. I seemed endowed with superhuman strength, and my arms coiled about his slender form with a force that made the bones crack, and he groaned aloud. For one breathless moment we swayed in that fearful grasp like a vessel rocked in a storm, and then his strength seemed to come to him, for with a movement quick as light he thrust out his foot and tripped me, and we fell heavily to the floor, causing the dilapidated old building to rock, and throwing the lamp from its clumsy bracket. It fell with a crash upon the table, scattering broken glass about like hail, but was luckily extinguished. The force of our fall loosened my hold upon my enemy, and in the twinkling of an eye he had partially extricated himself from me. I thought then that it was all up with me, but the fury of a thousand demons possessed me, and I fought like a tiger to reach his throat. Over and over we rolled in the darkness in that horrible struggle to take each other's life, but finally I wrenched myself free, and dashed his head again and again upon the floor with a force that half-stunned him and caused him to relax his hold.

In that breathing space the dream of years was fulfilled, for my fingers buried themselves in his throat with a grasp of iron.

"You *snake!*" I panted, "do you think I am to be cheated out of my revenge after all these years? No, by God! I'll wait here and watch you in the last agonies of death, knowing that my hand has sent you to hell so much the sooner!"

"I—I could have killed you," he said.

I laughed hoarsely and shook him fiercely. "You fool! You *couldn't* have killed me! I've waited for this moment for years, and the memory of the past, and my revenge, would have kept me alive to pay you what I owe you. Where is *she*, you hound?"

Even then the mention of her cost me an effort.

"Dead," he said, glaring at me with a triumph of hatred in his eyes; "she is dead—beyond your reach; she had repented and was going back to you, and to keep her from you I *killed* her!"

"Killed her—killed her? Merciful God! Killed her?" My jaw dropped

and I stared in mute horror into space, and the iron strength of my fingers melted away as the awful words were hurled at me. "Killed her!" My poor, helpless wife—beyond the reach of my protecting arm! Was there no one at hand to aid her? Oh, my God! My brain reeled, and my foe, quick to see and take advantage of my weakness, worked his arm free, and I collected myself just in time to catch the gleam of a knife-blade in the indistinct moonlight stealing through the window near us as his hand made a swift movement toward my side; then a torrent of diabolical passion came upon me. With a yell of rage I wrenched the weapon from him, and in a frenzy of grief and fury I struck at him with it again and again, until my hand grew weary, and my eyes dazed with the horrid sight. Then, covered with blood and exhausted with passion, I staggered to my feet and groped my way blindly from the room to the door leading to the veranda. Fumbling at the door-knob like a feeble old man, I finally succeeded in pulling the door open and staggered out. As the cool, damp night air fanned my brow great drops of icy sweat rolled down my face, and a red stream spurted from my lips. I fell heavily against one of the posts that supported the roof, and believed that I was dying. I had no recollection of what had transpired, and only gazed in vague wonder at the strange white light that shone beneath the trees at my feet. My sight was failing, but yet clearly I saw a slight girlish figure running up the steps leading to where I stood, with arms outstretched. The lips were parted in a smile, and there was the same roguish light of mischief lying deep in the dark eyes raised to mine, and the brown hair, resting in feathery curls about the forehead, was tossed back in the old careless fashion I knew so well. Angel of Mercy, how my heart rose in welcome to meet her! My voice was choked with the wild gladness of my soul.

"*Elinor!*" I cried, and strove desperately to reach her, but a strange paralysis held me chained to that post, and I could not lift a finger. In agony I saw her pass me without a glance and enter the house behind me. A moment later I heard a piercing scream, and then, with a dull crash, the post against which I leaned gave way, and I was hurled down into a bottomless abyss

which yawned at my feet like the very gates of hell.

* * * * *

"He's conscious now, doctor."

The words seemed to drag my spirit back from obscurity into the physical world again. Beyond the face bending over me I saw another—that of a physician whom I had long known. He leaned over me and read the mute question in my eyes.

"You have met with an accident, sir. You are now in your own room at the—Hotel, but you must not try to talk at present. Drink this, and I will be more explicit another time."

I obeyed, but that "time" did not come for more than a week. Then, one day, he seated himself at my bedside. I looked him squarely in the face and began slowly:

"Dr. Fenner, you have known me a long time, and are aware that I am not a man of weak nerves. I wish you to answer me frankly, if you please—you believe that I shall not recover?"

He replied cautiously, and as though he weighed each word, "There is a chance for you, sir. For three weeks you have lain in a stupor, and despite the fact that you have burst a blood-vessel and generally damaged yourself, your fine constitution holds out encouragement."

I shook my head negatively. "No, I shall die," I said decidedly. "I *know* that beyond a doubt. Now, if you are ready, I am waiting for your further revelations."

"Well, have it as you will," he said, studying me curiously the while. "An explanation can do you little harm, I suppose, and it will be better for your mind to be at rest. Four weeks ago I was traveling on a late train to East Farms, to visit some old property of my mother's, when we came to a standstill near the very house I wished to look at. Jumping off with some of the other passengers, I went forward to learn the cause of the stoppage. I found the train men bending over the form of a man lying face downward on the track. Imagine my surprise and alarm when, on turning the body over, we discovered *you* lying there! You were lifted into the baggage car, and the train proceeded to the East Farms station, where the ticket-agent was aroused and questioned. The

hour at which your watch had stopped tallied with the facts gleaned from the agent as regards the time at which you left the station. Instead, therefore, of following out my original intention, of passing the night with a former patient at East Farms, I came straight on here with you, where you have been ever since. The next day I left you in the care of my partner, and hurried down to the Malmsey House to finish the inspection of the property (which I had postponed on account of the finding of your body, as I have told you), as it was absolutely imperative that the matter should be attended to without delay. There is little more to tell, sir, I" —

"I know what you discovered there," I said quietly; "you need not trouble yourself to mention it, for I, myself, murdered him!"

He started and stared at me in amazement.

"For God's sake, what are you saying? It is utterly impossible for you to have committed this or any other crime of the kind, at the time mentioned. Why, my dear sir, you were found in an unconscious condition lying between the rails, and were picked up by the very train I was on, which was due at East Farms at 11:20 o'clock. You have been in this bed ever since, insensible up to about a week ago. Your watch had stopped at ten o'clock, and besides that, the agent tells us that, from some compunctions of conscience he felt, for having failed to notify you of a train which you wished to take, he had stood upon the platform and kept you in view, hoping that you would not miss it. He lost sight of you suddenly, as you neared the woods, and concluded that you had gone down from the track to gratify a curiosity you had expressed as to my mother's property. He went in and wound up the clock for the night, and it was then ten o'clock, the very moment that you had fallen, instead of having left the track as he had supposed, and, as I say, the shock of your fall had caused your watch to stop at the same hour, proving conclusively that it could not have been you who committed the deed.

"Those are the plain facts, my dear sir, carefully gleaned by others besides myself. It is not to be denied that the fact of your prostrate form being found so near the scene of the murder was a

suspicious circumstance to many people, especially as the dead man was seen walking about the grounds at nine o'clock that night, by the son of a farmer who supplied him with milk and vegetables. Your statement is therefore, you see, without reasonable grounds for belief; you have even been traced from the time you left N—— until your body was discovered as I have stated to you."

He concluded, and sat back in his chair with the air of a man who had settled the question beyond possible dispute, but I shook my head.

"Doctor," I said calmly, "my statement may seem preposterous to you—I've no doubt it does—but if, as you have tried to prove, it was physically impossible for me to have committed the murder, because insensible at the time when it is supposed to have happened, how do you account for the fact that I am accurately informed concerning the whole occurrence, without in any way having heard the facts stated, nor seen the room in which the crime took place? Now listen—kindly get writing materials, and put down what I am about to say, as the confession of a dying man, and that I did murder Nelson Parks I will very soon convince you."

More to humor the fancy of a sick man, than for any other reason, as far as I could judge from his actions, he did as I requested. Summoning all my wasted strength, I went back over the history of the past up to the moment when justice had been granted me at last and I had avenged the wrongs of a blasted life.

As I reached this part of my story, Doctor Fenner sprang to his feet, and letting the pen fall from his fingers paced the room excitedly.

"Stop! For heaven's sake, stop!" he cried in agitated tones, "I have heard enough. By heavens, sir, this is a case beyond my comprehension! It is unearthly, terrible! Do you expect me to believe that *you* committed the murder; that *you*, who have not been out of my care since the day you came here, could have avenged your wrongs on *that* night? Why, I tell you it is utterly and simply absurd—believe me, it is nothing more than the delirium of a sick man's brain."

Suddenly he stopped in his walk and stood beside me. "Perhaps—perhaps, God knows, there may be some truth in

the psychological theory that the spirit has power to leave the body and work its will unaided—but this seems a weak solution of the mystery,” he added, regarding me gravely. “If this is indeed the solution in your case, I confess that more heads than mine would be steadier for having the certain knowledge of it. There is an awful blank in the clues the detectives have obtained. They end abruptly at the finding of the drops of blood on the veranda of the Malmsey House and the shattered pillar. Sir, while I have the evidence of my own senses, and my own surgical knowledge of your injuries, your explanation has given me a terrible shock, and I am at a loss what to think. I cannot conceive how you can accurately describe the scene as we found it, unless you had a previous knowledge of it, but from the standpoint of pure common-sense alone it is utterly impossible. Do you not see that, sir? *It could not have happened!*”

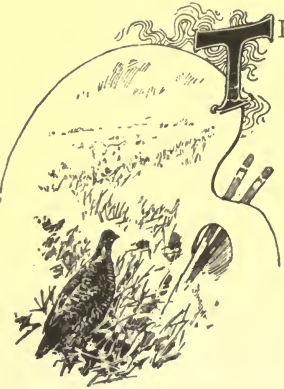
I looked at him coldly. “No, I do not see it at all,” I answered with some irritation. “*It could and did happen.*”

I cannot understand your hesitancy in believing the truth of what I have stated. I have related the facts simply upon my honor, as I know them to have transpired. I have had no knowledge, as you suggest, from any source whatever, and depend upon my *actual personal experience.*

Do you suppose that, if I had known that Nelson Parks was in hiding in that house, where I could so easily have reached him, I would have spent my life uselessly searching other parts of the world for him? Why, that is preposterous, sir, and you cannot but admit it. I never even heard of the Malmsey House, until I received the ticket agent’s meagre description of it, and later started to pass it in curiosity. Now, sir, whether through the medium of body, soul or spirit (I care not which, so long as my work has been done), I, a dying man, swear on my oath, that I, and I alone, stabbed Nelson Parks to his death. Let the world find what other solution it will, this is the solemn truth, as God is my witness!”

OFF TO THE MOORS OF BONNIE SCOTLAND.

TOLD BY A DOG.



THOROUGHbred and a Gordon setter, born on the estate of the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, in the very heart of the Scotch grouse country, where I acquired a thorough sporting education. I am thoroughly competent—with all due deference—to discuss and dilate upon the delightful topic of grouse-shooting. During the non-shooting season I am generally in London with my master and mistress. Then I am supposed to be outrageously spoilt by the latter. But this verdict I cannot altogether indorse, for I consider that six years of hard and conscientious labor in the field during the season merits the delicious compensation which I undoubtedly receive at her hands. Consider for a moment the sport and

enjoyment that I have afforded my master and his friends in days gone by; in addition to which my social qualities are of a high order, and I am equally at home in the gilded salon or the white-washed kennel. Well, to-morrow we leave town for the north—a party of six, two ladies and four men, not to mention the servants, some of whom have gone on ahead to make our shooting box in Sutherland habitable for the next two months or so. For the last few weeks I have listened to dissertations on guns, powder and shot, the ravages of the “grouse epidemic” and kindred subjects, until I am thoroughly conversant with all sides of the question, and though appealed to occasionally, always keep my own counsel, unbiassed by the disputatious influence of Scotch whisky and cigars.

I know all the symptoms which indicate the near approach of the twelfth. Why, last week I spent best part of an afternoon with my master at Tolley’s,

that shows which way the wind is blowing; the very smell of the powder set my blood tingling. I have not had six seasons in London for nothing. I know what betokens the sportsmen's red-letter day—the fuss and feathers, the overhauling old kits, the furbishing up of old favorites and the petting we dogs get from the dandies, who have hardly deigned to look at us for months. Pug and his ugly sisters have to sing small as our turn comes round. Oh! I know all these signs of the times. I have watched my masters pretty close, and it's surprising the number of things a dog may hear. I think some day I'll write a book; just now I'll be content to tell this story.

The festive season was over; London was empty, and the fortunate ones of the earth had packed their portmanteaux, ready to scatter to the four winds, whithersoever each one's fancy or financial resources suggested.

Some I had heard talking of fleeing to the mountains, though I have never seen them fly or even move very fast; some were going yachting, some fishing; I knew we were going to the moors in pursuit of that king of feathered fame, "the noble red grouse."

Last night my mistress was reading aloud an article on grouse-shooting, whilst I was curled up at her feet pretending to be asleep, but since anything relating to sport has a great attraction for me, I kept my ears open, for she was reading about parts of the country of which I had often heard from some of my four-footed friends. I had never myself ranged over the Yorkshire and Derbyshire moors, but I had often taken stock of them from the window of the car on our way to and from Scotland, and I had formed an opinion not very flattering to the veracity of some of my acquaintances. As my mistress read I wagged my approval from time to time, and was particularly interested in the following:

"Although good sport in this particular branch—grouse-shooting—is to be obtained in some of the English counties, notably Yorkshire, Derbyshire, Northumberland, Westmoreland and others, the birds here will seldom lie well to a dog after the month of August, and there can be no question as to the superiority of Scotland over any other part of the British Isles as a field for

the breeding and rearing of grouse. Since there is less ground amenable to cultivation, the population is more scattered, and this scarcity of its natural enemies is greatly conducive to the comfort and well-being of the grouse family, not to mention deer and other wild game.

"In Scotland the 'canny' and oft-times impecunious Scotch lairds let their estates for a part of the year, or sell the shooting rights for very considerable sums to southern sportsmen; having discovered by experience that this is a much more profitable investment than sheep-raising on a large scale, since large flocks of sheep and grouse are never likely to coexist in the same locality.

"The shepherds disturb the birds and their charges trample the eggs, whilst the dogs, unless very well broken, will worry the 'cheepers,' a temptation which they find it difficult to resist; having caught one, a slight but fatal gripe is given, and pleased with his performance, the dog straightway proceeds to treat others of the brood in the same way."

I must have fallen asleep, for I remember nothing more until next morning, when a brace of Tolleys arrived for my master, much to my satisfaction.

"Bracket," the pointer, who had been allowed the extraordinary privilege of joining our party on this last night, said that my lady read that "Pointers will stand the heat of the early months better than setters, though the latter will endure more fatigue and hunt with more courage; the hairy pads of their feet are better calculated to resist the ling, which, in dry weather, cuts like wire.

"The only objection to their universal use is that they require a great deal of water, without which their speed and steadiness are frequently called in question." But I don't believe she read anything of the sort. Anyway Bracket is a low-bred fellow who puts on a good many airs because he happens to have been christened the same name as a champion dog of his breed, before they found out what sort of a cur he really was. I often used to say to him, and it always made him wild, a champion! but then there's a breed to be the champion of!

I was utterly tired of London; there had been little or nothing to do for

months with the exception of a swim in the Serpentine, an occasional run down to Richmond, or a week on the Thames in a house-boat, which is pleasant enough; but one's talents are wasted in London. On the moors I shall have all the running I want, perhaps more; my weight must be reduced, however, for I have made too good friends with the cook, and this agreeable though plebeian habit is not calculated to keep one in the best of training.

But here we were at the Euston railroad station *en route* for the north, several parties of sportsmen besides ourselves equipped with all the accessories for waging war upon the unlucky grouse. My master ransacked the book-stalls for the latest magazines and other reading to while away a few hours of the long journey. It was thus that I first became acquainted with *OUTING*, and I said to myself then some day I'll let them know what a dog's got to say about it.

I was smuggled into a private coupé with the rest of the party, and thus spared the indignity of the dog box with its heterogeneous and often quarrelsome occupants.

The express rushed on past smoky towns and scattered hamlets, stopping but seldom, for we were on board the "Flying Scotchman."

The flat country was soon left behind, and when we were climbing the Yorkshire hills, Westmoreland and Cumberland, I had another good look round to confirm my prejudice that they were no use, anyway. After a short pause at Carlisle for refreshments, we sped onward again. We presently crossed the border, and I was on my native heath once more.

The night closed in and every one retired to roost, so I followed suit; slept soundly until next morning about six o'clock to find that we had arrived at the little wayside station within five miles of our shooting box. There the break was awaiting us, drawn by two shaggy mountain ponies, old friends of mine, and into this vehicle the whole party climbed and rattled off, whilst I ran alongside. I was so overjoyed that I could scarcely restrain my longing to hunt the moorland on each side of the rugged mountain road which we had to traverse. There was much laughter, mingled with little feminine shrieks,

as the break bumped along over large boulders or down into the deep ruts left by last Winter's rains. When the house had been reached, after donning their shooting things, the party proceeded to attack a huge Scotch breakfast of porridge, ham and eggs, salmon steaks, etc. Only a small ration of the former edible fell to my share, as I was expected to distinguish myself to-day.

There were four other dogs beside myself, not to mention a large curly coated retriever, who, it seemed to me, was altogether out of place. I did not know him, but I suppose he was useful in his own particular line, or at least somebody thought so.

Breakfast over and cigars lighted, a council of war was held with the head keeper regarding the most likely places to find birds, and that matter being satisfactorily arranged, the party divided each taking separate beats.

What a beautiful morning! How bright and cool! The crisp air made me wild with delight, as I ranged frantically about, apparently with no other object in view but to flush everything that flies, and get myself into trouble, which I very soon did. As I previously remarked, however, I know my business, and am never guilty of any impropriety when I settle down to real work.

A slight breeze was blowing in my direction, and suddenly I became aware that there was game in the wind.

The scent is perfectly indescribable, and it is worth a whole day's work to get one little whiff. I drew slowly on, my master and his friend following close up. I could go no further; the birds were almost under my nose, though I could not see them. With stony stare and a heart that had almost stopped beating, I stood with stiffened limbs, hardly daring to breathe. It was a moment of intense excitement. I heard a muttered "steady, boy," and then, with a rush and a whir, an old cock grouse got up challenging loudly. Poor fellow! it was his last call, for he soon lay fluttering his life away amongst the dewy heather, bowled over in fine style.

A little way off my four-footed companion was pointing stanchly on his own account, heedless of all this noise and confusion. As I did not know him well, I at once proceeded to investigate the matter myself. Sure enough, he was right, and three more birds were secured

as the rest of the brood rose up and sailed gayly away over an adjacent hill. Off we went in pursuit at the keeper's suggestion. I knew he was an excellent marker, and by dint of long practice could usually approximate within a few yards where the birds lit.

On the way we passed through a small thicket of mountain ash and bracken, where an old black cock flushed and flew off unharmed. He had still some days of grace, being yet out of season, and presenting a somewhat seedy appearance, minus his tail and his general bumptious demeanor—quite a contrast now to the showy bird he will be next October, when he is in full plumage.

Shortly after this episode we again encountered the remainder of the brood which were first flushed, and as they lay close, the bag became perceptibly heavier.

In the distance we could hear the guns of the other party, and judging by the number of shots, they were having good sport.

We found three more broods, and did very fairly by them, considering that it was the first day of the season, and neither my nerves and muscle nor my masters were strung up to the right pitch of workmanlike tension.

It was an ideal day for shooting, but the sun was getting hot, and I was forced to take advantage of every drop of water.

The bag filled rapidly; but, notwithstanding, I think we were all glad (especially the keeper) when the ladies appeared in sight, followed by the "gillie" leading a Shetland pony with the lunch.

In the course of half an hour the other guns came up, and we compared notes, and carefully disposed the contents of our different bags on the ground, amidst admiring comments and exclamations of delight from my lady and the fair enthusiasts with her.

Ample justice was done to the mid-day meal, which, thanks to the ladies, was quite an elaborate affair, with a cunningly devised salad and sandwiches of delicate workmanship; and yet I have heard growling old beasts hint that ladies are in the way amongst a shooting party. Lunch over, the ladies declared their intention of trying the burn for trout, and one gentleman of the party, somewhat "fat and scant of breath," suggested that he should be

permitted to accompany them and carry the fishing basket. His benevolent intentions were speedily frustrated, and he was compelled willy nilly to bear his part in the afternoon campaign. He never ought to have come, poor man! he was a novice. I didn't know him, but I heard one of the party say he believed he was the original "Perkin Middlewick," at which they all laughed heartily, but I did not see why. When back in London I'll ask about this at the club.

After an hour's rest and a few pipes we tramped along, picking up a few birds here and there until it was time to return home, and none of us were sorry, for all were a trifle footsore or leg-weary. I know I was, but I had the honor of the Gordons to maintain, and I did it.

The ladies, whose efforts with the rod had been fairly successful, met us on the threshold, displaying their catch with pardonable pride. The other sportsmen came limping in, tired, like ourselves, and if you had seen that curly-coated retriever you would not be surprised. I wondered why he had been taken along.

I made my way to the kitchen for dinner, after which, lying before the peat fire, my eyes shut involuntarily, and thus ended the twelfth of August.

We had a good many such days during the Fall. Our shooting abounded in all three varieties of the grouse family indigenous to the British Isles, the black, the red and the ptarmigan, or white grouse, though the red, which is my favorite, far exceeded the others in number.

Black game and red grouse are at daggers drawn, and it is rare indeed to find them in the same locality, whilst the ptarmigan isolate themselves completely, and inhabit only the summits of the highest mountains, where they may be found perched amidst the rocks and débris, the color of which they so closely resemble that it requires a practiced eye to distinguish them from their surroundings. They never take a long flight—merely circle about like pigeons around a dove-cote. We dogs do not scent them well, and there is neither enterprise in flushing them nor credit in bringing them down. I think ptarmigan-shooting is an insipid diversion, only comparable as a sport to the shooting of trapped birds at a pigeon match. The

red grouse, however, is a bird well worthy of the sportsman's notice. Its flight renders it not quite so easy a mark as some suppose, for, when flushed, they often rise almost vertically to a considerable height, and then dart forward. Expert shots will pull them down with ease, but it must be done as coins are hit when thrown into the air—on the turn.

Oh! the rows I have heard over a receipt for shooting grouse are beyond belief. Grouse-shooting, like casting a fly or riding a horse, can only be acquired by experience and practice. I've heard sportsmen say that holding the gun straight is a preliminary to success. Fancy its taking a man to find that out. These rows make us dogs laugh.

A driven grouse, whirring along at the rate of sixty miles an hour, requires a good deal of stopping, as its own impetus will often carry the bird thirty or forty yards when shot dead, and woe to the unlucky wight who should chance to receive one upon his devoted head, should it be flying down wind.

When large packs follow each other in quick succession the fun is fast and furious enough, but to my mind there is a monotony about it—the same kind of shot repeated over and over again until it becomes almost mechanical.

We dogs prefer the "old-fashioned" way when the bags are smaller, 'tis true, and such scores as I heard were made by Lord Walsingham—a thousand grouse in one day to his own gun—are out of the question. Yet each bird represents an episode in our day's sport. One is pulled down in capital style as he speeds up a rocky gorge; another bird is shot as he was topping a hill. Some are "browned," though I did not hear the sportsman publish the fact at the time. The intended victim is now doubtless relating his hairbreadth 'scapes to sympathetic brothers and sisters, all huddled together under some sheltering bank and listening to the distant random gun to which one of their family owes his life.

I like to see my masters kill clean, or

miss clean. It makes even a dog mad to hear the shooter exclaim, "Feathered that beggar badly," or "That one's dropped a leg," disgusted that the birds have got away, and never giving a further thought to the poor cripples, who will perhaps perish miserably; and then these same men will throw the blame on the dog, and say that they must throw a sop to Cerberus, or the dogs will lose heart. That's just about as mean as their excuse for driving. It is true, both black game and red grouse, should they have been much disturbed, will congregate in large packs very early in the season, and it is not easy to approach them within shooting distance; but if left to themselves, they will lie well to a dog even in October. Wet weather—and, alas! rain is not infrequent in Scotland, though they do call it Scotch mist—makes the birds wild.

I think I have told you that it is my habit, bad or good according to the way you use or abuse it, to always keep on friendly terms with the cook. There are very few differences of opinion between us, and in regard to the gastro-nomic qualities of the grouse, while I never touch 'em myself, I accept my master's opinion that he is beyond criticism. Properly kept and properly cooked, he is the game par excellence, and will not yield the palm even to the far-famed canvas-back duck of the United States, about which a Chesapeake Bay dog I knew was always boasting.

The British climate in itself, with all its shortcomings, is particularly well adapted for "hanging" game, and without this preliminary I think one might as well cater from amongst the feathered denizens of the farmyard. Some poor souls aver that they will eat nothing that is not "fresh." Let them enjoy their crude cheese and tasteless game in their own way so long as we are not invited to dine with them. Of course, oysters and mackerel do not require hanging, because grouse do; but there is a right and a wrong way of doing things, and if my master don't know, who does?

CLAUD PRESCOTT.



TO THE CREST OF MOUNT MANSFIELD.

BY W. C. GAYNOR.

IN these venturesome days, when there can scarcely be named a forest too wild or a waterway too perilous or remote for visits by enthusiastic explorers, it is something of a comfort to staid folk to think that there still remain near-by attractions. One need not perform a long journey into sparsely peopled wilds to find the picturesque in American scenery; the natural beauties of New England and the East are quite as perfect and attractive in their own way as those of the famous West. It offers at many points the wilderness, though lying almost within touch of the most advanced civilization. Such nooks and corners are the delight of mildly adventurous people, and perhaps few parts of the East appeal more strongly to the lover of nature than Mount Mansfield, the loftiest peak of Vermont's Green Mountains.

Situated within view of at least one city and of many small towns—not to speak of villages and country hamlets by the dozen—with two separate lines of railway branching apart on the plain at its foot, Mansfield would not, at first sight, be deemed the secluded retreat it really is.

And yet this hoary mountain gathers around its base all the eternal solitudes of nature, as if the solemn quiet of the aboriginal world had sought a final shelter beneath these towering cliffs. In the deep forests that still clothe its base and lower sides no sound is to be heard save the bark of a chickaree, the rustling of a porcupine in the underbrush, the whir of a partridge or the heavy tread of a bear. The grim solitude of the heights above seems to communicate itself to the wooded recesses below. On the mountain crest the same solemn quiet prevails, broken now and then only by the scream of an eagle on the crags, or by the growl of the thunder-storm as it harries the clouds on the summit. The giant who is fabled to sleep beneath the superincumbent mass of Mansfield never wakes. He lends the outlines of his features to the mountain; his voice never breaks its stillness.

There are two ways to the summit: one—a carriage road—from the village of Stowe on the east; the other a foot-path up the western slope. I have no doubt—in fact, I am certain—that Mansfield is climbable at other points; but as the ordinary tourist will take one or the other of these two routes, I shall speak of no other. For those who prefer to be carried to the summit behind a pair of good horses, the eastern slope is to be chosen; for others who wish to gain the heights by strength of limb and length of breath, there is but one way, and that is to climb the beetling precipices overlooking its western base.

We made our start from Under-hill, thence we progressed over an ordinary country road; our route, distinctly indicated by frequent guide-posts, led gradually uphill. By many turnings and windings our driver brought us slowly within the stern influence of the mountain. It rose before us a gigantic mass of rock towering up towards the sky, the scars and rugged precipices that line its sides slowly growing more visible and repellent. At length we reached the half-way house, the terminus of our carriage ride. Why it should be called a house when there is no trace of a house left, except a grass-grown excavation to show where the hotel once stood, is probably due to the tyranny that custom often exercises over speech.

Happily the ascent, at the outset, is gradual. For some distance the trail follows the bed of an extinct streamlet, and offers no particular difficulty to the climber. The ground under foot is hard, and in many places is covered with moss and grass. Gradually, however, as the ascent continues, this mossy footing is succeeded by bed-rock, and then the trail begins to zigzag.

We were without a guide, having resolved to make out our way by ourselves; but the trail was sufficiently plain, as it led over ledges and by the verge of wooded precipices.

As continued exertion, intermitted now and then for a rest on some rocky seat or jutting stump, gradually brought its reward in increased altitude, we noted

that the trees became scarcer and more stunted. In a little while we reached an opening and looked out upon the world below. The prospect was varied and beautiful. Below us, almost beneath us, rested the heavy forest, wild, lonely, shaggy, undulating with the contour of the mountain: here marked by sudden turns and higher bluffs, there jutting out as it covers some impending cliff. Our path led round corners of giant rock and overlooked steep precipices. Mountain herbage beneath our feet softened the ruggedness of our roadway. We were nearing the top, and the trail again became a stairway of stone. At last we reached the top, breathless but exultant, threw ourselves down on the hard flooring and rested. Above us was the deep azure of heaven and around us played the cooling breeze of the mountain top. From the half-way house to the summit is reckoned at two miles. This distance we did in exactly seventy minutes. The stages of our ascent that we had found the steepest might have been avoided had we chosen to make longer detours.

Having rested ourselves at the modest but deserving hostelry known as the Summit House, and refreshed ourselves with a good dinner, we prepared "to do" the mountain. We first turned our attention to that part of it known locally as the "nose," a stupendous pile of rock rising 500 feet above the surrounding level. In the general outline of the mountain this is the salient feature. From its summit, which is reached by easy stages up a natural stairway of rock, a grand panorama of scenery was revealed, particularly towards the west. To the left is Lake Champlain, with the Adirondacks as a background on the farther shore. The day was beautifully clear, and we counted almost all the islands that lie, like so many giant craft eternally moored, upon its glassy bosom. The island to the left, facing Shelburne Bay, is Juniper with its pharos; near it, still farther to the left, is Rock Dunder. Farther over, towards the New York shore, are the Four Brothers. Burlington must lie where the shore curves inward, opposite Juniper and to the east of it. We could not see the city then, but our host promised to point it out to us at night, when the electric lights were lit.

On the face, or perpendicular front, of the nose we clearly discerned the an-

gular features of The Old Man of the Mountain. Little Old Man of the Mountain would be a more appropriate title to give him, in order to distinguish this rocky old pigmy from the real Old Man whom fancy has placed as a sleeping giant upholding the immense mass of Mansfield. The profile of this Little Old Man is, for all the world, like the side view that Ayer's Almanac gives of the man in the moon when that luminary enters her second quarter. Every feature of our old man in stone was distinctly outlined with a sharpness and angularity that do not speak well for the good temper of their owner. As he is also hanging from what should be a very sensitive portion of the recumbent giant's physiognomy—the nostrils—it is a wonder that old Mansfield does not sneeze him off!

From the hotel balcony a fine view can be had of the village of Stowe, lying in the valley beyond. Peaceful and quiet, it reposes between the hills. A long, serpentine road winds up the mountain-side. This is a carriage-way, and is, as I have said, the road to be followed by all who wish to ride to the summit. Away to the left opens a vista through the foot-hills. In the far distance of this perspective can be seen the mountains of Canada. An opening between Jay Peak and the Ellsmore and Sterling mountains affords this distant view—to my mind one of the finest from Mount Mansfield.

Next we turned and gazed upon the mountain itself. This easterly side we had not yet examined with a glass. We found it more precipitous and rugged of outline even than the others. There was a dark opening down on the face of a frowning precipice to the north of us. Our host said that this was the mouth of Ice Cave. "Could it be reached?" "Yes; by ropes and a ladder held by strong arms. Thousands of tons of ice are there." We decided that the ice business was not in our line just then; we did not visit Ice Cave.

From the base of the nose to the point of the chin is a distance of one and one-half miles. Contrary to all principles of sculpture and figure-painting, the chin of this Mansfield giant rises higher than the nose—300 feet higher. Between these two features, as is customary, lie the lips. These are huge piles of rock, rising to a considerable elevation above

the general ascending angle of the profile. Between them they make the mouth a yawning chasm, frightfully abrupt. Beyond the lips are the higher ridges that terminate in the chin.

No well-defined trail or path leads along the mountain top; yet there is no difficulty in finding one's way to its extremest point. The topmost ridge is completely denuded of vegetation, only the bare rock showing itself. In places, however, sheltered by boulders, mosses and other mountain herbage flourish. At some points, also, strange to relate, morasses are found; and it is well known that the Lake of the Clouds is one of the attractions of the summit. Huge boulders are sprinkled along this topmost ridge. Seen from the country beneath, they look like warty excrescences on a bald head. The bed-rock of the mountain itself appears to be of mica slate mixed with a trifle of marble and some flint here and there.

The late Professor Agassiz pronounced three of the large boulders to be Labrador drift, deposited on Mansfield during the glacial period; we were naturally desirous to examine them. Hence we took unusual pains to inspect carefully every rock and boulder worthy of the name. We could discover none, however, that differed in composition from the rest, or from the mountain rock itself, and so we labored on until at last we reached the highest point of the mountain, the extremity of the chin. Here we stood, 4,389 feet above sea-level, certain that at that hour none stood higher in the good State of Vermont.

Magnificent indeed was the panorama that spread out before us. To the right lay the White Mountains, blending with clouds and melting into distance on the eastern horizon; and between us and them arose numberless peaks and ranges of lesser height and fame. Away off on the northwestern horizon we could discern Mount Royal, with the towers and steeples of Montreal clustering at its foot; to the left the Adirondacks, with their suggestions of illimitable perspective; to the south Camel's Hump, the only hilltop in Vermont at all approaching Mansfield in height.

These were the border-lands of our vision. In the nearer distance, and yet

miles away, no less interesting objects attracted our attention. Champlain was even more visible than from the nose. We could almost trace its waters to the St. Lawrence. The sinuous windings of its bays and headlands, especially on the Vermont side, were all mapped out before us. We could now understand how in the early days of American history this lake afforded such a convenient path of travel to the raiding French or predatory Indians.

Beneath us, almost within a stone's throw—between our mountain and the Sterling range, which here abuts on Mansfield—lay the famous Smuggler's Notch. Through this awesome notch the hardy smugglers of the early decades of the present century carried their contraband silks and brandies from Canada into the valley of the Connecticut. In those days, also, the caves and woody recesses of these mountains were inhabited by wolves and panthers; and many a stirring tale is still told of nocturnal encounters between the savage beasts and the scarcely less fierce men who plied their unlawful trade beneath the shadow of these crags.

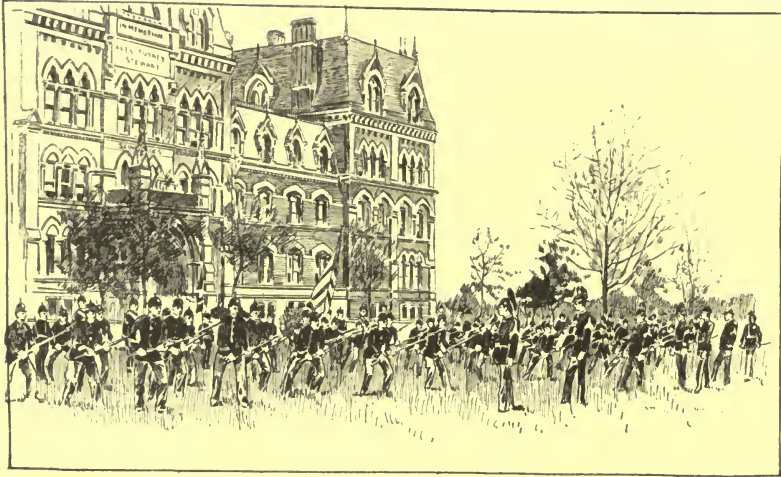
The greatest charm of the whole varied panorama thus spread beneath us was due not so much to mountain-range or lake-expanse as to the one element of civilization that pervaded it all. Villages, farm-houses, country towns dotted the scene on all sides. Even the tops of some of the foot-hills were yielding toll to the industry of man. Everywhere could be seen evidences of his occupancy and handiwork. And this, to my mind, constitutes the superiority of Mansfield, as a coigne of vantage, over every other mountain in America. A sunset from Dragon Summit in Arizona is immeasurably finer; the valley of the Rio Grande, as seen from the heights of the Grand Canyon, is more imposing; the precipices and narrowing chasms of the Sierra Nevada are more rugged, as seen from Tehachepi; Pike's Peak commands a greater range of vision, and Mount Washington rears its stately head nearer heaven: but from none of these can be seen at one glance such a panorama of natural beauty, wedded to human civilization, as from this modest mountain of Vermont.



THE MILITARY SCHOOLS OF THE UNITED STATES.

BY LIEUT. W. R. HAMILTON, U. S. A.

Continued from July.



BAYONET DRILL.



THE second class of military schools are those established by States or Territories, or are regularly incorporated institutions. The history of the origin of these military colleges is exceedingly interesting. As we said in July OUTING, the importance of a training like that of arms is never seen so clearly as at the end of a great conflict, where the necessity of such elements has been deeply felt. Washington recognized this so thoroughly that almost one of the first messages he sent to Congress, after his inauguration in 1790, contained a special report from General Knox, then Secretary of War, on the subject of military training. In this report General Knox said: "All discussions on the subject of a powerful militia will result in one or the other of the following principles: First, either efficient institutions must be established for the military education of the youth, and the knowledge acquired therein shall be diffused throughout the community by means of rotation; or, secondly, that the militia must be formed

of substitutes, after the manner of the militia of Great Britain." As a result of this, two years later Congress passed the famous militia law, that has never been repealed and remains on our statute books to-day, where it is the laughing-stock and butt of the most of our wit directed against the nation's militia. This is the law called for "the enrollment of all able-bodied citizens of the respective States," between the ages of eighteen and forty-five years, but as this law made no provision for the military education of the youth of the country, Washington again addressed a message to Congress, in which he said: "However pacific the general policy of a nation may be, it ought never to be without an adequate stock of military knowledge for emergencies." And again: "Whatever arguments may be drawn from particular examples, superficially viewed, a thorough examination of the subject will evince that the art of war is both comprehensive and complicated; that it demands much previous study, and that the possession of it, in its most improved and perfect state, is always of great moment to the security of a nation." The Congress, in 1802, established the Military Academy at West Point, but the idea that both Washington and Knox had in view was a system

of popular military instruction, "diffused throughout the community." In 1808, after a long debate, Congress again passed a militia law that, with many obsolete requirements, still remains on the statute books; but here Congress dropped the subject till the outbreak of the Rebellion, when the North, having but a small nucleus of West Point officers, while the South had in addition many well-trained officers from the colleges of the South, where military training had been part of the curriculum, showed in a startling way the necessity of further means of military education. In fact, so plain was this necessity, that early in 1861 efforts were made to introduce military drill in the public schools. In New York the matter was referred to special committees, and in 1863 drill was ordered in all high

schools in Boston, where it has remained to this day as part of the course. At the present time, drill is compulsory in the public schools of Boston, Washington and a few other large cities. Public sentiment and necessity, thus brought out so strongly, caused Congress to act in a manner becoming to the people, the result of which was the so-called Morill act of 1862, the purpose of which was to establish the State agricultural colleges. Little, however, was accomplished by this act, and in 1865 the House adopted the following resolution:

"Resolved, that the Committee on Military Affairs, when appointed, be instructed to inquire into the expediency of establishing a National Military School in some of the States of the Northwest." In this same Congress several other measures were presented



READY FOR DRILL.



COL. C. E. HYATT,
President Pennsylvania
Military Academy.

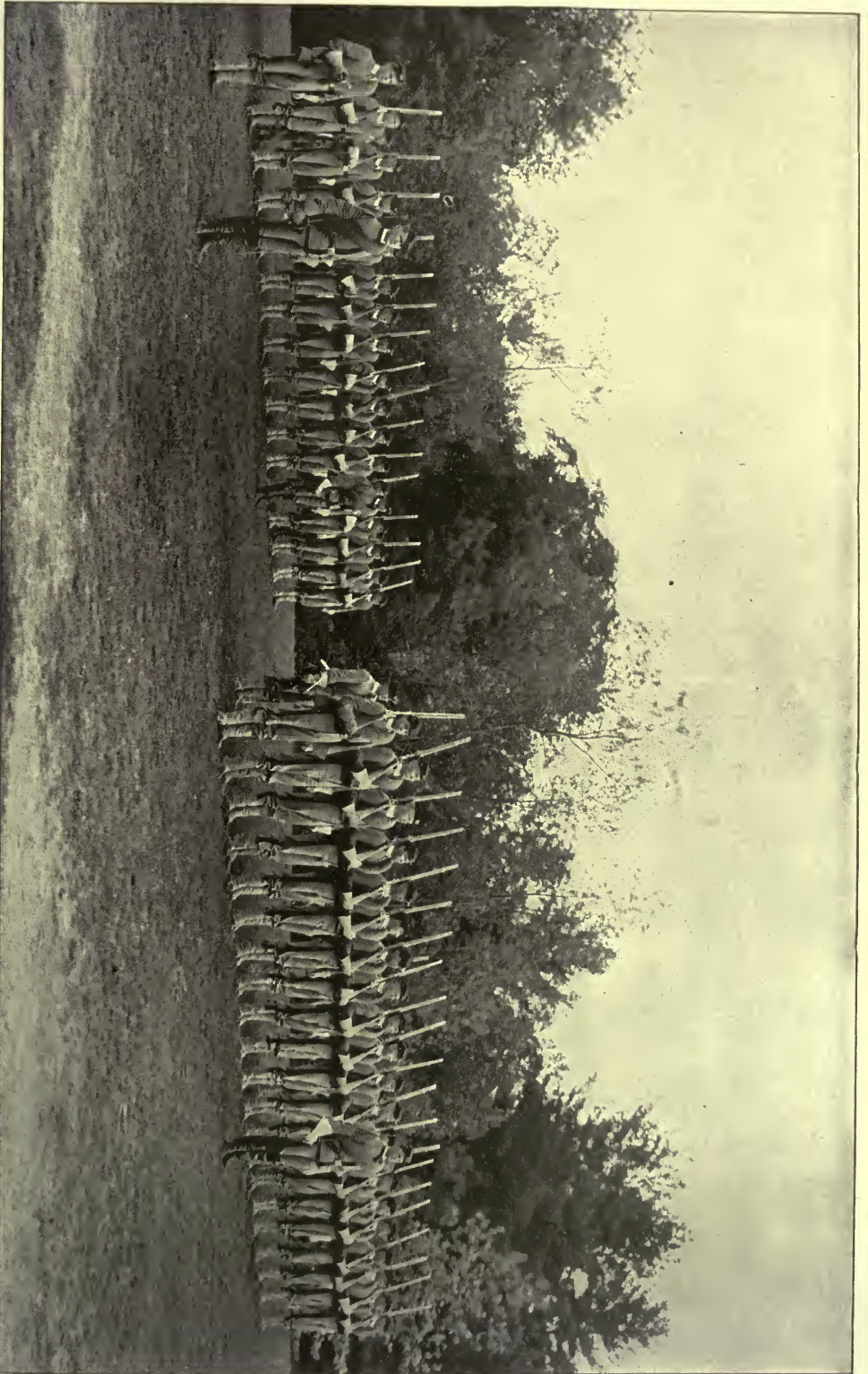
looking towards the promoting of military education, but it was finally the Lynch bill—April 19, '66,—that passed. This provided for military instruction in the agricultural colleges established under the act of 1862. The Wilson bill, of the same year, passed the Senate, and was finally adopted by both houses. It read as follows: "That, for the purpose of promoting knowledge of military science among the young men of the United States, the President may, upon the application of any established college or university within the United States with sufficient capacity to educate at one time not less than one hundred and fifty male students, detail an officer of the Army to act as president, superintendent or professor of such college or university; that the number of officers so detailed shall not exceed twenty at any time, and they shall be apportioned through the United States as nearly as practicable according to population, and shall be governed by general rules to be prescribed from time to time by the President."

To provide for the practical study of military art, the Schenck bill was passed in 1870. This authorizes the Secretary of War "in his discretion to issue such number of small arms and pieces of field artillery as may appear to be required for practice and instruction of students of any university under the provisions of the act of 1866." The good accomplished by this law was not long in showing. At first there was considerable opposition to it. Wendell Phillips termed it "a harmful and unchristian innovation." But, notwithstanding, it soon found such favor that considerable influence was exerted by colleges to obtain the detail. This led to a change in the law, whereby the number detailed was increased to thirty, and again to forty, and then fifty and sixty, and last year a proposition was introduced to increase the number of

army officers to seventy-five and also detail a certain number of naval officers. In reporting the bill in 1887 increasing the number to fifty, the committee of the Senate said: "The substantial good that has been derived by the State universities and public colleges of the country from the detail of officers of the Army to act as military instructors is very great, and the observation of all who have come in contact with these institutions shows the fact to be that the detail should be increased with the growing wants of the country." Indeed, so great have been the benefits accruing from a detail of this sort, to the college, that invariably the number of students to the college have increased from this cause twenty to forty per cent. Such, in brief, is the history of the official and legislative action of Congress regarding the propagation of military knowledge. Forty-one of the States are supplied with army details, and the number of students under the instruction of these officers is over 11,000. The War Department has, within the last two years, taken a deeper interest in the matter, and at every school where an officer is detailed an inspector is sent around once, and sometimes twice, a year, who reports as to the efficiency of the officer detailed, the number of students under military instruction, and the results obtained. The War Department also has recorded in the Army Register, annually, the names of the three students at each college standing highest in military attainments. The Department further furnishes copies of Regulations and Tactics, war maps, specimens of the various powders and projectiles used in the service, signal flags and torches, etc. Text-books are also recommended to be followed, but, for obvious reasons, it is impossible, neither would it be advisable, for the Government to prescribe any exact course of study to be followed. At all the cadets are drilled in the school of the soldier, the company and battalion, and the gun squad, and the officer further delivers lectures on military law, courts-martial, guard duty, the making out of company and battalion papers, organization of armies, and kindred subjects. Drills are had at least twice a week,



COL. J. S. ROGERS,
Superintendent Michigan
Military Academy.



A COMPANY THAT MARCHED 28 MILES THROUGH MUD AND RAIN IN 7 HOURS.

and generally on every school day. The lectures are delivered once a week, or once a month. At some of the schools the military department has been a prominent feature for the past fifteen or twenty years, while at others the detail has been obtained only within the last three or four years.

The table III. gives the names of all of the second class of military schools and their whereabouts, as nearly as the author can correctly ascertain them. Of this number, many will be recognized as of national reputation. In investigating the methods of these schools and comparing the results attained by them, several important facts impress themselves at once on the reader. In more than one the discipline is observed as nearly as possible as at West Point, which is but natural, since in all this class either the commandant or military instructor is an officer of the Army detailed for that very purpose. Much of the discipline is interwoven and grows out of the military instruction that the cadets receive. In many,

of necessity it is of the highest standard, and requires that exactness and precision of the cadet in all the routine of daily duties that give the especial value to military education. The hourly bugle-call to recitations, the forming into line to march to class-room or meals, the guard-mounting, the drills or parades, inevitably result in giving to the student that promptness which is invaluable to him in any walk of life. System prevails everywhere, and when discipline is exercised with kindness but rigidly and unrelentingly enforced, it invariably develops in the cadet dignity, correct deportment, respect for elders, a love of system and law, and a higher degree of military pride and personal bearing. Physically, the drill, when properly commenced and kept up, develops the erect gait, the healthy complexion, the bright eye, the habits of personal cleanliness, that make military drill stand confessedly without a superior to any other form of exercise.

In some of the above named schools the drill is not properly commenced or



ARTILLERY DRILL. U. S. MILITARY ACADEMY

kept up. From this the query arises, when is it proper to commence military drill and how should it be kept up? The answer to this is that the first and greatest aim of military drill for youth is to develop physically and morally the highest and best attributes and qualities of the human form, mind, and heart. The growing tree that is not sheltered from the prevailing winds soon acquires a bias in that direction, but if while a shrub it is supported by a frame and its natural deformities corrected, it soon grows sufficiently strong and hardy to be trained to assume any shape the gardener desires it to take. So, also, with the boy. If he is put to drill before his muscles are strong enough to bear a gun, or his mind mature enough to comprehend obedience, it is evident that drill must give a bias to the mind and body in the wrong direction. Instead of a full, erect, and muscular development, he grows up with a stooping shoulder bent over by the weight of a gun too much for his young body, his chest is flat, his waist small, his back hollow, and should he strive to correct these deficiencies by exercise, he is but too apt to increase them. His mind, also, becomes perverted with a wrong idea of discipline, and instead of seeking to render himself subordinate in all respects, he seeks the animal power of exercising authority over others, for the mere pleasure of obliging them to execute his will. The entire system has been vicious to this youth, because not properly applied. Attending schools in this country, we find every phase of human life. There are rich and poor boys, the strong and weak of body as well as the strong and weak of mind; the boy who inherits the stamp and traits of vicious ancestors, and the boy descended from men who ever kept honor first. All kinds of minds and all kinds of hearts, and no two of them exactly the same. It is evident that the same treatment cannot be rigidly prescribed and followed to correct the bad and develop the good in all. Yet in too many schools we see all boys of the age of twelve and even ten years compelled to attend military drill—not systematically, but once or perhaps twice a week, and then but for a half-hour or three-quarters at most. And the drill itself is not properly understood by the instructor. Indeed, it may be laid down

as a fact absolutely without dispute, that in those schools that have not made a success of military drill the fault can be attributed directly to the incompetence of the instructor. He is either incapable of understanding the individual cadet, and therefore cannot apply the drill properly, or he is ignorant of the ground rules of military drill itself. Another fact may also be laid down as absolute, namely, that those who decry military drill are ignorant of its fundamental rules or its application. No rule can be laid down that will cover all cases, as to when and how often and how much military drill should be applied. It must be left to the commandant of each school to decide. Boys who are not sufficiently mature in either body or mind should be excluded from it till they grow old enough. Wherever there are malformations, or local weaknesses, these should be first corrected by special exercises before attempting the treatment of the whole body. It makes no difference whether the ultimate object be to fit the boy for the life and duties of a soldier or for the worries and cares of a business man, military drill itself is defective where it is applied too young or too early. This fact is recognized by all the great Powers of Europe, who all have laws looking to the physical development of boys at an early age, for the purpose of fitting them to become recruits for their armies. In 1880 France passed laws requiring the enrollment of all able-bodied boys of twelve years and over in the "*scolaires bataillons*." These boys wear a uniform, have muskets and regular military drill, but the age is too young, and the nation recognizes it now and will repeal the law.

What is the proper system for military drill and discipline? This, again, is hard to lay down exactly, and each school must establish its own rules to meet necessities in the best way. Some laws there are that must be common to all. Professor Mercur, of West Point, defines military discipline "to include training and educating the soldier in all the duties of his profession, and in implanting in him that respect for authority which causes him to obey without question the legal orders of his superiors, under all circumstances, even to the unhesitating sacrifice of his life." And on the broad field of life generally, we may add that discipline consists in subordi-

nating one's self to duty and right at all times and places, even to the giving up of one's life.

It is admitted that military drill teaches and develops obedience, patience, forbearance, and fortitude. These are moral qualities, and if the physical qualities of health, a quick eye, a steady nerve, and sinewy muscles are combined with them, the result is courage, presence of mind, and that exercise of mind and judgment necessary in moments of great responsibility and grave peril. Therefore the young cadet on entering the military school must be taught the cardinal principles of obedience, respect for law and authority, and responsibility. He should, according to his age, strength, and understanding, be given a set of military gymnastic exercises, which must be as regularly practiced as eating dinner. They may at first be distasteful—and yet that depends upon his instructor. A good instructor is one who combines with a thorough understanding of his business a firm will and a tactful manner. There is always more than one way of presenting an exercise, but there may always be found for military exercises a pleasant and interesting one. There can be in nothing, any profit without interest. In military drill the interest increases with the profit, since the more that is learned the more is the responsibility; but keeping abreast with it is the confidence begot of understanding and good nerves, that enables one to undertake the responsibility with earnest pleasure. The cadet must have every movement regulated by law and order. A time to rise and to retire, a time for each meal, so much time for each drill or exercise, so much for each study and recitation, so much for his own dispensation, must all be regulated by laws, and then most firmly and impartially enforced. Whatever constitutes an offense should also be placed plainly before him, and the knowledge of each penalty in case of breaches of laws or regulations; and the punishment be summary and impartial, and unflinching, wherever no doubt exists of the guilty ones. On the other hand, no opportunity must ever be lost of developing or encouraging whatever qualities of a good nature are found in the boy. At too many schools cadet officers are made so because their parents are wealthy or influential, or because

the boy himself may have a particularly fine figure or good address, and not for any intrinsic merit of the cadet or of his work while at school. This may all be an immediate help to the school itself, but in the long run it will prove disastrous. To the cadets it is always so. Such a system of appointing cadet officers promotes and engenders sycophancy on the part of the cadet who desires to transgress as he pleases without being reported. It creates jealousy and ill-feeling, which therefore detract from the usefulness of the individual, and it does not by any means reward merit as it deserves to be rewarded, but, on the contrary, by its workings is created a privileged class. Too often the boy who has been at school a long time is overlooked, and a boy who has just entered is appointed an officer over him, because the new boy's father is influential or his favor is necessary to the school. It may be asked why the old boy should feel so, if the new boy is worthy of the place of officer over him? Because it is not in human nature that any boy who has passed successfully the two, or three, or four years allotted him, and demonstrated that he possesses the intellect and application that entitle him to the place, should not feel something of the dignity that belongs to the position; because he has earned it. He has got through with his elementary studies, and is entering on those that belong more exclusively to the profession he expects to follow. He may be separated by a few months from the profession he has chosen of all others—the profession which will place him face to face with the heroes and great men whose words and deeds have illumined the times and are printed on the hearts of the nation. He has shown himself worthy by his years of study and application, his stay at the school, to approach the gateway which ushers him into manhood and the world—to take his place among the "bread-winners" of sixty millions of people. It is something to be proud of, and he feels it. It should be so recognized and as he is as far above the boy just entered as the United States Senator is above the village districtman. What is the remedy for this evil, which will not at the same time bring a greater one to the school—the loss of wealthy or influential patronage? In putting one boy over another

there should be justice and necessity apparent in the promotion. In the army and navy the principle of promotion by seniority is acknowledged to be just and fair. Civil-service spirit is simply to reward experience with office, and in all business corporations systems which have justice and necessity to recommend them will be settled upon, while those in which these elements are lacking will be put aside. The remedy, therefore, is plain; it is to make all cadets go through the same course of training, and then, in turn, give each boy an equal chance to perform the duties of private, corporal, sergeant, lieutenant or captain. Allow no one outside the highest class to retain office longer than two months. And to crown all, give the highest positions to the boys of the highest class who have shown themselves the worthiest; but in so doing, although not relaxing in the slightest one iota of routine or discipline, treat the boy more as an equal, with more confidence, and make him feel that he is on his honor to do his duty the best way he can. The adoption of such a system would create another grade at schools—a grade to be looked up to by other classes, a reward for years of good conduct and study. All would thus be placed on an equality; no one have privileges denied to others. The high-class cadet would feel the weight of an honorable responsibility upon him, and his honor and good faith would be at once appealed to in a way that is irresistible—if, instead of being punished, he meets with fair criticism, his mistakes pointed out to him, and he is made to feel that the eyes of men are upon him to gauge his worth. Surround him with good influences, for at this period he is peculiarly open to receive them, and with such treatment his class at once become valuable aids and assistants in enforcing and carrying out all school laws and regulations. Influences which will mould boys' ideas into pure and wholesome channels come from men who have battled with the world till they have learned patience. Such men have experience, and the judgment that comes with experience, patience, forbearance and the power to read men's as well as boys' minds. These qualities come only with years.

It is in the third class of military

schools that we are astonished with the military idea and military principles. When these schools take up such a system, it is because they recognize either a very popular system or great good in it. The fourth table gives the names and whereabouts of all the schools of any standing the author so far has been able to discover. The range of ideas and methods, and means of carrying them out, at these schools vary considerably. At some it is merely an advertisement, at others the system is a farce, and in still others it is the equal of any system prevailing among any of the schools of the second class. The history of this class of schools is somewhat akin to that of the second class. Indeed, the second class may be said to result from the third. I quote herewith from a lecture of Prof. Hartwell, of Johns Hopkins University, on this point:

“Alden Partridge, captain of engineers in the United States Army, who was for a time superintendent of the Military Academy, seems to have been the first person to found an institution modeled after that at West Point. Captain Partridge left the Military Academy in 1817, and in 1818 resigned from the military service of the Government. In a lecture delivered by him in 1820 on what he conceived to be the deficiencies of superior education as then conducted, Captain Partridge spoke as follows:

“Another defect in the present system is the entire neglect, in all our principal seminaries, of physical education. The great importance, and even absolute necessity, of a regular and systematic course of exercise for the preservation of health, and confirming and rendering vigorous the constitution, must be evident to the most superficial observer. That the health of the closest applicant may be preserved, when he is subjected to a regular and systematic course of exercises, I know from practical experience; and I have no hesitation in asserting that, in nine cases out of ten, it is just as easy for a youth, however hard he may study, to attain the age of manhood with a firm and vigorous constitution as it is to grow up puny and debilitated, incapable of either bodily or mental exertion.”

“Captain Partridge opened his American Literary Scientific Academy at Norwich, Vt., his native town, September 4, 1820. In 1825 he removed his seminary

to Middletown, Conn., where he remained for three years. He was doubtless impelled to abandon his seminary there from the refusal of the Legislature of Connecticut to charter the institution as a college. He was instrumental, in 1834, in rehabilitating the institution at Norwich, which became known as 'Norwich University,' and in establishing military schools at Portsmouth, Va., in 1839, at Brandywine Springs, Del., 1853, and at Bristol, Pa., in 1853, the year of his death.

"A considerable number of military schools and colleges, additional to those above mentioned, were organized before the War of the Rebellion. The more important of them were established in the Southern States, and were in several cases subsidized by the State. This was notably the case in Virginia, South Carolina, Louisiana, Kentucky and Alabama. The Virginia Military Institute at Lexington, Va., the Military Institute at Frankfort, Ky., and the Louisiana State Institute at Alexandria, La., should be mentioned in this connection. It has been estimated that 'one-tenth of the Confederate armies was commanded by the *élèves* of the Virginia Military Institute, at Lexington, embracing 3 major-generals, 30 brigadier-generals, 60 colonels, 50 lieutenant-colonels, 30 majors, 125 captains, 200 to 300 lieutenants.' General 'Stonewall' Jackson was long a professor in the Virginia Military Institute. General W. T. Sherman, of the United States Army, was in 1861 the head of the Louisiana State University, which had been organized on a military basis in the previous year. At the North the military plan of education was chiefly adopted by the proprietors of private schools for boys."

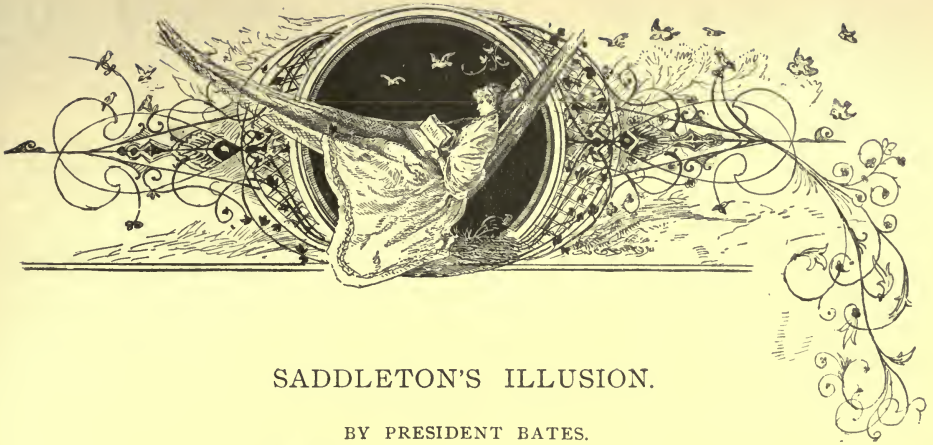
Looking over the lists of military schools and knowing something of the history of them, it must strike the intelligent reader with force in two particulars, viz.: what good has come and will come of the extension of the system, and, secondly, in what way may it be improved? Taking up the first query, from a physical standpoint it seems almost needless to dwell, the good is so plainly evident. The Boston committee reports on the Latin and High-school drill for 1874 and 1873 are as follows: "Your committee believe that the drill, as now carried on, proves to be not only the best for physical exercise for these

schools, but that at the same time it inculcates a more manly spirit in the boys, invigorates their intellects and makes them more graceful and gentlemanly in their bearing.

"We trust that the drill will be kept up, believing that the committees having them in charge will see that no form of gymnastics could be substituted from which the boys would derive such benefit."

In 1880 the committee say: "The establishment of the military drill is one of the few provisions made by the school board for the physical training of the pupils under its charge, and no one who has observed the soldierly bearing of the members of our school battalions can have any doubt of its value as a means of securing a full and symmetrical development of the physique." The principal of a prominent school says: "The instances are many in which we have observed great improvement in the form of a student, resulting simply from military drill. Stooping forms have become erect, narrow chests have expanded, an uncertain step has become positive and elastic, and the whole bearing more manly. If any one is inclined to think that the requirements are too severe, let him consider that alacrity and diligence do not necessarily imply severity; rather that definite requirements in the details of duty only serve to remove doubt and make clear what is expected and required." Dr. Hartwell says: "I am strongly convinced that the best that has yet been accomplished in the United States, in physical training, has been accomplished at West Point and Annapolis."

We might go on multiplying testimony from nearly all the prominent educators in the country; but it must be evident to every one that regular exercise which equally develops all the muscles of the body, when carried out rigidly and conscientiously, as it is in military drill, is the very best kind of physical training. But there is another way to look at this training: by it certain mental attributes are developed that can be reached in no other way. With physical discipline comes mental discipline. The best time in life for imparting both physical and mental discipline is in early manhood.



SADDLETON'S ILLUSION.

BY PRESIDENT BATES.



HOT? I should say so. It was blazing hot—outrageously hot—melting. It had steadily been getting hotter and hotter for the last two weeks. And dry! why it was drier than an Arkansas squatter; and I reckon you never saw anything so everlastingly and clear through dry as an Arkansas squatter—except another Arkansas squatter. It was so dry that the clay meadow bottoms cracked open; the top of the gravel road disintegrated into dust nearly an inch deep; the ancient water holes along the edges of the swamp lands looked like huge, half-baked mud saucers, peppered with here and there a shriveled pollywog, dead

of exposure to the fierce climate. The sun shone pitilessly; the air quivered like the vapor from a furnace; the leaves of the trees curled up; there wasn't a solitary symptom in all nature that it was ever going to be any cooler or any wetter.

The great highway ran, like a hot streak of burnt crust, level and long, through farm and wood, past scorched meadow and baked grain field, dried-up swamp and desiccated sand knoll. Far as the eye could see it was deserted. Men and beasts were all at home lolling. Nobody traveled who could possibly stay in the shade. No bird sang in the woods, no squirrel stirred. Even the mosquitoes of the swamps hid in their secret shades and the marsh frogs panted in their lairs.

Miss Primrose Shinglebolt drove her bicycle limply along the highway solitude, that is, as limply as so fine a figure of athletic girlhood could really do. She wobbled all across the road in languid serpentine and long-drawn sinuosities, like the seductive curves of her own relaxing figure. She rode as though she was not going anywhere in particular and didn't care whether she got there or not. Nobody was seeing her, anyway. Besides, she was almost sorry that she had started. Perspiration stood out in fine beads all over her face, neck and shoulders. Her handkerchief was dripping wet from frequent use. She felt a big drop trickling and tickling slowly down the ridge of her nose, and it would be of no use to wipe it with her wet handkerchief. Her hands felt half parboiled in their pretty, but now damp and dusty, gloves. She had thrown off her veil at the risk of tanning her flushed face. Luckily her

clear skin would not freckle. In short, she was almost as unbearably uncomfortable as a half-melted rider can be on a hot, breezeless, suffocating day.

She was riding from her home in the city to visit her cousin, Miss Susan Acres, on a farm twelve miles out. She might have waited and gone out with a carriage the next day, when there was to be a country evening party, but she wished to help her cousin prepare a killing toilet; besides, a certain country gentleman—Mr. Robert Oatfield—was to be there; so she rode out on her wheel.

Miss Primrose Shinglebolt was an athletic, handsome girl. She was tall and strong, with a bold spirit, though womanly and sweet. The best rider of the lady bicyclists, the star swordswoman of the ladies' fencing class, the most daring pupil of the ladies' gymnasium, she combined the courage of a man with the gentleness and beauty of a woman. The wheel of twelve miles would have been only a joyous exercise on any ordinary day. But she had not before starting taken into due consideration the exceeding heat and breezelessness of the weather nor the disintegrated condition of the gravel roads; they had always before been hard and smooth under her wheel, but were now toilsome with fine dust and loose gravel.

A long way ahead, where the road seemed to dwindle to a point, there was a thick grove beside a little rill. There Miss Shinglebolt resolved to stop for a while in the shade and cool her glowing blood. As she languidly rolled toward the little rustic bridge, she looked before and after. There was nobody in sight. The thick trees offered a dark, inviting shade; the water murmured musically in its stony channel; here even the atmosphere seemed a few degrees cooler. Dismounting, after crossing the bridge, she laved her face, hands and arms in the cooling water, and then drew her wheel a little way into the wood along the grassy bank, leaned it against a tree, and sat down to cool her hot feet in the rivulet. While standing barefooted in the water, enjoying its delicious coolness, she was suddenly startled by a sound that seemed like the sigh of some breathing animal. She peered warily all about, but could discover nothing. Presently she made her toilet in some haste, her heart beating quite irregularly, for the more she thought the more sure she was that she had heard

someone or something inhale and exhale a long breath in the wood, and her cheeks burned blushes at the thought that perhaps she had been watched by irreverent eyes.

Going to her wheel, still peering warily about, she caught a gleam of metal from behind a thicket a little farther in the wood. Moving a few steps to another point of view, she saw enough to prove that the glistening object was a bicycle lying upon the grass under the shade of a tree. Her first impulse was to hurry away. But she was a girl of unusual courage and resisted her impulse to fly. So now, with noiseless, high footsteps, she glided from bush to bush, like a coy wood nymph, until she turned the thicket and saw the tall and strong form of a young man lying upon the grass near his wheel, sound asleep in the shade. She stopped and regarded the recumbent figure shyly for some moments, until certain that his sleep was real and not feigned. The prostrate young man's face was partly turned from her; and, impelled by curiosity to ascertain who he was, she stole nearer and nearer, as if drawn by fascination, until she stood nearly over him, and could see his countenance fairly. She drew back suddenly, blushing. "Why! it's Saddleton Tireworthy!" she half whispered to herself, and turned to retreat in confusion. Then she halted, with her face turned over her shoulder toward the sleeper. Her heart fluttered a little and she breathed quickly. She went nearer, until she bent above him, hesitant but too fascinated to fly, like a tall wood nymph admiring a sleeping lover. For Saddleton Tireworthy had certainly tried to be, and flattered himself that he was, a lover of hers.

Saddleton Tireworthy was a fairly good-looking, manly young fellow when awake and wearing his intelligent expression; but it is doubtful if he would charm the club fancy as a model of innocence in repose or even as a sleeping babe in the wood. There was a sort of vacuous blankness in his slumbering features. Besides, his mouth was a little ajar, and an impudent, dancing midget, playing about his lips, was drawn into the yawning cavity by one of his breathings, and so tickled his throat that he half snored, half snorted, to expel it. But he was too deeply asleep to awake, though he should have done so, for now an expression of merry mis-

chief smiled over the face of his charming observer. She gathered wild flowers from the rill side, tied them in a pretty bouquet and deftly pinned it to the bosom of his riding shirt. Then she softly abstracted his handkerchief (it was dryer than hers and would be more useful for herself) and substituted her own damp one, gently covering part of his head with it, first cutting away the corner where her initials were embroidered. Then she stole softly away, with many a sly glance backward, mounted her wheel and sped upon her journey.

Presently a big fly buzzing through the shade alighted on Saddleton's nose. Crawling impudently down that protuberance in spite of its twitching, the fly took wing from its tip just in season to be sucked into the gulf of Saddleton's open mouth by an indrawn breath. Instantly the mouth shut like a trap. The sleeper gasped, gurgitated, snorted, coughed, started up and spit savagely. For a few seconds he might be supposed to have swallowed a camel, judging by the violence of his exertions; then he subsided, caught his breath and remarked with a very give-it-up intonation:

"Well, I'll be hanged if he hasn't gone down! I wonder, now, whether it was a grasshopper or a potato bug!"

There being no apparent way to solve this tremendous problem, after a moment's cogitation Mr. Tireworthy's attention was arrested by the bouquet on his bosom.

"Great Scott!" he exclaimed, staring open mouthed at the mysterious phenomenon. No tangible idea seeming to come of this, he tried another—"Cupid's ghost." This hit nearer the mark and set his thinker into wideawake action. Then he noticed that the handkerchief with which he was wiping his face was moist, was smaller than his own, and had a lace border. He stared at the limp fabric, thoroughly aghast. "Suffering sucker!" he blew, after holding his breath several seconds, "It's a girl's!" He fell to examining it closely, and discovered that the name had been torn from a corner. "Lem'me see; I don't know anybody about here. Must have been somebody who knows me; a strange girl wouldn't play such a trick. Somebody from the city—no country girl carries such a wipe. Who'd do it?" (Pauses for intense thought.) "Must be a girl with plenty of pluck and full of fun. I know who I wish it was—I believe it

was her—Prim Shinglebolt, or I'm a goat. Great Scott! I wonder if I looked like a fool lying there asleep!" (If he had only known how much like a fool he had looked!) "If it was Prim, how came she here! Out on her bike, likely. Which way would she go—home or farther out?"

He grabbed his wheel and rushed to the road. Nobody in sight. He leaped into the saddle, facing toward the city. Nobody in sight. He turned a short half circle and looked the other way. A speck, just a tiny dot, was fading from view far away, where the road seemed to dwindle to a point. In a moment Saddleton was driving at racing speed along the dusty way in hot pursuit of that distant vanishing dot.

By force of habit he glanced at his watch before mounting. It was his way never to start or stop without noting the time. Close by the bridge where he started his novel race was a mile post.

How he did go! Leaning a little forward, he plied his legs like locomotive pistons. His feet fairly twinkled on their rapid rounds; his supple ankles flexed up and down like the wings of a bird; he set his teeth, swayed in the saddle just the least trifle, with the regularity of a swift pendulum; he skimmed the road like a drifting swallow. By the time he had done a mile the road improved, the dust lessened, the surface became comparatively hard and smooth, and the distant dot he was pursuing grew and grew, until it could be distinguished faintly as a woman riding a bicycle. Still it was far off and small—a long, long way ahead.

At this moment Miss Primrose ran up a slight hill. At its top she glanced back along the road and instantly detected her pursuer. She immediately put on speed and ran at a rate that would have left any other girl in the county far behind. If Mr. Saddleton Tireworthy hoped to overtake her and find out who had been playing a prank upon him he would have to make better time than she believed he could.

Two miles were quickly covered by the flying girl. Of course she could not expect to really race against such a wheelman as Saddleton Tireworthy, even if her strong instinct of womanly propriety would permit her to absolutely race. But if she did not exert her utmost powers, at least she flew along the smooth way fully

as fast as was compatible with perfect grace and that appearance of nonchalant ease that is the best form (in case anybody should see her, which, however, nobody did).

And now the road, which had been straight as a line, wavered in gentle curves. Besides, tall bushes grew close on each side, so that she disappeared from her pursuer's sight just as her appearance was beginning to become distinct enough for him to note the colors and details of her dress and to fix in mind the outlines of that graceful flying figure. He bent over his handle bar and put on a strong spurt, lest she should be still far away when the road straightened again.

After turning a second slight curve the road stretched away, straight and level, for a long distance. But at this opening vista Miss Shinglebolt reached her uncle's farm. She darted aside through a gate and disappeared behind the house. A moment after her pretty country cousin ran out of the front door, with a book in hand, and assumed a position in a big hammock, under a maple tree, half way between the house and the road, as if she had been there ever so long. Not another living being was visible about the house. Primrose was slyly peeping through a crevice in a closed blind above.

Saddleton came flying around the little curve and out from the shadows of the sheltering bushes as if he had been shot from a gun. He had one eye looking out for side roads, farm houses or other possible refuges, and the other upon the bicycle track of the road. Seeing here a pretty girl, cool and comfortable, half asleep in a big hammock, he naturally lost sight of the bicycle track, and swept by like a whirling cyclone, barely faltering for one or two pedal strokes, while the pretty country cousin gazed dreamily after him, as if barely awake enough to note his passage, but too languid to show any active interest.

Then Miss Primrose took a bath, put on a white muslin dress belonging to her cousin, negotiated a secret treaty with her aunt, put a fresh rose in her hair and went out on the lawn to Susan, where the two pretty girls were soon picturesquely posed, one in the rocking chair and one in the hammock, looking as cool and demure as if they had both grown in the garden like roses and had not stirred from the place

all day long, after the style of rural belles expecting company.

Saddleton Tireworthy tore along clear into the next village without catching another glimpse of the object of his ardent pursuit. By that time he was convinced that she had evaded him. He leaped from his wheel, glanced at his watch, and ejaculated:

"Five miles in 16:03! Jumping jingo! that's better than I did in the club road race. Say, boy, has a young lady on a bicycle passed here?" This to a boy wearing a dirty streak across his right cheek.

"Hain't seen no gal ridin' no masheen to-day."

Mr. Tireworthy entered the village hotel, bathed his face, neck and arms, reflectively imbibed a country lemonade, very sparing of ice and lemon, but lavish of cheap sugar, and then rode slowly back, carefully inspecting the road for the track where a wheel had turned out. He knew that Miss Shinglebolt had a farmer uncle somewhere on or near that road, but exactly where he did not know. As he rode he often took the handkerchief from his pocket, gazed at it, smelled the faint perfume it still exhaled, and studied it as evidence that the whole affair was not an illusion. But there was no illusion about the handkerchief, unless it might be the lace border, nor about the bouquet of wild flowers pinned upon his bosom. Clearly it wasn't a dream. Sighing repeatedly he rolled slowly along, critically examining the track at each farm house and by-road. He did not see the two girls owing to the shrubbery until he was fairly opposite the house. They both rose as he dismounted. Before he could begin the nice little speech with which he had been loading himself Miss Primrose presented her pretty cousin, and the two girls at once began to prattle.

"Where are the rest of them, Mr. Tireworthy?" asked Susan.

"The rest of who?"

"Why, of the road racers? Didn't you race by here a little while ago? Isn't there a race?"

"No, I came out alone."

"Alone! then of course you were racing against time?"

"No, I wasn't racing. I was——"

"Wasn't racing! Why, Primrose, he went by here toward the village a little while ago as if he was riding for his life!"

"Why didn't you call me?" asked Primrose, innocently. "Auntie and I weren't very busy, and we would both have liked to see the race."

"There wasn't any race," Saddleton tried to explain. "I was only trying to catch——"

"Only trying to catch up! Why, nobody passed before you!"

Saddleton was puzzled. Certainly Miss Primrose did not look as if she had been out; she was not in bicycling costume; there was no sign of her wheel anywhere visible. Before he could get in another word the aunt appeared at the door of the house, calling:

"Come, girls, lunch! The iced berries and cream will spoil if you don't hurry."

Saddleton was introduced and hospitably invited to partake of the iced berries and cream. He was taken to the house and introduced to the farmer, and kept too busy answering their questions about his bicycle and the club to get any chance to question Miss Primrose. Then it was voted to have the lunch in the arbor back of the house, and the aunt and Miss Primrose and the pretty cousin bustled about him and brushed by him, carrying dishes and things, and hustled him around, and the farmer kept him talking so fast that his wits were half turned. But finally they got fairly settled in the back garden, comfortably eating and talking moderately. In going through the house Saddleton saw no signs of Miss Primrose's bicycle. By and by he got a chance and remarked:

"Miss Shinglebolt, I have a handkerchief that belongs to you."

So saying, he produced from his pocket, he supposed, the lace-edged handkerchief, closely watching her face for the effect. She looked coldly surprised, if not a little offended, as she took from his hand and held up—his own big white silk wipe!

"Why, Mr. Tireworthy!" she said, "what made you suppose that a young lady would carry a whole tent cover like that?" holding up the immense spread by two corners, "and with your monogram on it, too? Perhaps you wished to make me a present of a silk dress pattern, or perhaps you mistook this for a laundry?"

Everybody—especially the two girls—laughed. Saddleton blushed astonishment.

"My handkerchiefs are quite different," she continued, showing her own, a freshly laundered and lace-bordered dainty one

(that she had lent her cousin weeks before and had forgotten to reclaim).

"Anyhow," stammered Saddleton, bracing up, "I have to thank you for this pretty bouquet of wild flowers," touching with his finger the bunch of flowers on his bosom, with his gaze fixed upon her face.

"Wild flowers, Mr. Tireworthy! I see no wild flowers." They were gone. Saddleton began to doubt the supposed evidence of his own senses. Finally he asked Miss Primrose to get her wheel and take a short spin.

"It is too warm to-day," she answered. "But mother is coming out to-morrow with the carriage, and by then I shall have my wheel—if you care to come so far."

Mr. Tireworthy protested that the distance was a mere trifle. He would certainly come if he might. Then the pretty cousin invited him to come prepared to stay for the rural party in the evening, and he was delighted. He was more delighted when the pretty cousin expressed her intention to learn to ride and said that Miss Primrose's wheel was to be brought out particularly for her to practice with. Mr. Tireworthy gallantly volunteered to act as teacher, and his offer was accepted with a smile so gracious and a rural blush so charming that he began to think that Miss Primrose's pretty country cousin was prettier than Miss Primrose herself. If that was treason he couldn't help it. He went away puzzled and charmed, and he couldn't tell whether he was most mystified or most charmed. Presently he overtook a wagon. In the wagon was a boy with a dirty streak running slantwise across his right cheek. The boy looked like the same boy he had spoken to in the village.

"Aren't you the boy I spoke to in the village?"

The boy stared. "'Twan't me," he answered.

"Didn't I ask you if a lady had passed on a bicycle?"

"Hain't seen no gal ridin' no masheen to-day," answered the boy, in what Mr. Tireworthy would almost have sworn was the drawl of the boy in the village. "'Sides," added the boy, "I hain't seen no feller ridin' a masheen to-day, nuther. 'Twan't me."

Mr. Tireworthy stared hard at the boy. Then he shook his head solemnly in a vain effort to rattle his brains into their

natural clearness. Was this another illusion?

"Have you been in the village?" he asked the boy.

"Been thar all day till the waggin started for hum."

"Didn't you speak to me in the village?"

"No, there ain't been no feller with a masheen to the village to-day, 'cause I'd seen him if he was," asserted the boy sturdily.

"That's so, or I'd seen him, too," testified the old farmer who was driving.

Mr. Tireworthy rode on, shaking his head some more, with pauses of deep thought between the shakes. "Maybe I only just dreamed that I ran that five miles in 16:03 by my watch!" he said to himself. The idea that his reliable watch—that watch whose fidelity he knew could be depended upon to prove whether the sun wobbled or the universe got out of time—could take any part in a delusion was so ridiculous that he pulled it out and looked at it with a confident smile.

Great Scott! his watch had run down; run down at the precise time he had marked as the end of his five miles! Perhaps it had run down before that, so that he might have been much longer running the five miles. Perhaps he hadn't run the five miles at all! The boy said he hadn't. The old farmer corroborated the boy. Miss Shinglebolt seemed to corroborate the old farmer. The handkerchief and missing bouquet corroborated Miss Shinglebolt. He might have dreamed it all.

But no; the pretty cousin—bless her!—said she had seen him race by. That settled it; he really did run the five miles, and it wasn't all a delusion.

Pondering it over thus, Saddleton rode thoughtfully home, and appeared at the club rooms that evening a sadder man than the club had ever before seen him, and not half so effusively wise as usual.

The next afternoon Saddleton spent two delightful hours teaching the pretty country cousin the first principles of bicycle riding, besides an hour or two of rambling about the farm with the two

girls. During these rambles the pretty cousin accidentally dropped her handkerchief. Saddleton picked it up. Lo! it was bordered with lace and one corner was missing. He handed it to its fair owner slowly and she received it, he thought, with nervous haste. He became absent minded, evidently deeply pondering something. In the evening, at the party, the pretty cousin appeared for the first dance with him wearing upon her bosom a bouquet of wild flowers that he could almost swear was either the same that he had found pinned upon his bosom or at least an exact counterpart. He became more absent minded. But how could she be the one who had found him asleep by the roadside, if any such thing really occurred and it was not a delusion, seeing that she did not know how to ride a bicycle and he was teaching her? This was the puzzle, and he could only explain it upon the theory that the whole adventure must have been a dream.

Pondering this mystery and teaching the pretty cousin how to ride became so earnest an occupation for the next six weeks that the club was astonished clear through, from president to janitor, at the announcement of the engagement of Saddleton Tireworthy and Miss Susan Acres, the pretty cousin of Miss Primrose Shinglebolt, and still more astonished by the reported engagement of Miss Shinglebolt and Mr. Bob Oatfield, a manly and popular young country gentleman who sometimes visited the club, and was a strong rider, though he generally preferred his fine horses.

Saddleton has been engaged now for three months, but he hasn't found out yet, to a dead certainty, whether he really ran that five miles in 16:03 or only dreamed it. His pretty fiancée only looks charmingly mysterious and seductively knowing when questioned about it, and Miss Primrose Shinglebolt professes not to remember ever having heard any such story. Anyhow, both Saddleton and Susan are convinced that Saddleton's former supposition that he ever had been, ever could be in love with Miss Primrose, or she with him, must have been a delusion.



A THREE-MILE RUN.

BY WELLAND HENDRICK.



THERE was a man in my class in college by the name of Thompson — William Devenport Thompson — for short, Tomy. He was not by any means a brilliant scholar, but he generally led his class in the field-day sports, and, if I remember correctly, he broke the college record in the three-mile run.

I remember him particularly, however, in connection with the youngest Miss Burnes at the Junction. Colonel Burnes' family of daughters allured a generation of college boys over to the Junction; so that the place is one of note in the annals of our college. I believe that the hamlet was once called Burnes' Corners, but the railroads crossed there, and then the name became Burnes' Junction, or, with us, simply the Junction.

It is about four miles there from the college, and the carriage road ends in a winding trail down a hill and comes into the main country road at right-angles. Straight ahead and facing the road down the hill there is an old hotel, once a halfway house of some note, now a weather-beaten country tavern. The inn has in front a full-length portico, or, in the native tongue, "stoop," with a floor settled down to the ground and as uneven as a plowed field. The second story projects over the porch, and large, square wooden pillars hold up the overhanging building.

This is the gathering place of the men of the village—a village whose extent is soon told. Going down the hill-road, the hotel is at the right of the long line of buildings which constitute the Junction. Across the road from the inn is a blacksmith-shop, wood-colored and old, crowded in under the hillside. Just to the left of the hotel there is a store; beyond this is a doctor's little one-story office, stuck out almost directly in front of his house; and then, scattered along the road, beyond the hotel, store and office, a dozen or more houses string out about a quarter of a mile.

The Burnes' family residence is one of the houses nearest the hotel, so that the loungers on the porch noted every appearance of the "college fellers" driving down the hill and turning up to the house of Colonel Burnes. And so, when they saw Tomy on his way to make the third visit of the same week, they knew the time and the number as well as did the youngest Miss Burnes herself.

There was a general sentiment among the loungers that Tomy was an intruder. This opinion was decidedly strong among the young fellows who were generally out in front of the hotel pitching horseshoes for quoits into holes worn out in the gravelly ground.

Most of all, Andrew Dodd resented Thompson's visits, and Andrew Dodd was a leader at the Junction. His well-proportioned frame seemed to stretch halfway over the pitching distance as he laid his horseshoes nearest the hub.

But it was noticed that his quoits were apt to wobble and roll out under the board fence when anything was said about the new and persistent attendant of the youngest Miss Burnes.

On the third visit of that last week in May, Thompson drove down the hill, whirled around the corner with an unconsciously exasperating air, and then, with the youngest and prettiest Miss Burnes by his side, he drove back as if to exhibit his prize to the lounging countrymen.

It was getting dark when Thompson brought Miss Burnes again to her father's house; nevertheless, he tied his horse and went in to say good-night. It took till about eleven o'clock to part satisfactorily. When, at that hour, Tompy made his way out to the road in the darkness of that unlighted hamlet—lo! the horse and carriage were gone. There was an ominous remnant only—a wheel carefully tied with a strap to the hitching post.

The worst of it all was that within a few days some interested person furnished Tompy's acquaintances with a picturesque account of the night's exploit. How the Burnes family, young and old, abed and otherwise, turned out to join in the hunt, what was found and what was not found, and how the remains of the expedition finally reached town, furnished a week's amusement for college and town.

As for the gathering at the old hotel, it was large and hilarious on those days. Lusty, countrified hawhaws broke out at some new version of the rape of the steed, while Andrew Dodd sighted through his quoit, as he held it up to pitch, with an air of winking at himself in an extremely satisfied manner. It was just about this time that another event happened which excited the Junction greatly, and as Andy played a prominent part, perhaps I had better stop to tell of it.

It was three or four o'clock in the afternoon; the sun was just far enough over to furnish shade for the quoit-players, and the porch was filled. A two-horse open carriage drove rapidly up, carrying three men. The driver was in the front seat alone, and two men sat behind. One of the two was a keen-looking man with breezy side-whiskers, and the other was a decidedly tough-looking specimen. His clothes

were those of a tramp, and a mud-colored soft hat was pulled down over his head, leaving nothing of his face in sight but a dirty chin.

As the other man got out, the reason for the hang-dog actions of his companion was evident. He was handcuffed, and was trying to conceal his face and at the same time keep his pinioned wrists out of sight.

The landlord was at the door, and he of the breezy whiskers said, "Sheriff Joslin here?"

"Sheriff? Naw; hain't seen the sheriff in a month."

"Well, he'll be here soon probably. I telegraphed him to meet me here at three o'clock. He'll be on the up-train like enough."

"Who ye got there?" said the landlord, speaking for the gaping crowd.

"That," said the stranger in a lower tone, "is one of the fellows that broke into the Lewiston bank last Winter," and a desperate fellow too.

"Naw?" said the landlord. The loungers gathered closer.

"That's what he is. I've been lying low for him for two months now; just got him this forenoon ten miles south of here over in our county. I'm deputy sheriff in Wilson County, you know."

The crowd, who with the speakers had worked their way into the bar-room, now turned to have a look at the criminal in the carriage. They all came back, however, at a general invitation to have something. The driver was included in the invitation; but the prisoner was left in the carriage, and the hostler was ordered out to hold the horses.

This hostler and the half-dozen bare-footed boys who were outside could not tell exactly how it all happened. The hostler claimed that he thought the man was trying to fix his wrists so that the handcuffs would not hurt them. At any rate, it seemed that with one motion the prisoner slipped his hands out of the manacles, dropped the irons in the carriage and sprang into the middle of the road.

A yell brought the men from the bar-room, the deputy sheriff pushing his way through the door from the rear of the crowd. He saw an empty carriage and a man running up the hill in the middle of the road.

"Catch him! Stop him!" the deputy

shouted; "one hundred dollars to the man that gets him. Go for him!"

The young fellows tore across the road and up the hill, while the older and wiler men took a slower course along the main road, bent on a flank movement. Some of them stopped to tell of the escape, so that soon every woman at the Junction had locked and bolted her doors, and frightened children were looking with shivering fear through second-story windows.

Among the last to get away from the hotel was Andrew Dodd. He waited long enough to throw off his hat, coat and vest, and then started up the road. He was not a man to be last in the chase. Halfway up the hill he passed four or five runners, and at the top was with the leaders in the pursuit. At this place the burglar, seeing the deputy and driver lashing their horses up the road, had taken to the fields on the right; so over the fence went his running pursuers, Andy, by this time, well in advance.

The prisoner of a few moments before was some twenty or thirty rods ahead, now in full sight, now hidden by a dip in the ground, but all the while running as a man can run for freedom. Andy was the only one that could keep the criminal in sight, and the race narrowed down to the two. They pushed through the winter wheat, then nearly grown; they trod over oat-fields, still soft from the spring plowing; and on they went, down into a gully and up through a piece of woods, the pursuer at length surely gaining; for Andy was a noted huntsman, and a run over the fields was old business for him.

Finally it seemed to occur to the nimble burglar that a run in the road would be to his advantage; so when his course brought him across a highway, he turned into it to his left and went tearing on.

Less than half a mile ahead of the men this road crosses the road from the Junction to the college, from which the chase had turned at the top of the hill. Andy was now beginning to lose ground, when, looking ahead to the four corners, he saw the carriage with the deputy and the driver. He had the man penned. A turn to the fields on the left would take him into the main body of the pursuers; on the right were the

college buildings and the surrounding town.

The hunted criminal evidently understood the situation; his pace grew slower and his pursuer came nearer; they were now within a few rods of the carriage. There the two men stood in the wagon, joyously and senselessly shouting, instead of leaving the carriage to blockade the road. But the hunted man, now but a few rods ahead of the countryman, kept to the middle of the highway, ran straight forward to the wagon, climbed up to the back seat, sat down, took out a cigar, and turning his face as he lighted a match, showed to Andrew Dodd the jovial, dirt-plastered countenance of William Devenport Thompson.

The deputy was Bates, a senior with whiskers that were the pride of the college, and the driver—well, now that so much of the story is out, I might as well own up that I was the driver that day myself. And there we three sat back in our seats and laughed loud and long, while beside the wagon stood Andy, the breathless, speechless, coatless, hatless, dumfounded and woefully chagrined Andy.

"Have a cigar," said Tompy, leaning forward to hold it out. "It's too bad that you are not a college man; you'd train up magnificently for the three-mile run. My regards to the other fellows coming over in the field there! Sorry we've not time to take you back. Bye-bye!"

About Thompson and Miss Burnes? Oh, the unromantic fact is that Tompy left school that year rather than fall back a class, and the youngest Miss Burnes is now, I believe, the second wife of a Presbyterian minister. I have lost sight of Tompy for the last few years; but I have heard that he is living somewhere in the northern part of the State, and that he is married to a girl with a mild, gray eye and a determined chin; and there is a story that one of the boys visited him at his home and was invited by the docile athlete to have a quiet smoke out in the back yard, where the smell of the weed would not offend his wife. But, however it may be with the hero, the story of his run with the countryman is still fondly told among the traditions of our college.

WITH THE IOWA CHICKENS.

BY ED. W. SANDYS.



IT was an eventful outing in more ways than one, and probably not one of the six who enjoyed it will forget the experience as long as he is able to swing the tapered tubes into position.

Like the famous "little cottage girl" we fancied that we should be able to say, "We are seven," but alas! when we met on the appointed evening in Milwaukee, instead of the seventh big-hearted friend who was going to share our luck, according to original intent, we received only a note—and not even a promissory note either! It ran as follows:

"Awful sorry. G. M.'s showed up and I can't possibly get away. Take the car and everything. I have made all arrangements and given necessary orders. Think of me when you're in the thick of it. Good luck! Yrs., UNDERBRUSH."

Here was a pretty go, but there was no help for it. We knew right well that nothing but stern business could keep him from a shooting trip, so we six, with many expressions of sincere regret, boarded the private car and started.

It will not be necessary to dwell upon details of outfits. Our car was an excellent one and thoroughly well appointed, our *chef* a wizard, and each member of the party had his own favorite weapon. We had one dog—"Buster," a laverack of a pointer to help with the work when we reached our destination, which, by the

way, was Patterson, a small, open-faced town with grass side-whiskers, located somewhere in northwestern Iowa.

The members of the party may as well be briefly described as they appeared after dinner the first night, as we whizzed westward. From one corner of our parlor rose two mighty, aggressive streams of smoke, and somewhere behind the smoke were tangled up the Doctor and the Lawyer. Two inseparable chums and enthusiastic admirers of Nimrod; and what they didn't know about shooting would have filled the car and left enough over to load the whole train. Near them sat the Parson, above whose head rose the thin continuous thread of the connoisseur in smoke. These three formed, as it were, one side of the house, but the Parson didn't know quite as much about sport as his two cronies.

On the other side were ranged the Captain, the Brewer and the Scribe, or—as the Parson was given to calling them—"the world, the flesh and the other fellow." The Captain and the Scribe were the best shots and keenest sportsmen of the party, though the Brewer was by no means a bad performer a-field.

The first important event of the pilgrimage occurred at the boundary between Wisconsin and Iowa. The car was outfitted for a long siege, and the Brewer, fearing doubtless that the Parson's stock-in-trade might possibly become exhausted, had stored away a goodly stock of spiritual consolation, which he stoutly averred could knock the fiddle-strings off the Parson's brand, both for elevating influence and sure results. Just how all this pleasant accessory was to be got into Iowa's sinless prairie was rather an anxious problem as we neared Prairie du Chien.

The Brewer assumed all responsibility, and when at last an official of some kind appeared, the man of malt promptly took him in hand before he ever saw the inside of our house on wheels. We fancied that we saw the Brewer's hand slyly approach the side pocket of the official's coat as he said:

"Just a shooting-party, my dear sir; a few of the right sort going in to have a look at your noble prairies, and," he ad-

ded in a tremendous whisper, "wealthy men, sir—liable to invest at any point that strikes their fancy!"

"Yes, that's all right; but I presume you people have a lot of liquor in that car, eh?"

"Nothing of the kind, my *dear* sir. Only a trifle for sickness. The great bulk of our stuff is *root beer*."

"Root-beer?"

"Exactly, my *dear* sir. Allow me," and the Brewer stretched forth his hand again toward the stranger's pocket and lifted from it a small flask of our best brandy.

"Just the same as this that you carry yourself, sir—root beer, an excellent beverage; and he replaced the flask, while the official grinned knowingly and muttered: "Well, I'll be danged! But why do you call it root-beer?"

"'Cos we play roots with it. See?" and our car rolled away, bearing a much better satisfied party.

In due time we reached Patterson, and the car was safely sidetracked. We soon learned that chicken were abundant, and that we were certain of rattling good sport. The man who had promised to lend the pointer appeared with the dog early next morning, and gave us a long account of the brute's many virtues. It had been a good dog enough in its day, but showed every sign of age, so the Brewer, the Captain and the Scribe decided to stick to valiant Buster, and allow the professional gentlemen to shoot over the pointer, which, as they didn't know any better, they readily agreed to do; and so it came about that next morning the Captain and the Scribe started away over the prairie with Buster. The Brewer had a lazy fit and refused to join the morning shoot, and the learned trio arranged a little trip of their own, to try the new dog; the two parties to meet at about eleven at a farm-house some five miles away.

Buster was wild with delight at obtaining his freedom for an old-fashioned day's jaunt, and he sailed away over the grass in splendid form. Half a mile from the car he pinned a large covey of chicken, near some long grass, and a sportsman's eyes never looked upon a finer picture than the stanch black-and-white hero made. The background of rank grass served admirably to set off his shapely form and handsome coat, as

he held his point nobly for good twenty minutes without a quiver.

The Captain and the Scribe both felt proud of their gallant friend as they carefully approached, and their eyes beamed with approval as the dog dropped like a flash as a big chicken burst with a thunderous roar of wings from the grass.

"Take him! load quick!" Bang! and the chicken went down in a cloud of feathers. Singly and by twos and threes, the birds flushed from about twenty square yards of cover, and the guns cracked as fast as two experts could pull triggers and shove in fresh shells. It was an illustration of perfect chicken shooting; birds getting up seconds apart, and affording just time enough for lightning work on the part of the sportsmen.

"Whurr—urr—burr! Bang—crack—bang—crack! Guns leaping to shoulders and dropping to be loaded like magic, and both men holding dead on and grassing their birds clean and well without a mistake.

Presently half a dozen birds, the last of the covey, roared up and buzzed away, and the two friends looked at each other and laughed loud, for it had been a fast thing and hot while it lasted, and honors were easy.

Buster, at the word, rose from his charge and bustled about, securing the fallen, and when men and dogs had completed their retrieving, ten grand chicken were piled together.

"By George! old chap, it's going to be a job, lugging these fellows about. We should have brought a buckboard—but aren't they beauties?"

"Best I ever saw so early in the season—but let's put 'em in the slings and beat on."

As anticipated, the weight of five fat birds to each man did not add to the comfort, but it couldn't be bettered, and they worked steadily toward the farm-house rendezvous.

Before half a mile had been covered Buster settled again on a beautiful point, and three more birds were grassed, one of the Scribe's requiring the second barrel to stop it.

The shooting was so good that long before the farm-house was reached Buster was ordered to heel, and the bag totaled twenty-one birds.

As the two entered the barn-yard

they beheld a spectacle which halted them in their tracks for two astonished minutes, and then, shocking though the truth was, sent them into fits of laughter.

Near the center of the yard stood an old wooden pump and horse-trough; working the handle of the pump was the Lawyer, his face ashen with terror and his arms nervous with haste. Hard by, in an attitude of limp dejection, stood the Parson, goggling feebly at the horse-trough, in which lay the borrowed pointer half covered with water. Over the dog bent the Doctor, his face showing an agony of apprehension, and his hands busy rubbing and bathing the dog's body.

As the Captain and Scribe stared at this strange performance, the Doctor shouted: "Pump! pump! for God's sake, man, pump, or he'll croak!" at which the Lawyer worked the pump-handle so fast that it looked like a haze.

"Say, you fellows, whatever the mischief have you been up to? Has the old dog been sunstruck?"

The three started guiltily, and the look on their faces forestalled the dragging explanation: "No-o; Doc s-sh-ot him b-by mistake!" The scene, the tone of voice and the expressions of the men's faces were so utterly absurd that the Captain and the Scribe almost fell down for laughter, and, tragical though it was, the unfortunate dog added to the absurdity by raising his head when the laugh was loudest, giving a dismal howl, and promptly expiring.

It appeared that the dog had worked very well and at last pointed a covey. The Doctor was nearest, and when the birds flushed he got rattled and the gun exploded before it was at his shoulder, and the charge, or the greater portion of it, struck the poor old dog in the side.

There was no help for it; so the victim was buried, and for many a night afterward the trio were roasted unmercifully and frightened no end by the tales they were told of what the owner of the dog would do when he found out the truth. It may as well be explained here that the owner of the dog demanded five hundred dollars as compensation, but after considerable argument about the dog's age and limited usefulness, he compromised for an old French breech-loader which happened to be a

part of the car's outfit; and so the matter was amicably arranged. For ten long, happy days the car remained at Patterson, and the party enjoyed royal sport. More than one choice lot of birds was sent to friends, and at last the sportsmen realized that they had enough chicken-shooting for the present, and it was decided to have the car hauled into southeastern Dakota, where duck abound on countless lakes.

The season was too early for geese and swan, but they found duck so plentiful that it was difficult to avoid killing too many. At the first lake tried they had an experience with another borrowed dog, fortunately without serious results.

The Captain found track, in some mysterious manner, of a noted retriever, a spaniel, for which was claimed the honor of being the very best dog for duck in all Dakota. One evening the valiant Captain came to the car, leading the spaniel on chain, and he confided to the Scribe and the Brewer that he had secured a prize. Said he: "Just look at those ears and that coat! Thoroughbred, every hair of him; and as good as he's pretty. Here, 'Flash!'" and he shied a potato off into the grass. "Fetch it, good dog!" and Flash retrieved the potato in faultless fashion. Then the Captain further remarked: "Now, see here, you dog-killing mud-heads; no shooting of this spaniel by accident. The man values him at a thousand, and I'm responsible. He's in my charge, to be used by me alone, and when you chaps get a lot of duck knocked down I'll bring Mr. Spaniel around and show you how a white man's dog retrieves; and I won't have to shoot him either!"

Next day every gun was posted on a long, narrow, very muddy lake, and tied to the cover at the Captain's side was the valuable spaniel. Duck were everywhere, and the Captain confided to his nearest neighbor, the Scribe, that he daren't let the dog loose with five guns blazing away, for fear of accident; but he would go round and have the dog gather in birds just as soon as a decent number had been knocked down.

The shooting was capital and the guns barked steadily for over an hour; the Captain and Scribe were in great form, and presently had about twenty dead duck floating on the water, while every

now and then others were seen falling to the weapons of the quartet.

In time the flight ceased, and the Brewer, the Doctor, Lawyer and Parson came to the Captain's stand and suggested that, as so many duck were down, it would be a good scheme to have the spaniel secure them.

"All O. K.," said the gallant Captain. "We'll just have him retrieve the lot here first, and then put him to work on yours. Here, Flash, show your stuff!" And he released the dog.

"Fetch 'em, boy, good dog!" But Flash didn't move.

"Why, you dod-ratted fool! Get in there and bring 'em out!"

Still Flash didn't enthuse, and the crowd smiled shyly. The Captain looked warlike, but he picked up a root and hurled it into the water among a lot of dead duck. Like an arrow from a bow, the spaniel sped in and clove his way through the water. "Ha! ha! he didn't understand — now see 'im go!" exclaimed the Captain. "There's a swimmer for you!"

The Scribe watched an instant, then took the Captain's and his own gun and walked away to a safe distance, flung himself down and roared with uncontrollable mirth; for the spaniel coolly swam over half a dozen duck and brought back — the root!

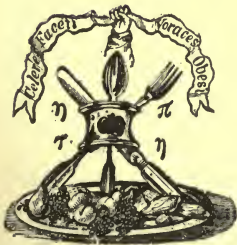
One could have heard that party laugh clear to Milwaukee, but the spaniel would touch no duck. The Captain was wild, and if his gun had been in reach the spaniel's career would have ended then and there, but wiser counsel finally prevailed. Now, the Captain was game to the core, and after remarking, "Well, boys, the laugh's on me," he peeled off to his shooting-boots, and waded about for over an hour until everybody's game was safely landed, when he came ashore and remarked, "Keep that brute out of my sight, or I'll tamper with his brains. No more borrowed dog in mine!"

A week later the car rolled eastward, bearing a browned and happy party, but to this day any mention of borrowing a dog will cause a hearty guffaw.

HARRY'S CAREER AT YALE.

BY JOHN SEYMOUR WOOD.

CHAPTER XXXV.



AS if there had not been noise and confusion enough for one night, a great crowd had gathered at the fence, principally to guy and chaff a lot of townies who were stand-

ing opposite the fence over in front of what was then known as Toadley's. Every old Yale man will remember the way Toadley used to bawl down the dumb-waiter, "Two on toast!" and then sneak down-stairs and cook them; as he was his own cook and bottle-washer! Toadley lived principally on cold hard-boiled eggs, in the rear end of his little store. He was terribly dyspeptic in consequence, and the disturbance in front

of his place caused him to be fearful lest one of his front store windows should be broken in. He was tall, lean and lank. He came out and expostulated with the crowd, and advised and prayed them to go home.

Presently it seemed as if every one in college had come out on the campus at the fence. Classes intermingled. It was now "Yale against the town." All the good singers of every class gathered in the fence corner, where the soph fence joined the junior, and the good old songs echoed high beneath the elms. Such grand music from a thousand throats! *Lauriger Horatius*, *Upidee*, *Cocachelunk*, *Bingo*. But singing was not enough. Presently from out of the darkness came barrels, boxes, sticks of timber, bundles of hay and straw, and dumped themselves together beneath the high-drooping elms. Fifty bright, intelligent young men were searching

backyards of the peaceful citizens of New Haven for fuel.

A number of sops poured a tin can of kerosene on the pile of debris and touched it off. The flames caught the light tinder and the oil, and rose high in the air. A splendid blaze soon lit up Chapel street as far as Temple, and flickered against the white facade of the old State house.*

Sophs and fresh joined hands and danced madly round and round the flames. Every now and then parties would come triumphantly in bearing some empty barrels and bundles of odd pieces of timber, which they would throw on the flames. Presently a keg of beer protruded itself through the fence. Whence it came, who brought it, no one knew. But it was there.

Just when the fun, which had sprung out of nothing—for things often go that way in college—was fast and furious came the ominous cry "*Faculty! Faculty!*"

Professor Timster, with a note-book in hand, came stalking across the campus from Elm street. Professor Maynard, enveloped in a long black cloak, came prowling around the corner of South College. Tutor Dilworthy, looking very sleepy and never known to report a student for any sort of misdemeanor, came out of his entry, and Tutor Smile (whom the students hated) out of *his*. There was a grand scattering of all but a few juniors and seniors, who bravely sat on their fence, each one having, of course, a *mens conscia recti*. Professor Timster stalked straight up to the beer keg and turned the spigot so that it should empty itself to no good purpose on the ground. A groan went up from the juniors. Other members of the faculty appeared, and everything became quiet as death.

The moon, which was struggling through a bunch of clouds, threw down a pale, flickering light. The campus was nearly deserted now. Tutor Smile approached his entry in Old South.

Suddenly some one darted past him and seized his note-book. He grabbed the fellow, and the next instant found himself whirling in the air, and then dumped on the ground "in a very undignified position," as he related in faculty meeting next day.

Unluckily Jack's cap fell off in the scuffle. Inside were his initials "J. B. R., Umpty-four." Tutor Smile picked it up dazedly, and went up to his room.

Jack ran around the old Lyceum and into north entry, South Middle, before he became aware of his loss. He went back, but no one was to be seen.

"If Tutor Smile has got that cap, I'm done," he said to himself, with a sinking heart. He looked at the torn note-book in his hand, then went back meditatively to his room. Harry and Stump were sitting up eating crackers, and Harry was drinking beer.

"A big night, Jack!"

"Yes—and a sorry one for me."

"How so—you weren't spotted for hazing Bogey, or the street fight afterwards?"

"No, but Smile has just spotted me. I snatched his note-book. Here it is—lots of fellows will get off with a warning; but he grabbed me and I threw him—and my cap fell off, as luck would have it—he's got it!"

"By Jove!" Harry whistled.

"I went back and the cap was gone. He's picked it up, and my initials are in it. You remember Kitty sewed them in on a blue ribbon last summer—on Long Island."

Jack sank down on the sofa and Stamp jumped up and licked his face affectionately.

"Dear old dog!" said Jack, "I guess we'll have a chance to see a bit of rural Connecticut shortly, for I shall be rusticated sure!"

Poor Jack was in a bad scrape, and it took all the influence of Uncle Dick, who good-naturedly came up, and of Tutor Dilworthy, to fine down the austerity of the faculty in dealing with what the president designated "a very wanton and offensive act of insubordination."

The verdict was a suspension of poor Jack for eight weeks and twenty-five marks. Caswell was also suspended. In due course they were respectively notified that "on and after 12 o'clock on the Saturday following, they must reside at least ten miles from the City Hall in the city of New Haven." By the good offices of Uncle Dick, Jack's father was kept in ignorance of his escapade and its consequences, and they both left for Farmington amidst the noisy demonstration of their classmates.

*The bonfire would have done some damage to-day if lit in that same place in Osborne Hall.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

WELL, what's happened?"
 "Give us the news!"
 "Who has taken the *Lit. med-*
al?"

These were Harry's first greetings a few weeks later, when he met Jack and Caswell walking in the road as he drew near Farmington on top of the old stage coach, then driven by the famous "Ammi."

Harry proceeded to give them all the college news. Every one was grinding for the examinations and thinking about the Christmas holidays. The Thanksgiving jubilee had guyed Tutor Smile terribly. The faculty were going to

Harry. "How is Miss Stout? How are all the girls? Do they know I'm coming?—what a treat is before them!"

"No; we haven't said a word," laughed Jack. "We're going to let your presence burst upon them like a box of Rising Sun stove-polish!"

"I suppose Miss Stout has got up a little dance, or some entertainment for to-night?" he laughed lightly.

"No; but we've got up a skating party for you this afternoon, about a mile to the north'ard, on the river down by the 'old red bridge.' The skating is fine—and Carrie Hastings skates like a swan——"

As the stage slowly toiled up a hill beneath some fine old elms, they passed



"A FORAGE FOR FUEL." (p. 409).

suppress it. There were hints, too, that they were going to suppress all the freshman societies except Gamma Nu, which, remarked Caswell, was already turned into a sort of prayer-meeting.

"Well, how is Farmington?" said

several grand old colonial houses standing a little back from the street. The whole aspect of the peaceful village, strung out, New England fashion, along the one wide street, was charming and delightful, but a deathlike stillness pre-

vailed. It seemed, as Harry observed, that no one quite dared to speak above a whisper.

Springing down from the coach as it stopped before a little white hotel, the genial landlady came out to greet them. Caswell and Jack were already prime favorites with Mrs. Watt, and she took pains to make their stay as pleasant as possible. No one whose lot it was to visit Farmington at this period can help recalling her jolly face, her kind ways and her motherly kindness to young people coming to and going from school, and she was one of the best cooks in all the Nutmeg State.

It was just the dinner hour, midday, when they arrived. And how they sailed into Mrs. Watt's chickens, *à la Maryland*, and her lamb pot-pie with its delicious gravy! And how good the new cider was — and the fresh celery — and the pickled butternuts — and the hot mince-pie — and the cream, rich, thick and delicious!

"Farmington is not so bad. I think a man might well stay here—*two* days!" laughed Harry, as they rose from the table and lit their cigars. They were the only guests.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

HARRY, being remarkably good-natured, could be teased and persuaded into doing almost anything. They put on their fur-lined ulsters and strolled out, smoking, down the long street towards Miss Stout's, where they intended persuading him to make a call. At a turn in the road on the way, clad in a long dark cloak with a gray fur collar, a neat, trim little knit Tam o' Shanter cap surmounting her dark hair—her whole aspect so demure, so scholastic, so *comme il faut*—walked the beautiful Miss Hastings herself.

Dare he approach? What was the thing to do? Harry stood there spell-bound, unable to decide. He did not know the etiquette of Farmington.

"Bow coldly and pass her like a stranger," whispered Caswell, who knew what was what. But Harry couldn't do that. He went forward and extended his hand.

"Mr. Chestleton! How very sorry I am!" she cried.

"I'm not!" he laughed as he grasped her gloveless hand.

"That you're in such bad company—I mean—" with an amused smile in Jack's direction.

"Oh, those fellows have no power to harm *me!*" he laughed. "I'm not rusticated, you know. Do you think me capable of such a thing?"

"He deserved a worse fate," said Caswell, "than to be *banished* into the presence of Miss Hastings."

"Yes, the faculty are keeping his nose on the grindstone!" laughed Jack. "He is not to be allowed the inestimable privileges of Farmington except for over Sunday——"

"Over Sunday! Then I shall see you at church?"

"Yes—and—aren't you going to skate this afternoon?"

Clara Hastings glanced furtively down the broad street to see if there was any teacher in sight. Some elderly ladies were coming out of the school-gate, and she said hastily, "Yes—at four o'clock at the old red bridge."

Then she quickly walked on.

It is not to be supposed that our boys were unmindful of their appointment, and while Jack and Caswell chattered and bustled about and put on the girls' skates for them by the old red bridge, Harry stood back awkwardly, unable to say a word. Clara Hastings overwhelmed him with her beauty to-day. His usual presence of mind was all gone. He was "all broken up," as Jack said afterward. Visions of pretty Ella Gerhart came to him then, but he knew that Ella's was an affair of the "past." He was now, he felt it, *really* in love. It was no matter for amusement. He was flustered, excited—didn't know exactly what he was saying. "May I have the first dance?" he asked of Miss Carrington before she had risen from the turf bank where she was sitting.

Miss Carrington, a charming young blonde from Baltimore, looked up, saw his seriousness and laughed in his very face. Both girls were capital skaters, and were up and off in a fine "outer edge" together before they could get on their skates.

The ice on the old mill-pond was good and free from snow. It was a pretty place, surrounded on three sides by fine old timber. The old mill, which was a picturesque wooden affair with a large



"PRESENTLY HARRY AND CLARA BECAME SEPARATED FROM THE OTHERS." (p. 415.)

wheel, afforded an excellent retreat in case of cold. Not far off the old red bridge gleamed in the sun through the trees. As they all skated slowly around to the bridge, they met two more scholastic Farmingtonians, and there was an introduction all around.

The new girls seemed to have the air of feeling it was all very wicked—but jolly, as if it were all a sort of lark.

"Mr. Chestleton and I are old friends," said Clara Hastings, who seemed to have no embarrassments.

"Yes, old chums," blurted out Harry. It was not at all what he wanted to say. He couldn't control his tongue.

"Oh, pray tell us what awful thing *you* did!" asked one of the girls, while Clara, turning down the corners of her mouth, skated off with Jack.

"I—I—killed a tutor—entirely by accident, I assure you," said Harry, with his eyes fixed on the gracefully retreating pair, "and afterwards, to conceal the crime, I burned his body in my stove——"

"So the faculty went and rusticated you for only that?—how cruel!" laughed one of the girls.

If Clara Hastings kept far away, he found he could talk glibly enough with the other girls. How jolly it was skating about with these pretty young scholastiques and no chaperone in sight! His eyes, however, kept wandering off after Clara Hastings. She had thrown off her cloak now and was skating in a bright-colored sack, her Tam o' Shanter, with its red tassel, danced in the wind as she flew by like some skimming bird over the ice.

How divinely she skated! *He loved her*; but he would never dare confess it, because she must think him so clumsy and stupid. He could skate very fast, but he could not do the "outer roll" at all. By George! he would try it, though. He did—and over he went, his feet up in the air, at Clara Hastings' very feet! Every one laughed. It was the first fall of the afternoon. Miss Hastings laughed, too, and gracefully stooping, gave him her hand.

"Come, I will teach you," she said rather patronizingly. When a girl can excel a man in any outdoor sport how *very* condescending she always is!

The mental picture he conceived of *himself* was really quite distressing. To her he was a manly, handsome fellow,

and plucky, too, for she remembered the brave fight he had made against Harvard last June. She rather liked his honest awkwardness in her secret heart. He caught her light, *spirituelle* grace and became at once easy and graceful himself.

"Eyes—up—up—up!" she laughed as they swung under the old red bridge with a grand sweep.

He stopped suddenly.

"I—I—please don't look at me so!"

"Not look at you, Mr. Chestleton?"

"I can't stand it. You think me a clumsy idiot—you're the only girl I care to—to—not have—I'm going back on Monday."

She did not smile. Her heart was beating strangely, too.

"Sometimes I have wished it was you and not Mr. Caswell who had been suspended. I don't like him."

Could he believe his ears?

He fairly trembled as he said eagerly, "If I thought you cared to have me here I'd go back to college and steal the clapper out of the chapel bell—anything to be here near you——"

"No," she cried firmly; "if you want *me* to care a pin for you, go back and beat Harvard next July!"

Then she skated swiftly away, and he thought he heard her merry laughter ring out, though she turned her face away from him. Evidently the idea of his being rusticated on *her* account began to strike her as immensely funny. It was an offer of an act of devotion which confirmed her quick feminine instinct as to the real situation after their meeting on the Caswell yacht in mid-Sound the previous summer. Harry then imagined himself in love.

He did not see very much more of her that day. Clara cleverly avoided any more little *tête-à-têtes* on the ice. The girls took their leave of them at the old bridge, after skating until they were tired, and after a promise to take a stolen walk the next day (Sunday) in the late afternoon.

As Harry, Jack and Caswell lit their cigarettes and watched the laughing knot of sweet, lovable girls disappear in the growing dusk up the roadway, and the stars began one by one to creep out and shine like lamps above the horizon, Ted Caswell—the worldly—the "wicked," as he was denominated at college—Caswell himself gave vent to

their common thought, in the delicate poetic outburst :

“Rah—rah—rah—
Rah—rah—rah—
Rah—rah—rah—
Farmington!”

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

IN the long brisk walk they took, two by two, on the Sunday afternoon, Harry could not, for the life of him, bring their conversation to personal matters. Clara Hastings was a laughing, charming, whole-souled sort of girl, who apparently had not the least desire to flirt. Of rich parentage—her family now lived in Cleveland, Ohio, and they owned a beautiful house on Delaware avenue—she had the good sense to enjoy what came along, and to avoid the pitfalls of flirtation into which so beautiful a girl is often tempted.

Presently Harry and Clara became separated from the others, and found themselves walking along the hard smooth road through a piece of woods. Their talk had been very sedate and serious. Harry had told her a great deal about himself and his life at Yale—his hopes and fears. He told her, too, about his mother and what a noble woman she was, and of his sister, who, he expected, would enter Farmington in another year.

“I should like to meet her—it’s such a pity!—I shall leave Farmington next year—perhaps go abroad with the family. My father’s health is not good, and he and my mother and elder sister are in London. I wish you could see Jessie,” she cried with enthusiasm; “she’s a real beauty—and she’s made a tremendous hit in London society.”

“I can’t bear to think of your going over there—and being ‘noticed’ and all that——”

“Oh me!—no one will ever ‘notice’ me.”

“By Jove!” cried Harry, energetically, then subsided.

“My aunt wants me to spend next Winter with her in New Haven,” pursued Clara—“especially if the house is closed and all are abroad, as they expect to be.”

“Oh, do!” he cried, delighted. “It will be our junior year, and we’ll try and make you have a jolly good time.” Then he added, “Do—on my account——”

“You—what would you care?”

“I—I—” Again he paused.

“I know students pretty well!” she laughed gayly. “They are all the same. They say the same things to each girl they’re with, and the girls always relate to each other what’s said—and there you are!”

“Oh, yes! I suppose you girls tell each other everything. That’s where *men* are different. *We* are always silent as a tomb. For instance——”

“Well——”

“Do you think I ever let Jack know how much I care for you?”

It was a puzzling question to answer.

“I don’t think you *ought* to care for any one now, Mr. Chestleton. I think you ought to think of your studies first——”

“I do—but second——”

“Thanks—I don’t care to be second to anything—” and she walked on very briskly.

“Miss Hastings, you know how to be aggravating. Of all girls in the world——”

“Well, I like *that*.” (Heightened color.) “Aggravating! Well, Mr. Chestleton, do you think I’m going to all this trouble for you, and risking Miss Stout’s displeasure, though I know she wouldn’t mind as long as we had met before—to hear that I am aggravating?”

There was a dangerous, mischievous flash in her pretty eyes, and Harry hastened to say:

“I know I am awfully stupid not to see you don’t care for me one bit, and that you like—I know whom you like.”

“Well—who is it?” She paused and her chin went up in the air.

“It’s Ted. Yes—and I shouldn’t be a bit surprised to hear the next thing you’re engaged.”

He said this defiantly, and though very angry, she said, “It’s a case of little pitchers again! I’m *not* engaged, and don’t intend to be. Oh, do let’s hasten on and catch up with the rest! Here we are quarreling already. I’m sure that I meant to be amiable, but *you’ve* been perfectly horrid.”

“I didn’t mean to be,” he said meekly.

“Well—you’ve been very ‘young,’ at all events—dreadfully ‘young.’” she said as they parted.

Slipping on his ulster after supper, Harry strolled out and down the street. The bell was ringing for evening service,

and as he approached the white, simple edifice, he knocked the ashes out of his pipe, feeling half inclined to enter. This affair with Clara was a deeply serious thing with him. He felt that if he couldn't win the love of the beautiful girl he would leave college and go into business out West somewhere. The Ella Gerhart affair had been a useful episode. He discovered how sweet a thing a girl's love is, and it taught him to value Clara's affection only the higher.

He entered the church and took a seat way back in the rear. The schoolgirls came trooping in two by two. It was not to be a regular service—it was to be a "service of praise." A lady whose face was unknown to him presided. The girls seemed to have somewhat less constraint than in the morning. The atmosphere of the plain white meeting house was much less chill; but he felt lonely, and as Clara did not come in, he looked furtively around with a view of making an early escape. He realized that he had only entered for the purpose of staring at the back of Miss Hastings' head and of observing the abundant coils of her dark luxuriant hair.

What young man is there who has ever loved who has not dreamed away hours in the sanctuary over the distant view of the bonneted and beribboned fair one? The purity and sanctity of her surroundings make a heaven for her lover out of the cold, gray church walls. His love is pure and beautiful at such times.

He was alone. He felt timid, weak, discouraged, hopeless — when Clara Hastings herself, accompanied by a slender little girl of thirteen or so, entered hastily his very pew and knelt by his side, fairly crowding him along further in the pew. The little girl eyed him admiringly, and Clara rose and gave him a sweet, forgiving — dared he say *loving* glance? No; it wasn't that; it was *pitying*, rather.

It was a brave thing she was doing, there before Miss Stout and so many girls, but, after all, it was the refined act of a lady. She knew he had no hymn-book; she knew that he was alone; she knew he was unhappy.

She was wholly and overwhelmingly lovely to him. Her hair, slightly disarranged, hung low on her white neck. She had a slightly wearied air, too. Her

pretty hands, with their rings, held the hymn-book open on her lap. He did not mind the stares of the girls — even the giggles. What a strange, impulsive, beautiful girl she was! His heart beat fast as they rose to sing, and his hand just touched hers. His soul soared high into realms of peace and purity and love. He never forgot that sweet little white church afterward during his life — the trembling organ, the choir of sweet girl voices, the smoking lamps suspended from the ceiling — ah! it was heaven to him that night.

As they went out Clara presented him to Miss Stout — not with a coy shamefacedness, but with a calm, high-bred demeanor which disarmed her preceptress.

When Harry slowly walked back to the "colony" with Clara Hastings, both were rather quiet. At the gate, as they parted, he asked one question, "May I write?" The moon covered her fair white face as she answered, shaking her head, "I don't think —"

"Then I *shall*!"



"TOADLEY USED TO BAWL DOWN THE DUMB-WAITER." (p. 409).



Painted for OUTING by A. Hencke.

THE PASSAGE OF THE IRON GATE.

"Into it she charged—'charged' is the word." (p. 464)

OUTING.

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A HUNTING STORY.

ONE of the best fellows among the hardy lot who have run the trails and paddled the lonely tributaries of the upper Ottawa was Moeran. No bolder sportsman ever went into the woods, and few, or none of the guides or professional hunters could rival his skill with rifle or paddle. The tough old "Leatherstockings" fairly idolized him, for he got his game as they did, by straight shooting, perfect woodcraft, and honest hard work; and most of them, while they usually charged a heavy price for their services, would have gladly thrown in their lots with him for an outing of a month or more, and asked nothing save what he considered a fair division of the spoils. He was also a keen observer and a close student of the ways of bird and beast. The real pleasure of sport seemed to him to lie in the fact that it brought him very near to nature, and permitted him to pore at will over that marvelous open page which all might read if they chose, yet which few pause to study. His genial disposition and long experience made him ever a welcome and valuable

companion afield or afloat, and the comrades he shot with season after season would have as soon gone into the woods without their rifles as without Moeran. Physically, he was an excellent type of the genuine sportsman. Straight and tall, and strongly made, his powerful arms could make a paddle spring, if need be, or his broad shoulders bear a canoe or pack over a portage that taxed even the rugged guides; and his long limbs could cover ground in a fashion that made the miles seem many and long to whoever tramped a day with him.

And this was the kind of man that planned a trip for a party of four after the lordly moose. Moeran had, until that year, never seen a wild moose free in his own forest domain, and needless to say he was keenly anxious to pay his respects to the great king of the Canadian wilderness. He had been in the moose country many times while fishing or shooting in the provinces of New Brunswick, Quebec, Ontario and Manitoba; he had seen the slots of the huge deer about pool and stream, on beaver

meadow and brule; he had spent more than one September night "calling," with a crafty Indian to simulate the plaintive appeals of a love-lorn cow; he had heard the great bulls answer from the distant hills—had heard even the low, grunting inquiry a bull moose generally makes ere emerging from the last few yards of shadowy cover, and revealing himself in all his mighty strength and pride in the moonlit open. More than once he had lain quivering with excitement and hardly daring to breathe, close-hidden in a little clump of scrub, about which stretched full forty yards of level grass on every side—lain so for an hour with every nerve strained to the ready, with ears striving to catch the faintest sound on the stillness of the night, and with eyes sweeping warily over the expanse of moonlit grass and striving vainly to pierce the black borders of forest, somewhere behind which his royal quarry was hidden. Upon such occasions he had lain and listened and watched until he fancied he could see the moose standing silently alert among the saplings, with ears shifting to and fro and with keen nose searching the air ceaselessly for trace of his mortal enemy. The occasional distant rattle of broad antlers against the trees as the big brute shook himself or plunged about in lusty strength had sounded on his ears, followed by the faint sounds of cautiously advancing footsteps seemingly bent straight toward the ambush. Then would follow a long agonizing pause, and then a snap of a twig or a faint rustling told that the crafty bull was stealing in a circle through the cover around the open space before venturing upon such dangerous ground. At last a deathlike silence for many minutes, and then a faint, far snap of twigs and "wish" of straightening branches as the great bull stole away to his forested hills, having read in breeze or on ground a warning of the foe concealed in the harmless scrub. All these were disappointments, but not necessarily bitter ones. The long night-vigils were after all rarely spent entirely in vain, for each brought to him some new ideas, or let him a little further into the dark mysteries of the great wild world's nightly moods and methods. The skilled craft of his Indian "caller;" the strange voices of the night that came to his ears, telling of the movements of creatures

but seldom seen or heard by day, were full of interest to a genuine woodsman. And then the fierce though subdued excitement of the weird watch for the huge beast that never came, and yet might come at any moment full into the silvery moonlight from out the black belt of silent wood—these were each fascinating to such a nature as his. But still he had never once seen his long-looked-for game, though several seasons had slipped away and the month of July, 18—, had come and half passed by. Then Moeran got ready his fishing tackle and camping gear and vowed to find a good district for the party to shoot over the coming season, even if he had to remain in the woods an entire month. Right well he knew some of the likeliest points in New Brunswick, Quebec and Manitoba, the eastern portion of the latter province being the best moose country now available, but none of them met the requirements of the party, and so he decided to go into northern Ontario and prospect until he found what he sought.

In the region of the upper Ottawa River, and in the wild lands about the Mattawa River and about the lakes forming its headwaters, is a country beloved of moose. Thither went Moeran, satisfied that his quest would not be in vain. Early in the third week of July he and his Peterboro canoe and outfit reached the railway station of North Bay, on the shore of noble Lake Nipissing. While awaiting the arrival of the guide and team for the next stage of his journey, he put rod together and strolled out on the long pier which extends for a considerable distance into the lake. Reaching the farther end and looking down into the clear, green depths below, he saw watchful black bass skulking in the shadows, and lazy pickerel drifting hither and thither, in and out, among the great piles which supported the pier. To tempt a few of these to their doom was an easy task, and soon the lithe rod was arching over a game black gladiator and a master hand was meeting every desperate struggle of a fighting fish, or slowly raising a varlet pickerel to his inglorious death. In time a hail announced the arrival of the team, and after presenting his captives to the few loungers on the pier, he busied himself stowing canoe and outfit upon the wagon.



"IT SLOWLY ROSE HIGHER AND HIGHER." (p. 423.)



THE OLD BULL.

Their objective point was on the shore of Trout Lake, a lovely sheet of water distant from Nipissing about four miles. The road was in many places extremely bad and the team made slow progress, but there was plenty of time to spare and about noon they reached the lake. The guide, as guides are given to do, lied cheerfully and insistently every yard of the way, about the beauty of the lake, the countless deer and grouse upon its shores, the gigantic fish within its ice-cold depths, the game he, and parties he had guided, had killed, and the fish they had caught. He did well with these minor subjects, but when he touched upon moose and bear he rose to the sublime, and lied with a wild abandon which made Moeran seriously consider the advantage of upsetting the canoe later on and quietly drowning him. But he was not so far astray in his description of the lake. It formed a superb picture, stretching its narrow length for a dozen miles between huge, rolling, magnificently wooded hills, while here and there lovely islands spangled its silver breast. After a hurried lunch

they launched the good canoe, the guide insisting upon taking his rifle, as, according to his story, they were almost certain to see one or more bear. The guide proved that he could paddle almost as well as he could lie, and the two of them drove the light craft along like a scared thing, the paddles rising and falling, flashing and disappearing, with that beautiful, smooth, regular sweep that only experts can give. For mile after mile they sped along, until at last they neared the farther end of the lake, where the huge hills dwindled to mere scattered mounds, between which spread broad beaver meadows, the nearest of them having a pond covering many acres near its center. All about this pond was a dense growth of tall water-grasses, and in many places these grasses extended far into the water.

which was almost covered, save a few open leads, with the round, crowding leaves of the water-lily. A channel, broad and deep enough to float the canoe, connected this pond with the lake, and, as the locality was an ideal summer haunt for moose, Moeran decided to investigate it thoroughly and read such "sign" as might be found. Landing noiselessly, he and the guide changed places, Moeran kneeling forward, with the rifle on the bottom of the canoe in front of him, where he alone could reach it. "Now," he whispered, "you know the route and how to paddle; work her up as if a sound would cost your life. I'll do the watching."

Slowly, silently, foot by foot, and sometimes inch by inch, the canoe stole up the currentless channel, the guide never raising his paddle, but pushing with it cautiously against the soft bottom and lily-roots. It was a good piece of canoe work, worthy even of Moeran's noted skill, and he thoroughly appreciated it. By motions of his hand he indicated when to halt and advance, while his eyes scanned sharply every yard of marsh revealed by the windings of the channel. Not the slightest sound marked their progress until they had almost entered the open water in the

center of the pond, and were creeping past the last fringe of tall grass. Suddenly Moeran's hand signaled a halt, and the canoe lost its slow, forward motion. He looked and looked, staring fixedly at a point some twenty yards distant, where the growth of grass was thin and short and the lily-pads denser than usual, and as he gazed with a strange concentration, a wild light flashed in his eyes until they fairly blazed with exultant triumph. Straight before him among the faded greens and bewildering browns of the lily-pads was a motionless, elongated brown object very like the curved back of a beaver, and a foot or more from it, in the shadow of a clump of grass, something shone with a peculiar liquid gleam. It was an eye—a great, round, wild eye—staring full into his own—the eye of a moose—and the curving object like the back of a beaver was naught else than the enormous nose, or muffle, of a full-grown bull. Something like a sigh came from it, and then it slowly rose higher and higher until the head and neck were exposed. The big ears pointed stiffly forward, and the nose twitched and trembled for an instant as it caught the dreaded taint; then with a mighty floundering and splashing the great brute struggled to his feet. It was a



THE CAMP BY THE LAKE.



"LOOK, LOOK AT HIM!" (p. 428.)

grewsome spectacle to see this uncouth creature uprise from a place where it seemed a muskrat could hardly have hidden. For a few seconds he stood still.

"Shoot! Shoot!"

Moeran simply picked up the rifle and brought it level.

"Load! 'Tain't loaded—the lever—quick!"

He made no response, merely covered, first the point of the shoulder and then the ear, and then, as the bull plunged for the shore, he covered the shoulder twice more, then lowered the rifle, while a horribly excited guide cursed and raved and implored by turns in vain. And just how great was the temptation was never known, but it certainly would have proved irresistible to most men who call themselves sportsmen. In speaking about it afterward Moeran said: "It would have been a crime to have murdered the beast under such conditions, and out of season. I covered him fair four times, and could have dropped him dead where he stood—but we'll attend to them later on." For there were, in all, four moose in the pond, and, shortly after the big bull commenced his noisy retreat, a tremendous splashing and plunging from the other side of the pond attracted their attention. They turned just in time to see a grand old cow and two younger moose struggle through the last few yards of mud and water, and then crash their way into the cover at the rapid, pounding trot peculiar to the species.

Moeran's mission had been accomplished much easier than was expected, and he certainly had discovered a most promising locality for the trip with his friends. After a day spent fishing, he departed homeward, leaving his canoe and camp outfit in charge of the guide, whom he also bound by most solemn pledge neither to betray the secret of the beaver meadow, nor to molest the moose himself, before Moeran and his friends returned in time for the first lawful day.

The last day of the close season saw the party and the guide snugly encamped at a point half-way down the lake. His three friends had unanimously agreed that Moeran should have the honor of visiting the beaver meadow first, and alone if he desired. He was the surest shot and by far the

best hand at this sort of business, and he had discovered the moose, while all hands knew how keen he was to secure a head to his own rifle. So at earliest dawn Moeran put lunch and rifle into his shapely Peterboro and sped noiselessly away through the ghostly vapors curtaining the sleeping lake, and they saw him no more for many hours. The guide had questioned the others about their comrade's shooting (of his ability at the paddle he had somewhat sorrowful remembrance), and then, strange to say, had advised Moeran to go alone.

"So much more glory for you," he said, "and I'll look after these other gentlemen and give them a day's fishing." But his manner was shifty, and Moeran mistrusted him.

In due time he reached the little channel leading to the beaver meadow, and, as the sun lifted clear of the distant hills, he began working his way to the pond. He hardly expected to find the moose there then, but he had made up his mind to steal into the high grass and hide and watch all day, if necessary, and, at all events, study the thing out thoroughly. As the sun rose higher a brisk breeze sprang up, but as it came from the woods toward his station he did not mind, although it would have been fatal to his chance, probably, had it come from any other point of the compass. Presently his nose detected a strong, sickening odor of carrion, which, in time, as the breeze gained force, became almost overpowering, and he started to investigate. Paddling straight up-wind he came at last to a small pool, and the trouble was explained. The half-decomposed body of a full-grown cow moose lay in the pool and Moeran muttered savagely his opinion of all such butchery when he saw that not even the feet had been taken for trophies. Then he poled his canoe to the edge of the meadow and scouted carefully entirely round the open, seeking for any possible sign of the remainder of the quartet. To his utter disgust he found the remains of another moose, one of the younger animals, lying just within the borders of the cover, and, as in the other case, the butcher had not troubled himself to take away any portion of his victim. Moeran understood, of course, that the guide had played him false, and if that worthy had been present he might

have seriously regretted his wrongdoing, for he it was who had guided a learned and honorable (?) American judge to the sanctuary of the moose a month previously, and, for a consideration of twenty-five dollars, enabled his patron to gratify his taste for the shambles.

Moeran's careful search discovered no fresh sign, and he made up his mind that the two survivors, the old bull and the yearling, had fled the scene and had probably sought another expanse of beaver meadow and ponds the guide had mentioned as being about ten miles from Trout Lake. Moeran knew that some sort of a trail led thither, and he resolved to find it and follow it to the end and endeavor to locate the moose.

Of the ensuing long, hard day's work it will be unnecessary to speak in detail.

At nine o'clock that night his three friends sat near their roaring camp-fire on the lake shore, wondering at his protracted absence. The guide had turned in an hour previous, but the three were anxious, so they sat and smoked, and discussed the question, piling great drift-logs on their fire till it roared and cracked in fierce exultation and leaped high in air to guide the wanderer home. Its long, crimson reflection stretched like a pathway of flame far over the black waters of the lake, and the three sat and waited, now glancing along this glowing path, anon conversing in subdued tones. The lake was as still and dark as a lake of pitch, and some way the three felt ill at ease, as though some evil impended. At last the veteran of the trio broke a longer silence than usual:

"Boys, I don't like this. It's ten o'clock and he should have been back long ago. I hope to Heaven——"

A touch on his arm from the man at his right caused him to glance quickly lakeward.

Forty feet from them, drifting noiselessly into the firelight, was the Peterboro, with Moeran kneeling as usual and sending the light craft forward in some mysterious manner which required no perceptible movement of the arms nor lifting of the paddle. It was a fine exhibition of his skill to thus approach unheard three anxious, listening men on such a night, for he had heard their voices good two miles away. His ap-

pearance was so sudden, so ghostlike, that for a few seconds the party stared in mute surprise at the forms of man and craft standing out in sharp relief against the blackness of the night; then a whoop of delight welcomed him.

He came ashore, swiftly picked up the canoe and turned it bottom upward on the sand for the night, carried his rifle into camp, then approached the fire and looked sharply round.

"The guide's asleep."

"Oh, he is;—him!" Then he flung himself down on the sand. Something in his tone and manner warned his friends not to talk, and they eyed him curiously. His face was white as death and drawn with an expression of utter exhaustion, and marked with grimy lines, showing where rivulets of sweat had trickled downward. As they looked, his eyes closed; he was going to sleep as he lay.

Quietly the veteran busied himself getting food ready, and presently roused the slumberer.

"Here, old chap, have a nip and eat a bite. Why, you're dead beat. Where on earth have you been?"

A strangely hollow voice answered:

"To the back lakes."

His listeners whistled a combined long-drawn "whew" of amazement, for right well they knew the leagues of toilsome travel this statement implied.

"See anything?"

"Wounded the old bull badly, and trailed him from the lakes to within five miles of here. That cur sleeping yonder sold us; but you hear me!" he exclaimed with sudden fierce energy, "*I'll get that moose if I have to stay in the woods forever!*"

The three looked at him in admiring silence, for they guessed that, in spite of his terrible day's work, he intended starting again at daylight. In a few moments he finished his meal and staggered to the tent, and fell asleep as soon as he touched his blanket.

When the party turned out next morning the canoe was gone, though the sun was not yet clear of the hills. After breakfast they started in quest of grouse, working through the woods in the direction of the beaver meadows, and finding plenty of birds. About ten o'clock they heard the distant report of a rifle, followed in a few minutes by a second, and the veteran exclaimed, "That's him, for

an even hundred, and he's got his moose, or something strange has happened."

At noon they returned to camp laden with grouse. No sign of the canoe as yet, so they had dinner, and lounged about and fished during the afternoon, casting many expectant glances down the lake for the laggard canoe. Night fell, with still no sound or sign of the wanderer, and again the camp-fire roared and flamed and sent its glowing reflection streaming far over the black waste of water. And again the three sat waiting. At ten o'clock the veteran rose and said, "Keep a sharp lookout, boys, and don't let him fool you again, and I'll get up a royal feed. He'll have moose-meat in the canoe this time, for he said *he'd get that moose if he had to stay in the woods forever*. He'll be dead beat, sure, for he's probably dragged the head out with him." So they waited, piling the fire high, and staring out over the lake for the first glimpse of the canoe. Eleven o'clock and midnight came and went, and still no sign. Then they piled the fire high for the last time and sought the tent. At the door the veteran halted, and laying a hand on the shoulder of his chum, drew him aside.

"Why, whatever's the matter with you?"

The old man's face wore a piteous expression, and his voice trembled as he whispered:

"Hush! Don't let *him* hear you—but there's something wrong. Something horrible has happened—I feel it in my heart."

"Nonsense, man! You're sleepy and nervous. He's all right. Why, he's just cut himself a moose steak, and had a feed and laid down——"

The sentence was never completed. A sound that caused both men to start convulsively tore through the black stillness of the night. A horrible, gurgling, demoniacal laugh came over the lake, and died away in fading echoes among the hills. "Woll-oll-all-ollow-wall-all-ollow!" as though some hideous fiend was laughing with his lips touching the water. They knew what it was, for the loon's weird cry was perfectly familiar to them, and they laughed too, but there was no mirth in their voices. Then one sought the tent, but the veteran paced up and down upon the cold beach, halting sometimes to replenish the fire or to stare out over the water,

until a pale light spread through the eastern sky. Then he too turned in for a couple of hours of troubled, unrefreshing slumber.

The bright sunshine of an Indian summer's day brought a reaction and their spirits rose wonderfully; but still the canoe tarried, and as the hours wore away, the veteran grew moody again and the midday meal was a melancholy affair. Early in the afternoon he exclaimed:

"Boys, I tell you what it is: I can stand this no longer—something's wrong, and we're going to paddle those two skiffs down to the beaver meadow and find out what we can do, and we're going to start right now. God forgive us if we have been idling here while we should have been yonder!"

Two in a boat they went, and the paddles never halted until the channel to the beaver meadow was gained. Dividing forces, they circled in opposite directions round the open, but only the taint of the long-dead moose marked the spot. Then they fired three rifles in rapid succession and listened anxiously, but only the rolling, bursting echoes of the woods answered them.

"Guide, where would he probably have gone?"

"Wa'al, he told you he'd run the old bull this way from the back lakes—thar's another leetle mash a mile north of us; it's an awful mud-hole, and the bull might possibly hev lit out fur thar. Enyhow, we'd best hunt the closest spots first."

The picture of that marsh will haunt the memories of those three men until their deaths. A few acres of muskeg, with broad reaches of sullen, black, slimy water, its borders bottomless mud, covered with a loathsome green scum, and a few pale-green, sickly-looking larches dotting the open—the whole forming a repulsive blemish, like an ulcer, on the face of the earth. All round rose a silent wall of noble evergreens, rising in massive tiers upon the hills, with here and there a flame of gorgeous color where the frost had touched perishable foliage. Overhead a hazy dome of dreamy blue, with the sun smiling down through the gauzy curtains of the Indian summer. Swinging in easy circles, high in air, were two ravens, challenging each other in hollow tones, their orbits crossing and recrossing as they

narrowed in slow-descending spirals. "Look, look at him!"

One bird had stooped like a falling plummet, and now hung about fifty yards above the farther bounds of the muskeg, beating the air with heavy, sable pinions and croaking loudly to his mate above. Closing her wings, she stooped with a whizzing rush to his level, and there the two hung flapping side by side, their broad wings sometimes striking sharply against each other, their hoarse, guttural notes sounding at intervals. A nameless horror seized the men as they looked. Their hunter's instinct told them that death lay below those flapping birds, and with one impulse they hurried round on the firmer ground to the ill-omened spot.

The veteran, white-faced but active as a lad, tore his way through the bordering cover first, halted and stared for an instant, then dropped his rifle in the mud, threw up his hands and exclaimed in an agonized voice:

"Oh, my God, my God!"

One by one they crashed through the brush and joined him, and stood staring. No need for questions. Ten square yards of deep-trodden, reeking mud and crushed grass, a trampled cap, and here and there a rag of brown duck; a silver-mounted flask shining in a little pool of bloody water; a stockless rifle-barrel, bent and soiled, sticking upright; beyond all a huge, hairy body, and below it a suggestion of another body and a blood-stained face, that even through its terrible disfigurement seemed to scowl with grim determination. Throwing off their coats, they dragged the dead moose aside and strove to raise Moeran's body, but in vain. Something held it; the right leg was broken and they found the foot fast fixed in a forked root the treacherous slime had concealed. In the right hand was firmly clutched the haft of his hunting knife,

and in the moose's throat was the broken blade. The veteran almost smiled through his tears as they worked to loosen the prisoned foot, and muttered, "Caught like a bear in a trap; he'd have held his own with a fair chance." Carrying the poor, stamped, crushed body to the shade, they laid it upon the moss and returned to read the story of the fearful battle. To their hunter's eyes it read as plainly as printed page. The great bull, sore from his previous wound, had sought the swamp. Moeran had trailed him to the edge and knocked him down the first shot, and after reloading had run forward to bleed his prize. Just as he got within reach the bull had struggled up and charged, and Moeran had shot him through the second time. Then he had apparently dodged about in the sticky mud and struck the bull terrific blows with the clubbed rifle, breaking the stock and bending the barrel, and getting struck himself repeatedly by the terrible forefeet of the enraged brute. To and fro, with ragged clothes and torn flesh, he had dodged, the deadly muskeg behind and on either side, the furious bull holding the only path to the saving woods. At last he had entrapped his foot in the forked root, and the bull had rushed in and beaten him down, and as he fell he struck with his knife ere the tremendous weight crushed out his life. The veteran picked up the rifle-barrel, swept it through a pool and examined the action, and found a shell jammed fast.

In despairing voice he said, "Oh, boys, boys, if that shell had but come into place our friend had won the day, but he died like the noble fellow he was!"

With rifles and coats they made a stretcher and carried him sadly out to the lake.

"*He would get that moose, or stay in the woods forever!*"





THE VACATION NOTES OF A CANOEIST.

BY C. BOWYER VAUX.

IT had been a scorching week in the city, a regular August hot spell, and as Dennett cleared up his desk, closed the ledger, deposited it in the safe, and left the office for the ferry at noon, he felt there were some things worth living for, even though it were not a vacation, which he was about to enjoy, but only one of the seven legal holidays with which the business year of New York is thinly larded.

Teachers, ministers, professors and some others have vacations, including schoolboys and college *men*. Gentlemen of leisure, either at the top or bottom of the scale—millionaires and tramps—are in a hopeless minority. Business men have only holidays.

Sutton met him on the pier, off which the *Lawanda* lay at anchor, with her mainsail and topsail up, ready to sail.

Fifteen minutes later, when the yacht was beating through the Narrows and Pell had the wheel, Dennett's head appeared in the companion-way and he remarked, "I just feel like giving vent to my feelings, relieving the pressure on my safety-valve, as it were, by yelling."

"Don't you dare! We are not below the Narrows yet, and it would be very bad form, with all these yachts and boats about us. George is a very indulgent host and captain, we all admit, but there are limits beyond which it is not safe to go when aboard a yacht which is on the register of three clubs." Sutton winked at Pell.

"Frank speaks from experience, Toss. Last summer he came aboard at Shelter Island, and while trying to take in slack on the jib-sheet, he went overboard backwards, and then had the

cheek to hang his wet clothes on my main-boom to dry while we were in front of the Manhasset House. He took us for a canaler, I suppose. They didn't stay there."

"I'm sorry it's bad form, for a good yell would do me good."

"Well, just put on the breaks for a few minutes till we get below the Narrows, and then you can 'holler' all you want to without ruining the reputation of the *Lawanda*. We will be in the Lower Bay on the next tack."

"Ready! About! Mind your jib-sheet there, Frank! Dennett, foresail! Belay!"

"All fast, sir!" and away went the yacht on the port tack for a long board to the Hook.

"Now, Toss, you can let her go," said the skipper, as he went below, leaving the wheel to Frank Sutton.

Dennett stood up, took a long breath, threw up his arms, and gave vent to a prolonged and deafening yell.

"Now I feel better," he remarked as he dropped into a reclining position on the cushions in the shadow of the mainsail.

After dinner the three found comfortable places on deck and were enjoying their cigars while watching the sun set, when the conversation turned to the question of vacations—how and where to spend them.

"What do you consider the best vacation you ever had, Frank?" asked George Pell.

"That would be hard to say, I have had so many and such varied ones. It all depends on the point of view. For fun, I think a trip I took with a college chum of mine on a sailing ship from

New York to Liverpool stands first. We were the only passengers, and were twenty-five days at sea."

"Were you ever seasick," asked George.

"Never. My chum was for one day during our voyage back on a steamer from London. There is a difference between the motion of a sailing vessel and a steamer, greatly in favor of the former, and I know one is much less apt to get seasick on a sailing vessel."

"I'm afraid a long voyage like that would seem monotonous to me," said Toss Dennett.

"Very likely. We were hardly more than schoolboys, and it was all a new experience for us. No two days are alike. The weather changes, for one thing, and then there are interesting sights to be seen almost hourly. We passed an iceberg, sailed in a fog, saw a live turtle from Florida in midocean, and weathered a heavy blow when the sea was simply tremendous."

"I think I prefer voyaging in a smaller craft than a full-rigged ship, and on water that has a shore in sight all the time. A canoe cruise is my ideal fun for a vacation," said Dennett.

"Do you remember the first one we ever took together, Toss, up the Hudson? George, Toss was then new at the business. He didn't even know the relation that exists between a man's stomach and his temper. Whenever he got hungry he was cross and cranky, and had no idea anything was the matter with himself. Well, one afternoon we got caught in a heavy shower that turned out later to be a steady rain. Toss was for camping on a lot of rocks under Rockland Mountain, miles from anybody or anywhere, but I finally got him into a brick kiln near Croton Point, where the men treated us well and were glad to have us. We had a roof over our heads and plenty of fire before which to dry our clothes and cook our supper. After supper Toss was very genial and entertaining, and after that I never let him go hungry. As soon as he got cross I stopped, no matter where we were, went into camp and filled him up."

"I never knew before why it was you were so willing to cook on that trip. I must have had an awful temper."

"Do you remember the clambake at Cotuit, Frank, the summer we had our

canoes at Osterville," said George, "when we had the upset race?"

"Very well, and I believe you won it. But the fun came in, Toss, when we loaned our canoes to a couple of boys, who were perfectly delighted to try their chances at the same game for a prize the ladies put up. We were up to the upsetting trick, George and I, and had won prizes at our club regattas. We got in, of course, after the turnover, from the side. The crowd on shore got a tip from us that the boys would cause no end of fun, and they did. At the signal, over went the canoes in fine style, and, as the boys tried to right them and get in, over and over they rolled. Then they tried the ends, with no better success. Finally one of them took the painter in his teeth and swam for the line, winning the race by thus towing his canoe over."

"What did you do when you were a schoolboy, Toss, in your summer vacations?"

"I spent them on my grandfather's farm. An uncle of mine sometimes took my brother and me on his sketching trips to the mountains. He was an artist. These excursions generally included a trout-stream, and were always in pleasant places, such as only an artist knows how to find. We boys fished while he sketched. He taught us to enjoy nature, not by anything he said, exactly, but, somehow, we caught it from him, who so thoroughly enjoyed outdoor life. Sometimes our trips were tramps from one settlement to another, through the woods, over mountains, or up brooks. At other times we would do our traveling on a buckboard. It was a desire to get back to a little of this sort of life that interested me in canoeing after I went into business, and since that I have nothing but canoeing holidays to record."

"Frank, you said awhile ago that the success or failure of a vacation depended on the point of view. Which did you mean?"

"Well, I once started out for a week's walking trip in the White Mountains with a party, which included two ladies. We walked less than two miles, pretty much 'did' the region, Mt. Washington and all, and it cost me, individually, over seventy dollars. As a pleasure trip it was a success, as a walking trip it was a failure, and from a money point of view it was ridiculously extravagant for

me, and therefore bad. I can go canoeing three months and live well for seventy dollars, and get three months' fun instead of a week's for the money."

"Hotels, watering places, European trips, vestibule trains and other luxuries are beyond us, you see, George. When Frank and I do get a few days away from the everlasting grind, we have to hit upon something that comes cheap for our fun and recreation. I had great fun on one vacation, when I worked my passage home loading bricks."

"You didn't do it for fun, did you?" asked George.

"Not exactly. Merely to get home again. I happened to be in Plymouth, the town of 1621 fame, on a visit to some friends during one of my college vacations. An old school chum and I were having a lazy, quiet time of it, with a little boating, swimming and walking to keep us from utter stagnation, when we were invited to join a party of eight fellows who had chartered a small schooner for a week's trip to Mount Desert. We accepted on condition that the expenses should not be heavy, and that we be allowed to contribute our share to the general fund.

"The *Emma T.* was our ship, at ten dollars a day—a dollar a head for each one of the party—and we were to 'find ourselves' and the ship's company, consisting of Captain Nightingale and his steward, Herring. Stores were purchased and the hold cleaned out and fitted with bunks, and then we set sail. The first day out two of the fellows were very seasick and wanted to go back. They were urgent about it, and a compromise was effected at the suggestion of the captain, which was to run in to Owl's Head, secure a pilot, and take the inside passage along the coast of Maine. This we did. It was a charming trip. But the change of route cost money and time. We spent a day at Bar Harbor—this was years before it became fashionable—and started back for Plymouth. Then the trouble began. We had a succession of fogs and head winds, and the week was up before we got to Rockland. More than half the company were in business, and consequently could not overstep the limits of their vacations. The captain was consulted. He agreed to give up the charter at any time the men wished to leave. As a result seven of them took the steamer

from Rockland to Boston, and three of us stayed aboard and agreed to help load a cargo, unload it, and sail the schooner till we got back to Plymouth. The captain was to furnish grub. We had no money left for anything. At Yarmouth, in Portland harbor, we three put on a cargo of brick. Then we pumped every two hours, as the upper seams were open and the heavy load made them leak. Fortunately we had good weather, or we never would have reached South Boston, where we discharged the bricks and then sailed for Plymouth. We were gone, in all, about three weeks, and I give you my word the last week we lived on Indian meal mush, smoked herring and tea sweetened with molasses, and not another thing. The captain did not believe in Delmonico fare for his crew. I could write a book about that trip alone. We had no end of small adventures. It was hard work and poor fare, but we really enjoyed it, and I wish you could have seen our hands when we got back from the brick-handling and pulling on hal-yards and sheets; they were as tough as leather, and I really believe we could have picked up live coals without being burned."

"Well, you have had some queer experiences," remarked George.

"I move we adjourn," said Toss. "I, for one, am ready to turn in, although in so doing we will have to leave this lovely moonlight, the pleasant breeze and the charm of listening to Frank's musical voice."

The next morning a plunge over the side in the clear, salt water, and a sun-bath on deck after it, put the company in fine spirits for the day's sail, and they went down the companion to breakfast as hungry as bears.

The *Lawanda* sailed out past the Hook and stood down the coast toward Long Branch, with a fresh sea breeze abeam. The lines were brought out and Toss and Frank were eager to see who would hook the first bluefish. At noon they had a light lunch on deck, and as the breeze was failing, the yacht was put about and headed for home. Then a lazy feeling came over the men, and they lounged on deck aft, neglecting the lines, and gave themselves up to the simple enjoyment of living.

"You still do some canoeing, though you are married," remarked George,

who was steering, to Toss, who was almost asleep on the cushions near him.

"Do you attend the A. C. A. meets?" asked Frank.

"The canoe meets now, to my thinking, are not what they were in the early days," said George. "Then we really had camp life and freedom; cooked our own meals, wore old clothes, went fishing and cruising, and the racing was only an incident."

"My dear fellow, you perhaps are not aware of it, but your yacht has spoiled you for canoe fun," said Frank.

"Well, perhaps, but I believe I should enjoy a cruise down some pleasant river with two or three good fellows just as much as ever I did. Now at the meets there must be a caterer, hotel accommodations near by for the cousins and aunts—the sisters and mothers are actually in camp. One has to wear good clothes all the time, or be considered disreputable. I think I have attended my last meet. The meets are too popular. There are too many in camp. A man can't make the acquaintance of two hundred fellows in two weeks. Instead of one jolly camp-fire in the evening, around which all gather, each one knowing everybody else, as in the old days, now there are half a dozen every night in different parts of the camp. The camp is too large, with a mile of shore to walk over to see all the boys. A fellow may be in camp several days, actually, before you meet him. Then, just think of it, every mother's son of them comes to camp with a trunk. Visitors' day is an abomination, when the camp, canoemen and their canoes are actually on exhibition for the benefit of the idle curiosity of a couple of thousand farmers, more or less. Then there is a ball given at some hotel in the neighborhood, and the entire camp goes to it. The next thing we know, the fellows will be taking dress suits to the meet to make evening calls in. I don't like it. There are no more midnight jokes played, no more impromptu circuses, no more entertainments originated and carried through by and for the canoemen."

"I can't agree with you, George. Of course I go to the meets to race. I don't like to cook my own meals, though I can do it when necessary, as you know."

"And I go for recreation pure and simple, and I take my wife, too, and she

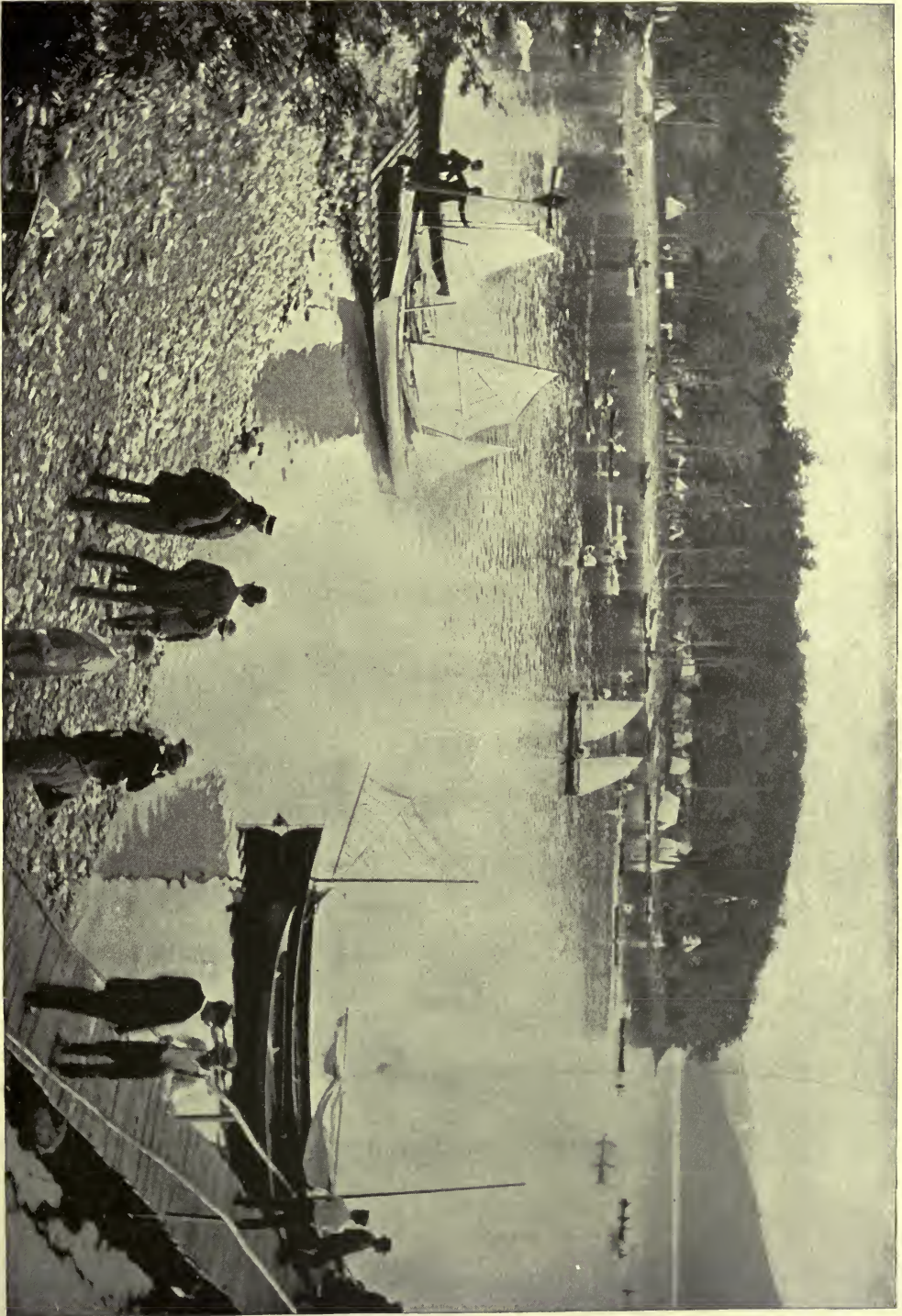
enjoys it. I am not a racer like Frank. I would be, no doubt, if I had the time and could win prizes as he does. When I get a week away from business, or at most, two, I want all the time there is for pleasanter occupations than stewing over a hot and smoky fire and swinging a greasy dish-rag."

"You must admit, George, the camp site is a lovely one—trees, fields, a pretty shore, clear water, mountains in the distance, and everything one can think of to make it charming to an over-tired city chap. The swimming paddling and sailing are fine, and there are hundreds of lovely places near by to cruise to. The food at the mess shed is good, well cooked and wholesome. The camp is easy to reach. Leaving New York at night, you are there early the next morning."

"You are right, Frank. Is there anything prettier to see than a canoe sailing race, with twenty or thirty flyers in it? As for the camp-fires, I can always find a lot of acquaintances at any of them, and I don't feel obliged to go to one every night. I like to meet some of the old fellows every year. Even you, George, must admit that some of your warmest friends you have met canoeing. Still, I don't blame you. Could I afford a yacht, I'm afraid my affection for the meets would slowly wane, and that my vacations would be spent on the Sound, or cruising down East."

"I know, of course, that a new set of fellows come to the meets each year," said George. "I mean chaps who have never been before, and as it is all new to them (if they meet some of the old fellows who will show them the ropes), they have a glorious time. But I don't make acquaintances as easily as I formerly did, and so I don't care much about meeting the young fellows who have only just joined. It must be the new blood in any organization that keeps it alive, and I, for one, am glad the A. C. A. keeps getting in new members faster than the old ones die or drop out."

"Dinner's ready, sir," said the steward. All went below and the sailing-master took the wheel. Before the meal was finished the yacht reached her moorings; the holiday was over, and all three had arranged to reunite at the annual canoe meet.



WILLSBOROUGH POINT CANOE CAMP.

SADDLE AND SENTIMENT.

BY WENONA GILMAN.

CHAPTER XXII.

HIS MASTER'S WORK.

"So lonely 'twas that God himself
Scarce seemed there to be."

— Coleridge.



ANY thousands of leagues westward from the States lies a small group of islands whose shores are washed by the blue waves of the Pacific. There Nature, as if in mockery, has

showered her fairest gifts with lavish hand. The skies are a more beautiful blue, the flowers and foliage vie with the rainbow in their many and varied tints, the verdure seems to surpass the emerald in color, and soft breezes, laden with perfume, are wafted from the purple-hued mountains. Fragrance and beauty abound, and

"Every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile."

Hidden away among the hills, as if shrinking from the glorious light of day, lies the leper colony of Molokai, the plague spot of this fair universe. There are gathered together hundreds of poor wretches, doomed to a living death by the most awful scourge ever laid upon humanity. Isolated by sternest decree from all their kind, except such as are similarly afflicted, in many cases unable to move hand or foot to help themselves, dependent upon others for the most simple offices, dead yet living, living yet dead, their sufferings recall the horrors of the Inferno.

Yet even in this lazaretto Christianity has found a foothold. Two small churches point their steeples heavenward, one a Protestant, presided over by a native pastor, a leper himself, the other erected by the Church of Rome. But all creeds seemed forgotten by the sparse handful of noble men and women who, the great "world forgetting by the world forgot," have devoted their lives to benefit the poor maimed and suffering wretches around them. Every

moment of their time is occupied with deeds of mercy.

On the seaward side of the little chapel stands a small cottage occupied by the latest accession to this noble band of missionaries. It is but barely furnished. Its only occupant eats the common food of the lepers and busies himself among them from morning until night, performing the most menial and loathsome offices with his own hands, patient, gentle to all, neglecting no effort to ameliorate even in the slightest degree the soul-sickening suffering that prevails all around him.

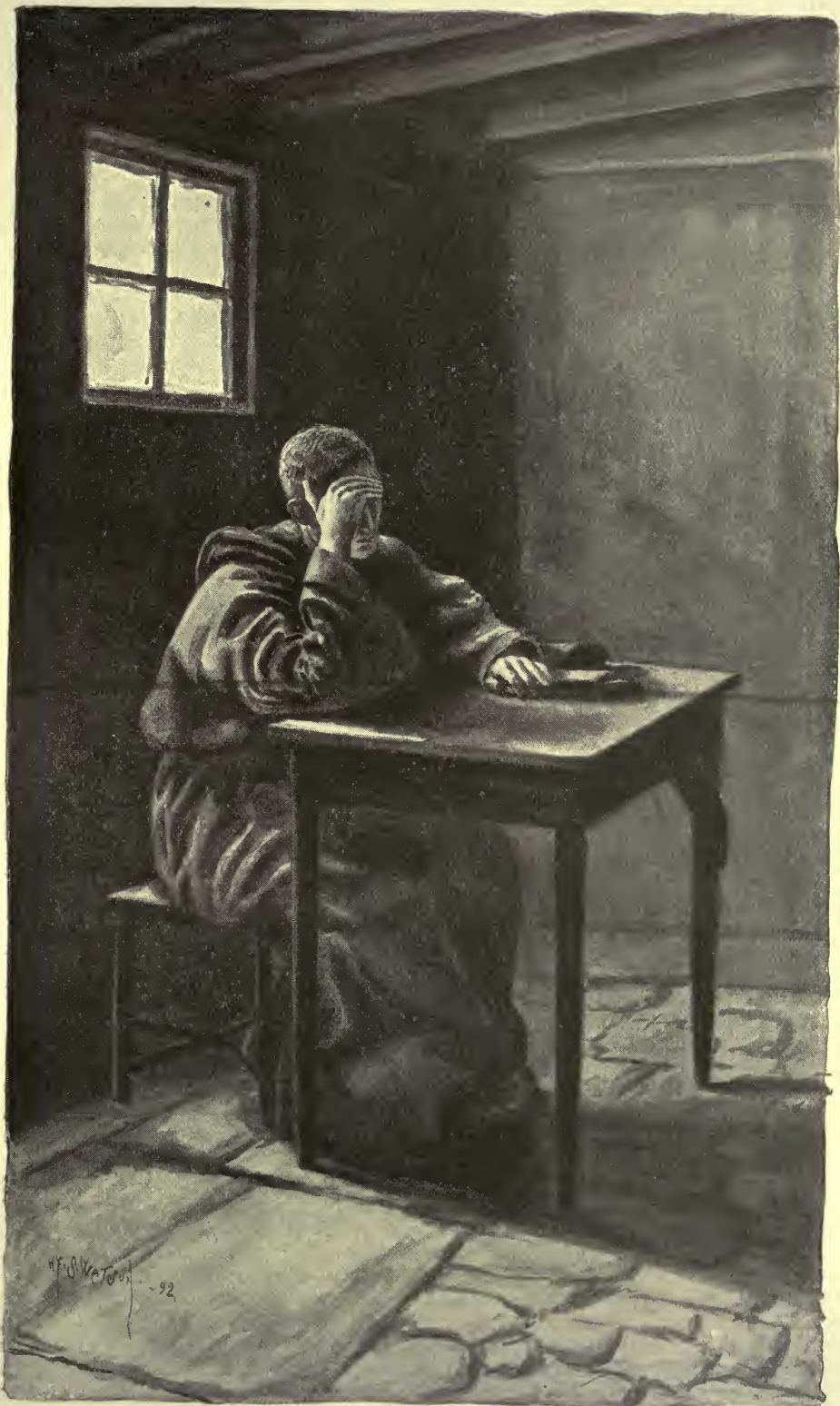
No one knows his religion and no one asks, for the purity of the life, devoted as it is to humanitarianism, is beyond question.

In this heart-breaking task he continues day after day. Should illness come, there is no one to care for him save the helpless sufferers. His hair, once black and glossy as a raven's wing, is thickly streaked with gray; his once erect carriage somewhat bent; his smooth-shaven, olive-skinned face worn and weary, but through it all shines forth the steadfast resolve to follow as near as poor humanity may in the footsteps of the great Master, "The Man who died for men."

There, cut off irretrievably from all his kith and kin, seeking to do only such good as he may to his suffering fellow-men, cheerful, uncomplaining, he is waiting for the great end, and when a new grave is made beneath the pandanus tree by the little church among the hills, the spice-laden breezes will bear aloft a universal prayer for him whom we have known as Rudolph Lützow.

* * * * *

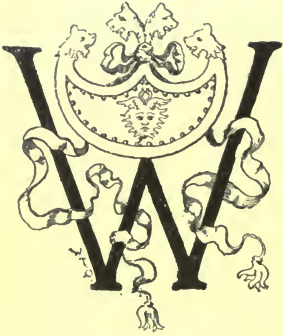
His mother's sudden death, something like three months after Virginia Ormsby's departure for Europe, had left Lützow, it seemed to him, utterly alone in the world. A few days of deep cogitation, a few inquiries and preparations, and his mind was settled. His business was closed out, his favorite Burgundy was presented to a friend, his racing stable sold at auction, and in less than a fortnight he was standing on the deck of a Pacific steamer bound direct for Honolulu.



"THE WORLD FORGETTING BY THE WORLD FORGOT." (p. 434.)

HOW WE WENT BLUNDERING.

BY JEAN PORTER RUDD.



WE started from Florence, a party of four—a Pen, a Kodak, a Guide-book and a Small Boy. We went to see tombs and marshes—Etruscan tombs in certain old Etruscan cities, and the low-lying marshes along the sea-coast between Leghorn and Rome.

We had been reading Dennis' "Etruria," thrusting our fancies back into a perspective of three thousand years against a bewitchingly vague background of yet remoter antiquity. We had read Ouida's "In Maremma," caring little for the fantastic story, but very much for the vivid descriptions of marsh and sea and sky; of wild, waste spaces, and the loneliness of moor and shore. For, despite her exaggeration and luridness of fancy, Ouida, of all writers, best renders the feeling of Italy. She is a colorist, and Italy is all color and atmosphere.

Our one intense desire was to go astray on the moor, to lose ourselves on a wide, lonely, wet marsh and to stumble unexpectedly into an undiscovered Etruscan tomb. We, too, would like to see the body of some long dead Lucumo fall away into dust before our very eyes at the sudden rushing of the outer air, to enter a tomb that had never been entered before, to note in the very places where an ancient race had laid them—the cups and lamps of gold, the casques of bronze, the wreath of leaf-gold on the warrior's brow, jars and vases of black earthenware, candelabra, amulets, coins and scarabæi, and the convex mirrors of polished metal marvelously engraved.

From Florence to Poggibonzi, Kodak was enthusiastic. The camera was perched in the car window, ready to "snap" now at a picturesque town like Monte Lupo, which seems to be tum-

bling down the mountain side; again at a group of women washing their linen in the Elsa, anon at farm-laborers in the fields.

Pen remonstrated: "Are you sure your plates will hold out?"

Kodak smiled trustingly. "Plenty for five days' trip and to spare," she answered, "snapping" off Pen, who sat next to her with Guide-book in hand, studying Orario.

It was a half offense to find a possible inn and a tempting hot lunch. This was in no wise like tumbling into a tomb; but we were soon besieged by would-be charioteers desirous of conveying us into the solitudes of the hills. It is amazing how anxious they were to serve us—at their own exorbitant price.

With a friendly red-bound Bædecker in hand, Guide-book felt able to cope with them. After much haggling—too much—she and they agreed upon a sum, and exultingly she "fell to" upon the smoking *risotto*.

We were to drive to Volterra in two small carriages, stopping an hour in San Gimignano by the way. The men disappeared—a handsome and wily young one, an ugly and still wiler old one—whispering apart in a way which should have warned us. The drive to San Gimignano was beautiful, and the town itself one of the most picturesque in Italy; but ours is a tale of blunders, and we have no time to speak of mediæval cities.

Kodak still continued her distracting "snaps" at everything along the road. Snap! snap! went the camera joyfully, and then there soon followed a wail as Kodak exclaimed, "My plates are *all* finished!"

Pen and Guide-book and the appreciative Small Boy looked aghast. We carried that camera tenderly, like a baby, for the succeeding five days. There was not an hour, nay, not a moment, when we did not sigh for a camera. This group or that tower or this pathetic beggar child we simply must have for illustration, said Pen; but alas! our blundering had begun. We had no

more plates. Kodak was pathetically subdued. Her cognomen seemed no longer apt. Verily, the fates, which presided over our trip after tombs and marshes, must have laughed into malignant, ill-fitting sleeves.

As a matter of course, the first thing to which we were attracted in San Gimignano was the great well in the center of the public square. We rushed toward it, leaned over it, loved its deep, still, mysterious waters. We wondered at the thickness of its walls, at its limpid depths and its expanse; it went off into illimitable space—in other words, it seemed to us that it must spread itself out under the whole extent of the stone-paved square. Here came the village wives to fill their great copper water-jars and hear a bit of village gossip; hither come at eventide dark-eyed maids to view the reflection of their flashing eyes in the cool water-pool and to listen—perhaps unwisely. We were lost in poetic reverie—when flip, flap, flop, went something into the well.

We feared at first it might be Small Boy himself—he has a habit of flopping—but no! It was *only* our trusty Bædecker, that had been consigned to Small Boy's keeping—*only* the faithful guide which was to cicerone us through the labyrinth of tombs and marshes, which henceforth we must penetrate without a clue. Now it was Guide-book's turn to feel that her cognomen was also a misnomer. What should we do with Small Boy? Shake him or drown him? Small Boy waved one leaf aloft triumphantly in the air—all that was left to us, left of our Bædecker. The one leaf told of San Gimignano. We felt we knew more than Bædecker himself of San Gimignano.

We watched the luckless volume part and disintegrate and float away, under the stone-hearted, stony-paved piazza, on the waters of the vasty deep.

Small Boy lifted up his voice:

"I hate San Gimignano!"

Kodak laughed and held the baby camera securely in her arms. To her mind even those inapropos hogs on whom she had wasted our last shot had been avenged.

Perhaps you think we had already been away from home a week—but no! It was only the afternoon of the day we left Florence.

All San Gimignano went afishing in

the well, while we went sight-seeing through the town. We found thirteenth-century towers and mediæval palaces, and frescoes by Benozzo Gozzoli. They found nothing, and we left them afishing when we came away.

Guideless and in unfamiliar country, we were like leaves in a storm. Now appeared before us our handsome Jehu, fair-browed and sly. He bowed before us, cap in hand.

"*Would* the Signora permit him to return to San Gimignano? Something or other very pressing was to occur that evening which might alter the whole course of his future life."

We felt as though we were listening to a novel.

"But his cousin, a far finer fellow than he, with a much stronger horse, would be overjoyed to serve the illustrious Signor at the price agreed upon."

It all sounded fair; but Italy is full of specious promises.

Guide-book hesitated.

"One man and one horse are as good as another," she supposed, wishing she were not the leader of the party.

Handsome Jehu smiled, shuffled about a bit and made a further demand.

"*If* the Signora would not mind, she would, perhaps, have the *gentelezza* to pay him and the old man their share now."

"No!" Guide-book would not. "She would pay all at the end of the journey."

"Just as the Signora will!" said Jehu. "It would be a kindness—that is all."

Guide-book is pitifully weak-minded and she succumbed, paying finally two-thirds of the whole fare to the departing charioteers, with the understanding that no more than the remaining one-third should be required of her at the end of the route.

All seemed fair, but she climbed into the vehicle beside the Small Boy, with inward misgiving.

We had thought to reach Volterra before dusk, but for five interminable hours we pursued that misleading road. Grim Volterra frowned upon us from her steep chalk cliffs to the right, giving the impression of absolute isolation. We were on the road to Volterra—surely we must be, for over all the cold, sad, lonely landscape no other such winding chalk-ribbon could be discerned. But how the road wound and wound and looped itself up and away from every rock and knoll,

from every cliff and precipice, each loop seeming to twist us still further away from Volterra! Our only fear was that we should never arrive; but arrive we did, to find a stately, stone-built city so thoroughly akin to its native hills that it might almost have been hewn out of the living rock.

In the moonlight it was solemn, majestic, with a certain stern grandeur and proud reserve like the high Alps when they wrap themselves away in the isolation of their mountain mysteries. I am bound to say that Volterra is more commonplace by day.

Over our hot supper we confessed that we had been over-reached. Experience costs dear. Guide-book groaned:

"Another time I should know better. Why did I pay the lion's share for the shortest and easiest part of the trip?"

Ignominiously we decided to add a generous "mancia" to the price agreed upon.

"We will make them understand that it is generosity, pure generosity. There is not a bit of justice about it," we reiterated.

Flanked by the Small Boy and with an harassed consciousness of knuckling to imposition, Guide-book sought the men in their special domain, a large room near the kitchen, where they were smoking cheerily after their supper of *polenta*. They rose at her approach, and then Guide-book delivered an oration upon injustice, the point of which was quite lost upon them, even if they comprehended it.

"You remember we bargained for so much?" she asked, when at last her breath was spent.

Her own particular driver bowed before her and answered with winning Italian courtesy:

"As the Signora will. We demand nothing. We will hold by the bond."

Guide-book thrust the fee, which added a fourth to the whole price, into his hand and felt herself amply avenged by his look of delighted surprise.

We slept and fared well in the remote town, far from the rail and farther still from the onrushing movement of this nineteenth century, and tried to see the city wisely. We asked for a guide. Just our luck! There had been one; for many years a cicerone had existed—too many years it proved, for he died two days before our arrival.

"Of course he did!" commented Pen, tersely.

Guide-book has a firm conviction that the Volterra cicerone, his life, his work and his death, was a pure fiction of our informant, invented on the spot in a good-natured effort to make us feel happy.

We persevered and found some tombs, but swept and garnished for the inspection of tourists; they seemed like museums on a limited scale. The tombs were *too* ready for us, altogether too pre-arranged.

Corragio! There were still the marshes, and among them we might find a tomb or two all our own, like the Volterra cicerone.

We struck the railway two hours below Volterra and spun down to Grosseto, along the Genova-Roma line.

We had reached the marshes at last; but could these be the marshes we had come to see?—low-lying stretches of fertile plain, with occasional breaks beyond, giving glimpses of the sea—entrancing glimpses of wide blue waters and of distant ships, like white-winged birds on the horizon.

With Bædecker in the well and our heads filled with Ouida's poetic fancies, we were disappointed to find Grosseto a thriving town. There were cabs at the station, convenient but commonplace.

We drove to the "Stella," stayed there ten minutes and walked away with dignity, while all the hotel people—even to the boots—gathered at the door to watch us depart.

To begin with, they overcharged us, and then were uncourteous and disobliging. We started out to seek another hotel, and the proprietor sent the porter with us to show the way and carry our hand-bags.

But he whispered to him first, and remembering the drivers of San Gimignano, we distrusted whispers.

Alas! we soon learned that there was not another hotel in town, or if there were, no one could tell us of it.

The "Stella" porter conducted us to one of the lowest sort of "trattorie," a combination of café and wine-shop frequent in Italy and patronized by the great unwashed. It was impossible for us to cross the threshold, and we waxed wroth.

Now we understood the whispering. Mine host of the "Stella" thought we

should be forced to return, but his reckoning was at fault.

Guide-book crossed the street to a bright little pharmacy to make inquiries. Besides the "Stella"—"our unlucky star," as Small Boy called it—hotel there was none. We stared at each other aghast. What should we do? Go back?

It was nearly ten o'clock; we had been traveling for two days; we were far from the station; there was no conveyance; there would be no train to take us "anywhere" until after midnight; to get "anywhere" we must needs spend the night in a railway carriage.

Meanwhile things had been a little bit Ouidaish, after all.

That wine-shop into which we peeped had been filled with rough, fierce-eyed men drinking and gambling. They had glared at us across the threshold, and we had noted the palid faces, meager forms and air of wretched, fever-conquered hopelessness.

We walked to the station behind the crestfallen porter, who led the way. It was Ouidaish still, that long, smooth, white road, gleaming in the moonlight, and the white vapory mists rising from the marshes like beckoning wraiths.

We laughed, remembering the advice of friends, "Do not allow yourselves to get over-tired or chilled; never be out when the mists are rising; drink hot, very hot, coffee, tea, and take plenty of quinine."

We were fatigued to the point of exhaustion, chilled to the marrow of our bones. We had not tasted food for hours; hot coffee was a myth and quinine was an unknown quantity.

We looked for Musa, moving across the moors in her straight, clinging garments of white lamb's wool, and for Saturnino, her father, fierce mountain brigand with a price upon his head.

We compromised by keeping our anger hot, and found a keen sense of the ludicrous as efficacious as quinine.

"Two tombs and only one marsh!" was Pen's doleful comment.

Kodak hugged her camera and marched on with never a word.

"Etruria with the sepulchers left out!" said Guide-book.

"And the Maremma with the marshes left out!" added Pen.

"And hotels with the hotel left out!" capped the Small Boy.

We reached the station at last, feed the porter generously, and sent him back to his "padrone" with a courteously stinging message.

All the station and buffet people gathered at the doorway spellbound by our unwonted eloquence. They sympathized with us loudly and deeply, as Italians always will to your face.

How their dark faces gleamed and their eager eyes flashed!

We began to feel sorry for the porter, who looked like a "star" that had fallen and been trodden under foot.

We dined well and afterwards dozed a little in the station waiting-room, and at half-past midnight took the train for Pisa.

"Pisa!" sniffed Kodak; "to go through ancient Etruria and away down into the Maremma, only to reach Pisa—two hours from Florence!"

It does seem roundabout when you think of it.

But oh, such a delight it was to enter a comfortable hotel, sup or breakfast—which you will—off bread and butter and good Vienna beer, then to sleep, sleep during four luxurious hours.

Our blundering journey was at an end. Not quite!

They had over-charged us at Grosseto, and sacrificing ourselves to the sublime cause of justice, we had rushed away from that iniquitous city in the solemn stillness of the night.

Pisa was friendly, courteous, charming. But when we looked at the bill—verily mine host of the "Stella" was avenged. Our only consolation is that he will never know it.





BALLADE OF THE YACHT.



WEET Eos dons her blossom-broidered gown,
 Whose rath, green bodice with the dew is dight;
 The clang and clash of brazen bells the town
 Awake from drowse and dream to love and light.
 His vigil ends the owl on lonely height ;
 The soon-ris'n Nimrod pipes the am'rous quail ;
 The 'prisoned bird sings in its gilded gaol ;
 And wheels of Commerce 'gin another day.
 The sun-imps dance upon its reefless sail,
 And with the wind the yacht goes down the bay.

At zenith-height is Phœbus ; in her crown
 The Day sees sheep and shepherd stretched outright
 Deep in their quiet nooning on the down,
 And dappled kine breast-high in waters white.
 The wanton, purple passion-flow'rs invite
 Each passing bee across the trellised pale ;
 With cloth spread in the bosky intervale
 The brookside angler lunches, cares away ;
 The booming waves intone a stentor wail,
 And with the wind the yacht goes down the bay.

Still at the wheel remains the boatswain brown,
 When golden stars peep through the roof of Night ;
 In murky shade the distant headlands frown,
 And raven rooks shriek on their homeward flight ;
 Abroad is Cynthia, unveiled and bright,
 With silvern douceurs for the hill and swale ;
 The tavern host commends the evening ale,
 And slattern wives go gossiping. The spray
 Of sea-salt waves flies in the gentle gale,
 And with the wind the yacht goes down the bay.
 Prince, close your book upon the idle tale ;
 Romance is cheap, and Fantasy is frail.
 At Dian's court there homage is to pay.
 Come ! She attends upon its glist'ring trail,
 And with the wind the yacht goes down the bay.



EDWARD W. BARNARD.



I

S yer bery much hurt, massa? Dat were a mighty ugly fall," said an old negro, who was bending over the figure of a man lying face downward on the turf beside a country road in one of the Northern States. Near by a fine sorrel horse, struggling frantically to regain its feet, showed clearly what the trouble was.

Receiving no reply to his question, the old fellow turned the body to a more comfortable position, disclosing a badly scratched face, and hastened, as fast as rheumatism would permit, to the only habitation in sight—a large, old-fashioned house situated on very high ground and surrounded by a grove of trees—from which he presently returned with a tin pail of water and a flask of brandy. Kneeling beside the body, he endeavored to force a few drops of the liquor between the tightly closed lips, which he finally succeeded in doing, when, with a deep sigh, the eyes of the man opened and he looked up into the anxious face of the old negro in a puzzled way.

"Dere, now, yer's actin' like er gennleman," said the latter. "It's mighty lucky for yer dat yer hoss didn't trow yer down de road er piece, kase dere hain't many folkses what comes dis yere way, an' yer mought ha' ben lyin' dere a long while widout no one ter 'sist yer. Yer feels better now, doan' yer, sah?"

The man nodded assent, for he was unable to speak, and the old negro continued:

"I were settin' on de po'ch yender, smokin' m' ole corncob, when I t'ink I hearn de soun' ob er hoss's feet comin' down de road like time. I come roun' de corner ob de house, an' dere, suah nuff, I seen yer ridin' mighty reckless-

like, kase dis yere ole road's chock full ob holes. I were watchin' an' 'mirin' de way yer hoss were a-carr'in' hisself—kase ise bery fon' ob hosses, sah—when I see de brute fall an' trow yer cl'ar ober his haid. Den I hustled down yere ez fas' ez I cud; kin yer stan' up, sir?"

By this time the stranger had recovered his power of speech, and thanked the kind-hearted old man for his assistance.

"I am afraid my ankle has received a severe strain, Uncle," said he. "See how it has swollen! May I trouble you to cut away my boot?"

When this was done, and the pain had been somewhat allayed, the man turned his attention to his horse, whose efforts to stand were pitiful to see.

"Poor old Dick!" said he. "Will you examine him and see if he also has received a hurt, Uncle?"

The old negro tenderly felt of one of the creature's forelegs, which had an ugly cut at the knee, and returning shortly to where the owner was anxiously awaiting his report, said in a solemn voice, "I'se feared his laig's done gone broke, sah, an' it 'pears to me how he won't nebbet stan' on it no moah!"

Frederick Moulton (for such was the stranger's name) thanked him, and with a sorrowful look at his horse, limped to the house with the negro's assistance, and was shown to a lounge in one of the rear rooms, upon which he sank in a spiritless way. The old man made a further examination of the bruised ankle, and gave as his opinion that "it war er bad t'ing, but he t'ought it 'd be bery much better nex' day, ef Massa Frederick wouldn't try ter move 'roun' none."

After he had applied such simple remedies as his meager stock afforded,

he set about preparing supper, and shortly brought some deliciously fried ham, with hot biscuits and a cup of strong coffee. Having partaken of these, the injured man felt much refreshed and strengthened, and when the remains of the meal had been cleared away, said he thought if he could sleep a little, it would do him good; so the old man left the room, closing the door after him.

In about an hour the sufferer awoke to see the old fellow standing beside the lounge, shading a candle which he held, and peering anxiously into the face of his patient. "How yer feels now, sah?" asked he.

Moulton assured him he felt very much better, but that his ankle was stiff and painful. "Uncle," said he, "I'm rather curious to know how you happen to be living here alone in this great house in such an out-of-the-way place."

"I hain't 'sac'ly alone, sah, kase old Bruce libs yere wid me."

"Who is old Bruce?"

"Why, he's Massa Griswol's dawg. I'll call him," and going to the rear door, he shouted, "hi, you Bruce! come yere an' show de gennleman what er fine ole purp y'is."

Pretty soon the old man returned accompanied by an immense English mastiff, whose broad chest and strong limbs showed him to be amply able to attend to any one incautious enough to prowl about the grounds bent on mischief.

"So that's Bruce, is it? Give me your paw, sir!" The great creature put a clumsy paw, covered with mud, upon Moulton's knee. "He's a beauty, Uncle; but don't you feel lonely for some one to talk to beside old Bruce?"

"Yas, sah; I does feel kinder peery-like, speshially when de nights am long an' dere hain't no moon; but I reckon I hain't gwine ter be lonely much longer, kase I'se er ole man, sah—seventy-foah year ole nex' fall. Ole massa (dat's Cunnel Griswol'), he's been daid 'bout ten year now, an' it 'pears how I cain't git ober missin' him an' Massa Jack. Massa Jack were de Cunnel's brether, sah."

"Who were Colonel Griswold and Mister Jack—where did they come from?" inquired Moulton.

"Why, yer see, massa, dey wuz f'm Souf Carliny; dey come up yere jes'

arter de wah. I uster t' wuk for de folkses what libbed yere, an' when dey sol' d' ole place ter de Cunnel an' his brether, I stayed right yere wid dem. Yer nebber see nuffin' like de way dem two gennlemens lubbed each udder. Ki-yi! Dey wuz jes' like er couple ob young wimmen folks. De Cunnel (he were de olest ob dem) uster say his br'er Jack were de only gal he ebber set er heap on, an' I guess Massa Jack 'd sed de same t'ing 'bout de Cunnel ef enybody 'd axed him." Here the old man's thoughts seemed to have wandered far away, for he said nothing more for several minutes, and when he finally spoke, started abruptly, saying apologetically:

"'Scuse me, massa; I clean forgot 'bout yer. Seems how I wuz libbin' once moah in d' ole times. Yer wanter know sumpin' 'bout d' ole Cunnel, doan' yer? Well, I'll tell yer, but I hain't nebber tole no one 'bout dis yere, an' I cain't tell yer now, 'less yer promise yer won't tell no one ontwel dis ole man's daid an' gone."

Moulton readily gave the promise, and the old man went on, "Yer see, when d' ole Cunnel died, 'peared how Massa Jack nebber gwine smile no moah. One day he says ter me, 'Lije (dat's my name), I cain't stan' dis yere nohow. I'se gwine t' leabe dis mis'ble ole place, but I wants you t' stay yere and kinder look arter t'ings. Yer kin keep Bruce' (de ole feller warn't nuffin' but er pup den) 'for comp'ny, an' I'll see dat yer has wot money yer needs ter keep you'sef, but I'se boun' t' leabe dis yere 's soon 's I kin. Dere hain't no moah joy in my life sence br'er Frank lef' me."

"I done my bes' ter keep de pore man f'm goin', but 'twarn't no use, kase when one ob dem Griswol' folks made up dere min' to do er t'ing dey done it, an' no Carliny mule warn't moah sot. So I ses, 'Bery well, Massa Jack, I'll do jes' wot yer wants,' an' he tole me go put his t'ings into his trunk. I cried er heap when I wuz doin' it, but I kep' a comfortin' myse'f by sayin', 'Pr'aps he'll cum back;' but I hain't nebber seen him sence de day he sed good-by ter me down t' de kyars when I went ter tote his carpet-bag. He ain't daid, kase now an' den he sen's me some money and ses he's feelin' right smart, but dat he ain't gwine t' come back

yere, kase he cain't stan' er sight ob de ole place.

"'Bout er month arter he went away he sent me er letter sayin' dat he didn't need er lot ob de t'ings what was in de house, an' so he hed sol' some ob dem to er man what would call for dem in er few days. Suah nuff, 'twarn't long 'fore I hearn er cart stop down by de gate, an' pretty soon er man come 'roun' an' says, 'Ole man, is dis whar Mister John Griswol' uster lib?' I tole him yes, an' he ses, 'I bought er lot ob t'ings and yere's er order for 'm, an' wid dat he han's me er paper what wuz writ by Massa Jack; so I ses, 'All right,' an' he toted away er lot ob de fixin's from de house.

"Arter he'd went, seemed how I want'er cry powerful 'bad, so I jes' chucked myse'f down under one ob d' ole trees out dere an' let de cry out. Fus' t'ing I know, dat purp Bruce come 'long an' I felt him lickin' m' face, jes' like he want'er say, 'Doan' cry, Lije; me'n you'll be fren's.' So I felt how I didn't need guv up yet. Sence dat day me'n de purp's been jes' like dere wuz two'n us. I talks ter him 'bout de Cunnel an' Massa Jack, an' he wags his tail an' looks at me 's dough he know all 'bout it."

"But you haven't told me how the Colonel came to die—what was the matter with him?" Moulton asked.

"Shot!" said the old man, solemnly.

"Shot!" said Moulton in an astonished voice; "why, I thought you said he came North after the war, Uncle!"

"Yes, sah, he did. He warn't shot in de wah. Yer see, it was dis yere way: De two gennlemens wuz a-settin' in de nex' room (dat's de lib'ry) a-smokin' an' chattin' like dey allers did, when Massa Jack he ses, 'Hark! T'ink I hear somebody comin' up de drive! Lije, go see who 'tis.'

"'Fore I cud git dar, comes er mighty loud crack on de doah. I 'bout jumped er mile high, kase I hadn't hearn no one on de front po'ch. Den I see Massa Jack jump up an' come acrost de floor like er streak, wid his face kinder red-like. He allers looked dat way when he wuz mad. Yer nebber see nuffin' like de temper dat man had. He wuz ez kin' ez er woman t' me, but anyt'ing like dat ugly clip on de doah wuz like techin' er match to er kaig ob powder. I see sumpin' were gwine happen pretty quick,

so I hustled to de doah, an', drawin' de big bolt, trowed de doah wide open, an' ses, 'What you 'uns want a-tryin' ter bus' dis yere doah down?'

"De man on de po'ch were a whoppin' big feller, wid er slouch hat pulled down ober his eyes, an' ses to me in er rough-like voice, 'Silence, you dawg! How dast you speak like dat to me?' 'Fore I cud say anyt'ing, Massa Jack's voice soun' right back ob me:

"'Pardon me, sah, but who dares talk like dat at my doah?'

"'I do, Jack Griswold,' says the big chap, an' I means ter do sumpin' 'sides talk 'fore I leab dis yere house t'night. P'rhaps, dough, you'n de Cunnel hain't quite ready ter see me?'

"Massa Jack gabe er start when he see de man, as dough he knowed him, an' ses, in er col', sarcasm way, 'On de contrary, I'se much pleased ter see yer. It's 'bout time we received er visit from you.' At dis de big chap's eyes blaze like er couple ob spa'ks, but he didn't say nuffin', and Massa Jack ses, 'Do me de fabor to come in an' 'xplain yerse'f.'

"Wid dat de man comes er slouchin' in 's dough he don't hardly like ter, an' I shet de doah arter him. Massa Jack went to de lib'r'y, and, stannin' at one side, ses, 'Be kin' nuff to go in.' Den Massa Jack follers him, and I come back into dis room, where I allers uster stay. I was a-settin' yere t'inkin' 'bout de man, an' wonderin' who he wuz, when I hearn his voice talkin' out powerful loud-like. I crep' down de hall and listened. Seems, dough, de man were gettin' mighty mad, jedgin' f'm de way he war talkin'; he were er reg'lar fire-eater, for suah! I waited er minit at de lib'r'y doah, case Massa Jack 'r de Cunnel want me quick, an' fus' t'ing I knowed, de man brang his fis' down on de table, an' I hearn him say, 'I'se come yere t' settle dis t'ing t'night, an' to offer you 'uns de sa'sfaction yer deman's. I doan't keer what de we'pons is; yer kin suit yers'fs 'bout dat, but I trus' yer won't lose no time 'bout it.'

"Den I hear de Cunnel say, 'I have waited er long while for dis time t' cum, an' you may res' assured dat I'll lose no time in settlin' de matter. I'se sorry to say I cain't pervide no secon' for yer, kase dere's no one yere but my brether an' er ole servant of ours, so you'd bes' go back to de city an' 'range a meetin' whar you'll be sure ob habin' fair play.'

“I hain't no fear 'bout habin' fair play when you'n and yer brether are yere, kase I knows yer to be hon'ble men, an' as for er secon', ye doan't need bother 'bout no secon' for me—I'll fight yer widout no one to ac' as m' secon', an' de sooner its ober wid de better; please be so kin' 's to get t'ings ready immejiately.’

“Bery well,’ ses de Cunnel, ‘it shall be as yer wish.’

“T'ank yer,’ I hearn de man say. ‘Wid yer permission I'll 'wait yer on de po'ch;’ an' wid dat I hearn er match strike, an' pretty soon he come out smokin' er cigar, ez cool ez er cucum'er.

“Here, nigger,’ ses he t'me, ‘open dat doah, an' be quick 'bout it, too.’

“Dat man were de ornariest cus I ebber see. I 'low I didn't like t' be spoke to dat way, kase Massa Jack 'n de Cunnel nebber speak ter ole 'Lije so; but I open de doah widout sayin' nuffin', dough I wanter sass him powerful bad.

“Pretty soon de Cunnel poke his haid out'n de doah and say, ‘Lije, go to my room 'n brang me dat walnut case what's on my shavin' stan'.’

“M' heart come up in m' throat when de Cunnel ses dat, an' I ses t' him, ‘Please 'scuse me, massa, but dere ain't gwine be no shootin', is dey?’

“P'r'aps,’ ses de Cunnel, ‘but nebber min' dat now—gw'on up an' get me dat case.’

“Un'er ord'nary succumstances I wou'dn't ha' dast ter ax de Cunnel no sech question, but I feel so onhappy-like dat I clar forgit myse'f. I know 'twarn't no use foolin' roun' none when he talk dat way, so up I goes to his room an' brang down what he wanted. I 'spect sumpin' gwine happen, kase dat box had er pa'r ob mighty fine doolin' pis'ls in it what I had offen cleaned for ole massa. Dey wuz all silber-like on de butt, an' had de fambly name cut on de side. Massa Jack and de Cunnel wuz crack shots, an' I 'low if dere wuz gwine t' be some shootin', dat man 'd git plunked for suah, fust t'ing he knowed. Why, sah, I'se offen 'n offen seen de gennlemens shootin' at er ma'k wid dem same pis'ls, an' dere warn't nuffin' lef' ob de bullseye when dey was troo. De Cunnel were a pertickly good shooter, an' I'se seen him hit er ca'tridge shell off'n de top ob a bottle jes' es slick es b'ar's grease.

“Arter I gin de box to de Cunnel he

ses t' me, ‘Jes' step to de doah and show de gennleman in.’

“I went to de doah, an' dere was dat man a-leanin' 'gin one of de pos's, an' I seen he wuz er lookin' at sumpin' in his han'. T'inks I to myse'f, ef you 'uns got any will ter make, better be gittin' at it, kase yer's gwine ter git plunked 'fore yer gits out'n dis yere scrape. I tole him dat the Cunnel war waitin' for 'm in de lib'ry, an' he trowed de butt of his cigar 'way an' walks in es solemn es er owl. Guess he war cooled off some by dat time.

“Well,’ ses he to de Cunnel, ‘so we's gwine ter shoot, is we? Dat suits me 'sackly.’

“De Cunnel looks at him in er dang'r-ous kinder way, an' han'in' one ob de pis'ls ter him, ses, ‘Do me de fabor ter 'samine dat. I has others ter han', if yer perfers not ter use dis yere.’

“De man tuk it an' looked it all ober keerfully, 's dough he's uster han'lin' pis'ls all de while. ‘T'ank yer, ses he; ‘dis will do bery well. Ef yer doan't min' I'll jes' try it 'fore dis little onpleasantness c'mences.’

“Massa Jack look at his brudder 's dough de man try some kin' ob funny bizness, but de Cunnel nebber move er mussle ob his face; he jes' han' de powder-flask an' de capsan' bullet-pouch to de man, keepin' his eye on him all de while, an' ses, ‘By all means,’ an den leaned back inter his easy cheer wid dat same look onter his face.

“De man he keerfully loaded de pis'l, an' stannin' at one en' ob de room, tuk a good look 'long de bar', what he had p'inted at er little chiny ornyment on de mantelpiece, an' 'fore I knowed wot wuz gwine happen, bang! she went, an' de pieces ob de ornyment flew all 'bout de room. De bullet made er ugly hole in de wall jes' back ob whar de ornyment hed stood.

“I looked at de Cunnel, but you'd t'ought he war 'customed ter habin' folkses 'stroyin' his prop'ty right 'fore his eyes, kase he kep' a-lookin' at de man. I reckon de man t'ought he'd skeer de Cunnel by showin' him what a crack shot he war, but he didn't know de Cunnel 's well 's I did, ef he 'spose dat 'd skeer him. De Cunnel ses, ‘Are yer satisfied?’

“‘Perfeckly,’ ses de man; ‘she shoots kinder straight, doan' she? It only 'mains to 'range de res' of de t'ings an' hab dis yere matter settled.’

"Well, dey 'cided ter fight out dere un'er de trees, an' arter de pis'ls wuz loaded de Cunnel 'scused hisself, an' sayin' dat he had sumpin' 'tickler t' say ter Massa Jack, dey went out inter de hall an' stayed dere 'bout ten minnits. When dey cum back, I see dey had ben sayin' good-by, by de looks ob dere faces. Den de Cunnel say, in his dign'fied way, 'I'se ready, sah.'

"By dis time it war gettin' pretty dark, but dey tuk off der coats an' paced off de dis'ance. Dey cud eas'ly see each udder by dere w'ite sh't-fronts, spite ob de da'k, so dey stood up an' got all ready. I couldn't stan' it no longer, an' cries out, 'Oh, Massa Frank, doan't do it, doan't do it! Ef somebody got ter be shot, shoot ole 'Lije!'

"De Cunnel look at me kin'er sorry-like and ses, 'Doan't, 'Lije! Yer ole marster needs all de firmness he kin git now, an' yer'll make his arm onstiddy.'

"Den I felt 'shamed, an' axed him t' forgib me. He hel' out his han' an' I tuk an' kissed it. By dis time de man war gittin' sorter impashunt, an' axed dat de 'fair might go on. Den Massa Jack ses, 'Are yer ready?' Dey bofe ses 'Yes,' an' Massa Jack ses:

"'One, two, t'ree—fire!'

"Bofe pis'ls seem ter go bang togedder; an' jes' den er ole screech-owl what war settin' in one ob de trees let out er mos' awful squawk. I didn't 'member nuffin' for er minnit 'til I hearn de Cunnel gib er groan an' fall back, droppin' his pis'l on de grass. Massa Jack an' me grabbed him 'fore he teched de groun', an' de Cunnel ses, 'Jack, ole man, I t'ink I'm dyin'. He *is* a good shot—I'm—I'm hit in de chest;' an' den he 'gan coughin' an' coughin', an' de blood were comin' out'n his mouf.

"Massa Jack were a-cryin' like his heart were broke, but he ses t'me, 'Lije, go'n see if de man is badly hurt, while I gits Br'er Frank inter de house.'

"I'd ben watchin' ole massa so close dat I didn't see what happened to de man, but I went down whar he war lyin' on de grass. I bent down ober him, an' yer nebber see sech er look on enny man's face. His eyes wuz wide op'n an' stary, an' de pis'l wuz hel' in his han' so tight, it seem dough he nebber lef' go. I lissened t' see ef he war breavin', but couldn't hear er soun', an' den I knowed dat he war daid. I tore open his ves' dere in de dark, an' struck

er match ter see whar de bullet hed hit him. Dere was dat great, roun' hole in his sh't buzzom, jes' like de one in the lib'ry wall, an' I see dat de Cunnel had plunked him right troo de heart. I felt so skeered dat I didn't know what ter do; seems, dough, I nebber forgit dem eyes ob de man's—all de while, when I'se out in de groun's arter dusk, I t'ink I see stary eyes lookin' at me out'n ebery bush, an' I has ter yell like er Injun for ole Bruce t' cum an' tek keer ob me.

"Arter I see I cain't do nuffin' for de man, I crep' back to de house wid' m' heart breakin' for sorrow at dat night's bizness. I don't know why de gennlemens fit, kase I didn't know much 'bout dey's lifes; but 't seems ter me it mus' ha' ben sumpin' pretty portant, ter make de man ac' de way he did.

"I went inter de house ez sof'ly ez I could, so's not ter 'sturb Massa Frank, an' lissened. Bimeby I hearn er groan from de Cunnel's room upstairs, an goin' up, I see Massa Jack kneelin' 'side de Cunnel's bed, wid his haid berried in de pillers, cryin' mighty hard, an' de Cunnel's han' res'in' lovin'ly on his haid. I see dat Massa Jack 'd done what he could ter make de pain better, but dere warn't no use tryin' ter do nuffin', kase I knowed bery well dat er man wid er ugly big hole like dat troo him couldn't lib, nohow. De bullet f'm de man's pis'l hed struck a match-box what war in de Cunnel's ves' pocket, an' glanced 'side so dat it went troo his lungs, or ole Massa wouldn't nebber hab talked no moah. I were stannin' by de fut ob de bed, when de Cunnel opens his eyes an' ses, 'Lije, yer ole marster's dyin'; yer mus' tek good keer ob Br'er Jack, an' doan't forgit dat whatebber yer does for him yer does for me, kase, arter all, we's 'bout de same pusson, eh Jack?' Massa Jack only sobbed harder 'n ebber at dis, an' de Cunnel ses ter me, ses he, 'I've ranged dat you shell hab some money ter keep yer, case yer ebber sh'd leab'd' ole place, but I hope yer'll 'cide ter stay.' I tole him how I lubbed him 'n Massa Jack, an' dat I wouldn't nebber feel happy arter he lef' us, an' dat seem t' chirk him up a bit. Jes' den I hearn er pat, pat, comin' 'long de hall floor, an' dere were dat ole purp Bruce."

Here the old dog looked up at 'Lije and wagged his tail as though he under-

stood perfectly what had been said, and wished to corroborate that part which related to himself.

"Is dat Bruce?" ses de Cunnel. "Come yere, ole feller, an' bid yer mars-ter good-by." Bruce crep' ober ter de bed, 'side Massa Jack, an' 'gan ter lick de Cunnel's han'. I seen de pore crit-ter's eyes, an' dey seemed dough he were a-cryin' too.

"Den de Cunnel gib er groan, an' ses, 'Jack, ole man, brace up; I knows its hard for us t' pa't, but I knowed 'twere gwine ter happ'n like dis, an' its jes' 's well dat my life sh'd be given to defend de honor ob de Griswol's as in any other way.' Massa Jack raise his haid out'n de pillers, an' ses, 'Why, oh why, didn't yer let me fight him, Frank? I'd rather er t'ousand times 'twas me lyin' dere dan you!' 'Tut, tut, man!' ses de Cunnel, 'twuz my place, as de haid ob de fam-bly, ter 'venge our pore sister's def, an' I wouldn't hab t'ings changed f'r de worl'. I has er 'quest ter make ob ye, Jack, an' dat is dat yer'll hab me berried un'er de stones ob de wa'k what goes 'roun' de house. Dat's a queer t'ing to ask, I knows, but I'se off'n t'ought I'd like ter be berried dere. An, Jack, I won'er if dat feller hed er pictur' ob Sis in his pocket—I'd like bery much t' see her face 'gain 'fore I die. Will yer see, boy?'

"We 'ranged t'ings so's de pore ole Cunnel 'd be comf'ble whilst we wuz gone, an' den Massa Jack 'n me sor-ro'fly lef' de room an' hurried to whar de man's body war lyin' dere under de trees. I had d'ole stable lamp, an' Mas-sa Jack looked ter see ef de pictur' what ole massa wanted war dere. Suah nuff, in de man's inside pocket, jes' ober whar his heart war, wuz er fotergraf ob er lady, but 'twuz all smeared wid blood, an' where de face hed oughter ben was a big hole, where de Cunnel's bullet hed gwine an' tuk away de man's life. Mas-sa Jack sobbed er little when he seen de pictur', but put it back in de man's pocket. He tole me tek hol' an' help tote de body to de house. We laid it on de sofy in de lib'ry, an' Massa Jack 'n me went upsta'rs 'gin.

"Massa Jack tole de Cunnel why he doan't brang de pictur', an' de Cunnel ses dat p'r'aps it's better so. Well, sah, we 'uns sat by de ole Cunnel's bed f'r 'bout er hour, feelin' 's dough our hearts w'd break, when de Cunnel teched Massa

Jack on de haid, and ses, in er sort er weakish voice, 'De en' 's comin', Jack. Raise m' haid er little. I feel how I wuz chokin'.' Massa Jack stoop ober him an' whisper in his ear, an' de Cunnel whisper sumpin' back t' Massa Jack, an' den, 'fore we know'd it, wid er terrible sigh ole massa's life lef' his pore body!"

At this point in his narrative poor old 'Lije turned his head away and wept bitterly, nor could Moulton see his grief, unmoved. He averted his gaze, and after a considerable effort managed to control his emotion, but did not immediately resume his former position. The window by which he lay overlooked the scene of that fatal duel of which he had just heard, and he fancied he could see the combatants standing there in the moonlight, with the Colonel's brother and old 'Lije intently watching the grim spectacle.

He was aroused from his reverie by a movement on the part of his companion, and turning his head, observed that the old negro had resumed his chair, but was staring blankly into space, as though his thoughts were far away. Moulton spoke to him kindly, and the old fellow started to his feet with an exclamation of surprise.

"Well, Uncle, do you feel like telling me the rest of your story?"

"Yas, sah; only dere hain't much moah ter tell. I got er pick an' spade an' we tuk up de flagstones ob de wa'k, an' I dug two graves dere, cryin' all de while I wuz diggin'. Den we wropped de Cunnel's body in de close off'n his bed, an' Massa Jack, wid er trem'lin' voice an' stoppin' all de while ter wipe away de tears, read de berrial pra'rs out'n de 'Piscopal book, an' we gently laid de Cunnel in de grabe. Den we berried de man, arter Massa Jack hed tuk his watch an' papers out'n his pockets. When all hed ben done, Massa Jack say de'd hab ter leab me ter fill in de graves, kase he couldn't stan' it no longer. No more could I, but I swal-tered er big lump what was chokin' in my throat, an' arter Massa Jack 'd gwine inter de house, I shoveled in de dirt as tend'ly es I cud, an' put back de flag-stones. All de while I were doin' it I kep' a-cryin', an' de purp kep' a-whinin', an' arter I got troo I jes' lie down by massa's grabe, and didn't nebber want ter git up no moah. De purp laid his-

self down 'side ob me, an' I doan't know how long we wuz dere 'fore I waked up wid er terrible roomatiz in m' pore ole laigs. De happenin's ob de ebenin' had wore mie cl'ar out, an' I fell 'sleep out dere on de damp groun', an' I'se had de roomatiz ebber sence.

"I crep' inter de house, feelin' powerful stiff an' mis'ble, an' went to de room whar I uster sleep, ober ole massa's room. I went acrost ter de winder ter shet it, an' see er man walkin' in de moonlight down ter de deep black-lookin' pon' what wuz by de barn. Soon's I see de man I know'd 'twere Massa Jack. I watched him f'r er minnit, an' de fus' t'ing I know'd dere wuz er kerswash! an' de draps ob water flew all 'bout, sparklin' in de light. Den Massa Jack, he turned an' cum back ter de house. I doan' know wot dat t'ing wuz what he t'rowed inter d' ole pon', but I hain't nebber seen nuffin' ob de case what dem pis'ls wuz in, an' I 'spec's he t'rowed de whole bizness inter de water. 'Pears like dem pis'ls *hed* done 'nuff misch'f, an' I reckon Massa Jack couldn't stan' habin' dem 'roun' no moah. De nex' mawnin' I were gittin' bre'kfas', when Massa Jack rung de bell, an' when I went to de lib'ry, dere he wuz stannin' by de winder, lookin' out. "'Lije,' ses he, 'I doan't want no one to know nuffin' 'bout de trouble las' night. Nobody 'll ax 'bout dat—dat man, kase he hain't got no folkses; but ef any ob dese 'quisitive Yankees 'roun' yere axes 'bout de Cunnel, tell 'em he's gwine to Yurrup for er long time—unnerstan'?' an' I ses, 'Yas, sah.' Dat's 'bout all dere is ob m'

story, sah. Massa Jack didn't stay yere much arter dat, es I done tole yer, an' I'se libbed yere wid Bruce ebber sence."

* * * * *

It was two days before Moulton left the romantic old place, but at the end of that time, having bade old 'Lije good-by, he was assisted into a carriage and driven to the adjacent village of Williamsville, where he boarded a train for home.

About a week later he was seated at his desk in town, having just completed a brief letter to old 'Lije, when his eye fell upon this article in the morning paper :

"(By Telegraph to The ———)

"WILLIAMSVILLE, June — 18—.

"This ordinarily quiet borough was startled last evening by the burning of the old Griswold mansion, about a mile distant. Owing to the high wind which prevailed, it was impossible to do anything to save the historic building, and such of the villagers as reached the scene of the fire promptly, were compelled to stand idly by and see the flames burn themselves out.

"It is reported that an old negro servant of the former owners, who has lived at the house for many years, with only a large mastiff for his companion, has not been seen since the fire, and it is feared that both perished in the flames.

"It is improbable that the house will be rebuilt, as the whereabouts of the Messrs. Griswold, who formerly occupied it, is unknown."

OVER THE DECOYS.

L ONE lies the tawny marsh, and lily-pads,
All crisped and wrinkled by the autumn
sun,

Swim lazily along the sighing reeds;
And ruddily against the rising sun
The ever-restless waters ripple up,
Prying amid the rushes, and again,
Upon the roots of dwarfish willow stubs,
Lapping and lapping like a thirsty hound;
And in an open space beyond the reeds,
Riding, like corks, the little ruffled waves,
Decoys are seen, those fateful wooden lures
That draw the passing ducks from cloudy
heights

Down, down, and down until the sportsman's
aim

Sends consternation to their scattered ranks;
And at the edges of the cat-tails tall,
Among the rushes and the spatter-dock,

A hunter waits, all watchful, in the "blind,"
Whose rough, artistic tracing seems to be,
With all its tangled drapery of reeds,
Wild rice and grass, and leaning willow-
branch—

Like elfin work of nature and the winds.
Mark! far adown the distant line of trees
A narrow, dusky ribbon is revealed,
That nearer comes, and as it comes unfolds,
And shows in all their symmetry of form
A flock of ducks outlined upon the sky,
Curving and wheeling in the morning light.
And as they near the hunter's ambuscade
They turn, they stoop, while he, with muscles set
And tense as steel, and eager, shining eyes,
Sits like a stone, his gun within his hands.
The winds are hushed. Ah! what a picture
that—

The bluebills settling to the still decoys!

ERNEST MCGAFFEY.

HAMMER-THROWING.

BY MALCOLM W. FORD.



HENRY VIII.

THE exercise of weight-throwing is purely a muscular one, and many physicians who do not approve racing, strongly advise weight-throwing as a means by which any one with athletic tastes may expend his energy. The two events in weight-throwing which are best for general development of the upper part of the body are throwing the hammer and throwing the 56-pound weight. Both are heavy games, and, although they may be indulged in simply as an exercise with much satisfaction, no matter how weak comparatively the athlete is, only one with a physique far stronger and heavier than the average can accomplish any distance thought to be remarkable. In throwing the 16-pound hammer, for instance, an athlete weighing in the neighborhood of 130 pounds should, after a little practice, send this missile anywhere between 50 and 70 feet, but the record is 141 feet $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches, which an athlete of the mentioned weight can never hope to reach; but he may derive just as much beneficial exercise in throwing 70 feet as J. S. Mitchell will in accomplishing a world's record of over 141 feet. Mitchell weighs in the neighborhood of 220 pounds in athletic dress, and, as all the successful hammer-throwers approximate to Mitchell's weight, it

is generally considered that heavy men have a monopoly in this kind of exercise.

The most casual observer at athletic games will become impressed immediately with the great size and physical proportions of the hammer and 56-pound-weight throwers. The average athlete, on account of most of the events consisting of running, for which competitors have to be trained pretty fine before they can do themselves justice, is a thin-looking individual compared to these heavy weight-throwers. It is quite natural that an athlete weighing over 200 pounds should be prominent among men averaging 125 pounds apiece.

Weight-throwing events are not given so often as running, on account of there being comparatively few who can do anything worth looking at in them, and they are not so exciting as races. Spectators at games where there are no weight-throwing events are often heard to pass remarks on the thin, cadaverous look of the athletes racing wildly in front of them, and some onlookers, not having seen many games, but having the general type of an ideal athlete in their minds, have been disappointed with the looks of the average athlete, and have had their estimation of athletics brought to the former standard again only when shown such types of physical humanity as George R. Gray, W. L. Coudon, J. S. Mitchell and some of the all-round athletes.

The game of "throwing the hammer" is an old one, and to show how it originated, it would be necessary to go back thousands of years. A retrospect extending over such a lapse of time must necessarily be superficial and crude. It is said to have originated in Ireland B. C. 1829, where the first Taitin games are traditionally claimed to have taken place at Telltown, County Meath. These games were inaugurated by Lugh Lamhfhada, monarch of Ireland, in honor of his foster-mother, Tailte, daughter of Maghmor, King of Spain, and wife of Eochaidh, son of Erc, the last king of the Fribolgs. These games consisted of running, jumping, wrest-



JAMES S. MITCHELL.

ling, fencing, sham battles, chariot-racing, the gaebolga, or feat of throwing the dart, and the roth-cleas, or wheel feat, from which has originated the practice of throwing the hammer.

This wheel feat consisted in whirling a chariot-wheel, to which was attached an unrevolving axle, around the head, and throwing it for distance. As in modern times, several exponents of the game are credited with having attained marvelous skill, notably a muscular prodigy named Cuchullian, whom all the chroniclers recognize as the champion of his time, although, fortunately perhaps, for the self-esteem of his latest emulators, the exact records of this antique celebrity remain in oblivion. The Tailtin games instantly leaped into prominence and permanence, and were celebrated with all the pomp and panoply of a national festival in the first week of August every year, down to the reign of the last monarch of Ireland, Roderic O'Connor, A. D. 1198. How long our sturdy predecessors continued to flirt with the monotonous chariot-wheel without yearning for a missile more easy of manipulation does not appear, but various authorities are responsible for the statement that about the time of the birth of Christ a large stone was substituted. However, the manhood and chivalry which for centuries had graced the mimic warfare of the Tailtin amphitheater were soon persistently occupied in more fateful arenas, emphasizing the prowess of their athletic days with grim impartiality on

the sea-browned hides of the Danes, the haughty crests of the Normans and Plantagenets, the merciless partisans of Elizabeth and the close-cropped skulls of the Roundheads, each eagerly succeeding the other in attracting attention in Great Britain. This destructive warfare, which ravaged the country from the twelfth to the eighteenth century, precluded all possibility of a continuance or revival of athletics during that turbulent period.

Meanwhile throwing the hammer and "casting the bar" had become quite fashionable in England under the personal patronage of some of her kings, notably Edward II. and Henry VIII. The latter frequently laid down the scepter in favor of the hammer, in the twirling of which he showed himself to be a performer of no mean caliber. Indeed, in a standard English work devoted to manly pastimes, plates are still extant showing the royal Henry wielding a well-developed hammer for the delectation of the assembled beauties of his court. The loyal subjects were not slow in taking their cue from their lieges, and the fairs and other established festivals assumed additional social importance through the introduction of this and other athletic competitions. Even the usually sluggish Turk did not escape the fascination, and in the person of the Emperor Achmat shook off the hereditary love of languorous ease for the invigorating pastime of hammer-throwing, in which the Sultan became such an adept that two



FIRST PART OF SWING.

marble pillars were erected in Constantinople to mark the extent of his greatest achievement.

During the first part of the present century hammer-throwing maintained its popularity in Great Britain, the missile most generally in use being a smith's sledge, weighing from seven to seventeen pounds. With the rapid progress of the game, however, it became emphatically necessary that some definite rules should be formulated, and in 1866 these were brought into effect at the English championships, where the weight of the hammer was for the first time definitely fixed at sixteen pounds. No further restriction was put in force until 1875, and in the interval competitors were allowed to use any length of handle, run and follow. The greatest distance reached under these promiscuous conditions was in 1873, when S. S. Brown, of Oxford, accomplished 120 feet.

In the same year the Irish Champion A. C. was formed and held inaugural games, introducing to the public, among other promising novices, no less a future celebrity than Maurice Davin, a light but powerfully built man, who used one hand when throwing. At the English championships of that year (1875) the hammer was thrown from a 7-foot circle, and the length of the handle restricted to 3 feet 6 inches. The event was won by C. R. Hales, of Cambridge, with a throw of 96 feet 8 inches, and he repeated his victory next year, reaching 110 feet. Then having decided to retire, he elected to try for a record under the old rules allowing unlimited run and follow, and with a leaden-headed hammer and handle 5 feet long, he accomplished the then great record of 138 feet 3 inches. Hales was a grand exponent of the game, and could throw a missile unerringly in any direction he pleased. He generally turned four times in acquiring the desired momentum. He had an immense physique, being 6 feet 4 inches high and proportionately built, and constantly kept his muscles firm by healthful exercise.

Scientific hammer-throwing originated, without doubt, in Scotland, where a blacksmith's sledge which had a handle between 2 feet and 6 inches and 3 feet long, and the ordinary machinist head, was used. From this shape the head has gradually changed and the

handle lengthened, until now the head is a lead or iron sphere, and in place of the handle being a stout, stiff stick it is flexible, and the best ones are whale-bone, for this material will stand much hard usage without breaking. Different shaped grips for the handles are used, according to the owner's fancy, but the majority of the grips are merely the straight handle widened or thickened at the end, so as to enable the thrower to get a good purchase with his fingers, without holding the hammer too tightly. The flexible part of a good handle is not over $\frac{3}{8}$ of an inch in diameter. Up to several years ago the exercise of the game in America consisted in swinging the hammer around the head and throwing it back over the shoulder, the athlete all the while standing still. Measurement was made from where the sphere landed to the nearest foot of the thrower. In 1888 the Amateur Athletic Union changed the rules of throwing the hammer, substituting a 7-foot circle for a scratch-mark, and allowing the competitor to do anything he chose in the circle while delivering the weight. But the athlete must not step out of the front half of the circle, which is generally the direction in which the weight goes. This last clause is put in to prevent an athlete from following the weight or stepping over the line, which is a foul, and it has served to make competitors very careful, and many of them do not approach the front edge within six inches or a foot, so as to allow themselves a little leeway in following after the weight has left their hands.

The illustrations "James S. Mitchell" and "Arthur Schroeder" represent positions for starting the swing, whether throwing the hammer from a stand-still or a 7-foot run in the circle. Both these pictures represent right-handed throwers, and they give an excellent idea of the proper grip. It will be noticed that the right hand is nearest the head of the missile, and more guiding is done with it than with the left. These athletes will commence the swing by putting the weight over the left side first. A left-handed thrower will start with the hammer-head on the ground over to the left side, and his left hand will be nearest his head. In reverse to a right-handed thrower, the left-handed athlete's first motion will be to put the hammer over the right side. These

motions are done with the athlete standing in the front part of the circle, with his back to the point where he intends the hammer should land. Previous to grasping the handle, balsam fir is put on the hands, so as to enable a firmer hold to be taken without putting extra strain on the muscles of the fingers. One of the main points in the game is to get a free, easy swing, and if a certain amount of rigidity to the arm is caused by a tight grip of the fingers the free swing will necessarily suffer.

After encircling his head three or four times to get sufficient momentum, Mitchell will turn around with the hammer, stepping back at the same time, and after making a complete turn with the body, he will land at the opposite edge of the circle from where he started, just about as shown in the illustration "In Full Swing," excepting that the hammer-head will be considerably lower than in the picture. The further to the ground the hammer is at this point the more elevation can be given at the delivery. All that follows after the point when the hammer is in front of the thrower, during the final swing, consists of throwing the arms up, imparting to the hammer the same motion, and follow the body around more or less with the missile and let go when it seems most natural. The illustration "The Delivery" is a fine example of a perfect style. The hammer has left the hands in rather a straight line and is about one foot from them. The arms are straight up, and the whole attitude would impress a hammer-thrower as being a case where the thrower had things working correctly.

Referring to other illustrations representing the swing, it may be said that "First Part of Swing" shows the hammer at a time when, although the athlete is standing still, a certain leg movement is necessary. This shows a right-handed thrower, and he is about to send the hammer over his left shoulder as part of the swing, and it will be noticed that he is leaning forward on his right knee, which is done to facilitate the swing. After the hammer has passed his left shoulder and goes around to his right side again, he will straighten his right knee and assume a more vertical position until the hammer is over his left shoulder again. If the athlete stood perfectly rigid it would be very hard to

put such force in the swing, although some throwers stand more stationary than others. This is a point which the athlete himself can regulate after a little experience.

"Full Speed" represents a point that is very important, for the athlete is apt to get the missile too high in the endeavor to lower the head as the hammer passes in front of him during the swing at full speed. It can readily be imagined that if an athlete swings a hammer fast, and makes it a point to drop it close to the ground when it is in front, that it must pass at a proportionate elevation at the opposite point of the swing, which must be when the hammer is at his back again; then if the missile is considerably above his head and he is drawing it around and down to drop it as it passes in front again, the mere weight of the missile and the speed at which it is going will cause a fatal jerk to his arms and shoulders unless he is getting an unusually free, even swing. The main point to bear in mind is that the athlete must be ahead of the hammer; in other words, he must be drawing all the time, increasing the pressure



IN FULL SWING.



IN FULL SPEED.

right up to the delivery. One must get as much impetus as possible upon the body by rapidly spinning round, the arms being held perfectly rigid, with the hammer grasped in the hands. When the greatest impetus is obtained the hammer is let go, an extra push being given at the last moment by a jerk of the whole body. No actual arm-work is called for, the strain falling mainly upon the back and loins. The hammer is swung round, when once the thrower has begun his spin, at right angles to the body and in a vertical position, and the arm and handle thus act as one and the same lever. A very slight grasp of mechanical principles will show that the hammer-head is, as it were, attached to the circumference of a revolving circle, the motive power being supplied by the spinning human body at the center. At the moment of delivery the centrifugal force causes the hammer to fly off in a straight line. It follows that the hammer will fly farthest when the greatest momentum can be produced. The advantage of this exercise, even to a man never destined to excel in high-class competitions, will be found to repay the amount of time and trouble expended. The muscles called into play serve to draw the shoulders and ribs into a healthy and natural position, and to give the lungs and heart plenty of room to perform their vital functions. These organs are never slow to avail themselves of this rare indulgence, and soon contribute conspicuously to the comfort and health of the general system. The back and loins,

and to a minor extent the lower limbs, will be strengthened and developed.

A right-handed thrower should have the hammer pass over his left shoulder about on a level with it, or, if a rapid swing is used, a little above it; then it should pass the right side correspondingly low, and some hammer-throwers go so far with this point as to very often strike the ground when passing the hammer on the right side and in front of them, and such an accident generally spoils their swing and they commence over again, unless it is during the last half of the swing, previous to the delivery, when they are going so fast that they cannot stop their momentum, and have to let the hammer go, although its striking the ground precluded all possibility of its traveling as far as it otherwise would. If the hammer barely grazes the ground the athlete sometimes will not notice it, but collision with the soil is considered bad for big throwing.

One of the disagreeable features of the game is the judging of it. The circle is generally laid out on level turf, clay or cinder, and is marked by a whitewash line. The officials do not like to stand near the scene of action on account of the danger of the hammer slipping from the competitor's hands. Very often an athlete, just in the act of delivery, steps over the front edge of the circle an inch or two, and there will be a dispute concerning it. Sometimes no evidence can be found to prove that the athlete stepped over the line, but the judges may feel certain that they saw his foot go over and give a decision accordingly. Sometimes spike-marks, made beforehand by athletes walking about the circle, may be used as evidence to prove that a certain competitor did step outside the ring. So long as nothing is used for a mark except a whitewash line, there are bound to be disputes. The arrangement used in the running broad jump, which works so satisfactorily, has been proposed for use in throwing all weights. It consists in having a ditch six inches wide in front of the edge from which the athlete jumps; or, in the case of throwing weights, it would be the edge where the athlete stops going forward. The square edge is made in the running broad jump by sinking a plank flush with the ground, and the same could be used for the front half of the circle from which weights are thrown. In the run-



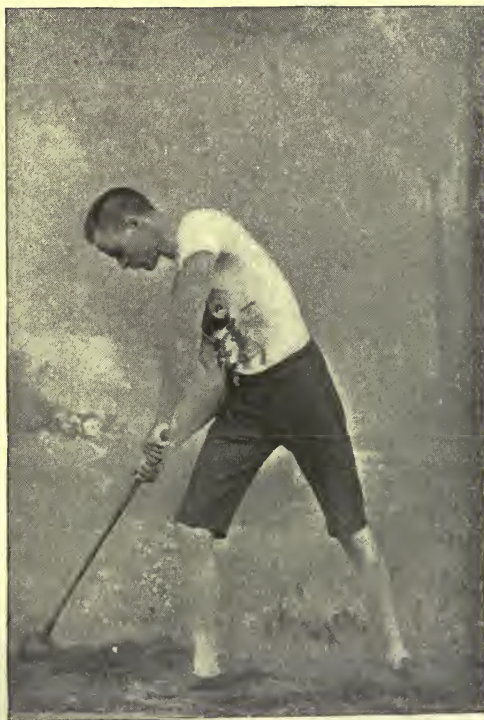
WILSON L. COUDON.

ning broad jump the athlete is allowed to toe over as much as he chooses, provided he does not touch the ground in front of the edge. As the ditch in this case is six or eight inches wide and three or four inches deep, it can readily be seen that one would be at a great disadvantage in touching the ground in front of the take-off, unless the foot was deliberately put away over the latter point on to the level ground in front of the ditch, which, of course, would be easily detected by even a most inexperienced judge. If the front half of a 7-foot circle used in throwing weights were marked by a square edge and a ditch, it would be a most easy matter to judge a foul, for although the competitors might toe over the mark two or three inches, which is very often seen in the running broad jump, still any farther getting forward would make the athlete lose his balance by not having firm ground to support his trespassing foot, and he would deliberately have to step over, which, of course, would easily be noticed by the judges, even if they were standing quite a distance away.

The best performer at throwing the hammer of the present day is J. S. Mitchell, who stands 6 feet high, and weighed, when he made the record of 141 feet $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches for 16 pounds, 218 pounds. The next best performer is C. A. J. Queckberner, who stands 5 feet 9

inches, and weighs 215 pounds. His best figures for the 16 pounds are 134 feet $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches. W. L. Coudon, who is 6 feet $\frac{1}{2}$ inch tall, and weighs 204 pounds, is next with a throw, with one hand, of 121 feet $11\frac{1}{4}$ inches; and F. L. Lambrecht, who is 6 feet 2 inches, and weighs 208 pounds, is next with a throw of 112. All of these records were made from a 7-foot circle, excepting Queckberner's. He did his in England from a 9-foot circle. With the exception of Coudon's record, two hands were used in all. The English hammer-throwing record is 130 feet, by W. J. M. Barry, who spent several years in this country. Barry is of tremendous proportions, standing 6 feet $4\frac{3}{4}$ inches tall, and weighing 240 pounds. He made his record from a 9-foot circle, which the English rule calls for. J. S. Mitchell did from a circle of this size 133 feet, at Newark, N. J., on October 20, 1888, but as a 9-foot circle is not used in this country, the probabilities are that the record here will not be bettered.

A few of the best records at throwing the hammer from a stand are worthy of mention because of their actual merit,



ARTHUR SCHROEDER.

although many might think that they could not compare at all with the figures with a 7-foot run from the circle. Coudon holds the second best standstill throw of a 16-pound hammer with a 4-foot handle—of 108 feet 3 inches. J. R. Finlay holds the best—108 feet 5 inches. Lambrecht has, under the same conditions, done 107 feet 10 inches. Queck-berner has thrown the same weight, with a handle 6 inches shorter, from a stand, 100 feet 5 inches, and he has sent the 21-pound hammer, under the same conditions, 81 feet 3 inches, which is a most meritorious performance, as the best professional record for that im-

plement is 79 feet, by George Davidson, of Edinburgh.

Hammers range in weight from 8 up to about 22 pounds, and there are many records made with different length handles; but the regulation weight and style, as laid down by the laws of the Amateur Athletic Union, is an implement weighing 16 pounds, including handle, and measuring 4 feet over all. It must also be thrown from a 7-foot circle, but that does not mean that a competitor must necessarily take a run in the circle; but, as the hammer can be sent much farther with a run than from a stand, it is the prevailing style.



THE DELIVERY.

A NIGHT IN CAMP.

THROUGH the wild wood's silent glade
 Evening weaves her web of shade;
 All about us lieth still;
 Through moveless boughs the stars are
 clear.
 Listen! Far away I hear
 The weird cry of the whippoorwill.

All around us mountains rise
 Black against the starlit skies;
 O'er the level of the lake
 A snowy basin girdled round;
 By the forest's ebon bound,
 White clouds of vapor form and break.

The camp-fire flickers, glows and
 dies;
 Deep slumber holds our weary eyes;
 Night fills full her cup of rest,
 Content in dreamless sleep to house
 On a bed of balsam boughs,
 Whose spicy breath she loveth best.

Then comes waking. Then I hear
 The blue-jay's challenge harsh and clear;
 The curling vapor rolls away,
 A rosy cloud foretells the sun;
 The forest's busy life begun,
 Joy begins the sportsman's day.

ISAAC OGDEN RANKIN.





SHORE-BIRD SHOOTING IN NEW ENGLAND

BY H. PRESCOTT BEACH.

OUT into the cold, gray mist, into the fog and spray, into the dimness of dawn, we followed the crooked, stony path from the village to the sea. We crossed a field of tangled briars and weeds, soaking our leggins with the heavy dew, and bending past a row of little fishermen's huts, came out upon the shore. Around us the brown sands, strewn with shells, seaweed and stranded drift—for the tide was near the end of the ebb—seemed to stretch endlessly away through the vapor. The spires and roofs of Milford were hidden, and only the ghostlike form of old "Stratford Light" stood out in the distance to mark the western end of the curving line of trees and brush that follow the banks of the Housatonic to its mouth. To the eastward a two-mile strip of level shingle skirted the coast, running far out to

sea, and on this pool-paved strand innumerable shore-birds, when the tide went out, flocked to feed. As the rising water drove them landward, they would come sweeping in with the gulls and terns to wing up the inlets and creeks that crawl through the meadows.

"Pete," our English setter, sniffed the morning air with eagerness, eyeing us impatiently while we paused to slip in shells. He was longing to course out over the beach after a bunch of ring-neck plover huddled by the edge of a tide-left shallow, but he caught my eye and subsided reluctantly, crouching at my feet. How cautiously he sneaked after us when we crept down the shore, knowing well he would have no part in the sport that day, save to fetch in the dead birds like the sterling, good retriever he is!

Then they all rose, sounding a shrill

alarm and flickering off, leaving us away out of range. By their hasty and prolonged flight they must have been shot at lately. With them a pair of Wilson's plover were startled (rare birds in New England nowadays, though common enough on the sand-shores of the Gulf States), and these two came circling back to hover high above us. Bang! from Withers' piece, and—bang! from mine as one bird faltered, and the other darted past like a flash. It was a clean miss for me and a bad one, albeit the bird was a fast flyer and quartering. Withers' choice came flopping slowly down some thirty yards away in a tangle of eel-grass, whence Pete, a moment later, snatched it stone-dead. We stopped to admire the rare, pale-gray bird with its luminous black crescent on the forehead and breast of spotless white, and, while admiring it, almost lost a shot at a passing flock of knots or robin-sandpipers. Together we wheeled with fingers still on our seconds, and fired with one report; then, both still holding on the flock, pulled the firsts, only to find empty right barrels respond to the snap. Apparently we did not reach the "knotty subjects," as the Colonel called them; but Pete was off on the wings of the wind toward the water's edge till, following the birds, he was lost in the mist. His keen eyes had seen a wounded bird flying with difficulty, and he knew it would drop ere long. Back he came on a canter with two big knots in his mouth, both heavy birds, wonderfully well fleshed for the season, and neither had been hit hard. A knowing dog that Pete!

"Whew!" gasped the Colonel. "I am getting hot even in this cold air. It makes me perspire just to see that dog work. I am going to sit down on this piece of timber awhile and rest my gun. You can go on."

Just on the very water's edge I came upon a dozen or more dowitchers, or red-breast snipe, making a breakfast among the barnacles and the periwinkles, and missed them with both barrels in some unaccountable way. The Colonel started up with renewed ardor and bagged one as they whirled by. They settled again only a few rods below, and there we got in some killing work, Withers dropping three when they got up and I taking four a moment after. The scattered survivors, few and frightened,

fluttered across the channel toward the Charles Island bar.

By this time the sun was well above the ridges and lit up the whole shore until we could apparently see for miles in the clear air and could mark in the distance birds feeding, birds flying, birds resting. Sandpipers, curlews, tattlers, singly or in pairs, or in flocks of hundreds, flitted hither and yon. The playful terns, far out beyond them, frolicked in the sunlight, pursuing and again pursued by a solitary osprey, diving and dodging and darting—mere flecks of white against the dark green.

"Do you see those sanderlings just lighting under the clay bluff?" called Withers some time later as we wended our way along the sand. "Well, it's a large bunch, and I am going over to raise them. Come on!" So off we set, floundering through the little ponds and slipping across the intervening patches of mud till we came to hard sand and good footing along close under the bluff. When we were not more than twenty yards away, they all straggled up by twos and threes. I barely got in my two shots, but Withers reloaded in time to drive at the rear detachment twice more with deadly effect, both of us counting eight out of that flurry.

We overtook them again and killed one at every shot, reloaded and missed entirely in the wild hurry to save time. Some curlews went whistling past, and Withers almost looked glum with disappointment at not being loaded. They never stopped, but bore on across the channel and settled down on the bar. "Let's go up to the canoe and lunch under a sail; this seems so infernally hot," proposed Withers—"and after a bite '—t' and a swallow," I providently added, interrupting, "we'll go over to the bar. Everything is taking wings in that direction."

For two hours or more we lounged under the awning, and the sun burned down on the sand, and then a hurrying flock of spotted sandpipers or "tip ups" glimmered past, heading for the island, and that aroused the Colonel. "Hurry up, old boy; let's run this craft across the flat and launch her now—the tide is coming in fast!" he cried with a grab at the painter while I pushed at the stern.

We slid her over the shingle and into

the water, while I coaxed the rebellious Pete aboard. Pete is no sea-dog, and he knows his weak point. Once well in, my gun in hand, I watched Withers lay his down, and all at once—whang! whang! and both barrels went off at a stray plover overhead, while whang! whang! went the Colonel's round head against the thwart, and his gun-muzzle was thrust into the mud.

With great labor I unsnarled him from the coils of rope and pieces of twine in the bottom of the canoe, and taking charge of his gun, bade him paddle for dear life.

Our boat had barely grated on the gravel of the bar, when the Colonel snatched his gun and let go right and left at something pretty nearly in line with my ear, I judged, from the deafening whiz. Then he yelled in glee, "A pair of ruffs—bagged both!" Pete, as if to atone for his recent land-lubberly attack of seasickness, plunged in and brought the birds to us in grand style.

A lonely blue-stocking, the first of its kind I had seen in many a year, stood motionless by a bed of rock-weed, where he had been feeding. He rose, and I captured him with the second barrel. A beauty he was, too, when Pete bore him to me—a big white fellow, with cinnamon on his head and neck, ashy-gray on tail, and wings of blue-black. His long legs were of dull, lustrous blue, whence his name. This wader, a relative of the European avocet, and extremely rare on the eastern coast, particularly North, is common on the alkaline lands of the West, notably in the Yellowstone region.

Pete, unobserved, rushed off ahead and flushed some turnstones, one of which by merest accident turned in the Colonel's direction and was shot. The others disappeared up the island, to be seen no more, and Pete received a thrashing, which he took with unqualified approval, wagging his tail with great appreciation at each whack.

The tide was coming in so fast now, we forsook the bar and followed up to the island itself, about an acre in extent, rocky and high, except at one end, where on low ground a dismantled house stood. South of the ruins, in a marsh, was a little muddy pond surrounded by cat-tails and rushes. Thither we took our way through long, clinging grass, and

peering through the bushes and sedge, saw hundreds of birds feeding around the edge. There were kill-deer and golden plover, bullheads, a pair of stilts, peeps and godwits without number, and piping plover and a horde of willets. Hardly had we gained the place when the willets, the sentinels of the shore, raised an unearthly tumult. They woke the whole swamp with piercing calls; a hoarse bittern in the bog chimed in, and pandemonium reigned.

In the midst of this we opened fire, and while the frightened denizens wildly circled in uncertain flight around us, we loaded and reloaded many times. The air was blue with smoke, and quivered with the shrill cries of the willets, the scared whistle of the plover, the squeaking call of sandpipers, and, over all, the thunder of the guns.

Slowly the smoke cleared, and Pete dashed in to garner the harvest of death. From every tussock of swamp-grass, from bog and brake, from the osiers and cat-tails, he brought them in. They were floating in the pond, lying on its muddy margin, struggling in the brambles hard by. Pete, with a wisdom born of many years afieid, retrieved the slightly wounded first, then the hard-hit, leaving the killed for the last. We fell to and helped gather them in ourselves, laying them in a pile on the bank, a mass of lovely color. Fawn, buff, tan, chestnut, cinnamon, rusty brown and olive, blended with white, pale lemon, sulphur, ash, drab, silver, gray, steel blue and black, flashed in the sunlight from fallen crests and folded wings, and dabbled over all the fatal flecks of crimson.

One by one the Colonel laid them down, and as he finished called "Sixty-eight!" Slowly the game was carried down to the canoe and packed under the seats; the guns were stowed in, and Pete persuaded to embark. The tide was way up now, and a brisk wind from the southwest drove us in, raising the white caps around us. Past the oyster-boats at anchor, and over the sunken "Sou'west Ledge," round the rough stone breakwater where the current boiled and eddied, past the low-lying huts on the shore, we glided with our beautiful birds in the bow, and faithful, tired old Pete with paws on the guns fast asleep.

HARRY'S CAREER AT YALE.

BY JOHN SEYMOUR WOOD.

CHAPTER XXXIX.



“OLD Christmas with his hoary beard” saw our hero at home in the comfortable New York house in West Thirty-sixth street. Clara Hastings was at New Haven with her aunt, and perhaps would find time to answer the letter he had written during Christmas vacation. How anxiously he inquired every day at home if a letter had come for him!

At last one day his mother asked:

“Do you expect a letter from Ella Gerhart?”

“No.”

“What has become of her?”

“She’s out West somewhere in a theatrical troupe with her sister.”

“She has never written you?”

“No; but she has sent me half a dozen programmes at different opera-houses and theaters, with her name in the cast.”

“Who do you expect is going to write you, Harry?”

“Oh, I don’t know.”

“Tell me——”

“I wrote to her first, at Farmington.”

“Tell me her name. Of course, Miss Stout doesn’t want her girls corresponding with every one.”

“Mother, am I—*every one*?—Clara Hastings said once she didn’t dislike me. I told her I was bound to write. I didn’t care *what* she did about it. I wrote her after I visited Jack at Farmington. That was over three weeks ago. She hasn’t answered it.”

“Of course she won’t.”

“But my letter was very formal. I just told her that I hoped I would see her in New York this vacation. She’s in New Haven now, you know.”

“Where did you first meet her, Harry?”

“On the Caswells’ yacht. Mrs. Caswell introduced us.”

Mrs. Chestleton appeared mollified. “Of course it’s *some* one you young fellows are eternally after,” she laughed; “and I’m glad it’s a lady this time. Is she pretty, Harry?”

“She’s—the prettiest girl at Farmington!”

His mother kissed him.

“She is Miss Stout’s especial favorite.”

“So was I in my day.”

His sister Kitty, coming in at the moment, the conversation changed to other matters.

Kitty Chestleton had shot up into a tall, healthy young girl, without the slightest touch of sentiment and with the greatest desire to tease any one who could be convicted of having any. She held a square envelope in her hand provokingly. Harry could see it had a monogram on the back. The handwriting was large and very straight, up and down. His heart stood still as Kitty laughingly held the letter high in her hand, then thrust it behind her.

“It’s from a girl—I’m sure it is,” she cried; “and I think mamma and I ought to read it first. Don’t you, mamma?”

Harry tried to appear indifferent. “Mother, don’t you think Kitty is getting too old for this sort of thing?” he said, getting a little angry. “Let me have it,” he added; “it’s probably a notice about something or other. Is it from New Haven?”

“You shan’t know!” and Kitty, to tease him beyond endurance, lit a match, as if to burn his letter to ashes. He sprang up and made a dash for her, but Kitty was too quick for him.

* * * * *

Having captured the letter, Harry retired into his room and locked the door in order to devour its contents in peace and quietude.

CHAPTER XL.

VERY little comfort the letter gave him! It was couched in that cold, formal, stilted style a young lady can reduce herself to when desiring to be particularly impressive. "She had not written in reply to his very kind letter in Farmington, because she had been so very busy with her music." . . . "It had been very gay in New Haven during the holidays. The De Lanceys had given a grand ball, and two hundred people were there. She had met a 'Mr. Davis,' of Umpty-four, and liked him very much. She had danced with him three times." This piece of startling information was underscored, as if to impress Harry, but it only made him full of wrath.

"She's always throwing some other fellow at me!" he cried, "when she *must* know a man can't stand it. What does she think a man is made of?"

* * * * *

When he got back to college for winter term he waited exactly four weeks before replying to her letter. His letter gave Clara Hastings a graphic account of the gayeties. It brought a long reply inside of a week, couched in most motherly terms, and urging him to study harder and give up "foolish amusements" and "trifling nonsense," etc. Harry flattered himself he was beginning to understand girls pretty well.

The winter term opened with our hero in a state of the blues, which he could not throw off for some time. Jack's absence was depressing. Clara Hastings had intimated to him that she would prefer that their correspondence should cease, and he could only mope about now and think what a wretched existence was open to him. Jack wrote to him to run down and see them on the Housatonic River, but somehow he did not exactly care to be amused by anything.

The return to college of Caswell and Jack some time before the winter term ended enlivened things somewhat. But winter term is always dull. The sophs were in the throes of Demosthenes' orations on the crown. Tutor Blakely, a devoted Greek scholar, a man who seemed to thrill with the old Athenian life, tried to make something more of the tiresome recitations than any one whom the class of Umpty-four had yet been under.

Grannis returned from the West, after a three weeks' absence, in a very cheery frame of mind. His business affairs were prospering to a very great degree. But, better than all, he had seen Ella Gerhart in Cincinnati, and she had yielded to his persuasions sufficiently to promise to leave the stage when her engagement was up. He told Harry that she was more beautiful than ever; that she sang and danced so that men were bewitched who saw her.

He never confided in Harry to the extent of telling him whether he and Ella had come to any definite understanding. Harry inferred that she had been unwilling to say anything very definite. Grannis told him something about the Gerhart Electric Light Company, however, which surprised him. "A capitalist in Cleveland, Ohio, has put in \$20,000," he said, "and the Gerharts move there next week. If Papa Gerhart succeeds, he'll be ten times a millionaire. Sure!"

"Then Ella won't be such a bad match, after all!" said Harry.

"Do you think I care for her money?" growled Grannis. "I'd marry her if she came to me penniless!"

Harry looked at him admiringly a moment. They were in Harry's room, just after noon recitation, and were meditating a stroll over to the fence. Grannis was seated on the window-cushions, and as the day was warm in the sun the window was open. Everything pointed to spring. The grass below them was endeavoring to paint itself in a living green. Our hero had seen a little of society and of many girls during the term, and Ella Gerhart, and those jolly Bohemian hours of freshman year passed with her, now seemed very far away. He wondered now why he had looked at her twice. Visions of another face, a finer mind, a deeper nature, came to him as he thought of Clara Hastings. He even pitied Grannis for caring so much for that pretty, light, *tête de linnette* Ella. "But," he reflected, "Grannis is *Western*." And there was no accounting for tastes.

Thus the long winter term ended, Jack and Caswell slipping off every Sunday to Stratford and their beloved Housatonic River. What they could see there Harry couldn't imagine.

Easter came in New York with its white lilies, its gorgeous bonnets, its fine new costumes. Easter came, and with it — happiness for Harry.

CHAPTER XLI.

“MR. CHESTLETON! Mr. Chestleton!”

Harry and Jack, dressed in the very “latest,” were sauntering down Fifth avenue, laughing and talking in the easy manner of college lads off on a holiday, when they heard his name called.

A stylish brougham drove up to the sidewalk, drawn by a pair of neat little gray cobs with jingling harness. Clara Hasting’s beautiful face was at the window.

A richly dressed lady sat by Clara’s side, who was presented as “Mrs. Hargreave.”

“I’m spending Easter with Bessie Hargreave,” said Clara to Harry. “I saw you go past. Oh, Mr. Rives, you look so swell I really shouldn’t have known you!”

“Even *you* are not wearing a red Tam o’ Shanter on Fifth avenue!” laughed Jack, admiring her great and truly magnificent spring hat. “Tell me,” he added with deliberate intention, “are you going to the theater to-night; if so, which one; I want to avoid it?”

“What I wished to stop and say was,” and Clara glanced at a number of people passing, “that I am at No. 1111 Fiftieth street, West—will you not call?”

Harry, who had hardly spoken a word, blurted out, “Can’t I take you to church next Sunday—Easter, you know—anywhere you say?”

Clara looked down. “Come to-morrow night,” she whispered; “we’ll talk it over.” Then she bowed; Mrs. Hargreave laughed and bowed, and the brougham rapidly started off up Fifth avenue.

* * * * *

Easter morning was bright and fair, as it usually is in the “gayest city of the western hemisphere,” and since Clara Hastings had promised him to go down to old Trinity for morning service, could anything be more delightful? Harry’s good mother was a little disappointed that he was not going to church with her and Kitty.

Clara was waiting for him in the reception-room of the richly decorated Hargreave mansion. She was a vision of light, pretty, spring colors, her hat something very large and—bewildering. Beneath it her lovely dark eyes looked

up demurely with a saint-like air of a young *religieuse*. She was putting on her gloves, and her ivory-covered, dainty little prayer-book, with its gold clasps and gold cross, lay in her lap.

He had the suspicion, without knowing it, that Bessie Hargreave had just left the room as he entered. He thought he heard a faint rustling of her dress on the stairs.

“Bessie thinks it’s *perfectly* dreadful for me to go off to church alone with a young man,” said Clara, “but I promised you, Mr. Chestleton, and whenever I make a promise—”

And instantly she rose, and they went out down the high stoop to the street.

Out of the house, the fresh coolness of the morning air, the sight of several sweet young girls going with their fathers and mothers to church, restored Clara Hasting’s mental balance. They had to walk a block or two to Fiftieth street, and they followed behind three pretty young girls and their mamma.

“Poor girls!” laughed Harry.

“Why?”

“Oh, see the queer hats and queer gowns they have to wear to be in the fashion! The hats—the slightest wind will carry them off to the top of yonder building! and—well, I pity you girls—but—”

“But—you are going to say it is all very becoming?”

“Yes; you are made into pretty flowers—as if we could not love and admire you enough as you are!”

She gave him a bright glance. Many turned and looked at the charming girl. She had never seemed so lovely to Harry.

The day was so bright and fair, the street so full of gayly dressed churchgoers, that even the somber, stately, brown-stone palaces on either side seemed to smile. Flowers tinted every window. Swell little coupés passed them, the coachman and footman wearing little rosettes of violets. The grand, gloomy avenue could not help assuming a gayer, more good-natured aspect for the nonce.

They turned down Fiftieth street and presently his mother, in her quiet black, and Kitty, decked out in all the soft, pretty, spring, Easter colors, passed on the other side. His mother bowed and put up her lorgnette.

“Mercy, how that lady stares!” was Clara’s comment.



EASTER MORNING.

"I have always wanted to see Charlotte Temple's grave," said Clara. (p. 462.)

"That is my mother and sister."

"Oh—I—of course she stared—to see her son being carried off by a strange female!" and Clara laughed.

"Yes—completely carried away by the stranger!" he laughed.

"Well, she's very handsome—I like her face. She is so *good-looking*—"

"I want you to meet her."

Clara walked a little more rapidly. The ground was getting a little "slippery," and so she turned the subject.

Going up the elevated stairs she said, "I once said that you and I—could be friends if you beat Harvard next June—"

"And enemies if we don't?"

"There are several very nice Harvard men in Cleveland—"

"Ah, yes! but you're a Yale girl—double-dyed. You had a brother at Yale, and I know you never could bring yourself to look at a Harvard man twice!"

Harry felt less tongue-tied with her to-day for some reason. All the way down to Rector street they talked and laughed, forgetful that any one was overhearing them. Very young people only become absorbed in this way. When they grow older they become aware that people are within hearing. It is true they felt an exhilaration in each other's presence. How does love begin? Is it not when thought matches thought, and ideas spring into existence, never dreamed of before, under the magic of pretty eyes?

They were a little early, and so obtained very good seats far up before the beautiful altar. In the great church a reverent feeling took possession of them. The solemn air of the old beadles dressed in English fashion, the simple poor folk filing into the side aisles, the grandees invading the pews on all sides in the middle aisle, the splendid roll of the great organ as it began the preliminary music, then the masses of pure white lilies piled high over the choir, made them forget each other in the reverent, thrilling sense that they were in God's holy temple upon one of the most glorious festal days of the Church. Clara knelt at his side, and he felt that as she prayed he was in her thoughts. The subtle perfume which came from her mingled with the scent of the church flowers, and his heart thrilled with feeling as they stood up at the entrance of

the clergy and choristers. After the splendid full cathedral choir service they went slowly out, and wandered in the quaint old burying-ground which points its quiet lesson opposite Wall street and the great stock-gambling centers of America. Jotted down between high buildings, the old graves reared their headstones in simple rows, many of them fast falling into decay and becoming indecipherable.

"I have always wanted to see Charlotte Temple's grave," said Clara, her eyes filled with a sweet enthusiasm, the result of the music and the service. Harry followed her about in silence until she paused before a simple flat stone containing the name and date of death of the famous love-stricken girl. What the tomb of Avelard and Heloise is to Paris Charlotte Temple's grave is to New York—the Mecca of lovers. Harry had never heard of it, and on their way home Clara told him the sad story as she had read of it.

"A man who would make a poor, defenseless girl love him and then desert her deserves—"

He stopped short. A cloud came over his face. Had *he* behaved so very honorably with Ella Gerhart? Was it for *him*, of all men, to judge harshly the whole race?

"Some girls are not so defenseless," sighed Clara. "Men may be ever so manly, but a girl may flirt and lead them on. It is all in the way one is brought up. Oh, dear! (she turned suddenly to Harry as they sat in the elevated car) I hope I never said anything to you—to lead *you* on."

"No!" he laughed; "I just follow along at my own gait."

When Harry returned home his mother greeted him with a kiss. "She's a raving beauty," she said; "I'll say *that* for her, Harry."

"Well—she's just as good as beautiful," he replied rather sadly. "But she don't care a rap for me, nor for any one. Mother," he added after a pause, "I wouldn't want *her* to know about Ella Gerhart. She would think me an awful wretch."

"Is she then such a terrible little puritan?" mused his mother. "She has such charming color—such eyes! Kitty is in raptures over her. My boy, I hope she's good; remember beauty is but skin-deep!"

CHAPTER XLII.

ONE night soon after Harry's return to college Grannis came and sat in his window in the moonlight. "I stopped at the post office," he said—"I have a private box—as I came past, although it was after twelve. I found a letter from old Father Gerhart at Cleveland. The business promises great things, Harry. I'm glad I lent him the money—but—"

"What's the matter?"

He knew instinctively that there was something wrong about Ella.

"Well—Gerhart writes they haven't heard a word from Ella for ten days, and she always wrote her mother every two or three days. She isn't with her sister, but is in a 'comedy company,' and was playing in Chicago. Harry, I am afraid something has happened to that girl. Her father said her letters were very melancholy."

Harry moved uneasily where he sat. Grannis—great, strong man that he was, and in perfect training on the 'varsity for the great races at Saratoga—began to walk to and fro in the college room in a state of deep anxiety.

"*By God!*" he cried; "if she's gone wrong, it's *your* fault!" The moon poured in its white beams across the window-sill, where Harry sat in silence holding Stamp's ugly mug in his hands. Grannis was in his 'varsity cap and blazer, and under his white flannel sweater, with its huge blue "Y," his heart bounded as it never did in a great race. His "strength was as the strength of ten;" his honest face was knit with an awful strain. Harry heard his words—and wondered. It was the first time Grannis had accused him of any wrong to Ella. Why did the keen Westerner jump to such a conclusion now? His face was full of amazement as Harry, rising, retorted:

"My fault? I treated her always as a gentleman should, and while I was crazy over her for a while, yet I always respected her—you must know that, Gran, if you know me. And now—it is all over."

Grannis shook his hand silently. "Harry, I was engaged to a girl who died. I thought I loved *her*, but I never knew what love was until I saw Ella. It is a fierce passion which burns within me. It crazes me. I am not fit to row

on the 'varsity. I can't study. I am of a thousand minds each day. You know I'm twenty-eight years old—I've been in the world making my own way since I was fourteen—this quiet college life seems small to me. I would have left college at Christmas and gone out into the electric light business with old Gerhart. He wants me to come now to Cleveland. To-morrow, if I find by telegram there is any trouble about Ella, I shall leave for the West. I don't care what Bob Clark says—Jack Rives is a good bow, and they can readjust the crew easily without me, and the dear boy can get his heart's desire. I am going where she is—to find her if I have to go to Alaska—I shall bring her back safe—and—and if she is not married I shall kill—the man—who has—"

"But why do you assume such a thing?"

Grannis shuddered. "I don't know—oh, I can't tell!" he groaned.

Harry then proceeded to confide his own woes, and Grannis, as he heard Harry's confession of his love for Clara, assumed a more and more cheerful aspect. He brightened up at last, and said:

"Then Ella is no longer—"

"My dear fellow—*that's* over!"

"I thought she wrote you."

"No."

"Sends you play-bills?"

"Oh, well—not often."

"You don't care for her?"

"Yes—I want to look out for her—for *her own good!*"

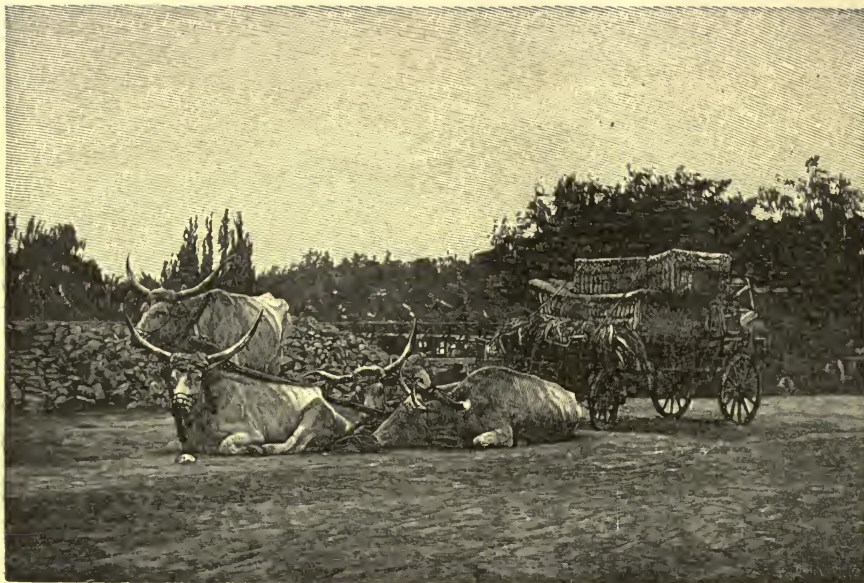
Grannis seized his hand and wrung it nearly off.

"Take care—I want to pitch another Harvard game," laughed Harry.

Grannis went out softly, looked back, said "Good-night—see you before I go—if I go—to-morrow."

The honest Westerner went upstairs to his old South Middle room with a lighter heart. Both these young offshoots of the East and the West thought a great deal more of each other, after that midnight conversation, than ever before.

But the next morning Grannis came in hurriedly with a telegram in his hand. He packed his valise and left on the noon train for New York. Ella Gerhart had not been heard from, and so Jack Rives obtained his heart's desire. He pulled on the year's 'varsity.



A REST BY THE WAY.

FROM THE GERMAN OCEAN TO THE BLACK SEA.

BY THOMAS STEVENS

Concluded.

MY reconnaissance of the Iron Gate from the shore had convinced me that I should have to watch the tide carefully for my most favorable opportunity, and the critical moment beheld the *Julia* adrift on the flood, her captain standing, paddle in hand, keeping her bow foremost, and occasionally scanning the prospect ahead through a pair of glasses. It looked decidedly threatening, and the air was filled with the roar of the rapids ahead. Masses of white-caps could be seen angrily leaping up here and there, and the downward slope of the water was as evident to the eye as a gradient on land. The defile here is a mile and a half long, and the fall sixteen feet. The high water was favorable for a safe descent, as all but a few of the highest points of rock on the sunken ridges were probably submerged deep enough to allow the *Julia* to pass safely over.

"Probably"—yes; but her captain knew nothing about it positively, nor had

the remotest idea of the regular channel. However, the die was cast, and, safe or unsafe, the little launch was now in the grasp of the giant flood, which hurried it down at galloping speed toward a leaping, curling line of tumultuous water. It seemed like the very jaws of the furious river opened wide, and with eager white fangs leaping for the prey that was coming helplessly toward it. Safety very plainly depended on keeping the *Julia* from turning broadside on to the enemy, for in that position it was very evident she would be swamped in the first line of breakers.

The current seemed like some malignant demon of the deep trying to twist her round by her keel and deliver her over to the fury of the rapids; and most frantically did I have to ply the paddle to prevent the consummation of this mischief. Into it she charged—"charged" is the word—and for a moment struggled and battled against the desperate odds.

As she struck the line I crouched low in the center. A blinding mass of spray and water half smothered me, and the next moment the *Julia* emerged into smoother water and rushed on with increasing velocity to the next encounter. Her captain was drenched, and she had shipped several buckets of water. Not a moment's thought, however, could be spared for either, for a second barrier of leaping waves was, apparently, rushing upon us, and the treacherous "sea-puss" beneath was twisting at her keel to bring her to it broadside on. Hundreds of workmen lined the shore, working at improvements to confine the water and make it deeper at this point; and a hurried glance at them showed that all had paused in their labor and were absorbed in the sight of the little boat bearing the American flag, struggling so gallantly in the rapids.

With incredible swiftness the *Julia* plunged into and through one angry ride of breakers after another, shipping water and drenching her passenger at every charge. Finally she seemed to be bearing down directly on the rocks that rose above the waters at one point in midstream. She swerved, however, and cleared it by several feet, and dashed into the area of whirlpools at the end of the defile. Here, half filled with water,

round and round and drew her stem down, as though with a strong, living hand, almost to the level of the water. More than once it really seemed as if the suction would drag her, already weighted as she was with water, stem downmost beneath the flood. At last, however, the whirlpools flung her from them as a toy they had played with long enough, and she drifted on into the calm, safe waters of the Roumanian plain.

It had all happened in so brief a time that one had small chance to weigh the extent of the danger, until it was all over. One's instinct, however, is an infallible judge on such occasions. As the *Julia* reached the smooth water below the Iron Gate I had no doubt that I had just passed through one of the most dangerous and, perhaps, foolhardy adventures of a life of adventure in many parts of the world. The foolhardiness consisted in attempting the rapids without a pilot; for it is probable that there is no great danger in making the passage, even in so small a boat as the *Julia*, to local boatmen acquainted with the channel.

But now the Iron Gate's passage was behind, and before me was the broad, smooth Danube, winding its placid way across the great cis-Carpathian plains to



BREAD-VENDING — RUSTCHUK.

the gallant little launch was assailed by these new foes. They drew her in, despite all I could do, and spun her

the Black Sea. A breeze was blowing, and with sail

hoisted, the *Julia* sped through the waters as though hastening from the scene of her tumultuous experiences. I baled her out and changed clothes, and soon, under the influence of sun and wind, all was once more snug and comfortable aboard. My field-glasses were in constant requisition, for objects of interest were on every hand.

At Turn Severin, a progressive Roumanian town, are the piers of a Roman bridge that once spanned the Danube. They are quite massive monuments, one on either side of the river. Peasants, in the costumes that are supposed to have changed but little since the days of Trajan's conquests, were stretched at lazy length in the shadow of the ruins. The stubborn conservatism of these sons of the soil seemed, indeed, to link them to the ancient past with these appropriate associations. In the villages on either shore were barelegged women and children, and white-clad men in rude dugout boats—surely, too, these were Dacian scenes.

At midday groups of bathers were frequently passed. All the toilers in the fields seemed to spend their nooning disporting in the water. The Danube seemed to me to be as much to them, and a part of their lives, as "Mother Ganges" is to the Hindoos. The women and girls had their own bathing spots, near which no member of the opposite sex was allowed to intrude—so curiously different from what I had seen in Russia, where the women seemed to care very little about being seen. Here, at the sight of a man in the distance, or a passing boat, the women would give utterance to peculiar shrill calls of warning: "Hal-loo-loo-loo!" which could be plainly heard by me when miles away, owing, I suppose, to the telephonic properties of the water.

Now, also, at every village the river was studded with long rows of floating gourds—buoys that marked long lengths of fish-lines and hooks for the catching of sturgeon, numbers of which are taken in the Danube as far up as the region about Mohacs. Flour-mills were now less numerous than above the Iron Gates, and consequently less a source of trouble.

A new annoyance, however, had invaded the situation. All along the Roumanian shore, at intervals of a couple of kilometers, were small watch-houses, oc-

cupied by three soldiers and, usually, a dog. The houses were mostly little thatched huts perched on some point of rising ground, or, in marshy country, on an artificial mound, with a flagstaff for company. A feature of a day's run was to receive shouting challenges from these vigilant sentinels, who, unable to make me out, naturally suspected me of being a smuggler or a spy.

The first evening after the Iron Gates the air was so lovely and the full moon so enchanting that I drifted on whilst getting supper, and delayed seeking anchorage until pretty late. I then paddled to the nearest shore, which happened to be the Roumanian. From the bluff, at the foot of which I sought haven for the night, rang out a challenge; and a soldier with a bayoneted gun was dimly discernible in the moonlight. Two soldiers hurried down to the beach. After some time spent in explanation and parleying for permission to sleep in my boat, as usual, I gave it up. The soldiers would consent to nothing I proposed. Unless I came ashore and spent the night under guard, I could not stay on the Roumanian side of the river. They exhibited a small book of regulations, in which, they explained, were explicit rules for their guidance, and they, being soldiers, had no option but to obey them.

This was reason enough for their obstinacy; so yielding with as good grace as possible, I accompanied them ashore, and we were soon on very good terms. They were the usual dark-skinned, half-civilized fellows that form the rank and file of the Balkan armies. They were intelligent and not without the rudiments of an education, yet barbarians in manners, looks and habits. At night the two who were off duty merely stretched themselves on the ground, with their overcoats for a bed. Their hut was a rude affair—the "shack" of the Montana woodchopper—the furniture of which was a small rude table, stools, and bunks for sleeping on in winter. Uniforms were ragged and dirty, and guns and bayonets anything but clean and bright. I gave them cigars, which they tried to smoke without biting off the end. They were quite ignorant of the use of the weed in this form, though all smoked self-rolled cigarettes.

We were opposite the Servian town of Brza Palanka, and from earliest dawn

the air was full of "war's loud alarms" in the form of bugling and drumming, drumming and bugling. And as the *Julia* glided down to renew her journey the streets were seen to be full of marching troops, on whose gleaming bayonets the morning sunbeams danced. Valiant, indeed, as to drums and fifes and martial pomp, are these bantam kingdoms of the Balkans. Moreover, just as the smallest bantam in the farm-yard crows the loudest and oftenest, so is the war-like noise and display apt to be more in evidence in the littler and more insignificant kingdoms.

At Radujevas, the last Servian village before crossing the Bulgarian frontier, was obtained the best wine of any point on the Danube. It was of rich orange tint, of most delicate flavor and bouquet, and cost one franc a liter.

Just over the Bulgarian frontier I was, toward sunset, sailing smoothly along, when another of the sudden and violent wind-storms for which the lower Danube is famous swooped down and all but capsized the launch. In an instant, almost, the river was rough as a sea, churned into white-caps four feet high. At the imminent risk of snapping the mast or upsetting the boat, I kept the sail up and raced close up under the gale for the shelter of a huge rock on the lee shore. There was no making the rock, however, so I was forced to bring up on a low, pebbly beach. The wind was followed by a severe thunderstorm, which lasted all night. Under a bank near by I found a dry spot large enough to curl up in, and there passed a comfortless night. About 2 A. M. I was awakened by a horseman. He was the Bulgarian patrol, riding over his beat along the river, the Bulgarians having adopted the system of mounted patrols instead of the lines of stationary pickets, such as extend around the frontiers of Roumania.

This man was a sensible fellow; but on the following day, at Widdin, the police were abnormally troublesome. As I approached the landing two policemen followed along and stood waiting to receive me, if not with open arms, at least with open suspicion. One watched the *Julia* whilst the other took me in tow and landed me at the police-station.

"Passporte!"

None could read or speak English, nor could they make head nor tail of an American passport. I had landed for

dinner. It took two hours for my persecutors to satisfy themselves that I was all right, and then only after searching the city and finding an individual who knew English. Under his chaperonage they then allowed me to get something to eat, also—with a condescending smile as though conferring a great favor—to buy provisions for the boat. Policemen then escorted me to the *Julia*, and watched me till I was a mile away from the wretched jumble of decaying mosques, tumble-down houses and awful streets, known as Widdin.

"It's Prince Ferdinand," explained the English-speaking Bulgar in confidence. "They were not half so suspicious and particular before the kidnaping of Prince Alexander."

Violent storms were now of daily occurrence—always about sunset. Again, near sundown, the western sky presented as wild and angry an aspect as I had seen for many a long day. Plainly a wind-storm, worse than anything yet experienced, was sweeping down from the Carpathians, whose sierra formed an irregular wall across the sky. With what breeze there was, I endeavored to make the shelter of a wooded island a mile or two ahead before the storm should break. The *Julia* was overtaken, however, and again, with bent pole and fiercely straining canvas, I was compelled to scurry for the nearest land. Another night of violent commotion, with the waves driving fiercely against the boat, was spent—a wild night of thunder, lightning and rain. In the morning I found that the anchor had dragged, and the *Julia* had driven on to a mud-bank, where she had rocked and worked until she was half embedded in it.

The day following was, not even excepting the day of the passage of the Iron Gates, the most memorable of the cruise. All morning the wind blew a gale, which increased at times to a fierceness that made it risky to carry sail. The wind sweeps over these Cis-Carpathian plains almost as uninterrupted as at sea, and under its fury the Danube, especially where it is broad and full of shallows, rises into billows of such dimensions as to be perilous for a small boat. With straining sail the little *Julia* bounded along at wonderful speed through water that seemed like a storm at sea.

About noon an unusually violent blast snapped my mast in two, and left me rolling violently in the trough of the waves and drifting broadside on, with wind and current toward the shore. The mast was spliced and the sail

Barges and rafts were driven aground on reefs and islands as by a hurricane at sea, and, ashore, the willows rocked and swayed as though anxious to tear loose from the earth and escape from the wrath of the storm. Through it all



ON THE THRESHING FLOOR.

rigged up again with no little difficulty in time to sheer off from the shore; but an hour later it was swept overboard again, and the *Julia* was, despite my utmost endeavors, driven ashore.

In a trice the waves rolled her over and half filled her with water, whilst I, springing overboard, stood armpit-deep in the river and struggled to keep her clear of the bottom and, at the same time, splice the broken mast. Clothes, blankets, books, food—everything was afloat in the lockers or the half-filled hold. After an hour or so of hard fighting, in which shins were scraped and many bruises inflicted by the unceasing assaults of the enemy on the launch, I managed to get her off and again hoist sail; then, as she struggled on, baled her out, and again was bounding along before the storm at a ten-mile pace. It was, forsooth, a screaming day—such a sea as I had never dreamed of or thought possible in connection with a river.

the *Julia* raced and plunged, only occasionally shipping the curl of a wave; and when, about sunset, the gale had blown itself out, a glance at my map told me that I had covered more than a hundred miles since morning.

Next day the Danube was as smooth as a mirror. The big river seemed as moody and capricious as a spoiled child. It and I had been companions now day and night for more than a month, and I was beginning to take an interest in its vagaries, as one takes an interest in the varying tempers of a human comrade. Yesterday, un governable rage; to-day, the unnatural serenity of the reaction; to-morrow, itself again, normally amiable and companionable; but always, in whatever mood it happens to be in—smiles or anger, steadfast or capricious—resistlessly moving on to the tomb of the sea, like a human life to the oblivion of the inevitable grave.

Busy grain-shipping ports now began

to be a feature of the Roumanian shore. The commercial enterprise of western Europe, chiefly England, is responsible for a number of surprisingly busy wharves along this part of the Danube. Scores of huge barges and steamers, as well as sailing vessels, were alongside the wharves, and ashore were hundreds of teams and wagons in long files waiting their turns for unloading wheat. The grain is taken down to Braila or Galatz, where it is transferred to sea-going vessels. The barges are towed up-stream in long strings by steamers; the sailing vessels, mostly Greek, Italian and Turkish, make their way slowly up with favorable winds. A curious sight is to see big three-masted schooners, with all sails set, hundreds of miles inland. Oftentimes a dozen of them may be in view at once, apparently scattered widely about the plain, owing to

the tortuous path of the river on these broad levels.

These lower reaches of the Danube are studded with numerous islands, which are the foraging grounds of herds of half-wild buffalo. These huge animals, so clumsy and uncouth on land, swim across the river from island to island on the mainland with the greatest of ease, moving along in the flood as complacently as though their feet were on the bottom. At times the *Julia* passed through a herd, when they would calmly make way for her as a drove of cattle on a road make way for a wagon.

One evening I tied up for the night to a clump of overhanging willows on a small island in mid-stream, my favorite camping spot. Near by I noticed a fish-line tied to one of the willows. It was moving, and, pulling it up, I discovered a large hook baited with a live fish the



THE WATER-PEDDLER.

size of a herring. The hook was passed through the back, and the wretched captive paddled feebly round and round, a tempting snare for the first large fish that might come along.

In the morning the crew of the *Julia*, hungry for fish, was not equal to the temptation held out in the shape of a fine young sterlet that had fallen prey to his voracity in the night. Nor did I deem it worth while to wait indefinitely for the fisherman to put in his appearance, though greatly tempted to conceal the *Julia*, and from a willow thicket witness the effect on the superstitious Bulgar fisherman as he pulled up his hook and discovered thereon, instead of a finny captive, a silk handkerchief containing the market price of a fine young sterlet. The incident will probably revive any waning belief in miracles that may be sapping the medieval superstitions of the peasants in that particular locality.

On the following day I reached the city of Rustchuk, the most important of the Bulgarian ports on the Danube. Among the polyglot crowd of curious Oriental types that collected on the wharf to greet the *Julia*, I recognized the familiar face and costume of a Persian tobacco merchant. Hadji Mehmed was sincerely delighted to meet a Ferenghi who could swap simple sweetness with him in his native Iranee, and who had met in his own country prominent Persians whom he knew. During a halt of four days in Rustchuk the Hadji's snug little tobacco shop near the wharf was often my refuge from the heat of the day.

Rustchuk is the principal river port of the Bulgarian navy, if the few small tubs they own are entitled to be so called. There are also several dry-docks, in which native ships were undergoing repair. These dry-docks were probably invented before the flood. They consist of ditches cut in the beach, into which the vessels are floated; the river is then dammed out; and, as the imprisoned water soaks away, or is bucketed out, the vessel settles down on rude supports and props. When repaired, the water is again admitted to float it out.

Pleasant and profitable days were spent in Rustchuk. Here also was the ubiquitous character of the American missionary verified in the persons of the excellent Mr. C—— and wife, and the

usual number of offspring allotted to these chosen ones of Israel. I owe them the kindly remembrance of courtesies extended, not the least being assistance in obtaining permission for me to visit the summer camp of the Bulgarian garrison of Rustchuk.

We went together across the river to Giurgevo, in Roumania, to visit the great annual festival of St. Mary's, the largest peasant holiday of the year. The country people flocked in to the number of twenty thousand. They were the gayest and most spectacular crowd imaginable. In the matter of colors and finery they looked more like an opera-comique "mob" than mere sons and daughters of the soil.

I crossed, in the *Julia*, the missionaries by the regular ferry. In the evening they returned to Rustchuk, whilst I replenished the lockers of the launch with cooked provisions, delicious melons and grapes, and dropped down-stream some distance to my favorite camping spot—a willow island.

Below Giurgevo the frontier guards at the little stations on the river were more troublesome than ever. They now endeavored by shouts and menaces to bring me to shore, going through the motions of putting cartridges in their guns and ostentatiously taking aim at me to bring me to. There was no danger in their threats, however, for the Danube down here is an international waterway, as free to me as to a Roumanian, so long as I kept afloat. After they fell to menacing me with their guns, I amused myself and more than squared the account by pretending to paddle toward the Roumanian shore some distance below stations. This would entice them from their posts to follow me along, shouting threateningly and trying to head me off. After enticing them a mile or two, I would turn out, leaving them to return tired if not wiser men.

Finally, however, Silistria was passed and Bulgaria left behind. I was now in the Dobrudshas, with Roumanian territory on either shore. Then they had me! I ventured ashore at Ostrovni to replenish my store of grapes and melons.

"Passporte!"—and they kept me waiting for seven hours. Nobody seemed to take any further interest in me after getting possession of my passport, and putting one soldier to keep an eye on me and another one to watch the *Julia*.

Patience is not always a virtue, even in the East ; anyhow I exercised it for seven hours, then looked up the officials and began to make a noise. All seemed anxious to dodge the responsibility of either retaining or returning my passport. At length, however, I got possession of it, and waited not upon the order of my departure. They had detained me out of sheer stupidity and without the shadow of a right.

Here, however, began to be discernible in the people more of the spirit of civilization than farther up the Danube. The Roumanians are of Roman descent, and in their manners, no less than in speech and looks, they betray their Italian origin. They also have been longer free from the yoke of the Turk than either Serb or Bulgar ; moreover, owing to their favorable situation at the mouth of the Danube, they are in more intimate touch with the civilization of the western world.

At every port were now seen the flags of England, Greece, Turkey and Russia floating above the barges, and steamers engaged in transporting the newly gathered harvest of grain to Galatz.

During the last few days of the cruise the influence of the Black Sea was evident in the daily programme of the weather : a stiff breeze from the sea in the morning for an hour, then for the rest of the day the river, here varying in width from a third of a mile to a mile, would be smooth and reflective as a sea of glass.

On Sunday evening, August 29th, I passed Tchernavoda, but forty miles, as the crow flies, to the Black Sea. Here they were building a railway suspension

bridge, to be two hundred feet above the water, connecting the Tchernavoda and Kustendji Railway with a line to Bucharest.

My rendezvous for the night beyond Tchernavoda was among the interminable willow swamps of a low, flat country, as near to the Black Sea as Tchernavoda. Early in the evening vast flocks of water-fowl began to arrive from the sea to seek shelter for the night in the willows. I seemed to have anchored in their most favorite retreat, for they flapped and circled directly over my head in dense clouds, giving excited utterance to their peculiar cries. They kept it up for hours after dark, and long after I had turned in for the night their noises among the willows and the flapping of innumerable wings in darkness overhead were positively uncanny.

Here the Danube turns abruptly to the north and makes its way, with numberless curves and windings, through a vast, swampy tract to Braila. Between Braila and Galatz the surface of the river was again dotted with the rude buoys of native fishermen ; the floats now, however, were bundles of rushes instead of gourds. Every morning the fishermen, two in a boat, haul up the long lines and examine the hooks. As I paddled past I saw them take off sturgeons that seemed almost as large as they.

Galatz is but ten miles below Braila. I reached it on September 1st, two months and a half out from Hamburg. It was the end of the cruise of the *Julia*. In a few days I sold the gallant little boat to the captain of the *Caralus*, the commission steamer, and made my way back across Europe by rail.



REMINISCENCES OF IRISH SPORT.

IT does not always follow, but in the majority of cases it happens that a person who is devoted to the chase is also fond of the "gun." Such a man is never so happy as when he is swinging along with light, free and elastic step over the heather-clad hills, inhaling the deliciously bracing mountain air and watching with keenest interest the movements of his brace of setters.

I know of no prettier sight than a pair of purely bred and well-trained Irish setters, with heads well up and beautifully feathered tails whipping their flanks as they dash along the mountain side, crossing and recrossing with almost mathematical precision and regularity, until not a knoll, hillock or depression in which game could lie concealed is left unsearched.

And then to watch them when they come on the birds! How suddenly they stop as if paralyzed by some sudden shock! How earnestly and fixedly they gaze in the direction where the feathered beauties lie crouching in the deep heather! How cautiously and stealthily they drag themselves forward, crawling inch by inch, slowly and deliberately, their full, expressive eyes glowing with intelligent lustre, their lips, nostrils and limbs quivering with strong excitement, until they are satisfied that the long-sought quarry is located, when they drop rigid as stones.

I see no reason why American sportsmen should not become better acquainted with the many attractions of the "Green Isle." They must not expect to find prairies or mountains like the Rockies, or lakes of enormous area. Relatively everything is on a diminutive scale, but still sufficiently large to test the grit and staying powers of the most noted hunter that ever handled a rifle or threw a lasso in the pathless wilds of the West.

As some compensation, however, for the absence of large and dangerous game the mountains, moors, and bogs teem with grouse, snipe, duck, teal, plover, curlew, etc.; while the stubble and turnip fields and old pasture lands are always plentifully stocked with partridge. There is hardly one of these birds which will not be met with in the course of an ordinary day's shooting. And of all bags a mixed one is to my mind the best.

None but a true sportsman—a knight of the craft, one who thinks of it by day and dreams of it by night—can knock over the lordly pheasant as he shoots skyward like a rocket; the mallard, which rises with a frightened "quack;" the grouse, with their disconcerting whir, and the mocking, defiant crow of the old cock; the partridge, which spring into air with a bewildering noise, well calculated to unbalance the steadiest nerves, and last, but not least, the delicious snipe, that tidbit for a king.

How shall I describe his tortuous course, as he rises with a shrill cry of alarm almost from under your feet, shoots forward a few yards in a sort of corkscrew line, then suddenly and without any notice whatever makes a sharp and almost invisible turn to the right, then an equally embarrassing one to the left, followed by a series of short, progressive wriggles in no definite direction, and finally with a derisive, scornful cry speeds away to safety?

In the season there are any number of woodcock. It is well known that in many covers full twenty brace a day have fallen to a single gun. What a splendid bird he is to shoot! Round, plump and fat, he forms a dish of rare and exquisite flavor.

But in his natural state he is a beauty, and well entitled to the position which he holds among game birds. See him as he springs from the root of a holly bush, his favorite resting place, and makes his way with rapid and noiseless motion through the intertwining branches until his wide-expanded wings, looking like sheets of burnished copper, appear for an instant only between you and the gray wintry sky; when he suddenly disappears like a flash behind some lofty oak, in the sturdy limbs of which the shot intended for him harmlessly lodges.

There are many places in Ireland where capital mixed shooting may be enjoyed with as near an approach to perfection as is possible in a world brimful of disappointments, and this amid scenery exquisitely beautiful. The courtesy and good humor of the inhabitants will add to the sportsman's pleasure, and he will find splendid facilities for amusement and recreation, whether he be devoted to the gun or the rod and line.

THE MILITARY SCHOOLS OF THE UNITED STATES.

BY LIEUT. W. R. HAMILTON, U. S. A.

Concluded.



ALL the moral attributes of obedience, fortitude, patience under suffering and forbearance are, by a system of military education, fully brought out, together with a sense of loyalty to the flag and country, respect to superior authority and confidence in leaders. These attributes, combined with physical strength and skill, soon beget a feeling of confidence in one's self to a proper degree, and a self-reliance which, in turn, develops and even makes the qualities of

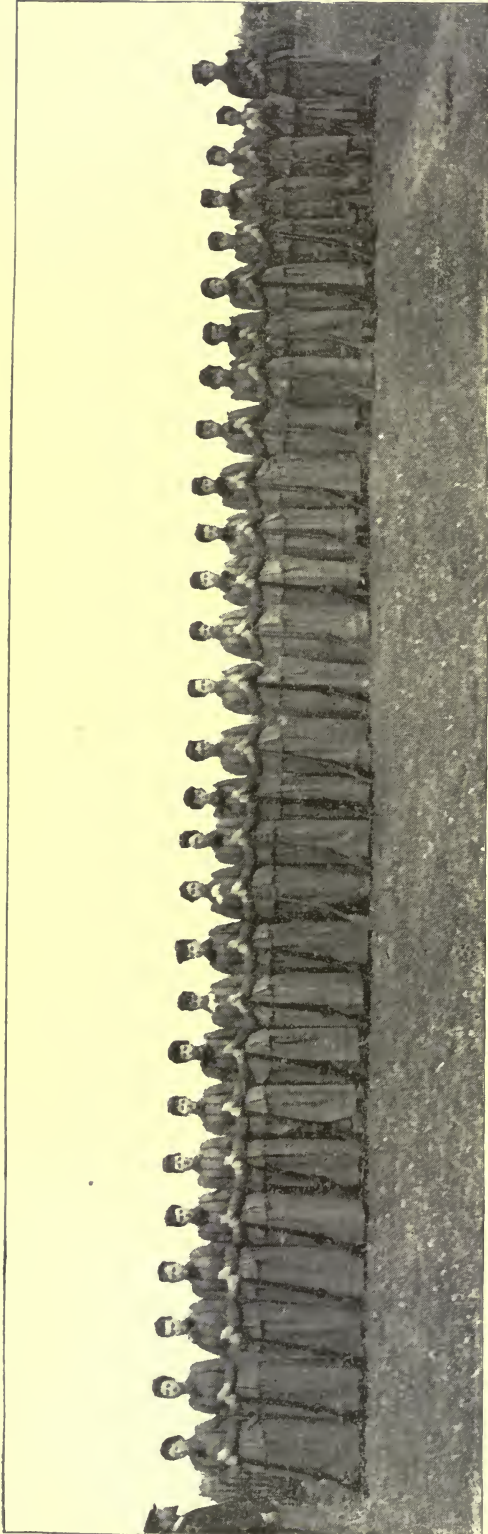
courage, coolness and judgment. Military drill throws a boy on himself, and makes him think quickly and reliantly; and it is the combination of these qualities that makes what we call presence of mind. There is no other form of drill or exercise where this can be so thoroughly accomplished as military drill. Mentally, military training fixes habits of attention and cultivates the power of a boy to handle himself properly at short notice. It gives him respect for himself as well as others, particularly the officers of his company and school, his teachers and parents, and their laws, and this, in turn, leads to his becoming a law-respecting citizen. The grades of military office are an incentive to ambition which buds in this direction and blossoms in other and wider departments. Boys who are careless of their persons and indifferent to law and order soon get the "bee" for office, and getting it by faithful work, develop into good soldiers and better citizens. But outside of the individual good accomplished in the cadet himself, there is a greater good done the country; and this good is a fact in peace as well

as war. The boy who knows how to command properly a squad or company or battalion on the drill-ground, will be equally qualified to command twenty or one hundred or one thousand men in the counting-house, in the machine-shop, as foreman on the railroad or in the office. The principles of military self-respect and individual responsibility allied to respect for authority make him a better magistrate or lawmaker when he grows up. In short, in all directions he becomes a better citizen by reason of his having learned to submit himself to law. At all military schools it would be impossible to properly teach military law without ever holding out ahead the country and her lawmakers. A love of country, a love for the flag, a devoted patriotism, fill him with an ardor that ever through life finds him ready to stand by his country and her laws. And in time of war who can calculate the immeasurable good done by a spreading of military knowledge, a disseminating of the principles of the science of war, which is but the action of humane principles, by having at command thousands of the country's best and most devoted and law-abiding citizens, who are ready and able to carry on to victory the flag that the "father of the country" fought for, and for which, in his last words almost, he pleaded that the youth of the country might be educated how to protect and uphold?

During the riots in Cincinnati in 1885, it was a captain of a company of the National Guard who marched his company to the courthouse, and there, by his firm and intelligent stand, and his excellent military precautions and dispositions, saved the priceless records from destruction. Yet only three years before, this same



CAPT. T. D. LANDON.



PARADE REST.

boy was the captain of the cadet company of DePauw College. To-day the best soldiers of the National Guard, next to those who are graduates of West Point or veterans of the war, are the graduates of military colleges. Instances enough to fill many sheets can be told of the great service rendered in time of peace by these graduates serving in the National Guard. But this part of our subject cannot be better closed than by inserting here the opinions of men famous as soldiers and scholars. Major-General J. M. Schofield says :

“Success in all the affairs of life has ever depended upon system, which is a marked characteristic of the result of discipline, and the tendency in all the successful affairs of life is toward such a system as military discipline inculcates.

“The dependence of this country upon militia of the several States as a national defense, and the interest of the States themselves, which depend so entirely upon their respective military organizations, point conclusively to the wisdom of fostering such education as will impart the greatest degree of efficiency to those organizations as military bodies. But as important as are these considerations, I regard them even as secondary effects of such a system of education the discipline in which must unquestionably best fit the youth for the primary duties of life — those of good citizens.”

Adjutant-General E. D. Townsend says :

“System in all things is undoubtedly necessary for efficiency. The military system is perhaps as near perfection, in its simplicity, directness and compass, as any in the world. It tends to develop the physique, to establish ease and grace of carriage and motion, and thus to produce a certain degree of self-reliance. It gives a vigorous and healthy tone to the mental faculties, which materially aids in mastering its theoretical studies. There seems to be a natural propensity in youth to play soldier, and this propensity makes the prescribed drill an interesting and healthful mode of exercise and recreation. These advantages secured by habits of early youth are very apt to abide with men during life. To sum up my ideas in a few words, I should say that the military system is the shortest, simplest and most

direct mode of accomplishing a given object.

"In this view there can be little doubt that an institution of learning upon which military instruction was engrafted would be most useful in every State, and might well receive from its Government formal recognition, if not pecuniary support."

Brevet Major-General U. S. A., colonel Second Artillery, William F. Barry, says:

"There is an argument for the maintenance of State military schools which seems to me to be of such importance as to demand the most mature consideration. The weak, capricious and partial enforcement of many municipal, State and federal laws; the apparent decadence and neglect of parental or home discipline, and the pervading absence of unquestioning deference for and obedience to duly constituted authority, and its legal and necessary enactments and execution, are pregnant with the gravest dangers to the well-being and perpetuity of our form of government. I believe the principles of military discipline, judiciously illustrated and taught, and so deeply impressed upon the receptive and pliant mind of youth as to become a habit of life, will prove to be a most reliable corrective of these evils. It must, of course, be understood that such teachings are not to be of the school of the martinet; but while an unreserved obedience to law and courteous respect for those who are appointed to execute it are insisted upon, the entire subordination of the military to the civil law must never be lost sight of."

Quartermaster-General, Brevet Major-General, U. S. A., M. C. Meigs, adds:

"Military drill and discipline educate both mind and body, and form habits of punctuality, of attention, of industry, of obedience. They give the active exercise necessary for bodily health and vigor, too apt to be neglected amid the mental pursuits of an academical course.

"Every man is improved in his carriage, in his health, in his habits of respect for law and for constituted authority, by the training of the drill. His faculties are all improved and brought under better command."

In every State of the Union we find the laws regarding the National Guard to vary extremely; yet we place de-



GATLING BATTERY DRILL.

pendence on our Guard after the army, calling it our first line of defense in case of war. Every intelligent soldier knows that a homogeneous army cannot possibly be made up by combining the Guards of three or more States, in case of war, without weeks of preparation; yet in war we will not have the time to thus prepare. On the other hand, it is impossible, for obvious reasons, to make laws of the various States on this subject identical. How, then, can this important matter be reached through the

he who has shown the most coolness and skill and daring, and his orders are obeyed as implicitly as a king's. One has but to turn out on Memorial Day in any city or town and there see the boys in the procession of old soldiers, and who are going to decorate the graves of the "soldier dead," to be convinced that the American boy loves not only to play, but to be a soldier. It is the tales of battles on sea and land, of individual daring and bravery, and the triumphs of his country in war, that he best loves to



RALLY BY COMPANY—COMMENCE FIRING.

military schools? In the light of some experience, and the convictions of many of our best scholars and soldiers, it seems that a plan may be developed which will meet both these obstacles, and be of vast benefit to the country at large and to the genuine military schools. In brief, it is suggested as follows:

All boys, but especially American boys, are soldierly in spirit. Unconsciously, in their boyish games, they elect as leader

read. At the sound of the drum or the brass band in the street, he runs out to watch the soldiers—not to ridicule them, but to silently admire and resolve in his innermost heart that he too will be one when he grows up. All this indicates the military spirit. If, therefore, it is so prevalent, so contagious and so pervading, how easy it is to turn it to good account! My proposition, therefore, is that military drill should be taught in all public schools, and made

compulsory on all boys not physically incapacitated and above the age of twelve years. This age is none too young. In the great parade in New York on the third day of the centennial celebration of 1889, of the six thousand school-children who marched, one-fourth were but twelve years old, while many were even younger. Yet their marching called forth especial encomiums from the officer detailed by the War Department to report upon the military features of the parade. The school of the company and battalion would be easier to teach, and also to learn, than any of the simple branches, while a boy would become at once fascinated with history when presented as a tale of a campaign or battle. It would be much simpler for him to draw the outline of a field intrenchment, or a contour of ground where a great battle was fought, than to describe a problem, and outline it, of simple geometry. And all this because the spirit is in him and he is interested in his subject. Every large city should have as superintendent of military instruction a well-trained military officer; whenever possible, he should be detailed from the active lists of the army. No private school should be allowed to teach military art or science unless it were a properly chartered institution, and had attained a certain standard fixed by law. All schools, both public and private, should be subject to inspection of an officer of the State and the War Department. This would do away with the semi-military schools.

All private schools that have attained a certain standard should be eligible to have the detail of an army officer as professor of military science and tactics, as is the case with public and chartered institutions. The schools should then be organized into brigades and divisions, and holding, whenever and wherever possible, short annual encampments, under the direction of and supported by the federal Government. No officer should be appointed in the National Guard who had not a properly certified diploma to the effect that he had gone through the course and passed the required examination at a military school. In case such a general organization could be effected, then the Government should institute and support, at various parts of the country, normal schools for the special education and in-

struction of military teachers and commandants. Such schools would necessarily have high requirements for entrance, and be under the supervision of army officers.

Such a system would in a few years do away with many of the defects now existing in the National Guard, and which it is impossible to eradicate in any other way. It would, moreover, give to the country a large body of her very best material already trained in the elements of war, and usage of arms and military customs. In time of peace it would give us a much larger class of the young man who makes the best kind of citizen, and in the end would, more than any other means, be the surest way of ever keeping war away from us.

But such a system is impossible to bring about, is the cry of many who have heard it. Not at all. Greater things have come to pass simply through the force of public opinion, and so may this. Let the principals and commandants and head-masters of the principal military schools meet in convention, and adopt rules whereby all will agree to adopt a certain system of military education, a certain uniform, regulations and routine, to be determined at such convention, and then ask the Government to aid them. Can any one doubt for a moment that such aid would be refused? And it would be but a short time before all schools of the country, military or otherwise, would be scrambling to have their representatives at the convention, which should meet yearly. It would be but a short time before the normal schools would be erected, and the appropriations granted for the encampments held on the grounds surrounding them. Try it, soldier educators, and you will succeed. And you will build up your schools and colleges, also, to a size becoming their objects. You will create a new educational system that will aid in developing your country to an extent that she will become, even in your time, the arbiter of national destinies, and you will thus produce the nearest approach to the millennium, the time when we shall have no war, because we will be too powerful for war.

"I think each State," said General Sherman in one of his speeches on military schools, "should have a military

academy; that some assistance should be extended to each by the United States in the way of arms, accoutrements, tents and uniforms, and that each State should supplement this by a small money allowance to meet the extra expense. I would then advise

that all be subject to inspection by an officer of the army at least once a year, and that the dress, discipline and instruction be uniform throughout — agreeing with that provided by law for the United States Military Academy." These wise suggestions should be heeded.

TABLE II.

NATIONAL MILITARY SCHOOLS.

NAME.	SITUATION.	CADETS.	SUPERINTENDENT.
1. U. S. Military Academy.	West Point.	255	Col. J. M. Wilson.
2. U. S. Engineer School.	Willett's Point.	20-25	Lt.-Col. W. R. King.
3. U. S. Artillery School.	Fort Monroe.	—	Lt.-Col. R. T. Frank.
4. U. S. Infantry School.	Fort Leavenworth.	—	Col. E. F. Townsend.
5. U. S. Cavalry and Light Artillery (for practice only).	Fort Riley.	—	Col. J. W. Forsyth.

TABLE III.

PUBLIC AND CHARTERED MILITARY SCHOOLS.

STATE.	NAME AND CADETS.	COMMANDANT.
1. ALABAMA.....	Alabama Agricultural and Mechanical College, Auburn..... ²⁴⁴ University of Alabama, Tuscaloosa County (University P. O., Tuscaloosa County)..... ¹³³	Lieut. John H. Wills, 22d Infantry. Lieut. Tredwell W. Moore, 22d Infantry.
2. ARKANSAS.....	Arkansas Industrial University, Fayetteville..... ³¹⁶ Little Rock Commercial College, Little Rock..... ⁴⁸	Lieut. R. W. Dowdy, 17th Infantry. Lieut. John T. Nance, 2d Cavalry.
3. CALIFORNIA.....	University of California, Berkeley..... ²⁵⁸ Leland Stanford, Jr., University, Menlo Park.....	Lieut. Benjamin H. Randolph, 3d Artillery. Lieut. J. S. Oyster, 1st Artillery.
4. COLORADO.....	State Agricultural College, Fort Collins..... ⁵³	Capt. John C. Dent, 20th Infantry.
5. CONNECTICUT.....	Sheffield Scientific School of Yale University, New Haven..... ¹⁵⁰	Lieut. Charles A. L. Totten, 4th Artillery.
6. DELAWARE.....	Delaware College, Newark..... ⁸⁷	Lieut. Edward C. Brooks, 8th Cavalry.
7. FLORIDA.....	Florida State Agricultural College, Lake City..... ⁶²	Lieut. Charles C. Ballou, 16th Infantry.
8. GEORGIA.....	North Georgia Agricultural College, Dahlonega..... ⁵⁰	Lieut. Edward P. Lawton, 13th Infantry.
9. ILLINOIS.....	University of Illinois, Champaign..... ²⁷⁵ Knox College, Galesburg..... ¹⁰⁹	Lieut. Elbridge R. Hills, 5th Artillery. Lieut. George O. Cress, 4th Cavalry.
10. INDIANA.....	Northern Illinois Normal School, Dixon..... ⁵⁶ De Pauw University, Greencastle..... ¹⁶³ Purdue University, La Fayette..... ²³⁶ Vincennes University, Vincennes..... ⁵⁰	Lieut. Ammon A. Augur, 24th Infantry. Lieut. Robert C. Williams, 15th Infantry. Lieut. David D. Johnson, 5th Artillery. Lieut. Robert C. Van Vliet, 10th Infantry.
11. IOWA.....	Cornell College, Mount Vernon..... ¹¹⁷ Iowa State University, Iowa City..... ¹⁵⁰ Iowa Wesleyan University, Mount Pleasant..... ⁵⁸	Capt. Walter Howe, 4th Artillery. Lieut. George W. Read, 5th Cavalry. Lieut. Ulysses G. McAlexander, 25th Infantry.
12. KANSAS.....	Iowa State Normal School, Cedar Falls..... ¹⁰⁶	Lieut. William A. Dinwiddie, retired.
13. KENTUCKY.....	State Agricultural College, Manhattan..... ¹¹² Agricultural and Mechanical College of Kentucky, Lexington..... ¹²⁰	Capt. Edwin B. Bolton, 23d Infantry. Lieut. Charles D. Clay, 11th Infantry.
14. LOUISIANA.....	Louisiana State University and Agricultural and Mechanical College, Baton Rouge..... ¹⁸⁰	Lieut. Elisha S. Benton, 3d Artillery.
15. MAINE.....	Maine State College of Agriculture and the Mechanic Arts, Orono..... ⁸⁷	Lieut. Mark L. Hersey, 9th Infantry.
16. MARYLAND.....	St. John's College, Annapolis..... ¹⁰⁸ Maryland Agricultural College, College Park, Prince George's County..... ⁴⁴	Lieut. Robert H. Noble, 1st Infantry. Lieut. John S. Grisard, 13th Infantry.
17. MASSACHUSETTS.....	Massachusetts Agricultural College, Amherst..... ¹⁰⁸ Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Boston..... ¹⁸⁶	Lieut. Lester W. Cornish, 5th Cavalry. Lieut. H. L. Hawthorne, 4th Artillery.

TABLE III.—Continued.

STATE.	NAME AND CADETS.	COMMANDANT.
18. MICHIGAN.....	Michigan Military Academy, Orchard Lake 160 Michigan Agricultural College, Lansing (P. O. Agricultural College, Ingham County)..... 162	Lieut. F. S. Strong, 4th Artillery. Lieut. John J. Crittenden, 22d Infantry.
19. MINNESOTA.....	University of Minnesota, Minneapolis... 146 Shattuck Schools, Faribault..... 195	Lieut. George H. Morgan, 3d Cavalry. Lieut. Asa T. Abbott, retired.
20. MISSISSIPPI.....	Agricultural and Mechanical College of the State of Mississippi, Oktibbeha County (P. O. Agricultural College)..... 201	Lieut. George W. Burr, 1st Artillery.
21. MISSOURI.....	University of the State of Missouri, Columbia 156 Washington University, St. Louis..... 272 Marmaduke Military Academy, Sweet Springs 69	Lieut. Beaumont B. Buck, 16th Infantry. Lieut. John Stafford, 8th Infantry. Col. T. E. Spencer.
22. MONTANA.....	The College of Montana, Deer Lodge.... 40	Lieut. George P. Ahern, 25th Infantry.
23. NEBRASKA.....	University of Nebraska, Lincoln..... 175	Lieut. John J. Pershing, 6th Cavalry.
24. NEVADA.....	State University of Nevada, Reno..... 65	Lieut. John M. Neall, 4th Cavalry.
25. NEW JERSEY.....	Rutgers College, New Brunswick..... 92	Lieut. John J. Breterton, 24th Infantry.
26. NEW YORK.....	Clinton Liberal Institute, Fort Plain..... 112 Cornell University, Ithaca..... 438 St. John's College, Fordham..... 250 St. John's Military School, Manlius 85 De La Salle Institute, New York City, 708 W. 50th street..... 225 Peekskill Military Academy, Peekskill... 138 St. Paul's School, Garden City, L. I..... 115 New York Military Academy, Cornwall, N. Y. 132 Fairfield Seminary, Fairfield..... 90 Bingham School, Asheville..... 102	Lieut. William P. Burnham, 6th Infantry. Capt. Richard T. Yeatman, 14th Infantry. Lieut. Philip P. Powell, 9th Cavalry. Capt. Edgar C. Bowen, retired. Lieut. G. R. Burnett, retired. Lieut. W. R. Dunton, retired. Lieut. John Little, 14th Infantry.
27. NORTH CAROLINA.	University of North Dakota, Grand Forks..... 82	Lieut. Leon S. Roudiez, 1st Infantry.
28. NORTH DAKOTA...	Ohio State University, Columbus..... 280 Ohio Normal University, Ada..... 220 Ohio Wesleyan University, Delaware..... 289 Mount Union College, Alliance..... 108 Bishop Scott Academy, Portland..... 210	Lieut. Eugene T. Wilson, 1st Artillery. Lieut. John H. H. Peshine, 13th Infantry. Lieut. Benjamin W. Leavell, 24th Infantry. Lieut. Evan M. Johnson, Jr., 10th Infantry. Capt. Joseph A. Sladen, retired. Capt. C. H. Warrens, retired.
30. OREGON.....	State Agricultural College of Oregon, Corvallis..... 130	Lieut. Silas A. Wolf, 4th Infantry.
31. PENNSYLVANIA...	Pennsylvania State College, Centre County..... 137 Allegheny College, Meadville..... 90 Pennsylvania Military Academy, Chester..... 137 Grove City College, Grove City..... 195	Lieut. John K. Cree, 3d Artillery. Lieut. Millard F. Harmon, 1st Artillery. Lieut. Charles W. Rowell, 2d Infantry. Lieut. John A. Towers, 1st Artillery.
32. SOUTH CAROLINA.	South Carolina Military Academy, Charleston..... 127 Patrick Military Institute, Anderson... 44 Porter Academy, Charleston..... 109	Lieut. Thomas O. Donaldson, Jr., 7th Cavalry. Lieut. Charles H. Cabaniss, Jr., retired. Capt. Peter Leary, Jr., 4th Artillery.
33. SOUTH DAKOTA...	Agricultural College of South Dakota, Brookings..... 66 University of South Dakota, Vermilion... 111	Lieut. Alfred C. Sharpe, 22d Infantry.
34. TENNESSEE.....	University of Tennessee, Knoxville..... 84	Lieut. Laurence D. Tyson, 9th Infantry.
35. TEXAS.....	Agricultural and Mechanical College of Texas, College Station..... 205 Austin College, Sherman..... 90 University of Utah, Salt Lake City..... 60	Lieut. Benjamin C. Morse, 18th Infantry. Lieut. Carl Koops, 13th Infantry. Lieut. Walter K. Wright, 16th Infantry. Capt. Herbert S. Foster, 20th Infantry.
36. UTAH.....	University of Vermont, Burlington..... 130	Lieut. Frederick C. Kimball, 5th Infantry.
37. VERMONT.....	Norwich University, Northfield..... 51 Vermont Academy, Saxton's River..... 83	Lieut. George W. Gatchell, 4th Artillery. Lieut. John A. Harman, 7th Cavalry.
38. VIRGINIA.....	Virginia Agricultural and Mechanical College, Blacksburg..... 103 Virginia Military Institute, Lexington... 203	Col. Thos. R. Menshall. Lieut. Frank De W. Ramsey, 14th Infantry.
39. WEST VIRGINIA...	West Virginia University, Morgantown... 89	Lieut. Hugh J. McGrath, 4th Cavalry.
40. WISCONSIN.....	State University of Wisconsin, Madison... 200	Lieut. Daniel L. Howell, 7th Infantry.
41. WYOMING.....	University of Wyoming, Laramie..... —	

Total number of cadets under drill..... 10,500.

Another table might be given here had we the space to classify the *private* military schools, of which there are seventy-two, educating nearly eight thousand cadets. Among such institutions are the Bordentown Military Institute, at Bordentown, N. J., commanded by Capt. T. D. Landon; River-view Academy, at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., commanded by Major J. B. Bisbee; the

Northwestern Military Academy, Highland Park, Ill., commanded by Major R. P. Davidson; Cheltenham Academy, Ogontz, Pa., commanded by Major A. C. Washburn, and the Norwalk Military Academy, Norwalk, Conn., of which Frank S. Roberts is the principal. A complete list of the private military schools will be given in the Record pages.

HORSEBACK SKETCHES.

SEPTEMBER RIDES.

BY JESSIE F. O'DONNELL.*

"While not a leaf seems faded; while the
fields,
With ripening harvest prodigally fair,
In brightest sunshine bask."

— *Wordsworth.*

IF one's equestrian enthusiasm flags a little through August's sultry days, it is quick to revive when September weaves her blue mists and the hearts of passage-birds throb with longings for the south. There is a period when the earth seems resting from the August fullness, hushed, dreamy, expectant of coming splendors, but wearing still the insignia of summer. Nature has reached an hour of completion, and apparently comes to a satisfied pause for a few long golden days which seem with their quiet and sweetness like bits out of eternity. We are drawn irresistibly to horse and saddle, and almost every day ride out into the country through tangled thickets of goldenrod and purple asters, past fields of yellow-tasseled corn and ripe, waving grain, with the blue mists flitting like spirits before us and luring us on in fruitless pursuit.

But Nature never rests, and through these days of seeming inaction subtle forces are at work in forest and meadow to kindle autumn watch-fires here and there. A maple hangs out a solitary red banner, gleaming like flame against the dusky green; the elms are turning yellow; the birch trees are donning their liveries of pale gold; the goldenrod grows deeper and richer in color and more luxuriant in bloom; the purple asters open their starry blossoms by brook and river, and masses of the tiny ones we call frost-flowers, which garland their branching stems with a multitude of blossoms and a modicum of leaves, turn roadside and field into bowers of purple and white bloom. We have scarcely a flower more graceful. The slender stems with their burden of blossoms bend and sway with every breeze and follow the motion of the yellow butterflies, which throng about them as if the flowers, too, had wings. We fasten great clusters under every available portion of our saddles,

nodding plumes over the horses' ears, and with immense bouquets in our hands, ride homeward still in a mass of bloom.

The summer lingers, but a hundred things hint that September is here and will soon assume full sway. The blue haze grows deeper and half hides the hills from our view; the mornings are cool and fresh; the noons slumberous with the languor of the dying summer; the afternoons are splendid with sunshine and soft with caressing breezes; the skies, soon to transfer their colors to the forests, glow at sunset with crimson and amber; and the twilight shadows merge softly into the mellow light of the harvest moon. Blue gentians uncurl in the sunshine; the pods of the milkweed are bursting with a mass of silver threads; feathery grasses are tossing their sprays on the roadside; an artist is at work among the trees, tipping their branches with gold or scattering crimson firebrands here and there throughout the summer green; a leaf curiously veined and splashed with scarlet and green and gold, as if Nature had overturned her color-box upon it, floats into our outstretched hands; fruit is ripening everywhere; rosy apples gleam from the orchards; the bloom deepens on the plum; and grapes, blue-black, crimson, purple and pale-green globes of imprisoned sunshine, hang heavily on the vines; red berries brighten the woodland path; crickets and katydids are piping "Good-by" to summer; the wheat's asleep in golden hush; and the harvest has begun in the pale-golden oats, and the fields of yellow corn browning in the amber sunshine.

September is to me the most beautiful of months, but I find myself saying with Helen Hunt Jackson:

"That none of all this beauty
Which floods the earth and air
Is unto me the secret
Which makes September fair."

One hardly knows when the summer glides into the autumn, when the mornings grow cool and the nights frosty, when the green turns to gold and scarlet, the air grows rich with

the spicy odor of ripening leaves, and promise becomes fulfillment. We have scarcely noted the first crimson leaf, when lo! the world is ablaze. The red color spreads through the maples as if the one bright branch had stained them all; the sunlight flashes from the beeches a kindred gold; the sumach fires blaze on the hilltops; the pasture-borders are aflame with huckleberry bushes and blackberry vines; the wild woodbine twists its lithe stems about the cedars; the vivid crimson leaves and dark-purple berries, splendid bits of color against the green; the leaves of the poplars, like flakes of gold, dance and quiver in every breath of wind. These are glorious days to ride past the village, basking like a contented cat in the sunshine; through country lanes, where the miracle of the burning bush is repeated on every side, or into the "woodlands enchanted."

"'Tis a woodland enchanted,"
sings Lowell.

Our September rides are long triumphal marches. The shining hills are wrapped in royal garments of purple mist. The trees shower benedictions of painted leaves upon us. We wreath our horses with trailing garlands of some gorgeous vine. Chipmunks chase each other over the low stone walls for our amusement. Flocks of yellow warblers, southward bound, sail over our heads. The partridge drums from the brushwood of the fields, the chickadees whistle shrilly as they dart about the trees, the leaves rustle gayly in the wind; and the only dissonance is the sound of the sportsman's gun.

Past fields of tossing yellow grain, through sandy cross-roads glowing with weeds and dwarf shrubs, blood-red and wine and scarlet, we dash straight into the radiant woodlands, into the groves of wine-brown oaks, in amongst the sugar-maples, glowing as if the heart's blood of the year had been poured upon them, in where the birches and poplars and sassafras bushes flood the woods with sunlight even on the cloudiest days. We ride through lanes where choke-cherry trees, which have not been despoiled of their fruit, are hung with brilliant, jetty clusters, which, "dead-ripe" on the trees, have lost much of their famous "pucker" and are sweet and spicy to the taste; we gather clusters of elderberries with a

pungent flavor and a glow like dark, rich jewels; we watch the sun kindle a spray of goldenrod into yellow flame; we gather vines and tree-branches where every leaf, fluttering on its slender stem, has an individual beauty—one, brown, mottled with purple and orange; another, still full of the summer's greenness; one, all gold from stemlet to tip; another, the merest crimson gauze stretched on ribs of garnet and amber; carmine and ruby and scarlet, purple and orange and golden, splashed and spotted and sprinkled with splendor, dashed with drops of claret and streaked with stains of sherry, quivering on the branches or unfolding transparent wings to fly to the embrace of the September winds, they are the very incarnation of the autumn glory.

If, as Miss Phelps affirms in "Beyond the Gates," color has "its laws, its chords, its harmonies, its scales, its melodies and execution, its themes and ornamentation, and each combination has its meaning," the September pageant is a composition of color which moves us as the rarest melody, but which we are not great enough artists to interpret. We know that the scarlet of the sumach burns into our consciousness and challenges us to admiration; that the rich crimson of the woodbine and oak warms our hearts as some rare wine; that the yellow hues steep our beings in sunshine, and the pensive purple of the hazy hills brings a delicious sense of rest. But why and how do the pale-yellow tints grow into gold? What law governs the shifting transparencies of the purple hills? Why do the passionate rose-tints tremble and quiver in the evening sky as they die away and deepen into crimson? What note in the grand harmony does the blue of the gentian represent? What is the peculiar richness of the orchard-chords? and what the secret of the wine-stains on the blackberry leaves? Why does the great undertone of green never obtrude its melody? We cannot tell; but we are uplifted and thrilled with the grandeur of the symphony as by music we do not fully comprehend. Are color and music then governed by like laws? Had Carlyle this in mind when he said, "See deep enough and you see musically, the heart of Nature being everywhere music, if you can only reach it."

AROUND THE WORLD WITH WHEEL AND CAMERA.

BY FRANK G. LENZ.

Continued.



“WELCOME the coming, speed the parting guest” must, I imagine, judging from the open-hearted, open-handed hospitality with which I have been everywhere received, be the first article in the constitution of every cycling club. From the time when, on the 1st of June, an immense and enthusiastic crowd bade me God-speed and good cheer from the City Hall, New York, till my entry on the glorious Fourth into Chicago, I have been right royally welcomed.

No knight in the olden days, armed *cap-à-pie* with lance in rest and mounted on his steel-clad steed, ever set out in search of adventures or donned his armor for foreign lands and deeds of high emprise with more fervid acclamations than those which have cheered my outward path. I am aware that I owe these attentions not so much to any reason personal as to the fact that my venture is, in a certain sense, typical of my country's energy.

This spirit, in every sense, is fittingly exemplified in the route which I have passed. Though it be true that Americans, in the main, look to the rock-bound

coasts of New England as the cradle of their nationality, they none the less recognize that “the march of empire westward took its course,” and in no insignificant degree the valleys of the Hudson and the Mohawk were the arenas in which that empire was founded. Every step of the way—from the City Hall, New York, near by Golden Hill, on which the first blood of the Revolution was shed, to the furthest boundary of the State—is marked by evidences of the glorious deeds of our forefathers.

At three o'clock of the afternoon of June 4th I was standing on Broadway, opposite the City Hall of New York, ready to make my start west for San Francisco, Cal. People crowded around me in such numbers that I found it impossible to mount my wheel, much less make the start. The police, seeing my predicament, cleared the way for my escorts and myself, and amid the cheers from thousands of throats, mounted precisely at three o'clock, and we rode up busy Broadway to 239 Fifth avenue, passing before and waving farewell to the staff of *OUTING*, in whose name the trip was to be made. Thence we passed the Manhattan Athletic Club, where another enormous crowd of citizens and wheelmen awaited my coming. Bidding the friends at the club good-by, we started again, with an escort increased now to 100 wheelmen, headed by Mr. R. B. Moneypenny.

The echoing cheers of the gathered citizens by New York's civic hall had not yet died in the distance, and the tingle of the cordial hand-grasp of fellow-members of the Manhattan Athletic Club was still mine, when I wheeled through the grateful shade of the trees from amongst which fluttered the Stars and Stripes on the Old Block House aforetime carrying the signals of belligerent forces, and ere we turned our wheels over the asphalt of the magnificent bridge which spans the Harlem, we had passed the site of Fort Washington and rehabilitated, in our minds' eye, the frowning eminence of Fort George with

the bastions and earthworks on which the ensign of England had been supplanted by the symbol of our national supremacy, and so we wheeled on along the narrow, covered heights which flank the lordly Hudson to Yonkers.

Although this road is macadamized, mostly level and in good condition, from some cause or other the wheelmen mysteriously fell back. Out of the hundred who had started from the club only twenty reached Yonkers, seventeen miles from New York. Here another crowd had gathered to see us come in. But a few minutes were spent among these, and we were off again, laboring up the steep grade out of Yonkers.

The broad surface of the Tappan Zee next came into view, and as we wheeled on through the land made famous by the writings of Washington Irving, more of my wheeling companions fell to the rear. On reaching Tarrytown, a place which annually attracts its tale of pilgrims to the grave of Irving, "Sleepy Hollow," and the many localities which his genius has made the common property of the whole civilized world, but six continued with us, and three of these returned to New York by rail, leaving only three, a small but resolute company to continue the journey past the monument on the spot where Major André, the spy, whose story every school-boy knows, was captured.

We started from Tarrytown at 9 o'clock the next morning for Peekskill by the river road, which is macadamized only two miles northward, after which it is sandy and rolling, but still affords fair wheeling. Nearly all the way to Peekskill the river is in view, sometimes narrow with rocky promontories projecting into the channel and reducing its dimensions to less than half a mile, and then again spreading out into miniature land-locked seas like that of the Tappan Zee and the Haverstraw Bay, and ever on the background westward, margined by the "Palisades," and studded all the way with places of historic interest.

Peekskill, forty-one miles from New York, lies under the shadow of the Thunder Mountain, at the southern entrance of the Hudson Highlands.

At Peekskill the road is graveled and turns inland, and here the cyclist meets his first heavy work in the steep grade

up the 1,500 feet of "Anthony's Nose," which must be tramped the whole way; but the labor is amply repaid both from the beauty of the scenery which lies mapped out below, and the good coasting which it promises down to Garrisons, opposite to which the famous West Point United States Military Academy commands the winding river.

A great many wheelmen make the mistake of removing the brake from their machines, and so it was with one of my companions. In coasting one of the long grades his machine became unmanageable and kept on increasing its speed, when we were treated to the spectacle of seeing our friend unceremoniously leaving the wheel, landing on the ground amid a great cloud of dust, and the bicycle running into a ditch by the roadside. Luckily, our friend was not seriously injured, and we proceeded on to Fishkill, the roads now becoming excellent. Here another of the New York wheelmen, Mr. R. B. Money-penny, was compelled to return. This left but three, including myself, to continue to Poughkeepsie—the Queen City of the Hudson—our destination for the night. Between Peekskill and Wappinger's Falls it is good policy to exercise care when coming to cross-roads, as no sign-boards indicate directions, and it is very easy to stray off the right road. Some of the Wappinger's Falls wheelmen came out to meet us, but it was after dark when we passed through their beautiful village en route to Poughkeepsie, and consequently did not meet them.

The roads near Poughkeepsie, and, in fact, the greater part of the entire distance from New York City, are nicely shaded by trees on both sides of the road. Many taverns and road-houses are along the route here, where refreshments can be obtained. The evening we spent most delightfully with the Poughkeepsie Bicycle Club, who have fine quarters in the heart of the city, and should liked to have spent a day with the "girls" at Vassar—that famous college for women being located in this city. But neither Vassar nor the well-known Eastman College nor any of the several military schools could tempt us to delay. We decided to reach Albany, seventy-eight miles away, the next day.

Making the start at eight in the morning, we spun merrily on through Hyde Park, Staatsburg, Rhinebeck to Blue

Stone, over roads mostly level and in excellent condition. Here we were advised to turn left on a dirt road to Hudson—twelve miles—but we soon found that the road was almost impassable after a heavy rain of the day before.

The picturesque town of Hudson is where Hendrick Hudson's career of exploration of the river came to an end by reason of the sand-bars, and here he dropped the anchor of the *Half Moon*. Its commercial importance is now small, but, like many another port now derelict, it has had its days of importance, though few now visiting it would imagine that once fleets sailed from here to Europe and the Indies, and its commerce was then greater than that of New York.

We had reached Hudson with our wheels covered with mud, and were advised to ride the cinder path between the tracks of the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad, it having rained hard all over this section the day before. The railroad path we found good indeed for the twenty-eight miles to Albany, but rather dangerous. It requires constant watching in front and rear, for almost every twenty or thirty minutes a train goes thundering by at full speed. If the roads are dry, the route through Kinderhook, Shodac Centre to Albany, thirty-two miles, is fairly good and more advisable to ride.

While riding along the railroad path it is very necessary also to watch, provided one rides a pneumatic, for broken bottles, which are thrown from passing trains. When within eight miles of Albany, one of my companions, Mr. Fred. Simpson, a Harlem wheelman, punctured his tire in this manner. Stopping to mend the cut, which required only a few minutes, he began pumping up his tire, when the valve burst. Having no extra valve with him, he was now compelled to board the train for Albany, leaving with me but one wheelman of the entire number who had started from New York—Mr. W. H. DeGraaf, of the New York Manhattan Athletic Club, and secretary-treasurer of the League of American Wheelmen, State division. Together we made Albany, a distance of 152 miles in two and one-quarter days.

It was late when we first caught sight of the welcome twinkling lights of Albany standing out on the sky-line. If the capital of New York State were

paved on the modern principles on which it is lighted, it would be more in line with its exalted position, but the truth must be told that most of its highways are an abomination to wheelmen.

From hence my route took a new departure. Hitherto I had been going due north. Albany was the parting of the ways, and hereafter we should face due west, following in the main the line of the great Erie Canal up the valley of the Mohawk, the cradle of the military forces of the Revolution and the grave of the military hopes of the British. Those sturdy farmers had been trained by Nicholas Herkimer, were thrice armed, as is he who hath his quarrel just, and were invincible.

Late in the afternoon of the next day, with six Albany wheelmen as escorts, we sped over the Loudenville plank road to Schenectady, a distance of sixteen miles. The plank road is only three miles long. Thence the road continues clay over a rolling country, in fair condition to Schenectady, where are the old homes of the world-famous Edison and Westinghouse.

The wheelmen of Schenectady informed me that the roads were sandy to Amsterdam, and advised riding the tow-path of the Erie Canal. At 9 o'clock in the morning we started and found it excellent riding to Amsterdam, fifteen miles. From here to Fonda, eleven miles, the old turnpike was in fair condition and better than the tow-path, which was by that time getting stony. Three miles west of Fonda the turnpike, in turn, became poor, so I decided to ride the cinder path between the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad tracks again. It was necessary to cross a fence and field to reach the railroad. Lifting my wheel, which was heavily loaded with luggage, on the top of the fence and climbing up myself, the entire fence gave way with a crash, drawing the attention of the farmer working in his field. He madly shouted to me to repair it, but, pushing to the railroad, I mounted and rode off as quickly as possible. Riding cautiously along the tracks to Palatine Bridge, I met Mr. David Lohman, of the Canajoharie wheelmen, who was waiting for me. He had read in the papers that I had left Albany the day before. He advised me to take the old turnpike,

which here again was partially macadamized and in fair condition. Pushing on together, we were surprised, when opposite Fort Plain Bicycle Club, to find most of the cadets of the military school waiting for us. They accompanied us as far as St. Johnsville. Four of them rode as far as Little Falls, which place we luckily reached just as it started to rain, making fifty-eight miles for me from Schenectady.

The Fort Plain wheelmen here turned back, and next morning, in company with Mr. Lohman, who decided to accom-

adamized. In some places it is almost unridable in rainy weather.

From Utica west the turnpike crosses two low ranges of hills through Vernon to Oneida, partially macadamized and in good condition. Reaching Oneida, we decided to stay there for the night, my cyclometer registering forty-six miles from Little Falls. In company with fourteen of the Oneida wheelmen and Mr. F. A. Brady, of Utica, we pushed west over the old turnpike through Chittenango, Fayetteville to Syracuse—twenty-six miles—the roads now im-



TEN MINUTES FOR REFRESHMENTS.

pany me to Utica, we took the Erie Canal tow-path to Herkimer—eight miles; then the old turnpike to Ilion, where the famous Remington typewriters and bicycles are made, and again took the tow-path to Utica. From here west the old turnpike is in fair condition over a rolling country, the famous Mohawk Valley, which here winds northwest to Rome, where stood never-to-be-forgotten Fort Stanwix. The old turnpike was the old stage road between Albany and Buffalo, but is only partially mac-

adamized in condition and mostly leading through a beautiful farming country.

As we rode down the main street of Syracuse, we were halted by several wheelmen of the Century Cycling Club, whose pressing invitation to stay over and attend their race meet June 11th we accepted. At ten o'clock in the morning from three to four hundred wheelmen, headed by a band-wagon, paraded the principal streets, and of course I entered the parade with my entire outfit, causing considerable com-

ment and applause all along the line. Their races in the afternoon were contested by the fastest racing men in the country. The Syracuse and Century Cycling clubs are the two prominent clubs here, and are very hospitable to all visiting wheelmen.

Leaving Syracuse at eight o'clock in the morning of June 13th, with one of the Century wheelmen as an escort, we took the old turnpike road via Camillus. An amateur photographer, who had his camera set up waiting for me, halted us by the wayside; and it was not the

improved, the country becoming more level going west. The riding from here through Lyons and Newark was excellent. All these towns are picturesque places, situated on the Erie Canal and New York Central and Hudson River Railroad, and it is a surprising fact that there are some seventy-five wheelmen in each town. Reaching Newark, I decided to stay over, having made fifty-two miles for the day.

Next morning I left for Palmyra, and continued through Macedon to Fairport, and by noon had made twenty-two miles



A STRETCH BETWEEN THE TRACKS.

only snap shot the amateurs had taken of me.

I then pushed on over a hilly country to Elbridge. Two miles beyond the road forks, the left being the old turnpike road direct to Buffalo, running some fifteen miles south of Rochester. Taking the right fork, I reached Weedsport over a sandy road. In the afternoon I pushed on westward to Port Byron. Following the telegraph lines instead of turning off to Savannah, I was led to ride through the disagreeable Montezuma marshes, the old roadbed being covered with grass. At one place it was necessary to ford knee-deep through the water. Reaching Clyde, the gravel roads

over good gravel roads, the Erie Canal always in view from the road. In the afternoon I wheeled over a poor and sandy road to Rochester, N. Y., ten miles, and the cycling races being here on the 15th, I decided to stay over one day.

Rochester is a well laid-out city, the railroad and canal being so constructed as not to interfere with street travel. The Genesee River flows under the main street. There are several bicycle clubs in Rochester, the most prominent of which are the Genesee, the West End and Rochester Athletic Club. At their races on the 15th, the prominent racing men who were at Syracuse con-

tested. Rochester is the headquarters of the kodak, the Eastman Company having their immense plant here. It is in this instance, as in many others, that the one-man power has made the enterprise a success. Mr. George Eastman, like Col. Albert A. Pope and A. H. Overman, has worked unceasingly until the merit of his goods goes unquestioned. The Rochester Optical Company, whose camera I am using, is also located here. Indeed, Rochester is a headquarters for photography.

At eight o'clock on the morning of June 16th, in company with Mr. Robert Thompson, one of the prominent wheelmen of Rochester, we started out west Main street to the Buffalo Road. Leaving Mr. Thompson on the outskirts of the city, I wheeled over a sandy road to Churchville—fourteen miles. From here to Bergen is better. The road through this section is known as "The Buffalo Road," and from Bergen west it is macadamized almost to Buffalo. At Byron I overtook three Auburn wheelmen also going to Buffalo. Starting together, we rode briskly into Batavia for dinner. Here we were soon surrounded by the Batavia wheelmen. The direct road here becomes rather sandy, so riding a few miles south we reached another road, running through Bow-

mansville to Buffalo. This road is in excellent condition, perfectly level, and makes no turn sometimes for miles.

At Bowmansville we were met by Mr. C. E. Gates, vice-president of the Press Cycling Club of Buffalo, who escorted us into the famed city, over whose asphalt pavement we were delighted to ride. Mr. Gates escorted us to the Press Cycling Club rooms, on Delaware avenue, one of Buffalo's most beautiful streets, where, by their hospitality, a good dinner awaited us.

Buffalo is one of the largest manufacturing cities of the United States, as well as one of the greatest railroad centers. It contains a large number of bicycle clubs. Indeed, the Buffalo Bicycle Club is one of the oldest clubs in the country, but not so active in cycling as in former years.

The Ramblers have their quarters on Main street, and are a jolly lot.

The Buffalo Athletic Club, of course, have the largest membership; but the Press Cycling Club with its 250 members is the most enterprising and active, although they are one of the youngest clubs. Mr. W. W. Wilson, their president, is a very entertaining gentleman.

My trip from New York City to Buffalo occupied 12 days—461 miles from New York; actual riding time, 8½ days.



PRESS CLUB, BUFFALO.



Fishing a la Tourilli.

BY N. B. WINSTON

ONE morning in August last a merry party of keen anglers sped, per express, northward from storied old Quebec city to the quaint little village of St. Raymond.

Our lines had fallen in pleasant places; several weeks of glorious freedom were to come, during which we intended to thoroughly test the waters of the broad and beautiful territory leased by the Tourilli Club.

Naturally anticipation was lively; the prospect of life in the woods and whipping the St. Anne was simply intoxicating, and in our minds rose visions of killing tremendous trout and of having adventures of the wildest nature.

Monsieur Panet, vice-president of the Tourilli Club, met us at the station, and though, to him, most of us were strangers, old friends could not have received a more gracious and kindly welcome. After many inquiries concerning the state of the water, and some advice regarding the guides engaged in our service, we were stored by pairs, with our small luggage, in unique vehicles, which the Canadians dub "buckboards," but which would scarcely pass current at Newport or Lenox.

We had fallen into the hands of one Ferdinand Plamondon, a somewhat silent person, who showed himself equal to the occasion; for with serene composure he bore us through the streets of the scattered little village of St. Raymond, never once looking behind to observe the condition of his passengers. His wisdom was evident; had he once looked back he would have called down upon himself a storm of reproach. A

Canadian buckboard is a thing not to be treated lightly; the driver realizes that "he who hesitates is lost," and so dashes on as impervious to the groans of his victims as Juggernaut would be. However, this drive from the station to the house of our entertainment was not a fair sample; we then had neither driven up nor *driven down* the mountain in a buckboard, and so were too inexperienced to judge of its merits.

With pleasure we alighted before a broad, two-story house, from which swung a sign bearing the legend "Maison de Pension. Ferd. Plamondon." Having been "on the go" since an early hour, and the atmosphere being crisp and bracing, we were disposed to dwell upon the delights of food, and so congratulated ourselves as the aroma of coffee greeted us on our entrance.

This pension, in its appointments, was most primitive and foreign. The low-pitched rooms, the quaint beds, covered with the old-fashioned colored homespun quilt; the neat, short curtain of figured calico or muslin; the breakfast heavily seasoned with onion, the generous dish of eggs, the egg-cup and spoon, the robust young woman of the Tyrolean peasant type to serve us, and a glimpse into the broad, square kitchen at the rear, made one recall the pensions of northern Italy, where very much the same effect would be seen in a mountain village.

Having refreshed ourselves, we took a short turn in sight-seeing through the town, which is scattered and modern, but most beautifully located; after which we were prepared for our drive of eighteen miles up the mountain. It was a merry cavalcade which wended its way out of St. Raymond that August morning. Two ladies from Quebec had joined our party, and their French and knowledge of the country made us feel



a means of mutual support, and thus, excepting an occasional climb on foot up the steep and long ascents, the journey was made. The day did not prove so clear and bright as it had promised; soon the sun was obscured, a cold, damp wind commenced to blow, and we were glad to draw our blankets more closely about us. However, no discomfort



KEEN ANGLERS ALL.

much more secure in our position. We were thoroughly uneducated regarding the buckboard, but, as the journey had to be made in this vehicle, we braced ourselves according to its demands. The driver, who had my special life in charge, gloried in the possession of but one arm, but, as it was neither time nor place to demur, my traveling companion and myself embraced each other as



ST. ANNE RIVER.

could make us indifferent to the beauties of the country through which we passed. We were in the heart of the Laurentian Hills, clad with their somber forests, the spire-like spruces overtopping all, like so many minarets, and the St. Anne, growing more turbulent and tortuous, to our left, within a stone's throw of the roadway. At first the Canadian farmhouse, so simple, yet so neat and compact, was very frequent, and always a bunch of timid children about, verifying the official statement of the prolificacy of the *habitant*. As we advanced the farmhouses were seen at rarer intervals, until, at the entrance to the club-house grounds, stood the home of the Godins, and then an end of houses and roadways, only the great virgin forest beyond, and the water-courses and the trail of the Indian and the caribou.

The club-house, or, properly, the Tourilli Lodge, is situated well back from the St. Anne, upon an elevation which admits of a good survey of the surrounding land, and of picturesque glimpses of the river below, effective vistas having been created by the removal of many trees along the slope from the lodge to the river's edge. The lodge itself is constructed of the log *au naturel*, with a twelve-foot piazza across the front—a charming place for hammocks and easy chairs, and promenades on rainy days, and astronomical observations on clear nights. One enters a front door of hospitable dimensions and finds himself in a large, square living-room, where tables and chairs, and sofas and rugs, and a most generous fireplace, in which blaze five-foot logs, give every sign of comfort. On either side of the living-room bedrooms open up; in the rear are the dining-room, the store-room and the kitchen. A stairway leads to an upper story, where several bedrooms are located. The accommodations are simple and unpretentious; the cots are neat, and after a day's tramp as conducive to sleep as a bed of eider-down. One has all the comfort desirable for a life in the woods, and complete freedom to enjoy himself out of doors and indoors.

The beauty of the country, the trout of the waters of the upper and lower St. Anne and of the Tourilli rivers, and of the basin of the many broad and beautiful lakes held within the bosom of the Laurentian Range; the game,

large and small, which is found all over the Tourilli limits, are but little known, except by trappers, including Indians and half-breeds. In September, 1890, Mr. George van Felson, of Quebec, commanded an expedition which did some bold and substantial work in exploring the wonderful resources and natural beauties within the limits of the Tourilli Club. In his official report he gives a list of the fur-bearing animals to be found in this region; it includes bear, fox, beaver, otter, fisher, mink, lynx, muskrat, caribou in great abundance, moose, porcupine, weasel, hare and squirrel. His list of the feathered tribe "of the palatable kind" includes duck, ruffed grouse and spruce partridge in abundance, and these, with the large catch of trout always possible, give some idea of what a "land of promise" this is to the true sportsman. When to this is added the statement that the limits cover an area of over "1,100 square miles, containing some 125 lakes and 250 miles of rivers and streams," it will be readily seen that not only are the opportunities for sport plentiful, but they cannot be easily exhausted.

Immediately upon our arrival we were met by our guides, French Canadians, born and bred in these mountains, where they lead simple trappers' lives, and, as a class, remain untouched by the advance of civilization. In all things we found them most primitive, but more faithful and devoted and untiring than any guides we had ever seen, and withal so picturesque, speaking their patois, singing their Canadian boat-songs and charming us with alluring tales of trout and caribou, that to forget them would be to blot the Tourilli out of existence for us.

It would be simply delightful to recall in detail those weeks; when the days were spent upon the rivers and lakes, enticing the trout by the most beautifully deceptive flies ever invented, or in following some well-defined trail, along which we bagged partridge or grouse, and kept a keen lookout for caribou. Our evenings were cheered by blazing fires, by cards, by tales of adventure, as well as by friendly discussions, always with the "Noble hot Scotch," or some elixir of equal fascination, as a night-cap and inspirer of pleasant dreams.

We had our first view of one of the

mountain lakes, so wonderful in their beauty, on a radiant morning after two days of cloud and rain. Three of us, accompanied by the guides, Vézina and Duplin, undertook the ascent of the mountain immediately in the rear of the lodge. The trail was steep and rocky, but we were repaid for the hard climb of an hour and thirty minutes by the beauty of the silent forest, and, after the descent on the other side, by the sight of the lake which spread out before us. A few deserted rafts lay about a rotten, worn landing, a large fish-hawk uttered its shrill cry as it flew over our heads and alighted upon the limb of a dead maple, and the water sparkled and flashed like jewels in the sunlight. The spot was so remote and lonely that our failure to catch any trout, though our flies were carefully selected with an eye to the brilliant sunshine, seemed but a suitable *ensemble*. On the way back Vézina told us a thrilling story of his meeting once on this trail a bear with two cubs, showed us the tree under which he first caught a glimpse of the she-bear, and explained at some length his escape, which required an old trapper's cleverness and skill.

Some days after this we planned a trip to the Tourilli Falls, and in order to reach them before midday we were upon the river at an early hour. The falls are some distance from the lodge, and, after passing Carrier's Pool in the St. Anne, it was nearly a steady pull up the rapids. When work of this kind was to be done, the men, suitably attired, with heavy woolen stockings pulled up high over their trousers, plunged boldly into the water, took strong hold of the canoes, and forced them safely through the rocks and rushing current. Sometimes they stumbled, but scarcely ever fell; still, with all their hardy, robust muscle to back them, it was an awkward, fatiguing piece of work, and the sportsman cannot be too considerate in loading his canoe. Arrived within a mile of the falls, we left the canoes to be brought on by the guides, and took the trail for the rest of the way. This trail was the only one we attempted, which came near being impossible. It was boggy to a dangerous degree, and several precipices were spanned only by the most careful step from the ledge of one overhanging rock to that of another. As some of the guides went on ahead clearing the

path, while directing my steps cautiously, my mind reverted to an afternoon a few days previous, when, on the trail to Carrier's Pool, Beauprès took the lead, cutting away the fallen and overhanging boughs. We tried to carry on a conversation with him in the best French we could command; unlike the other guides, he could not be induced to reply in his own language, but persisted in answers given in the most infernal English it had ever been permitted me to hear. At last, in desperation, my comrade said, "Beauprès, où avez-vous étudié l'anglais?" Without a change of expression, with the blandest innocence upon his mild countenance, he replied, "At Boston, monsieur." After that Beauprès was a subject of much interest.

Our day at the Tourilli Falls was one long to be remembered. The guides cleared a spot on the mountain-side and built a royal fire, over which John Godin, cook, prepared a great dinner, in which trout and bacon, and a stew known only to Canadians, figured principally.

At this spot the mountains were so precipitous on either side, and the falls came tumbling down with so great a rush and dash, that our movements were confined to the big rocks lying off the mountain, overhanging the water. We spread generous spruce beds, covered them with our blankets and lay upon them, lulled by the roar of the waters; or we climbed from rock to rock, found some quiet pool, cast a fly, and enticed unsuspecting fish into our net.

The largest fish caught was captured by John Godin, and the lithe young fellow made a picture standing on the rocks, playing the great fish, which proved to be a good four-pounder, while Genessee was bearing him the landing-net through many difficulties. When the day was over we came down the river with great speed, shooting the rapids with triumph, dropping the line into the pools as we sped over them, and indulging in several unsuccessful shots at ducks flying beyond our range. We could just distinguish the silver maples and the birch trees along the water's edge as we ran the last rapid, and the delight and beauty of the life in the lone land were so strong upon us that we could not repress a sigh because man had allowed himself to become civilized.

Our last afternoon was spent upon the river. My friend and myself went

down-stream in the canoes, with Duplin, Leon Picard and the old and favorite guide, Joseph Juneau.

As we drifted along, casting a fly wherever it seemed likely a trout might be caught, Duplin pointed out to us his home, on the opposite bank of the river. He asked us to stop and see his wife, and of course we could not refuse. He paddled us ashore, and introduced us into a pleasant home, complete in its neatness and content. The wife was a sad, sweet-faced woman, who seemed somewhat older than her husband, her hard life, no doubt, being responsible for this appearance. The house con-

tained but two rooms, clean and comfortable. Little girls, with eyes of Madonna blue, were playing about; the mother held the baby boy in her arms, and Duplin's honest face fairly shone with pride, while from the wall a faded print of the Virgin looked down upon it all. We went back to the lodge with very tender domestic feelings welling up in our hearts, and later, at sunset, when the guides built a great fire in front of the piazza, and stood there, forming a picturesque group, each man received his pay and a box of meat for services which had been well and truly rendered.



OVER A PORTAGE.



SERIAL

