

THREE ANGELS.

Three Angels share the lot of human strife,
Three Angels glorify the path of life.
Love, Hope and Patience cheer us on our way;
Love, Hope and Patience form our spirit's stay;
Love, Hope and Patience watch us day by day,
And bid the desert bloom with beauty vernal,
Until the earthly fades in the eternal.

SISTERS.

Cawnpore, Sept. 13, 189—

"Dear Miss Barton—May I venture to hope that you have not quite forgotten the friendship which made last summer—to me at least—so exceedingly pleasant? It is with the thought of your kindness still fresh in my memory that I dare to ask that question which has been growing more and more important to my mind ever since I left home. Will you be my wife? I feel I am asking much of you, but, indeed, I ask in all humility, knowing I have nothing to offer in exchange but a most sincere affection and a great desire to make you happy, and if I can in any degree succeed in that I shall be always yours most gratefully.

"DANIEL MERTON,"
Upford Rectory, Norfolk.

Sept. 30, 189—

"Dear Major Merton—I was very much surprised by your letter, as it had never struck me that you looked upon me as anything but a friend. But I, too, have pleasant memories of the summer, and I feel that I should be contented as your wife, however deeply I might miss my dear home and all the sad and happy associations with which this place is connected, and which must always make it dearer to me than any other in the world. My father has written to you, I know, so I need say no more. I am yours very sincerely,

"CONSTANCE BARTON."

"Mother," said Constance, a few days after writing this letter, "I cannot do it."

"But, my dearest, you must! You know it is only a week to the day you start, and your passage is taken, and all; and your trousseau has gone, and it is really quite easy; and Colonel and Mrs. Gore will look after you, and—"

"What is the good of talking, mother? You know I would travel anywhere; it is the thought of meeting him at the end!"

"Yes, dear," sighed Mrs. Barton, "I quite understand; but you won't mind in a little while. It will soon wear off."

"But it will not! How often must I tell you that this is no sudden freak? I have thought about it for weeks and weeks."

"Why did you not tell me, then?" said the mother, reproachfully.

"Because I could not be certain what I could endure. Yes"—answering a startled look in her hearer's face—"endure. I meant to marry him without loving him; it seemed quite easy, but—last night I found—"

"My dear Constance, go on! What could have influenced you last night?"

"We were coming home from choir practice, and the sun was setting just as we got to the top of the hill—and I stopped at the gate into the first field and watched the sun go down behind the fir trees and the mistis come over the fields—and I found I could not leave it."

"What! Leave what?"

"That gate, mother! No, you cannot understand it; you never would—so just try and forgive me, if you can."

"Constance, surely you cannot be thinking—After all these years!"

"No, mother; I never think, as you say, after all these years. The present is quite enough to think about, and—do you understand? I will not go out to India! I will not marry Major Merton, and so—will you tell my father, or shall I?"

"I will!"

Mrs. Barton went down the stairs with a heavy heart, and on reaching her husband's study sank into the first chair and sighed.

"Constance refuses to marry Major Merton?"

The rector gasped, but before he could say a word an indignant girlish voice broke in from the other end of the room.

"It is a shame! How dare she?"

"Are you there, Maud?" said Mrs. Barton. "Never mind; I should have had to tell you. I think it is a great pity."

"A pity! (scoffingly). It is disgraceful. And how—how will he bear it? To have his love treated like that. She took it as though it were her right, and now she flings it away without thinking of his heart—breaking—and something very like a sob sounded through the room.

"Don't be silly, Maud," said her mother, in the tone which betrays how familiar is the sentence, and Maud had heard it all her life in response to her most enthusiastic ideas, as well as to her daily chatter, so its effect was small.

Her father and mother began to consider the position. Major Merton expecting a bride; their friends, Colonel and Mrs. Gore, waiting to escort Constance to Bombay and be present at the wedding; and, most important to the female mind, the trousseau, which was already on its way to Brindisi. What was to be done?

"Wire to Major Merton," suggested

the rector. "No, Constance, or 'Constance refuses,'"

"No," said Mrs. Barton, decidedly. "The Gores must take our letters, and when he sees them alone on the steamer half the force of the blow will be broken; he will see something is wrong and that will be much better than a telegram."

"Yes," said Maud, "because he will not have to wait a fortnight for the explanation."

"Of course," said Mrs. Barton, pitifully, "though that had not struck me. And, by-the-bye, Maud, this will put an end to your Indian trip," and her mother looked bewildered.

"Why?" said Maud, quickly, and the sharp tones of her voice reduced the confused objections surging in her parents' minds into a feeble "I would not do." But through the long argument that followed, they found her imperious "Why not?" so difficult to answer, that she left them in the end saying wonderingly to each other, "And why not?"

The Ganges was steaming into Bombay harbor early one December morning. The passengers, most of them returning from leave, stood on deck watching for Malabar Hill and other familiar landmarks, full of the excitement of a return to that land which however they might call England "home," held most of their life's interests.

Colonel and Mrs. Gore were there, looking rather distracted as they thought of the unpleasant task which lay before them. Maud had disappeared below on some excuse, somewhat to their relief; they felt the sight of the offending bride's sister would not be likely to soothe matters with the forsaken bridegroom.

Maud, in an agony of suspense and half-shamed disgust with herself, was looking with misty eyes out of one of the portholes, when she heard a hasty step behind her, and before she had time to wonder who it was a voice she knew was saying, in eager tones:

"Constance! How glad I am!"—She turned and faced—Major Merton. He looked disconcerted for a minute, and then went on: "I beg your pardon, Miss—er—Maud, I suppose I may say, but your figures are so much alike; and where is Constance?"

Poor Maud saw that all her stratagems had been useless. Six, of all people, had to tell him the bitter truth; she who all the voyage had pictured him having brain fever, ending probably in madness, when he learned how Constance had treated him. She was very young!

She hung her head like a naughty schoolgirl, feeling intolerably guilty, but something must be said, and gathering all her courage together she began:

"I cannot tell you how sorry I am. I am ashamed of Constance," and as Major Merton smiled in utter misconception of her meaning—"yes, ashamed that she is my sister, for, oh, Major Merton—she is not—she won't—marry you!"

And all her composure fled before the sternness which gathered in his eyes, and, like a little coward, she began to cry. For a few minutes there was a dead silence, broken only by the sound of her sobs, and then a strong sun-burned hand was laid on hers, and a very kindly voice said:

"My dear child, why should you cry? It is not your fault, you would not—have not done this thing, and really"—as this did not seem to have any effect—"It is much better that your sister should have found out her feelings, even, as it seems to me, rather late in the day."

"But it is shameful," sobbed Maud; "you will despise us all. It is so cool of her, you know."

Major Merton almost smiled. "I could not despise her, and as for you—how could I despise you? I think you are sorry for me, and if those tears are for my pain, I cannot have another one. We all have disappointments sometimes, and I hope I know how to bear one."

Maud looked up through her tears again and wondered how Constance could have done this thing. She had never thought that she would bear it as he had; in her own mind she had expected him to stagger—turn white—and perhaps groan a little. She had always heard that a man's tears were so terrible to witness! Secretly, she felt a trifle disappointed when she thought over the scene which she and so often imagined.

However, there was no time for more to be said, for the Gores arrived in the saloon, half vexed and half relieved to gather from the looks of the pair before them that the dreaded disclosure was over, and that nothing remained for them to do but deliver the letters with which they had been intrusted, and let Major Merton depart as quickly as possible.

Mrs. Gore and Maud had been school-fellows and were great friends, so that the latter found life a very pleasant thing in the gay little cantonment where the regiment which Colonel Gore commanded was stationed.

In April Mrs. Gore and Maud betook themselves to Naini Tal.

Colonel Gore came up in July, and his wife and Maud rode down as far as the Brewery to meet him. They arrived early at the meeting place, and walking on through the gorge, settled themselves near a bowlder covered with waving ferns, over which the water dripped, from whence they could see a bit of the road up which Colonel Gore must pass. Mrs. Gore was the first to catch sight of the traveller for whom they waited.

"Oh, Maud!" she cried, "what a both-er! He is not alone. How like Ben to pick up some one, when he might know

that I am dying to tell him everything as we ride up."

Mrs. Gore's astonishment knew no bounds when she found that the stranger was Major Merton, but Maud was silent until he asked her point-blank whether she had recognized him on the road, and then she answered very quietly:

"I thought it looked like you."

Mrs. Gore chattered away to Ben all the way home, but the pair behind was rather silent. Major Merton's recollections of Maud were very hazy, but he had imagined her to be a young woman of decided opinions, and one whose voice was heard more frequently than Constance's in the Norfolk Rectory, and he glanced at her from time to time, wondering at the change, little thinking that she was still oppressed by the thought of his sufferings, which, truth to tell, he had almost forgotten, having soon realized that he was just as happy without the bride who had so coolly deserted him.

As they passed through the bazaar and saw the first shimmer of the waters of the lake and faced the circle of the hills which surround it, he turned and asked her the inevitable question:

"How do you like Naini?"

And she, looking up at him for the first time, showed her dark eyes positively radiant with some hidden light and answered as though to a question in the Catechism—solemnly and earnestly:

"I think it is the most beautiful place in the whole world, Major Merton."

That night Mrs. Gore was silent for five whole minutes when alone with Ben, and then broke into such an infectious peal of laughter that he joined in it begging to know what it was all about.

"Oh," said she, "it struck me as being so funny! I believe we brought out Major Merton's bride, after all."

"What on earth do you mean?" said Colonel Gore.

"Why, Maud is such a sentimental child that I fancy the idea of Major Merton's broken heart, which, of course, was all nonsense, made her more than half in love with him herself, while, as for Major Merton, you know if a man wants to get married he will not give it up because one girl refuses him; he will go on till he finds one who will wed, so there will be no difficulty about him—"

"My dear child, stop! You have absolutely nothing to go upon, and I cannot have you matchmaking for Maud!"

"I am not matchmaking!" (indignantly.) "I would not do anything so horrid. But you see how delightful it would be, and you know the regiment is in orders for Lucknow, and Major Merton's battery is at Cawnpore, so I should be able to see a lot of Maud when she was married, and—"

"You had much better go to bed. Merton is not likely to contemplate marriage for a long time after such a nasty hit."

"How little you know about men!" sighed the sage of twenty-four, and Colonel Gore subsided into silence with a chuckle of delight.

Mrs. Gore behaved very well. Even Ben, who kept a sharp lookout upon her, admitted that. She was friendly with Major Merton, certainly, but not ostentatiously so. She invited him to dinner about once a week, and on every picnic that she gave; but so she did Charlie Manners, the young R. A. who was Maud's friend, and whose device was so open that she could hardly help laughing over it to Major Merton in private.

And Maud, much older for her seven months' Indian experience, gave up pitying Major Merton, but the thought of Constance's misdeed away, and enjoyed the happiest weeks of her whole life, in that delightful state of mind, known once and once only, when a girl forgets the past and the future and feels that the present is very good.

Sept. 13.

"Maud—I go down to-morrow, and though I tried to speak to you last night I never had the opportunity, for when I had I was too miserably uncertain of what your answer would be to dare to risk all upon a question. But now I cannot leave you without getting one word of hope. You know—I need not tell you that—I love you. You must have seen, ever since the day you met me half way down the hill, that you are dearer to me than any one else in the whole world; that I am content just to be with you; no, that is not true, for I want you for my own, all your dear self. Can you do it? How can I ask it, and whatever it may be you will know that I am yours and yours only."

Tuesday morning.

"One word will not do. Yes—and—Yes—and Yes—and that means I love you, and that means everything! Do you know that I am so glad you wrote? Can you guess why? Well, I read your letter to Constance, and I wanted to know whether you could write differently, and I see that you can! I shall see you to-night, and I will not think of to-morrow's goodby."

"MAUD."

An Unfailing Sign of Longevity.

Starting from the base of the big toe there is a distinct line. That is the life line. In one foot it will curve along until it terminates under the instep far toward the lower base of the little toe. This means long life. If broken in the hollow of the foot it denotes a sickness at middle age, and if it terminates in the hollow of the foot it means a short life. This line is the most interesting one on the foot. The experiments that have been conducted lately have proven this to be an almost unfailing reading of longevity.

DECADECE OF WHALING.

HOW THE INDUSTRY HAS FALLEN OFF IN LATE YEARS.

Right Whales, or Bowheads, Seek the Seclusion of Arctic Waters—New Bedford the Whaling Depot.

Men have gone insane within the last ten years, says the New York Mail and Express, trying to make a decent sort of a substitute for whalebone. Hundreds of thousands of dollars have been squandered in the same vain direction. There are substitutes, so-called, but they are as far off from the genuine article as it is possible to make them and spend money. The sperm whale to-day, as any old sailor will testify, is as extinct as the American buffalo. There is nothing to take the place of a right whale in the matter of bone, and, as a natural consequence, woman's stays and "figure divine" are bound to suffer. The present season's catch has been worse than at any time in the history of the commerce, and because of the steady demand the price of the bone is sure to materially advance within the next few months. At present the bone is retailed in the dry goods stores for 21 cents per piece. A piece is about a yard long, thin as a boarding house sandwich, and it takes three pieces to bone a waist. Last year whalebone sold for \$6,500 per ton, and this winter it is thought that the price will be fully \$2,000 more. A few years ago, during a particularly bad catch, Arctic whalebone brought nearly \$7 per pound, or \$14,000 for a short ton. About fifteen years ago the stuff brought no more than \$500 per ton, and the best part of it then was used in umbrella making. Steel stopped that part of the business, and then the whalers became discouraged, and the majority went out of the business absolutely. There is no question now but that the industry has declined almost to the disappearing point. It was not the scarcity of the catch then as it is now, but the dread of the introduction of a substitute that permeated the whole whaling business. The decline of the veteran New England industry is marked from that time.

Those who remain in the business say that the catch has been particularly indifferent during the last five years. In the summer of 1891 whalebone sold in this city for \$6.70 per pound, but this big price was due to the fact that all of the bone then held was practically owned by the Pacific Steam Whaling Company, of San Francisco, and amounted to only 50,000 pounds. In 1854 the bone brought to this country by genuine American vessels reached the magnificent total of 3,445,200 pounds, and this was sold at an average of 40 cents per pound. It was a long time after this that the improvements came. But in 1882, with steam craft specially built to follow the whale in young ice, the deadly bomb lance or harpoon, the destructive shoulder gun and any number of other improvements, the catch yielded only 271,969 pounds, which sold for \$1.71 per pound.

As in the past, practically all of the whalebone industry is the fruit of American vessels. Occasionally some Scotch barks in search of seals in Newfoundland waters take a few whales in Davis Strait, and in the waters of Greenland; but with this exception, the trade is now monopolized by Yankee vessels, as it has been these hundred years. The captain of a New Bedford whaler, in writing to a friend in this city, says there is absolutely nothing in the business now. "The sperm whale of the rolling forties is as scarce as hen's teeth," this mariner writes, "they have all been hunted out. There are any number of right whales, or bowheads, among the seal islands in the frozen Arctic, but they are hard to get at. We struck any number of them last summer, but for every one we took we struck fifty, and for every one we struck we saw a thousand."

If the cream of it is gone, so are the romance and adventure of the palmy days of the trade. The sailor was never created who had less genuine fear than the real old-fashioned whaler. The field of battle had fewer dangers, and this fact was positively established when, during the late war, the loyal New Englanders lent their precious influence. New Bedford is today the depot for whatever whaling business there is left, and for this reason New Bedford is said to be the wealthiest city of its size in the United States. Most of its capital, which is estimated at \$100,000,000, came from bone and blubber. The whaling business of the town was begun about 1775, and was at the height of its fame in 1860. In this year bone sold for \$5 a pound, oil brought \$2.75 a gallon, and the year's catch amounted to \$7,000,000. There were then 10,000 sailors engaged in the enterprise and 600 vessels, representing an investment of \$12,000,000. To-day the business is operated by "blum puddings," an old-timer says. Next to getting the valuable strips from the jawbone of the whale to insert into stays, and waists the most important thing is to get the blanket strips of blubber. It is not a savory job "trying out" a whale, but there is money in it, or rather there was. An old South street shell-bark who was identified with a dozen whaling cruises between '54 and '80 says that the whale fishing of to-day and that of the time before kerosene was introduced to spoil it, can only be compared by the difference between sucker fishing and fishing for salmon. There are more whales than ever in the Northern Pacific, he says, because there is nothing to keep them down. San Francisco is now getting all the baleen. A steam whaler recently arrived there with a poor catch, although her crew reported having seen hundreds of "bowheads" in the Arctic, "gamboling and skylarking like a school of playful porpoises."

It was very disappointing to see all this blubber floating about with no chance to use the iron. The last census showed that there were twelve women engaged with their husbands in the whaling business of the Pacific.

Ambergris is a morbid secretion of the sperm whale, and its yield was never great, but has been growing alarmingly small the last ten years. In 1889 the total yield of ambergris was only 73 pounds, yet its value was \$23,200. Ambergris, according to old traditions, runs from three inches to a foot in diameter, and weighs from a few ounces to twenty or thirty pounds. The largest lump is said to have been sold by an Oriental prince to the Dutch East India Company. It weighed 182 pounds. A piece weighing 130 pounds was found in the intestines of a sperm whale captured near the Windward Islands and brought \$2,400. Ambergris is sold to expensive perfumery stock dealers.

PICTURE ON A HILL.

The Long Man of Wilmington England, Measures 240 Feet.

About midway between Berwick and Polegate Stations, at a point where the side of the hill is very precipitous, those who know exactly the spot where to look will be able to see from the railway carriage windows a sort of rude imitation of the human form outlined in white. The figure, which is between 200 and 300 feet in height, holds a long staff in each hand. This is "The Long Man of Wilmington," once the center of profound veneration and worship, but now merely an object of interest to the curious.

In order to obtain an adequate idea of this great hillside figure, dominating the surrounding country, and appearing to watch as guardian over the little village below, it is desirable to approach it on foot, tramping along the winding lanes, as the pilgrims of old must have tramped when they came hither on the occasion of some great religious festival. Seen from afar, the figure does not appear to be of remarkable size, but gradually, as one approaches the hill, it assumes an imposing and definite shape.

The figure, about 240 feet in height, was merely shaped in the turf, so as to allow the chalk to appear through. In the course of time these depressions in the surface became almost imperceptible, and to such an extent was the figure neglected that at last it was only possible to make out the form at a distance when the slight hollows were marked by drifted snow or when the oblique rays of the rising or setting sun threw them into a deep shadow. In order to preserve the form of the Long Man, and to render it at the same time easily distinguishable at a distance, the outline was marked by a single line of white bricks placed closely together. The effect has been to produce a somewhat startling figure, which is plainly visible in fine weather from a great distance.

There are in different parts of the country other examples of extremely rude and early hillside figures; and, although the very fact of the great antiquity renders it unlikely that historical or documentary evidence will be forthcoming as to their design or precise purpose, it is very satisfactory to find that an explanation has been found which will at once account for many of their peculiarities.

The theory is that these are sacrificial figures. We learn from the writings of Caesar that the Gauls (and the Britons were doubtless included) had figures of vast size, the limbs of which, formed of ozers, they filled with living men. The figure was ultimately fired, and the miserable victims perished in the flames.

There is a local saying in Sussex, probably of great antiquity, in which the Long Man is mentioned in reference to the weather. It runs: When Firle Hill and Long Man has a cap, We at A'ston get a drap.

Firle Hill, or Beacon, is a well-known height of the South Downs, and the "cap" referred to is a covering of clouds or mist.—English Illustrated Magazine.

Real Value of Potatoes.

The real value of potatoes depends upon the starch contained, which may vary from thirteen per cent. to about twice as much. While the price does not vary accordingly, it is of advantage to cultivators to select seed rich in starch, and a French inventor, M. A. Allard, has devised an instrument called the feculometer for enabling them to do this. It depends upon the principle that increases the proportion of starch increases the density. It is a kind of large aerometer, consisting of a lower receptacle for a weight, a central float into which is put a kilogramme of very clean and very dry potatoes, and a rod graduated for density and corresponding richness in starch. When plunged into a cylindrical vessel of water about twenty inches deep, the instrument promptly indicates the quality of the potato by the depth to which the rod sinks. The same apparatus may be used for determining the density of other farm products, such as beets and grain, a special scale being provided for each kind.

Some Men Are Frivolous.

The Emperor Domitian occupied his leisure in catching flies. Cardinal Richelieu amused himself with his collection of cats. Cowper was at no time so happy as when feeding his tame hares. Mazarin employed his leisure in playing with an ape. The Marquis de Montespan amused himself with mice when occupying the gilded apartments of Versailles. The mice were white and had been brought to him all the way from Siberia. Latude, in the Bastille, made companions of twenty-six rats which occupied his cell.

Oil Fuel for War Ships.

A writer in a recent number of the *Reviata Nautica* remarks that all the great naval powers have been experimenting with petroleum fuel. In 1893 many of the Italian war ships carried a supply of astaki to be used as an adjunct to their ordinary fuel supply, while many of the torpedo-boats were fitted to use it exclusively. England is stated to have made the most progress in this line, while Russia, to whom the matter is of special importance, owing to her enormous supplies of petroleum, comes second. The advantages of the liquid, it is stated, comprise a reduction in the weight and volume of combustible required for a given horsepower in the engines. An increased radius of action is thus obtained. The oil can, moreover, be stored at least partially below water line, out of the way of shells. There is no fear of spontaneous combustion of the oil, such as occasionally occurs with coal, and being free from sulphur, the oil fuel is not likely to deteriorate the boiler shell or tubes. The operation of firing, so arduous with coal, becomes extremely easy with petroleum, and once the draught is properly adjusted, there is no stream of telltale flame from the funnels of the boat. The furnace doors can be kept closed, thus avoiding the rush of cold air on to the boiler, which occurs every time fresh coal is placed on the furnace grate. The operation of "cooling," if one may use the term, becomes also extremely simple, and can be carried out successfully in mid-ocean and in rough weather. The evaporative power of the oil is, weight for weight, superior to that of coal and in practice 15,200 pounds of water have been evaporated from one heat of 212 degrees Fahrenheit, with one pound of oil, that theoretically due being about 20.5 pounds.

Some of our chief authorities on power appear to be of the opinion that liquid fuel is likely to displace coal in the near future over a large area, says the *Iron* and *Trades Review*. "The residue of the distillation of petroleum or shale oil, known by the name of mazout and astakis, is successfully used on more than seventy-two locomotives on the Volga railway. In England there has recently been constructed a torpedo boat of about eighty-six tons displacement. She has a double bottom divided up into eight water-tight compartments, which are used as tanks or bunkers for the oil and which holds from fifteen tons to sixteen tons. As these compartments are emptied of the liquid fuel they are filled with water, so that the draught and stability of the boat remains always the same. This boat's engines are ordinary triple-expansion. The boiler is of the ordinary locomotive type, with the special fittings necessary for liquid-fuel burning. It is fitted with thirty-one oil jets, which are fed by a Worthington pump, which draws the fuel from the double bottom and delivers it into a cylindrical tank, where it is put under air pressure. It has been claimed that the results of all trials up to the present time have been to show that there are only two ways of burning liquid fuel, viz: either by means of atomizers for large powers or gasifiers for small powers. Of course, in England, where coal is cheap, and oil or petroleum so relatively dear, we could hardly expect the latter to make such headway as in Russia or the Balkan states."

Talks Without a Tongue.

A remarkable case of special interest to the medical world exists at Bradford, Penn. The case is that of Dr. A. M. Williams, who, although he recently had his tongue removed, is able to talk. He is unable to tell the nature of his disease, which, he says, was undoubtedly malignant. It was a sort of cancerous growth, and in order to save his life he went to Buffalo, N. Y., and entered a hospital, where he had his entire tongue, left zonsil, left submaxillary and sublingual glands and some cervical lymphatic glands removed.

With these gone, according to general belief, speech would be impossible. Yet Dr. Williams can speak, and speak quite well. He began to study out the subject of speech and discovered that persons were "right" and "left" in the use of the organs of their mouth and throat, just as they are "right" and "left" in the use of their hands.

In this case he was "left" in the use of his mouth and throat muscles, a circumstance that made his condition still more desperate, because some of the organs of the left side had been removed with the tongue. He is inclined to the theory that, while the preferred use of the right instead of the left hand is generally a case of education or choice, the involuntary discrimination that leads one to use a set of mouth or throat muscles or refrain from using both sets is, in most cases, the result of heredity.

Examination of peculiarities in their pronunciation of certain letters, where Dr. Williams and several of his descendants agreed, but were at variance with most other people, and which peculiarities were in no wise due to defects of vocal organs, led him to form the conclusion above stated.

He has finally succeeded in being able to talk. In conversation he never resorts to the pencil. He has been out of the hospital five weeks, and can speak so as to be fairly well understood. The doctor is confident that within a short time his speech will greatly improve.

Queer Cycling.

A one-legged bicyclist is making a tour around the world. His name is R. W. Brown, and he left Madison South Dakota, on June 1, arriving at San Francisco September 23.

Brown says he is not trying to make any particular kind of record. All he wants is, he says, a change of scenery and especially to get away from "the hard times in South Dakota."

He has been pushing westward by easy stages. He arrived at San Francisco with only one cent in his pocket but he was confident of making some money before many hours were over. On the way across the continent this one-legged bicyclist has been giving exhibitions and winning races. He exhibited a race at Salt Lake, in which there were twenty-three starters. He was allowed a seven-minute handicap over the scratch man, and he came out eighth in a ten-mile race. In all, Brown has travelled, according to his cyclometer, 2,878 miles.—New York Journal.