

The school system of the Greater New York will be at least the second biggest in the world.

"No Vice President for fifty years has had any appreciable influence in politics," declares the Boston Herald.

Among the many astonishing features of the vogue of the hour for wheeling is the hold which it has secured upon public men, not only in the Old World, but also in the United States.

Great attention is being drawn to the unparalleled influx of foreign capital into Russia during the last two years, which is still on the increase. It has been calculated that within a very short time thirty-one new industrial undertakings have been started in Russia by the Belgians alone, with a capital of \$90,000,000.

William E. Smythe, who is an irrigation expert, says the arid region of the trans-Mississippi west measures north to south as far as from Montreal to Mobile and east to west further than from Boston to Omaha. When some cheap and practicable means of irrigation is found it is expected that the population of this region will become greater than the present population of the United States.

The appointment of Princess Henry of Battemberg to the Governorship of the Isle of Wight illustrates the familiar truth that precedent can be found for anything unusual in England if one only goes back far enough. The bestowal of this office upon a woman is exceptional, but not unprecedented. During the reign of Edward III. the widow of the Lord of Wight succeeded him in the Governorship when he fell at Agincourt, and two other precedents have been hunted up.

An important discovery has recently been made in Madagascar, which will have the effect of considerably increasing the value of that island for France. Gold has been discovered between Tamatava and Antananarivo, where the conformation of the country is very similar to that of the Rand. Already twenty-eight prospectors have left the Transvaal for Tamatava. The French, however, are placing every possible obstacle in the way of allowing foreign prospectors to commence digging.

The Atlanta Constitution remarks: Though it may be gratifying to our National pride to account for the yearly number of suicides on the principle that intelligence begets self-slaughter and that epidemics of suicide indicate a healthy tone of civilization, it is, nevertheless, a matter of profound sorrow that so many are driven by the stress of circumstances to such extremes of desperation. It is also to be hoped that if civilization has produced this mania that civilization will likewise suggest a remedy.

We are all too apt to jump at conclusions, protests the New York Times, and this is a case where a loose use of our mother tongue helped that tendency along. A few weeks ago a paragraph appeared in several of the London papers giving an account of an accident that had occurred in Sloane street. A woman riding upon a bicycle had, according to this, come into collision with an omnibus, and "the lady lost her head." At once the report became current that a woman had been decapitated in Sloane street, and the following week several of the papers declared that terrible accidents had recently occurred, but that the bicycle manufacturers had bribed the coroners to suppress the reports of the inquests!

The records of the public schools of New York City show that the attendance of the Hebrew children is more regular than the attendance of the children of any other class, and that their standard of scholarship is higher. No sacrifice is considered too great by the Hebrew father and mother to keep their children at school as long as possible. A Hebrew who cannot read and write his own language at least is the exception. An educational restriction on education would have no appreciable effect in excluding Russian Hebrews. The Hebrews are a temperate people, and the saloon is not likely to become an element in their social and political life. Instead of beer and strong alcoholic liquors, they drink enormous quantities of tea and coffee. Hebrew immigration is free from the objection so commonly urged against immigration in general, that it increases crime and pauperism. The Hebrew quarter in New York, although more densely populated than any other tenement house district, is rarely the scene of serious brawls or disturbances.

## PERILS OF THE JUNGLE.

WILLIAM ASTOR CHANLER TELLS A THRILLING STORY.

Savage War With Man and Beast in Africa—Charged by Natives, Rhinoceroses and Elephants.

DURING the spring of 1892 Mr. William Astor Chanler started from New York for Africa on exploration bent. He returned to Europe on the first of May, 1894, having been in Africa two years, lacking just six weeks. His description of thrilling adventures and strange people forms one of the most interesting books of the year.

Mr. Chanler, who is a great-grandson of John Jacob Astor, was only twenty-four years old at the time he set out on this trip. He was accompanied by Lieutenant Von Hohnel, an Austrian officer, and his servant, George Galvin. Their caravan was made up of the semi-civilized Africans living near the coast, and their beasts of burden.

With most of the natives Mr. Chanler was able to enter into friendly relations, but on some occasions this was impossible, and it was only after hard fighting that the caravan was able to make its way through the country. On one occasion they marched at night to try to get through before the natives should discover them.

"Through the forest there lay a well-beaten path," says Mr. Chanler, "and the rays of the setting moon enabled us to make our way over it without difficulty. Our advance was made as silently as possible, but we had not entered the cultivated portion of the Wamsara territory a quarter of a mile ere the brightening dawn enabled us to distinguish large bodies of natives hurrying on to some point in front of us. I had scarcely drawn up my forces ere, with loud shouts, a body of warriors, at least 200 in number, sprang from the plantations where they had been in hiding, and dashed toward the knoll by a road. Advancing in column, they presented a front of but five or six men.

"I placed six men across this road to repel the attack, and when the attacking force had reached a point about 100 paces distant they received the first volley. The aim of the volley was bad, and had no deterring effect upon the advance of the savages. The command, 'aim lower!' was given, and when the second volley rang out the advancing column was seen to waver. At the third and fourth volleys the natives in the front of the column scattered and broke; but those in the rear came pluckily on.

"This was the opening of the ball. Soon we were engaged on all sides, and for two hours our attention was directed to stemming the onrush of hundreds of natives. Upon seeing them weaken, we would charge the retreating column with a small force, and endeavor by excessive punishment to prevent their return. For the first hour of the engagement our fire seemed to daze the natives, and they would retreat to a point beyond range. They would then reassemble and after being harangued by their chiefs would again charge us, only to be beaten back again.

"We, however, did not get off scot free. There were many hand-to-hand combats between my men and the natives. Three of the porters were stretched upon the ground. By 11 a. m., when the natives left us in peace, we discovered that twelve more of our band were wounded. Two of my men had been shot through the leg by poisoned arrows, which throughout the combat had rained over our little knoll; but in most cases the aim was so bad that the natives overshot their mark. At one time and another during this day's fighting the Wamsara had from 2000 to 3000 men in the field sufficiently brave and active to have annihilated a force of four times as great as mine, though armed with rifles; but their lack of organization and their ignorance of the first principles of warfare enabled us, as the event proved, to be more than a match for them."

There were many rhinoceroses, which charged the caravan continually, inflicting much damage. "Many times during a morning," says Mr. Chanler, "we heard the snort of rhinoceroses in the tall grass on our left, and at length, toward noon, we heard a violent snort more than forty feet distant. In a moment we heard the dull thud of his feet, but the grass was so high and thick that we could catch no glimpse of the animal, yet all the time knew that he was coming in our direction. Soon he reached the trail at about twenty feet behind where I stood. I had my rifle ready, but could not shoot, as my boy, Sururu, was between me and the onrushing animal. In an instant he caught Sururu, and with horror I saw the boy's body flying through the air, and had just sufficient time to throw myself to one side into the bush ere the animal thundered past me and disappeared in the long grass.

"When I reached Sururu I found him lying on his side, groaning. At the time of this adventure Sururu was wearing an old canvas coat of mine, much too large for him. In a lower pocket of this coat he kept my compass and a heavy silver watch. The horn of the rhinoceros, after passing between his legs from the rear, broke the compass to bits, dented the thick case of the watch and, glancing off, inflicted a dangerous looking wound in the groin. Had it not been for the thick canvas coat, the compass and the watch, I think the blow would have been attended by fatal results. After a few minutes Sururu recovered sufficiently from the shock to be placed upon my horse, when we started on our way with any but pleasant thoughts and feelings.

"Fifteen minutes after the accident to Sururu we reached a small open space in the tall grass. At this point there was lying across our path the trunk of a small, dead tree. Here my attention was arrested by a disagreeable sight only ten feet away, but on the other side of the fallen tree. There stood a rhinoceros facing me. For some moments we stood facing one another. Almost unconsciously I raised my rifle to my shoulder and ranged my eye along the sights. Still no movement on the part of the animal. After remaining in this position for, say, thirty seconds, the animal appeared to become restless and swung its horned snout to one side, thereby giving me an opportunity for a good shot at its neck. In an instant my rifle was discharged; then through the smoke charged the rhinoceros. Instinctively I leaped to one side, and, as it passed me, I gave it a second shot. It fell—dead. Beyond doubt this was the same rhinoceros which had tossed Sururu, for upon the tip of his forward horn blood was plainly to be seen.

The elephant hunts were the most exciting of the adventures. On one occasion Mr. Chanler started out, accompanied by two native guides and his two gun-bearers. He had left his little fox-terrier, Felix, behind in charge of the rest of his men, as the dog always showed the greatest excitement in the presence of elephants. Mr. Chanler says of this adventure: "My guides suddenly stopped, their eyes blazing with suppressed excitement, and pointed to a small opening fifty feet away. There in the opening I saw a good-sized elephant. When satisfied that I had seen the elephant, my guides suddenly and swiftly disappeared. It was standing broadside on, and all but its head and ears and the highest portion of its back were concealed by the thick growth. I was armed with a .577. I took careful aim at the outer edge of the huge ear of the beast and discharged my rifle. As soon as the smoke cleared sufficiently to permit me to get another sight I fired the second barrel.

"The sound of the report had scarcely died away when a dreadful crashing and trampeting was heard, and straight at me through the bush came—I knew not what. I turned for another rifle, but both gun-bearers had fled, and I was alone with an empty rifle. No, not alone; for Felix, the fox-terrier, had by some means escaped from the men who held him and there stood by my side, his ears pricked to attention and his tail trembling with excitement. All this occurred in a few seconds, and I had scarcely realized my helpless condition when I saw five elephants rushing at me and not more than fifteen feet distant. I leaped to one side, and in so doing pierced my arm and shoulder with some thorns, which gave me such pain that I stopped, and expected that in a second I would be trampled under foot.

"What was my surprise at this moment to see Felix, fired with ardor for the chase, dash straight for the foremost elephant, and leaping upon him, bit vigorously at some portion of his body, all the while barking in his most vigorous manner. The brutes at once halted and, with a scream of fright, turned sharply to the right, and—I was saved. I had two extra cartridges in my pocket, but as I had expected to seize a freshly loaded rifle, I had not at first attempted to place them in my weapon. Now that I had time for thought I slipped one in, and got a shot at the head of the rear elephant as it disappeared in the bush not six feet from me. I do not think sixty seconds elapsed between my first and third shots.

"After a short search I found that my two shots had proved effective—a large female elephant was lying on its side, though not yet dead. As we approached it, it endeavored to rise and reached for us with its trunk. Another shot ended its life."

**Flocking to the El Dorado.**  
The influx of immigrants into South Africa is continuing at such a rapid rate that the Cape Times fears that before many months have passed they will once more be faced with the unemployed difficulty. Not even the unexampled progress of Johannesburg can possibly keep pace with the weekly arrivals. Sooner or later there will be a serious glut in the labor market and a heavy fall in the remuneration of labor.

Already, it seems, the tendency of wages, outside the class of artisans, is in the downward direction. First-class men will, of course, always command good pay in South Africa, because their ranks are by no means extensively recruited from the flood of new arrivals. But the outlook for third-rate men is by no means favorable. Our contemporary hears, for instance, of tolerably efficient clerks of the mechanical order who are scraping along on the miserable pittance of \$1.25 a day, which is a good deal less than one would call a "living wage" at the Cape.

**An Intensive Calculation.**  
An Ohio farmer having given a detailed account of his operations for a year on a \$9000 farm of 160 acres, showing a net return of about \$100 after paying expenses, including the support of his family, a South Carolina paper rises to remark that such farming would not be regarded as profitable in that State. It mentions the case of a South Carolina farmer who netted last year \$385 from a single acre, planted first in tobacco and then in turnips. This figure applied to 160 acres would mean profits of \$61,760. The average tiller of the soil would be willing to throw off \$60,000 of this amount for his annual net return, and yet the hint given regarding the possibilities of intensive farming is clearly applicable to the agriculture of the future.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

## THE FIELD OF ADVENTURE.

THRILLING INCIDENTS AND DARING DEEDS ON LAND AND SEA.

Fighting Brothers Shielded by Providence—A Convict's Thrilling Adventures—A Lion Mesmerizes a Man.

A HALF dozen or so men were sitting out in front of a Washington (D. C.) hotel the other evening telling stories. "When I was twenty-one," said a tall man, evidently from a Southern State, "I had an ungovernable temper, and a half brother three years older than myself. We were both church members, but that didn't seem to bring us any closer together, for he was a Methodist and I was a Baptist. You may have observed," he threw in as a decoration to the story, "that Christian charity and brotherly love don't always thrive on denominational feed. However, as I was saying, we were of different denominations, and we got along fairly well together until we began arguing on our respective faiths. Then we got hot, and I always lost my temper. I may say that he did very nearly the same, but he wasn't quite as bad as I was in that regard.

"One day we were out hunting with only one gun, a squirrel rifle, between us, and I had the gun. I may add here that we lived on a farm, and a one-gun hunting party was not at all unusual. We had set down on a rock near the edge of a stream to rest, and in some way I slipped and went into the water. It made me mad to begin with, and when he began chaffing me and telling me that a Baptist ought to be used to a little thing like that, I got ten times worse, and hit him a lick in the face. He ran off a few yards and picked up a boulder about as big as your double fist, while I made a grab for the gun, which I had set up against a willow under the bank.

"Of course, we did not know what we were doing by this time; only I remember telling him if he raised his hand to throw the stone I'd shoot him. He was nifty, though, and I hadn't more than got the words out of my mouth than he let the boulder come at me, and, true to my word, I banged away at him. We weren't forty feet apart, and it was a standoff between the boulder and the bullet as to which was the more dangerous, but Providence, I reckon, was watching over us, for as I fired the boulder flew into a dozen pieces, and both of us were left standing looking at each other in a dazed, helpless kind of way. Then, still not understanding what had happened, but realizing how nearly our tempers had brought us to bloodshed, we rushed into each other's arms and began crying over each other.

"When we had got over the excitement and collected our wits sufficiently to make an investigation, we discovered that by the merest chance—by Providential interference, I mean—my bullet and his boulder had met in their flight and nullified each other. On one piece of the broken stone we found the blue mark of the bullet, and in another place we found the battered bullet. He took the bullet, and I took the piece of marked stone, and we have kept them to this day as sacred souvenirs, and as very potent reminders never to discuss our respective beliefs. I'm just as strong a Baptist as ever, and he is equally a Methodist, but we both believe that greater than either Baptist or Methodist is the Providence that watches over us all."

**Adventures of a Convict.**

The following remarkable story of adventure appeared recently in the Westminster Gazette. It was recited to M. Coehofort, head of the Paris detective service, by an escaped convict named Bourdet. According to his story, Bourdet, an engineer by trade, was sentenced to a long term of penal servitude in the year 1881, and was sent to the penal settlement in French Guiana. In 1885 he determined to escape. Owing to his efficiency as a workman, he was made foreman of a party of convicts who were sent to work in an isolated part of the forest, under the supervision of a warden. He communicated his design to five of the convicts, and they managed to secretly construct a raft, on which they intended to make their way to Dutch Guiana by sea.

Taking advantage of a fete day, on which the surveillance was relaxed, the six men got safely away on the raft. Their provisions consisted of a small quantity of rice, which each man had saved from his rations, and four of them had also a little quinine. They made their way some distance down the coast, and then landed to push their way through the forest. One soon succumbed to fever, and was abandoned to die. The fugitives were next set upon by some Indians, who captured two of them, and Bourdet and his two remaining companions escaped. Their next adventure was with a large serpent, which they unfortunately stumbled over, and the reptile seized one of the men and crushed him to death. The other two, after enduring terrible hardships, reached the river forming the boundary of Dutch Guiana. At this stage Bourdet's companion sold his remaining rice and quinine, and joined a band of wandering Indians.

Bourdet, left to himself, crossed the river on an improvised craft, and after much privation managed to continue his journey to Georgetown. He subsequently worked for several years in the gold mines, and having amassed a small sum of money, he returned to France to see his relatives. On his way through Paris he was robbed of his money by a swindler. In spite of this he reached his home, but, as his reception there was decidedly cold he returned to Paris. Unable to obtain employment, and being in danger of

starvation, he had no resource but to give himself up to the police and request to be sent back to the penal settlement.

**A Lion Mesmerizes a Man.**

Ensign Stewart, of the British navy, is not a believer in the theory of the lion tamers that the steady glance of the human eye will subdue the wildest of the king of beasts. In fact, he came very near losing his life in making a test of that kind. While in India he was one day visited by three friends from England who wanted to go lion hunting. So Ensign Stewart made up a party, composed of a half dozen English residents, a number of natives and the visitors, and they went into the jungle for a big hunt. On the fourth day Ensign Stewart became separated from the others and was working his way through the dense undergrowth, with the growing consciousness that he was lost, when a great lion suddenly leaped into the path, not fifty feet away from him. The beast and man discovered each other at the same time, Stewart raised his rifle and hurriedly fired. Of course he missed, and before he could reload the lion, with a low growl commenced to creep towards him. The officer raised his head and looked straight into the creature's eyes, but the result was entirely different from his expectations. The great yellow eyes seemed like balls of fire, and after a moment's gaze he saw nothing else. His gun slipped from his hand, his strength gave way and as he fell to the ground on his knees his heart almost stopped beating. In fact the lion had mesmerized the man. All this time the beast was creeping toward his prey. Stewart's gaze was fixed on the terrible eyes, and back of them he could dimly see a dark, swaying form, but he knew that the end was coming. The huge body and the two fiery eyes rose in the air and at the same instant there came a loud report, and the officer fainted. Five of the party had been following the trail of the lion, and they arrived just in time to save their companion. But Stewart lay for a week in a delirious state and it was his last lion hunt.

**Slapped by a Bear.**

Sent rolling down a mountain side by a blow from a bear's paw, and with bruise in hot pursuit of the helpless man, was the trying experience of Warren Williamson, who, in company with Elmer Holt, recently went to Callahan run, near Jersey Mills, to run logs down the mountain for Frank Torbet of Jersey Shore. The men had started one log, Holt having a handspike and Williamson an ax. After the log had started the men came to a trunk of a tree, which Williamson began pounding with his ax.

An ominous growl was heard, and instantly thereafter a bear rushed out of the hollow trunk and began to combat with Williamson. The fight was all one-sided, and lasted but one minute. Williamson, taken completely by surprise, could do nothing but stare at his bearship. The latter sprang at the astonished woodman and struck such a powerful blow that Williamson began rolling over and over down the mountain. The bear sprang after him.

Williamson's desperate cries for help awakened Holt to a realization of his companion's danger, and, grasping his spike, he sped down the mountain after the bear. Fortunately he overtook the animal before the latter reached the helpless and thoroughly frightened Williamson. Holt began prodding brain with the handspike, and made such a determined onslaught that the animal gave up the pursuit and disappeared in the woods.—Philadelphia Press.

**Steamer Strikes a Whale.**

Captain J. G. Hunter, master of the steamer Umattila, has had many experiences in his life on the sea, but the strangest of all came as he was guiding his vessel around the treacherous rocks of Cape Flattery and into the straits. The vessel was proceeding under easy steam when the outlook forward reported something floating that looked like an overturned schooner. The Umattila's glasses were turned on the wreckage, and the experienced eye of Captain Hunter told him it was a whale, although it was a monster.

It was the work of a moment to decide what to do, and Captain Hunter swung the Umattila around on a bee line with the sleeping monster and rang down to the engine room for full speed. A moment later the vessel struck the whale, and for about ten seconds there was oil poured on the troubled waters. The passengers felt the lurch of the craft and rushed on deck in time to see the two ends of the half-severed mammal dangling at the prow of the steamer. The force of the blow had not driven the steamer entirely through the whale, and Captain Hunter backed away from it. Then it could be seen that the whole was of the humpback variety, over fifty feet in length. Several camera "fiends" were aboard and secured good negatives of the unusual sight.—San Francisco Call.

**A New Slate Pencil.**

The small boy and the small girl threaten a strike. There is rebellion in the youthful heart. Science has evolved a noiseless slate pencil, and the soul-harrowing screech of the ordinary pencil is to be heard no more. The new pencils are made of bone. They are unbreakable and voiceless. The amount of enjoyment that a youngster can get out of an ordinary pencil and slate is limited only by his energy in wielding this small instrument of torture, but while the child rebels, the teacher and the parent bless that branch of science that has emancipated them from the agony inflicted by this unnecessary evil.—New York Ledger.

## FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

A COLUMN OF PARTICULAR INTEREST TO THEM.

**Something that Will Interest the Juvenile Members of Every Household—Quaint Actions and Bright Sayings of Many Cute and Cunning Children.**

**Longest Day in the Year.**  
Teacher—Can any little boy tell me which is the longest day in the year?  
Billy—Some fellows say the day before Christmas is and some say the day before the Fourth of July.

**It Made Them Jump.**  
Two young ladies in the country were standing by the side of a wide ditch wondering how to cross it. They appealed to a boy who was coming along the road for help, whereupon he pointed behind with a startled air and yelled: "Snakes!"  
They crossed the ditch at a single bound.

**What a Bee-Samson Will Carry.**  
A small boy is doing very well indeed if he can lift and carry 100 pounds or a little less than his weight. And he would have to drop it pretty quick, too. But listen to what a bee will do. Not long ago some scientists caught a number of bees just as they returned to their hive laden with honey, and, after inclosing them in a little box, carefully weighed them. When the bees had unloaded they were again caught, placed in the same box and weighed a second time. The experiment showed that when laden the bees weighed three times as much as when empty. It was, therefore, concluded that a bee can carry three times its own weight of honey—and fly for a long distance with it, too.

**A Little Old Maid.**



That little Miss Betty will be an old maid is evident, very, to me. For she takes her white kitten wherever she goes, and sips, every morning, her tea.

**Playing Store.**  
One who knows about the game must be storekeeper. He stands behind the table if the game is played in the house, or behind a gate or balcony railing or a bench if it is played out of doors, and announces that he is ready to sell by calling out or singing:

Come and purchase at my store,  
All who have not been before,  
Ask me right, I'll sell at once;  
Ask me wrong, you'll be a dunce.

If no one else knows the game it may take a good while to start right. The first purchaser should ask for something beginning with A, the next with B, etc. If the first one asks for bread he is told to go to the left of the store, on the dunce's side, and another must come and try to buy. When one has asked rightly, as, for example, for alcohol or alum, he is told to go to the right side. Then the next must ask for something beginning with the next letter of the alphabet or go to the left. The ones on the right side join in the verse which must be said before each new purchaser comes to buy. It will make the game harder to reverse the order of purchasers, going backward through the alphabet.

**Dr. Wilder and His Pets.**

Dr. Wilder is of all the faculty at Cornell College the one fondest of pets. His big dog, his three-legged cat, his pet alligator, his crows, and his four monkeys are all subjects of jokes on the part of students, and perennial curiosity on the part of visitors. It may seem odd to have three cages of monkeys in a lecture room, and a general medley of animals in the professor's office. But Jim has his office in a basement window, whence he freely issues into a large wire cage built out of doors. Here he quarrels with visitors and hoots the passing crowds of students. But the climax is reached when Prof. Caldwell tries to pilot his brown spaniel past the spot. The dog goes bumping his nose on the wire, always convinced that he has got the crow at last, and too busily occupied to hear his master's whistle. In the end the mortified professor always has to drag his dog by the collar, much to the amusement of the students.

**Harold as a Dray-Driver.**

One day Harold had no one to play with, and he didn't know what to do with himself. Mamma was making pies and was too busy to be talkative.

Harold stood and looked out of the kitchen window, and wondered if it would rain. He felt quite out of sorts and was almost ready to cry when mamma spoke.

"Harold?"

"What, mamma?"

"Could you do an errand for me?"

Harold always liked to do errands. He got his hat. "Where do you want me to go, mamma?"

"Go to Mr. Woodpile, if you please," said mamma, "and tell him we are out of wood, and ask him to send us a load of it."

Harold saw they were going to have a nice play.

"How will Mr. Woodpile send the wood, mamma?" he asked.

"You may tell him to hire a dray," said mamma.

"Whose dray?"

"Oh, anybody's."

Harold looked up brightly. "I'll tell you what it is," he said, "I'm a dray-driver myself."

Mamma laughed. "Are you?" she said. "Then you're the very man to do the hauling."

So Harold took his little express wagon and got a load of wood. Then he told mamma it looked so much like rain he thought he'd better bring several more loads. Mamma was just making a saucer-pie for the oven.

"All right, Mr. Dray-driver," she said; and she put the pie in the window to cool, while Harold went on hauling wood.

When the wood-box was full mamma told the flushed little workman he had done enough.

"And now what do I owe you?" she inquired.

"Why, whatever you say, Mrs.—Mrs. Mamma," stammered Harold. He couldn't think of any other name, so he just called her "Mrs. Mamma."

"Would this pay you for your time?" asked mamma, taking the saucer-pie from the window.

"Oh, yes, ma'am, very much," said Harold.

Then mamma gave him the pie, and kissed him. She quite forgot he was a dray-driver.

## RIDING A WHEEL OF GOLD.

Lillian Russell Now Has a Bicycle to Match Her Hair.

About a year ago an Eastern wheel manufacturer presented Lillian Russell, the comic opera beauty, with a bicycle which was lavishly plated with gold. This machine has now given place to one made by a Western firm. The new wheel is much more expensive than the one discarded, the cost being put at \$1,400. Every part of the wheel which could be plated has three layers of gold, and the value of the bullion used in the plating process was \$800. In general appearance it is not unlike other wheels of the '96 models. There are, however, two exceptions, both of which emanated from suggestions made by the diva when she was in the West recently with her company. One is in the saddle, which is somewhat smaller than the average lady's saddle, and has concealed in the rear a set of springs. Again, the handle bars are nearer the rider than ordinarily. This is accomplished by having a tube shorter and inclined toward the rider at a greater angle. Another feature of the machine is the total absence of guards of any kind. Every part of the wheel has Miss Russell's name engraved on it. This even extends to the delicate spokes, each of which is emblazoned with the owner's name on the triple plating of gold. The rims are, of course, devoid of plating. They are made of curly maple and polished to brilliancy. The cyclometer was included in the plating, as was also the lamp, which, by-the-by, is lighted with electricity from a small but strong storage battery.

Miss Russell, while riding her golden bicycle near Central Park, New York,



LILLIAN RUSSELL ON HER WHEEL.

collided with an unknown cyclist and was thrown to the pavement. Her costly wheel was smashed and her ankle was hurt. Riders in the vicinity of the place where the accident occurred witnessed a blur of bicycle fragments, hosiery and fluttering lace. Then they rushed to the singer's assistance. The golden wheel was as if it were a game of jackstraws in which the trick was to pick out the back bone.

**About Encores.**

Stms Reeves is hard on what he calls the "vicious encore system." He characterizes it as a preposterous piece of dishonesty, of which all honest persons should be ashamed. The nuisance, he says rightly, seeks to take a shabby advantage of the suffering professional; and it is to be regretted that few of our performers possess sufficient courage to return to the platform, bow politely, and indicate firmly, No! Your encore monger cares nothing about symmetry, or balance, or cohesiveness, whether the occasion be the lyric stage, the oratorio performance, the benefit and ordinary concert or the ballad concert.

He wants to hear more than he has bargained for, and if his demand is not yielded to he will hoot and bray and hiss, when an attempt is made to perform the next piece, as if he belonged to the long-eared quadrupeds or feathered biped tribe. And then we have occasionally what the newspapers term "a scene"—an exhibition of "Arryism" that disgraces our boasted civilization. If managers, artists and the musical public would but think this matter over and determine to stamp out the nuisance once and for all, our English musical performances might be effaced. Unfortunately, it is not yet quite certain whether encores are more distasteful to the great majority of performers than they are to a majority of the concert-going public.—Gentleman's Magazine.