

Dr. Joseph Parker, of London, described the bicycle the other day as "that shoulder-contracting, mischievous, horrible machine that will take the manliness out of any Nation."

The sensible horse is not worrying himself about the growth of the bicycle craze. He knows that horses will always be needed to draw the ambulances, avers the Chicago Times-Herald.

It has been estimated that in Great Britain the output of books is as follows: Sermons, one volume a day; novels, five a day; educational books, two a day; art and science, two each every week; histories or biographies, six a week, and law, one every two weeks.

The popularity of novel reading is strikingly shown in the published reports of the library at Providence, R. I., for the year 1895. Here is the year's record: Novels issued, 71,654; history, 6,001; biography, 5,287; social science, 3,337; art and music, 3,875; geography, 5,706; natural science, 3,251.

The entertainment of royalty is expensive. An English paper states that the Earl of Lonsdale is known to have spent nearly \$1,000,000 in connection with a four days' visit which Emperor William paid him at Lowther Castle last autumn. They say that Lady William Baresford paid \$150,000 to entertain the Prince of Wales from Saturday to Monday at Desford.

A statistician who has been interesting himself in the population of the earth says that 32,214,000 persons die annually; that is, an average of 93,810 a day, 4,029 an hour and 67 a minute. The annual number of births on the other hand is estimated at 38,792,099, an average of 109,800 a day, 4,599 an hour and 70 a minute, so that the population is increasing at the rate of 3 to the minute.

Nothing succeeds like success, and that, maintains the New York Mail and Express, is why the mild and model dictatorship of General Porfirio Diaz is good for six years more in Mexico. He has had a lapse of life that would have dazzled old Santa Ana, who was the first experimenter at individual Republican despotism in the land of the serpent and the cactus. Santa Ana never held his job longer than over one night at the same time, while Diaz has made his place practically permanent.

Cycling is to be heartily commended to the aged, believes the New York Tribune. One case is cited of a man who learned to ride at sixty-eight, and who had covered nearly 2000 miles by the time he was seventy, with the result that a chronic bronchial catarrh and gouty eczema had disappeared. Another at seventy, suffering severely from lumbago, took to the wheel, and now, at seventy-five, rides from twenty to thirty miles a day and never knows a day's illness. A third, at seventy-four, almost confined to an armchair with rheumatism, began riding a tricycle, and at eighty-four was riding 100 miles a day.

The famous suspension bridge at Niagara Falls, which was built in 1855, is to be superseded by a new steel structure, with an arch 550 feet long and 260 feet above the water level. "The old bridge, built by Roebling," says the Chicago Chronicle, "was one of the modern wonders of the world as it was the first suspension bridge built for the purpose of carrying railroad trains. The new bridge will, however, be a greater marvel of science than the old. It will have two floors, the upper for railway trains and the lower for roadway, foot walks and trolley tracks. The new bridge will be built on the exact site of the old suspension affair, but there will be no interference with traffic, which is one of its greatest marvels. The work will occupy about six months."

The San Francisco Argonaut says: The palladium of the Louisiana bachelor's liberty has been ruthlessly swept away by a recent decision in the United States Circuit Court, and, if he has not taken to the woods, he is at least as circumspect in his dealings with the fair sex as a Quaker. The civil law in that State has always frowned on breach of promise suits, and refused to recognize them. A certain Mrs. Cheek, however, finding that her venerable suitor, Herman Pilger, would not fulfill his promise to marry her, brought suit against him in the Federal courts, and recovered heavy damages against him. This decision may bring to light many hundred breach of promise suits which have lain dormant for years because the State law recognized no damages for a bruised heart.

THE WORLD IS ROLLIN' RIGHT.

In spite o' tempests blowin'—
In darkness an' in light,
In reelin' time an' sowin'—
The world is rollin' right!
For still the flowers are springin'—
An' still the birds are singin'—
An' sweetest bells are ringin'—
The world is rollin' right!

In spite o' tempests blowin'—
The dove is sure in flight,
Demeth the winter's snowin'—
The hills dreams in white,
An' still the blooms are springin'—
An' still the birds are singin'—
An' still the vines are climbin'—
The world is rollin' right.

In spite o' tempests blowin'—
The stars are still as bright;
The rose o' love is growin'—
In gardens sweet with light,
Here's home with all its bliss—
With little children's kisses;
No world's as sweet as this—
The world is rollin' right!

—E. L. Stanton, in Chicago Times-Herald.

A MAN'S VENGEANCE.

It was a stiff climb from Pencelly, and the basket of John Isaac Hocken carried was heavy. At the top of the hill he was fain to stretch himself on the turf and rest his bent old back against the low stone wall which enclosed John Tregon's field. "No use going up to the house; John's at market, and the missis'll be turning the place topsy turvy," he reflected. "What with spring cleaning and the year round and the drivin', Bertha has had a terrible hard time. And they do say in the village— Well, well," he muttered, checking himself, "it wasn't to be expected with her pretty face that Jim's her first sweetheart. And if Will Carter deceived her, mebbe she'll think the more of him. Jim just dotes on her. More fule he! Bad wives are of no account wadiver, and soppin' you do hap on a good woman, and it pleases the Lord to take her, the years won't fill the emptiness in you she leaves behind. I ought to know," and Isaac heaved a mighty sigh. "I've buried wives of both sorts—three of 'em."

Not a breeze stirred the lifeless calm, and the midday sun poured fiercely down. Presently he sought the shade of a spreading tree which overhung the wall a few paces from him. But he was no longer solitary. Voices fell on his ear. Bertha Tregon's and that of the man who report said had jilted her.

"My poor Bertha! You've no cause to fear me. I know exactly how it was you forsook me for James Hocken. But I wrote whenever I had the chance."

"Not a single letter reached me."

"Because your mother waylaid the postman."

Despite the heat Isaac shivered. Will's insight was making clear much that had puzzled him.

"Perhaps, what matters now?" asked Bertha, in forlorn tones. "You should have kept away. It would have been kinder."

"And let you continue to think I was false? Looked here, Bertha, you promised to be my wife before even Hocken courted you. And now you know I've been faithful to you—"

"I durstn't break with Jim. Mother is set on him. Oh, why did you come? You'll get a fresh sweetheart, but Jim won't. And I shall keep my promise to him."

The old fisherman had been somewhat rash, however, in his conclusions. By her own admissions, Bertha's decision had been prompted solely by fear of her mother, and consideration for James Hocken. But it on reflection she was still willing to sacrifice her happiness, Will Carter certainly had no intention of yielding to her weakness.

A fine seaman of whom Pengelly was proud, for the past year Will had been on board a yacht cruising in the Mediterranean. But for reasons best known to herself, Mrs. Tregon had discontinued his suit, and although he had every confidence in her, Bertha's silence had inspired misgivings not easy to allay. Once more free, he had returned at the earliest date to England, and at Plymouth, where he landed, had met a friend, who, among other items of Pengelly news, informed him of her desertion, adding:

"And she'll be Mrs. Hocken in a fortnight."

Determined to demand a full explanation from Bertha herself, Will made no comment, but his laugh was unmitigated. And with rage in his heart he had hailed a passing cab, driven to the railway station, and taken the train to Walsbridge. Thence he could walk to the Tregons.

But the house in view, in crossing the field, Will espied Bertha in the garden, and, with a muffled Ahoy! spelt to the tree that sheltered old Isaac. She had swiftly joined him. Nevertheless, the shock of his return was visible in her white face, and her trembling lips would frame no welcome. Looking at him imploringly, her blue eyes fled. And longing to clasp her in his arms, the reassuring words which, while enlightening him, had chilled Jim's father, did duty for the reproaches he had come primed with.

But Will had taken Bertha by surprise, and between her dread of him and terror of her mother, who ruled the Tregon household with a rod of iron, he rightly divined that she had caught at the readiest means of escape which in her direction had presented itself to her. Yet his faith in her firmness was limited; the revival of fond memories would tend to lessen her mother's influence. And cunningly calculating that apparent indifference would further incline her to be guided by his counsels later, he devoted a week to his friends and generally enjoying himself. His disappointment treated thus lightly, he succeeded in deluding everybody, including Bertha, who shed bitter tears in secret that he should be so easily consoled for her loss. The bare sight of James Hocken almost maddened her; and she had to hide her aversion to him, and listen evening after evening to his dull talk. And in another week she would be his wife.

The tree beneath which she and Will had parted had become her favorite resort. Here she could indulge in the luxury of "a good cry" unrebuked; and, grown desperate with the nearer approach of the wedding day, sitting on the gnarled roots one afternoon, she burst into a very passion of grief.

"A face—Will's—appeared above the wall.

"Ahoy! Whatever's the matter, Miss Tregon?" he gravely inquired. "Shall I fetch Mr. Hocken to 'ee?"

"I hate him! I hate him!" she sobbed hysterically.

"That's bad," said Will sympathizingly. "What's he been up to?"

"Up to! Isn't he old; isn't he ugly; isn't he stupid! And—and—I hate him! I hate him!" she reiterated.

"And I won't marry him," Mother may storm, but I don't care."

Will waited over the wall.

"On the day appointed for James Hocken's nuptials the whole village looked on to the church. But neither bridegroom nor bride put in an appearance, and by and by it was known that Will Carter and Bertha Tregon were missing, and that there would be no wedding at Pengelly that day."

Weeks and months rolled by, and no tidings could be gleaned of the graceless couple. They had clean vanished, leaving no clue to their whereabouts. Mrs. Tregon's tongue sharpened to a double edged sword, ready to slay friends and foe alike who alluded to her daughter. And the dumb misery of Jim's plain face was pitiful to see. Old Isaac's heart ached for his son. If he had only prepared him for the blow!

Curiosity was at length appeased. An acquaintance of the runaways visited London, and returned with a woful story. She had seen Bertha, who had confided to her that after being married at a registry office, Will had decided to go to America, but while looking in at a shop window he had been robbed of his savings, and that subsequently they were reduced to great straits. Then he had brought her the welcome news that he had obtained a berth on a steam launch, and the next morning he bid her goodbye to go aboard, since when she had never clapped eyes on him. Mrs. Pegg also said that Bertha had refused to give her address. But Jim ascertained that she had met her at Rotherhithe, and that was enough for him.

"I'm off to London," he announced, when he came downstairs after pacing the floor the live-long night. "I shall never rest until Carter and me are face to face."

"There be a fule, Jim," his father, who had been disturbed by his monotonous tread overhead, said peevishly. "If you must stir in this business, find Bertha. It'd be a charity. For all her sharp temper, her mother's frettin' herself into her grave. Take what money you want out of my old leather bag; only promise, lad," noting the sullen fire in his deep set eyes, "not to meddle wi' Will."

"Trust me to find Bertha."

Jim had been in London three months; his quest had been unsuccessful; yet he continued to hunt the principal thoroughfares, tramping north, south, east and west, in turn.

Big Ben had struck 1; he was re-crossing Westminster Bridge to his lodgings, when a woman crouching by a lamp post ahead of him, fell forward in a heap, and, hastening his steps, he endeavored to raise her. But with the light falling on the pallid, hanger-pinned face a groan escaped him. His quest for Bertha Carter had ended.

At that moment a policeman came up.

"Poor soul! she's dead," he said, at a glance. "Better so than the leap into the water she was bent on. I've had my eye on her since 7 o'clock. She seemed dazed."

The body was conveyed to the mortuary, and the verdict at the inquest was in accordance with the medical testimony, that death was due to starvation.

Outwardly calm, his sole thought to avenge Bertha, Jim staggered out of the court.

His inquiries for the man who had robbed him of the one jewel he coveted, to cast it from him, at length elicited that a seaman answering to his description of Carter was homeward bound from Singapore. Thenceforth, knowing neither hunger nor weariness, he was watchful of new arrivals at the docks.

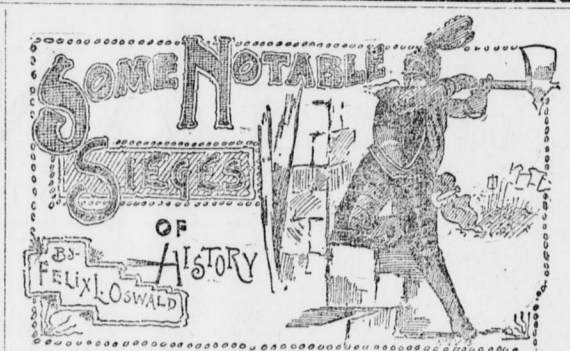
His desire for revenge was by now a monomania. And to-day he had a strange prescience that Will and he were soon to meet. Self-absorbed, in crossing the street he was knocked down by a dray, and, stunned, conveyed to hospital.

On recovering consciousness his first request was for his discharge.

"Not yet awhile," said the nurse. "But you won't be dull." That poor chap yonder, indicating a bandaged object in a distant bed, "has been asking for you. You don't recognize him? No wonder! He was brought in months ago—after the fire in St. Thomas's street. He was looking on, and a woman and some children appeared at a top window. The firemen were beaten back by the blaze below, but poor Will—he won't tell us his surname—couldn't withstand their cries, and he climbed up the waterspout on to the roof with a rope, and threw one end to them, and had actually lowered two of the children in safety when the walls collapsed. He was picked up so terribly injured that he had little hope of him. But he has done splendidly. If you—"

But Jim was midway across the ward. Oh, heaven, to think that this poor mangled wretch was "handsome Will!" And so sorely misjudged. Leaning over the brave fellow Hocken's emotion was hard to restrain.

"Don't give 'em my name," whispered Will. "I'm maimed for life. And I wouldn't 've poor little Bertha saddled with a helpless husband—not likely. To have happened just when the tide had turned!" he groaned. "Where is she?"



It is said to be a noticeable fact all along the course of memorable historical sieges that about the second month several legions of demons get into the besieged, as well as the besiegers. And when the latter happen to be barbarians, the result is often ultra-infernal, as after the capture of Kherson, where Gengis Khan, the leader of the Mongol invaders, ordered the survivors to be flung into a pit that had been loaded with explosives, and then put fire to the fuse.

Hence also the sensation of horror that thrilled the civilized world at the report that the mining town of Bulwag had been surrounded by the vindictive race of the Dark Continent. Sir Samuel Baker mentions a case where that same tribe of savages declined to make use of their spears, but leaped upon their prisoners like wild beasts to tear them with their claws and teeth.

The trouble is that protracted sieges are always apt to rouse the beast under the skin of every male human being. The loss of relatives and friends turns political adversaries into personal enemies. The besiegers feel that every day of unsuccessful effort increases the stir upon their prowess, and long to be revenged. Alexander the Great was in sober moods anything but a savage, but the seven months' siege of Tyre exhausted his reserve funds of generosity, and when the city had been taken by storm he answered the appeals for mercy by showing the spokesman of the deputation a list of his own loss in dead and wounded, and then ordered an equal number of the captives to be crucified. The yells of the thousands of victims writhing on crosses and trees could be heard at Sidrual, at a distance of a league and a half. Another instance of barbarian severity attended the last siege of Carthage. The Romans were not satisfied with the complete demolition of the city, but employed several thousand carts for a week to scatter the many ruins, and then plowed up the site of the main town and covered the ground with coarse salt, to diminish its attractiveness to future settlers.

John R. McLean, who was second in the race for the Vice Presidential nomination in Chicago, is plucky in every-thing he undertakes. He was a baseball catcher one time, and a more determined one never faced a pitcher. Harry Wright was one of the men he caught for, and that was during the days of masks and stomach pads. After his baseball enthusiasm was partially knocked out by a foul tip, which took

him to a dark room for two months to repair an impaired eye, his next ambition was to print the best newspaper in Ohio.

He inherited the Cincinnati Enquirer from his father, and while there may be some question as to the realization of his efforts he has certainly succeeded in building up an extremely influential and profitable newspaper. Then he fell a victim to the wiles of Cupid and married Miss Mary T. Beale, daughter of General Edward F. Beale, of Washington. The bride was about 25 years old at that time and the groom ten years her senior. He has one of the swellest of the swell houses in Washington, entertains handsomely and has among his guests the biggest men of both the Republican and Democratic parties. Two or three years ago he said he would not accept any political position, but preferred the life of a private citizen. Mr. McLean is very wealthy. Some people estimate his worth \$20,000,000. He is a large holder of real estate in Cincinnati, a heavy owner of street railway stock in Washington and the chief stockholder in the principal gas plant of that city. He is about 45 years of age, handsome, practical and far-seeing in a business sense.

New Process of Making Maps. William Kormannier, a druggist in South Scranton, Pa., has discovered a process of relief map-making which marks a new era in that art. They are made by a chemical process, and the largest country can be done in three hours, and no cut being used, the cheapness of the process is easily understood. The negative is done in plaster-of-paris, and from it the relief can be finished in one hour. The countries are accurately represented, the mountain ranges elevated in proportion to one another, and the river courses are shown in depression, and the maps can be colored and names printed thereon. This process can be used in the manufacture of luncheon-able other articles.

Brown—Confound it! There's that mosquito again. Smith—Well, don't slap your face like that. He'll take it for an encore.—Puck.

A man's sins will not find him out as soon as his wife.



JOHN R. McLEAN.

THE LIGHT.

There is no shadow where my love is laid,
For (ever thus I fancy in my dream,
That wakes with me and wakes my sleepy
some gleam
Of sunlight, thrusting through the poplar
shade,
Falls there; and even when the wind has
played
His requiem for the Day, one stray sun-
beam,
Pale as the palest moonlight glimmers seem,
Keeps sentinel for Her till starlight's tale.

And I, remaining here and waiting long,
And all enfolded in my sorrow's night,
Who not on earth again her face may
see—
For even memory does her likeness wrong—
Am blind and hopeless, only for the light—
This light, this light, through all the
years to be.

—H. C. Bunner.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

"I second the motion," said the man on the rear of the tandem.—Yale Record.

He—"Darling, 'we'll have a lot to contend with when we are married.'" She—"Yes, dear, we'll have each other."—Judy.

"Dear me!" exclaimed the fond father, anxiously; "whatever can be the matter with the baby? It isn't crying."—Puck.

"Queer how everybody resents hot weather." "Yes, and when a hot day comes along they all strut as if they had made it."—Chicago Record.

"I refuse him regularly each month. He proposed last night for the twentieth time." "Oh, he is convinced now that it's late."—Truth.

There are two kinds of people: Those who talk without thinking, and those who think without talking; and they make each other very tired.—Puck.

Mr. Youngman—"Is there any way to find out what a woman thinks of you, without proposing?" Mr. Benedict—"Yes; make her mad."—New York Weekly.

Not a Bit Abashed! "I should think those strawberries would be ashamed of the discrepancy between their size and their price." "Oh, they have plenty of size in them."—Truth.

She—"I hear Miss Furts is learning to ride a bicycle." He—"But she rode one last year; why does she have to learn again?" She—"Another gentleman is teaching her."—Fanny Cuts.

Prisoner—"I hope your Honor will be lenient with me, for I am a poet." Judge—"Hem; ever publish any poems?" Prisoner—"Oh, yes, sir; lots of 'em. Judge—"Six months."—Judge.

Bobbie—"Mother, were all the bad men destroyed by the flood?" Mother—"Yes, my son." Bobbie—who has just received a whipping from his father—"When is there going to be another flood?"—Brooklyn Life.

A man who stuttered badly went to consult a specialist about his affliction. The expert asked: "Do you stutter all the time?" "N-n-n-no." Replied the sufferer. "I s-s-s-stut-t-t-t-ter only when I t-t-t-talk."—Harper's Bazar.

Mrs. Thirteenth—"That young Mary Allen makes a perfect idiot of herself over her husband." Mrs. Fourteenth—"Well, my dear, you must remember that he is the first one she ever had."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"I wish we were rich, John, and could do something for the world," Mrs. Clericus remarked, half devoutly, half impatiently. "But, my dear, we can do good in a quiet way now." "Yes; but no one will ever hear of it."—Tit-Bits.

He (as the pitcher bends himself out of shape just as he is about to deliver the ball)—"Now get on to his curves!" She (her first game)—"Yes, isn't it awful? One would think it impossible for him ever to get back into his original shape."—Puck.

Tommy—"Say, Mollie, I wish I had ten cents to get some candy with." Mollie—"Go and ask father who Socrates was and what he meant by the differential calculus. He's got company, and I shouldn't wonder if he gave you a quarter."—Boston Transcript.

"We try," explained the precop-tress, "to give the girls a practical education, and to especially fit them to be wives. Yes. First class in tying a man's cravat, attention! Cooking? Oh, no, not since years ago." Already the new century was dawning, cold and gray.—Detroit Tribune.

The Edelweiss. In certain parts of the Alpine chain there are certain portions delivered over to the chamois as their own, in which no gun may be fired, where the beautiful creatures may be sure of rest and security, in which they may nurture their young, and to which, when hard pressed they may flee, as to cities of refuge. In Tyrol such an asylum is called Gamsenfreiheit.

Of late years it has become necessary for law in Switzerland to extend its protection to the edelweiss. This peculiar and beautiful flower is much in request, both by lovers, who present it to their sweethearts, and also for the formation of little mementos for travelers.

The edelweiss does not require an altitude so great that it is near the snow, nor a precipitous rock to grow on; the poor plant has been driven higher and even higher and to inaccessible points as the only places where it can live unmolested. At Rosenheim, on the Bavarian plateau, at the roots of the mountains, are fields of edelweiss, where the plant is cultivated to satisfy the insatiable visitor, who insists on going home from his holiday with a tuft in his hat, and on sending dried specimens to all his friends.—Chambers's Journal.