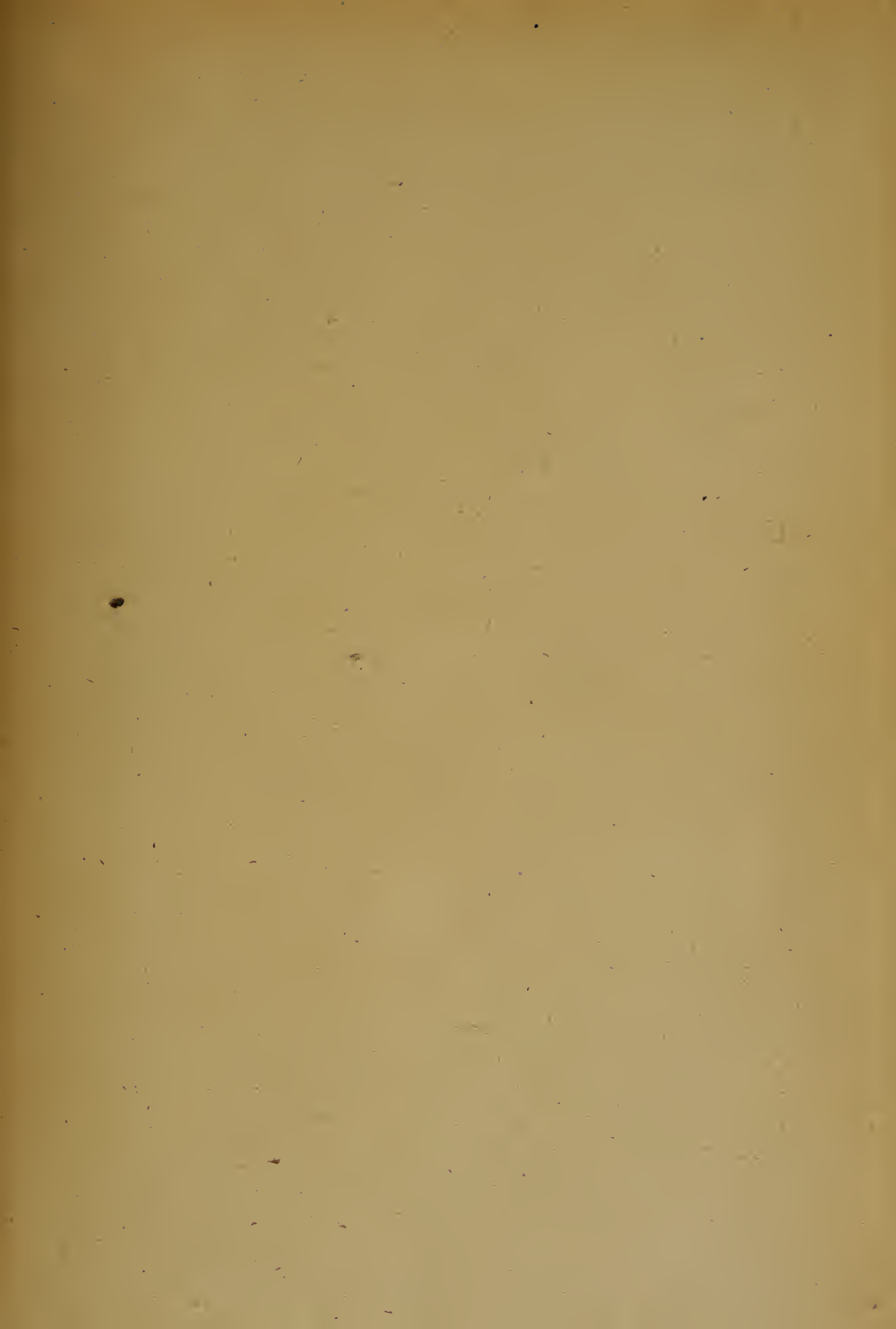


TUFTS COLLEGE LIBRARY.

*Purchased with
Term Bill Funds,
Bound, Sept. 1897,*

33947.



OUTING.

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

SPORT, TRAVEL AND RECREATION.

VOL. XXIX.

OCTOBER, 1896—MARCH, 1897.

JAMES H. WORMAN, *Editor in Chief.*

THE OUTING PUBLISHING COMPANY,

NEW YORK: NOS. 239 AND 241 FIFTH AVENUE.

LONDON: THE INTERNATIONAL NEWS COMPANY, 5 BREAMS BUILDING, CHANCERY LANE.

COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY THE OUTING PUBLISHING CO. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

CONTENTS OF VOLUME XXIX.

OCTOBER, 1896, TO MARCH, 1897.

ATHLETICS.

AMERICAN AMATEUR ATHLETICS IN 1896. Illustrated. Wm. B. Curtis 161, 272

CANOEING.

BACK TO GRINDSTONE CANOE CAMP. R. B. Burchard 38
Illustrated from Photos by the Author.

CYCLING.

A HONEYMOON AWHEEL. Illustrated. Helen Follett 3
LENZ'S WORLD TOUR AWHEEL. Concluded. Illustrated 57, 150, 267, 382
A BOHEMIAN COUPLE AWHEEL THRO' ENGLAND. Illustrated. Alice Lee Moqué . . . 232, 460
BICYCLING IN JAPAN. Illustrated. Andrew Macphail, M.D. 324
THE WHEEL IN CUBA. C. F. Sweeney 424
RECENT EXPERIMENTS IN INFANTRY BICYCLING CORPS. Lieut. James A. Moss, U. S. A. 488
Illustrated from Photos.
A TRIO CYCLING THRO' THE PASS TO THE SEA. Illustrated. L. W. Garland 580
OUR RIDE TO ACAPULTO. (A Mexican Adventure.) T. P. Terry 593

EQUESTRIANISM.

TROTTING ROAD TEAMS AND THEIR DRIVERS. E. B. Abercrombie 8
Illustrated by Cole and Springstein.
PROMINENT HORSES OF THE SEASON. E. B. Abercrombie 109
With Eight Illustrations by Cole and Springstein.

FICTION.

THE MASTER OF BROOKFIELD. Sara Beaumont Kennedy 32
Illustrated by A. W. Van Deusen.
THE STORY OF A PENNY PENCIL. Sarah Addison Wedderburn 119
Illustrated by A. W. Van Deusen.
THE PECTORAL CROSS. A Story of the Stage. Justine Ingersoll 211
Illustrated by A. W. Van Deusen.
ZINTO. An Episode of the Great Slave Lake. H. T. Munn 256
Illustrated by A. W. Van Deusen.
REDCOAT AND CONTINENTAL. Sara Beaumont Kennedy 316, 472
Illustrated by A. W. Van Deusen.
THE PASSING OF ZANTIA. A Legend of Ancient Mexico. E. H. Wilcox 345
Illustrated by A. W. Van Deusen.
'WAY BEYON' DE SASKATCHEWAN. Thérèse Guérin Randall 442
A Story of the Far Northwest. Illustrated by A. W. Van Deusen.
MAXIMUS Illustrated by A. W. Van Deusen. Adene Williams 568

FISHING.

SCHNAPPER-FISHING OFF SYDNEY HEAD. F. G. Alfalo 25
THE GAME FISH OF FLORIDA. Illustrated by McDougall. Henry Guy Carleton . . . 329
STRIKING A TARPON. Illustrated by Albert Hencke. John Dent Peabody 469

33947.

CONTENTS.

FOOTBALL.

REVIEW OF THE SEASON OF 1895. With Illustrations of Principal Teams. Walter Camp	62
THE FORECAST OF THE SEASON OF 1896. Walter Camp	176

FRONTISPIECES.

PRETTY WORK. (A Day on the Uplands.) Painted for OUTING by Hermann Simon .	2
"PAGE."	105
"JOHN R. GENTRY." } Prominent Horses of the Season. Painted for OUTING by {	106
"STAR POINTER." } Cole and Springstein.	107
"FANTASY."	108
"FOR A WEARY HOUR I LABORED." (Hunting the Mule Deer.)	210
Painted for OUTING by Hermann Simon.	
"THE LONE DEER." (Hunting for an Arctic Larder.)	314
Painted for OUTING by Hermann Simon.	
"THE CRITICAL MOMENT." (Striking a Tarpon.) Painted for OUTING by Albert Hencke	418
ROYAL BENGAL. (See An Adventure with a Tigress.)	565
Painted for OUTING by Hermann Simon.	

GOLF.

A GOSSIP ON GOLF. Horace B. Hutchinson.	156
GOLF IN AMERICA TO DATE. Price Collier.	276

HUNTING.

BEAR HUNTING IN BRITISH COLUMBIA. Illustrated by Hermann Simon. Wm. E. Coffin	17
WHY THE COURT ADJOURNED. (Goose Shooting.) F. Gerald	28
A DAY ON THE UPLANDS. Illustrated by Hermann Simon. Ed. W. Sandys	72
OVER DECOYS IN MISSISSIPPI. Illustrated by J. L. Weston. Frank E. Kellogg	133
AN ADVENTURE WITH AFRICAN LIONS. Traber Genone	144
Illustrated by Hermann Simon.	
A TRIAL OF TURKEY TRACKING. Ed. W. Sandys	153
HUNTING THE MULE DEER. Illustrated by Hermann Simon. Rollin Smith	229
HARES AND HARE HUNTING. Illustrated by Hermann Simon. Ed. W. Sandys.	236
A WINTER DAY OVER DUCKS. James R. Benton.	249
CROSS-COUNTRY RIDING AFTER RABBITS IN SOUTH CALIFORNIA. Henry G. Tinsley	456
A DAY'S SPORT IN COSTA RICA. Illustrated by Albert Hencke. B. A. H. Verrill.	264
HUNTING FOR AN ARCTIC LARDER. (An Incident of the Peary Expedition.) Geo. H. Clark	334
Illustrated by Hermann Simon.	
AFTER CARIBOU ON SNOW-SHOES. Illustrated by Hermann Simon. Paul Van Dyke	361
QUAIL-SHOOTING IN THE SNOW. Dwight W. Huntington	366
A CHRISTMAS WITH TRAPPER LEWIS. Ed. W. Sandys	376
Illustrated by Henry Sandham. Engraved by Dalziel.	
GROUSE-SHOOTING IN THE SNOW. Illustrated by Hermann Simon. R. B. Buckham	426
HORN AND HOUND IN GRANDE CHENIERE, LOUISIANA. Andrews Wilkinson	437
Illustrated by A. W. Van Deusen.	
BY ORDER OF A FRAGMENT. (Bear Hunting.) F. L. Donohue	529
THE SPRING FLIGHT ON THE MISSISSIPPI. Frank E. Kellogg	534
AN ADVENTURE WITH A TIGRESS. C. E. Ashburner	565

KENNEL.

SPORTSMEN'S DOGS. The Setters. Illustrated by Hermann Simon. Ed. W. Sandys	479
SPORTSMEN'S DOGS. The Pointer. Illustrated by Hermann Simon. Ed. W. Sandys	540

CONTENTS.

MILITARY.

THE NATIONAL GUARD OF THE STATE OF MAINE.

Illustrated. Capt. Chas. B. Hall, U. S. A. 77, 181, 285, 389, 493, 597

PHOTOGRAPHY.

QUICK PHOTOGRAPHY AFIELD. Dr. John Nicoll 523

POETRY.

'MID ETERNAL SNOW. Cora C. Bass 231

SANTA CLAUS' EMANCIPATION. Illustrated. Charles Turner 315

SLEIGH BELLS. A. Fletcher 323

A CREOLE LEGEND. Laura F. Hinsdale 328

SKATING. Charles Gordon Rogers 392

THE SONG OF THE WHEEL. George L. Richardson 455

TO ONE WHO WRITES OF PLEASANT THINGS. Margaret Vandegrift 459

MY DOG. Clarence Hawkes 487

A BALLAD OF TWO WHEELS. Illustrated. Lydia Avery Coonley 539

SHIPS OF THE NORTH. W. T. Allison. 584

ROWING.

AMERICAN AND ENGLISH BOATS AND OARS. Chase Mellen 45

TRAVEL AND ADVENTURE.

THE CITY OF THE WHITE DOVE, ALGIERS. Annette Josefa Halliday-Antona 128

Illustrated by A. W. Van Deusen.

AT THE TOP OF EUROPE. Illustrated. E. M. Allaire 242

THROUGH THE LAND OF THE MARSEILLAISE. Birge Harrison 370, 430, 557

Illustrated by the Author.

UNDER THE SNOW. Wm. Bleasdell Cameron 419

SOMETHING ABOUT SIAM. E. M. Allaire 584

YACHTING.

RACING SCHOONERS. R. B. Burchard 48, 168, 252

Illustrated from Photos and by Diagrams.

HOW PEG'S RUNNERS RUSTED. ICE YACHTING. Charles Floyd McClure 280

ICE YACHTING ON BEAVER DAM LAKE. Illustrated by Henry B. Snell. Elmore Elliott 340

HOW WE WON. A Yarn of the Solent. W. R. P. 466

CRUISING AMONG THE SALT LAKE ISLANDS. Ninetta Eames 547

Illustrated by H. L. A. Calmer.

WINTER SPORTS.

ICE BOATING. How Peg's Runners Rusted. Chas. Floyd McClure 280

Illustrated by Henry B. Snell.

ICE BOATING ON DEAVER DAM LAKE. Illustrated by Henry B. Snell. Elmore Elliott 340

A TRAMP ON SNOW-SHOES. Nomad 357

OUTING'S MONTHLY REVIEW OF AMATEUR SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

Conducted by Wm. B. Curtis.

ATHLETICS, FOOTBALL, CYCLING, KENNEL, ROD AND GUN, GOLF, CRICKET, LAWN

TENNIS, YACHTING, MODEL YACHTING, EQUESTRIANISM, ROWING, SWIMMING,

CANOEING, WINTER SPORTS, PHOTOGRAPHY, AND ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

80-104, 185-208, 289-312, 393-416, 497-520, 601-624



Painted for OUTING by Hermann Simon.

(See "A Day on the Uplands." p. 72.)

PRETTY WORK.

OUTING.

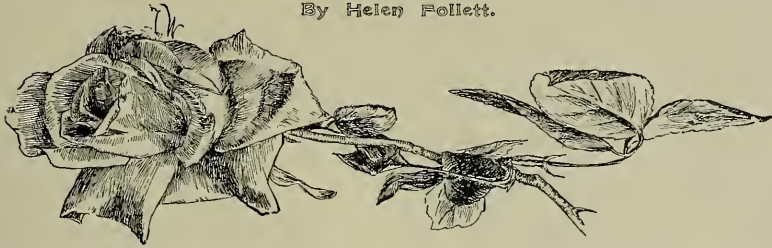
VOL. XXIX.

OCTOBER, 1896.

No. 1.

A HONEYMOON ON WHEELS.

By Helen Pollett.



“SIX clocks! And four candelabra! And nothing but a two-months’ vacation, from Jones, Brown & Company! One doesn’t make so awfully much by getting married,” groaned Tom.

“You have me,” I said, meekly.

“And there’s Uncle Darby—the eccentric old curmudgeon!” Tom continued, rudely unaware of my remark. “He’s so devoted to his blamed old bicycle that he is blissfully oblivious of the fact that I’m waiting for a wedding present from him. If we don’t get a check to-morrow, I’ll hire a hypnotist to make him fall off his wheel!”

“It does seem strange, Tom, dear, that Uncle Darby, who said he would pay all the expenses of a long wedding-trip should desert us in this way. We might go to Jonesville or St. Joe—that wouldn’t cost such a dreadful lot of money.”

The door-bell rang.

“I will now go and welcome that seventh clock!” said Tom, as he marched out of the room and opened the front door. Outside was an expressman with a crate.

“That must be one of the kind that you stand on the floor in the hall,” I commented. “Anyhow, it can’t be more candelabra.”

Tom silenced me with a glance, and returned to the hall. Then I heard a great deal of grunting and puffing, and once—*just once*—I fancied I heard something else. It must have been the expressman. I peeped through the portières and saw that they were tugging at a large object.

“Some one has sent us a sofa,” I thought, just as Tom came in and began to sing.

His sudden gayety surprised me and I ran out to look at the sofa. The sofa wasn’t a sofa at all, but a tandem cycle. My heart thumped up into my throat. Oh, what a beauty it was, with its lovely, shiny frame and spick-and-span new trimmings! Tied to one of the wheels was Uncle Darby’s card. Tom was undoing the skeleton case, which he had brought in; and, putting my arms around his neck, I said: “Isn’t Darby a darling?”

“That’s what I always claimed!” Tom answered, with sparkling animation. I guess he had forgotten what he said concerning the hypnotist.

We tore away the strings and papers and finally came to some clothing. Tom took out one of the garments and held it up.

“What is it? What are they?” he questioned.



Painted for OUTING by A. W. Van Deusen.

UNCLE DARBY'S SURPRISE.

"A lady's cycling costume!" I cried.

"Be jinks and be jabbers I'll eat our six clocks if it is not!" he exclaimed, with wide-opened eyes. Tom frequently uses rather peculiar expressions. We examined the remainder of the contents of the box and discovered it contained two entire and perfect bicycle outfits. The jackets were made after the same style, with pleats and belts, and there were caps and gloves and all the necessary fixings. My heart was thumping like a trip-hammer, I was so happy, and, slipping my hands into a pocket of my suit, I drew out a note. Breathless and excited, I read:

"My Dear Niece and Nephew:—As you already know, I consider wheeling the greatest, grandest, finest exercise to be found on this planet. So I send you the best roadster to be had for love or money, warranted to do anything but climb a tree, haul a freight train, jump a river, or outrun a streak of lightning. It's a *dandy*, and goes like a bird, as I know by long experience. I shall expect you to follow out my plans for your wedding trip. I inclose two tickets to New Orleans, also a small check for current expenses. From New Orleans to Washington, you can make your way on the tandem. When you reach the latter city, wire me and I'll send you money with which to return home. Good luck to you.

"Yours for wheels,

"UNCLE DARBY."

That's how we came to experience the adventures of wheeling through Dixie on a bicycle built for two.

Pumping a tandem through the Cotton States is not exactly the same as trundling it along a boulevard. There are several reasons for the difference. In the first place, in Southern rural districts, you are given complete right of way, just as if you were an escaped menagerie or a perambulating small-pox hospital. And when you do happen to run into a stray pedestrian, he does not jump up and shake his fist at your back; his accustomed indolence is so overpowering that he seldom moves until you have had ample time to sprint out of sight and hearing.

There are no cable-cars, fire-engines, racing milk-wagons or frisky omnibuses to distract you—nothing but plain, everyday mule-carts that move along with the speed and alacrity of so many

snails. But what is best of all, when a small imp of a boy gives forth his scornful opinion of women a-wheel, you can stop, nab him and, in true Sultan style, massacre him then and there, without fear of having the police or the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals get after you. I tremble when I recollect how our route was marked out with disabled and whimpering urchins.

A sight of Southern roads would make even the most enthusiastic cyclist take to the woods. Dreadful gullies furrow them, lengthwise, crosswise, and on the bias. They serve you first with a streak of deep sand; then you are given a few miles of nice, soft swamp, through which you wade ankle-deep and drag your wheel, coming out locking like a mud-bath patient. And such hills! Coasting is as dangerous as taking a nap in an electrocuting chair when the current is turned on; for however good the road and pleasant the prospect you can never tell just how or where you'll land. Tom and I found this out by bitter, bitter experience. Once we sailed into a negro's hut and nearly cable-carred the entire family. Another time we were given an impromptu bath in a brook, beside which the Chicago River is clear and crystal-like. It is my personal opinion that many of the Southern roads were laid out by individuals who were afflicted with strabismus, whatever that is.

The inhabitants of the Southern cities are awakening to the glories of cycling, and wheels are in great demand; but as for wheeling in the country! Well, wheelmen looked at us with shaking heads and expressions of pity when we mentioned our plans to pedal into the backwoods. However, we were not easily discouraged, for our faith was pinned to Uncle Darby's judgment that we could cross the Sahara of Africa or the bogs of Ireland on a wheel.

The bloomer girl has not yet crossed Mason and Dixon's line, and Vicksburg and Baton Rouge would be aghast at the mere mention of a betrousered highness. The first question I asked after we arrived at New Orleans was concerning bloomers. The startling answer I received was: "I reckon a girl in bloomers would ride but once here. She'd get lynched!" Even the tandem was considered a doubtful experiment.

In my mind's eye, I saw myself strung up to a telegraph pole, and then there came dreadful visions of Tom's second wife in my wedding trousseau. But after Tom promised upon his word and honor that he would never, *never* marry again, I consented to mount the tandem and take a spin along St. Charles Avenue.

It was providential that the sidewalks were not crowded that day. Had they been so, I am sure that New Orleans would have had a stampede. As it was, the children ran into the yards and locked the gates; street laborers stopped work, laid down their pick-axes and gazed at us in indescribable wonderment; people in passing street-cars craned their heads out of the windows and stretched their necks in a most awkward fashion in their efforts to keep us in view as long as possible. And when we flew past the cross streets pedestrians jumped out of the way and showed the same symptoms of fright that they would had Tom and I been twin mad dogs. One ambitious old darky whipped up his sleepy mule and endeavored to pace us, but he was soon left behind, thoughtful and richer in experience.

We met a few wheelmen and one wheelwoman. The men wore long trousers, and one—I know you will not believe me—actually sailed serenely along under the cooling shade of an open umbrella.

When we returned from our ride, and I had related our experience to our hostess, she smiled significantly and said: "I really think that it was not the tandem or the sameness of your suits that attracted attention. I am very sure that it was your husband's knickerbockers and Scotch stockings. I've seen but one other man in regulation wheeling outfit, and he was a bicycle agent from the North."

That was indeed news! And Tom positively refused to go wheeling again during our stay in New Orleans. He said he did not wish to make a clown of himself.

From New Orleans to Mobile we wheeled on a freight train. It was great fun, and the first time that we ever stole a ride. Of course, Tom thought of it first; his mind fairly bubbles with bright ideas, and so he invariably gets ahead of me.

We became acquainted with the freight train just outside of the city. It had stopped—to rest, I presume; everything and everybody rests in the South—so we crawled on to the last platform of the caboose and let our feet and the tandem hang over the end. Then we began to wonder how far we'd go before we'd be dumped off and left alone in the wilderness. The thought rather alarmed me, for I have a horrible fear of cows and other ferocious animals.

"I presume there are all sorts of things concealed in the woods around here—rattlesnakes and alligators and panthers, and, perhaps, even rats," said I, just as the door of the caboose opened and a red-faced man stuck his head out and then bobbed it back in again before you could say "Turkey."

"You are Weary Waggles and I am Hungry Hawkins," I suggested to Tom, after we had decided that the man sized us up as train robbers armed with a wrecking machine, and dared not disturb us.

"I never had any sympathy for tramps before," said Tom, sadly, "but they're martyrs, every one of them, if they have to endure bumping like this."

Then the door opened again, and the red face peered out at us in such a savage way that my hand instinctively sought Tom's.

"Say, yo' two fellers kain't steal no ride on dis yere train," the red face began.

"You ought to pump up your tires," Tom said, coolly.

"If you go much faster you'll need the brake," I chimed in, noting that the train was barely crawling.

"By the queer hitches, I'd imagine that there was something wrong with your sprocket wheel," Tom continued, and then added, "I guess, though, that you are geared too high."

"Perhaps your chain is loose," I piped.

"Yo'all think yo'se powerful smart, don' yo'," commented the red face.

"Well, of course," drawled Tom; "we're no small-shakes; we're bicycle riders making a record."

At that, the red face became at once very friendly. He not only consented to investigate the tandem, but actually invited us into the caboose and banqueted us with rye bread and melon.

A few days after we left Mobile we had an accident; that is, I was planning

a new gown and so forgot to steer right, and the tandem didn't seem to like the idea of going through a deep mud-puddle, so I took a sudden journey over the handle-bars. For a while I waltzed around on one elbow, and then flopped down in a pool of water.

We had just wheeled into a good-sized town; and, as I saw a station near by, I trudged off to clean up. I must have been a sight, for Tom sat down on a broken fence and laughed in the rudest manner imaginable. It was hard work, walking to the station, for I carried several pounds of mud, and disgust—but the latter was beyond reckoning by weight. When I did finally get there and had located the women's waiting-room, I found no one but a fat old negro mammy, who was crooning softly over her sewing.

The old mammy was the most doubtful of doubting Thomases that I had ever met; but she finally unearthed a rusty tin basin and a towel which looked as if it had served long and gloriously in a printing office; and then I painfully and laboriously relieved myself of an unwelcome coating of Alabama clay.

The discomforts of wheeling over Southern sand-beds, clay-banks and frisky gullies, are more than balanced by the queer sights and picturesque scenes that the wheelman runs across. Tiny and well-hidden villages in the more remote parts of the Carolinas are crude and provincial beyond description. In such unsophisticated settlements, the bicycle is looked upon with unconcealed awe and amazement. Whenever we stopped within sight of a group of houses, our steel horse was at once surrounded by an admiring audience, whose remarks and questions would have feazed and befuddled a modern Socrates.

We seldom had trouble in getting a meal or in securing lodgings for the

night; that fact, however, may not be due entirely to Southern hospitality, but partly because we were such curiosities that we fairly scared the timid housewives into welcoming us. We ate fried chicken until I feared that Tom would begin to crow, and the watermelons we consumed were beyond enumerating.

We attended camp-meeting and negro picnics; we wheeled over old battlefields and were besieged by small but persistent armies of relic-venders; we visited the places of interest in the cities (because we anticipated how much we would enjoy wearying our friends with well-adjectived accounts of the sights we had seen); we rode in mule-carts, freight-trains, ox-carts and awheel, and occasionally, when we longed for pullies to drag us up the mountains, we walked.

But what a comfort it was to arrive at Washington, to glide over the smooth pavements as lightly as an ice-boat skims over an endless lake. We pedaled up the hills and arrived at the summits as fresh and exhilarated as if we had been coasting. Uncle Darby spoke truly when he said that wheeling was the greatest, grandest, finest exercise to be had. What can excel it?

Your veins tingle with the exercise, and you feel strong enough to plow straight up to the top of Popocatapetl. You imagine you are a bird, sailing over flower-covered prairies; you fancy yourself a greyhound bounding after a breathless and frightened jack-rabbit; you even compare yourself with a flash of lightning or a whizzing cannon-ball. You realize how Monte Cristo felt when he climbed upon that rock and declared that the world was his.

We reached home safely, showering blessings on the dear, benevolent head of Uncle Darby, and nursing an overpowering ambition to, some time, circle the globe on a tandem.





TROTTING ROAD-TEAMS AND THEIR DRIVERS.*

By E. B. Abercrombie.

TROTTING road-teams are not born but made. They are the result of careful selection and education; and while in the early days of their tuition they may receive a course of lessons from a professional trainer, the owner, if he wishes to thoroughly enjoy his spin on the Boulevard, or a sharp brush up the road, must himself teach his team to know and obey his voice, and to be as quick and responsive to the gentlest message of the reins as the electric wire is to the button touch.

All trotters are not roadsters, but all roadsters must be trotters. Beauty of proportion, keen intelligence, absolute docility, with a graceful pride, are necessary qualities for the roadster. These qualities may be, and often are, absolutely wanting in the fleet trotter. Azote 2:04 $\frac{3}{4}$, the champion gelding, and Directum, the champion stallion, are very plain-looking animals, and would be signal failures, judged by the above standard. On the other hand, the champion mare, Alix, 2:03 $\frac{3}{4}$, with her beautiful head and neck, well-formed body, clean-cut limbs, and

low, daisy-cutting stride, would make an ideal roadster, and could she be perfectly matched there would be a team which would have made the late William H. Vanderbilt sign a check approaching six figures.

New York has always been the favorite home of the finest road-teams of the continent, for the simple reason that Gotham's wealthy men have always been keen admirers of the roadster, and as artistic reinsmen they have long been famous. In the good old days, before the surface-car system had gridironed upper New York, every fine afternoon Harlem Lane, which extended on the west side, from One Hundred and Tenth street to the Harlem River, was a magnificent speeding ground for the wealthy roadites. Commodore Vanderbilt led the way and a hundred Wall street magnates followed. Robert Bonner, who has put up probably one million dollars in fast roadsters, would come up behind his team, Lantern and Lady Woodruff, and later on with another celebrated team, Lady Palmer and Flatbush Maid. The former he drove a

* See "Kings and Queens of the Trotting Track," *OUTING*, May and June, 1893; "Champion Pacers," July, 1893; "Trotting and Pacing Champions of 1894," May, 1895; and "Trotting and Pacing Champions of To-day," July, 1896.

mile to an ordinary road-wagon in 2:28, and the latter (in as far back as 1862) he drove a mile in 2:26. This team, though not perfectly matched, was very handsome. Lady Palmer was a rich, dark chestnut, with a large amount of thoroughbred blood in her veins. She stood 15.2 hands high. Flatbush Maid was a beautiful bay, standing 15.1 hands high, and they stepped in perfect unison. It must be remembered that this time was made with the usual old-fashioned, high-wheeled buggy, the bicycle tire being then unknown.

At a later date William H. Vanderbilt was the leader of the road brigade, and his wonderful feats of driving, especially with his last famous team, Maud S. and Aldine, easily stamped him as a master amateur reinsman of the continent. It is comparatively easy to get even a horse of extraordinary merit, provided the buyer is the fortunate possessor of a substantial bank balance. Mr. Vanderbilt had no difficulty in purchasing the queen of the trotting turf, Maud S., but his heart was bent on having a champion team, and he found great difficulty in mating her. Eventually he succeeded with the brown mare Aldine, and with this team he drove a mile, which viewed from all standpoints, remains to day the most marvelous achievement of a roadster team driven by an amateur reinsman. Aldine was a brown mare, by Almont, dam by Johnston's Toronto, and had a trotting record of 2:19 $\frac{1}{4}$. She is said to have cost Mr. Vanderbilt ten thousand dollars. As later on he sold Maud S. to Mr. Bonner for forty thousand dollars, the value of the team can be estimated, and it represents the high mark for a pair of roadsters driven simply for recreation. Maud S. was already the champion of the trotting turf, when mating her with Aldine, the magnate of the railroad world decided to win the team championship. Her record at that time was 2:10 $\frac{1}{4}$ (later on when owned by Robert Bonner she reduced her record to 2:08 $\frac{3}{4}$), and she had been temporarily retired from the trotting turf. Mr. Vanderbilt was confident that he could beat all previous records with this pair, though in case of an accident to either of them he had a reserve understudy in the chestnut mare Early Rose.

On June 15th, 1883, Mr. Vanderbilt drove Aldine and Maud S. up to Fleet-

wood Park. Wagon, pole, harness, etc., weighed two hundred and eleven pounds, and the driver tipped the beam at two hundred pounds. After a preliminary warming up the team was sent on its eventful journey, and at the quarter pole the watches marked 32 $\frac{3}{4}$ seconds. It shot by the half-mile pole in 1:05 $\frac{1}{2}$, and with the faultless velocity of a locomotive came up the hill to the three-quarter post in 1:41, and finished strong at the wire in 2:15 $\frac{1}{2}$. One of the remarkable features of this most remarkable mile was the fact that both mares trotted true and straight every inch of the way, that neither whip nor word was used, and that the driver, sitting as immovable as a statue, simply guided them with his master hand to victory. Great as this mile is, it does not appear in the official records, as the rules regulating time performances were not complied with. It is probable that Mr. Vanderbilt never thought of the technical part of the matter, or cared about it. He simply wished to demonstrate that he had the fastest team of roadsters in the world, and he proved it. It is well within the mark to say that with a skeleton wagon, with bicycle wheels, and the driver of regulation weight, one hundred and fifty pounds, this team would have gone in 2:10. It should not be omitted here that this was only the second time he had driven the mares as a team and the fourth time they had been exercised together.

Another famous road-team, which at a later date achieved a prominence at Fleetwood Park and amply demonstrated the capacity to pull weight and go at a high rate of speed, had for its members Clayton and Lynn W., which, on May 28th, 1891, were driven by Matthew Riley, a leading roadite and then President of the Driving Club of New York, in 2:19. The event occurred at one of the club's matinées. The track had not been specially prepared. The driver weighed two hundred and six pounds, and he used an ordinary top-buggy weighing two hundred and fifty pounds. There was a strong wind blowing across the stretch, yet he went to the half-mile pole in 1:07 $\frac{1}{2}$ and came home in 2:19. The remarkable and interesting feature of this performance was that neither horse had ever trotted so fast before. Lynn W. was a twelve-year-old gelding by

Tuckahoe, with a 2:21 $\frac{1}{4}$ record, while Clayton was by Harry Clay and had a record of 2:24 $\frac{1}{2}$. It has always been a theory of prominent team-drivers that two horses with perfectly harmonious action should be able to trot faster together than separately. There is a division of the weight to be drawn, and that competitive excitement and friendly rivalry which exists so strongly in all highly bred horses should assert itself. As a matter of fact, however, very few teams have equaled their individual records, and this particular case will long be cited as an example of what can be done where the gait of the team is in perfect unison, and both horses are equally and promptly responsive to the will of the driver. Mr. Riley educates his own teams, and believes in the simple rules of patience, perseverance and kindness; his idea is, get your horse's confidence, then tell him what you want and he will do it.

The most successful selector and owner of trotting-roadster teams, judged by the Horse-Show standard, is Colonel Lawrence Kip, of New York, who for several years has been a most conspicuous winner of blue ribbons, and whose teams are always strongly in evidence at the National Horse Shows in Madison Square Garden and also at many minor gatherings. Colonel Kip is a recognized power in the horse world. He is president of the Coney Island Jockey Club, president of the Suburban Club, and a vice-president of the National Horse Show Association. When James Gordon Bennett decided to have a stable of American trotters to campaign in Europe, he requested Colonel Kip to select them; and in Autrain, Helen Leyburn and Quiz, who have all won good races on the continent, he proved that Mr. Bennett's confidence was well placed. Probably the team which has won the most honors for the Colonel is composed of the two mares, Mambrino Belle and Emolita. They are bright bays with black points, and stand 15.2 hands high. Emolita is now nine years old, and has a trotting record of 2:24 $\frac{1}{2}$. She is by Sealskin Wilkes. She has almost a thoroughbred head, with large, beaming, intelligent eyes, a fine neck, carried well up, and connecting with shoulders which show power and speed. The barrel is slightly over the average

length, and the legs are clean and of the whip-cord and steel variety. Mambrino Belle is by Blue Danube, has no record, but can go a mile in 2:30, and in style, size, color, make-up and carriage is a perfect mate to Emolita. Like all well-disciplined teams these mares require no special harness devices. Though they keep their heads well up, light over-checks are used. They go free, don't pull on the bit at all, need no whip, and trot with more knee and hock action than the average trotting team. High knee-action is not so much a matter of breeding or selection as it is of education, and if a driver prefers that his teams should throw their knees up in the air instead of forward, a few judicious experiments in shoeing and biting will secure the result. These mares wear the same weight of shoes, twelve ounces forward and eight ounces behind.

Another beautiful team owned by Colonel Kip was La Belle and La Rose, both by the trotting sire Wilkmont. They are bays, stand 15.2 hands high, and could well be sent abroad as a sample of American roadsters. The bay team Mona and My May, the former by Jay Gould and the latter by Nero, also in Colonel Kip's stable, has been the recipient of many honors.

Good though these teams undoubtedly are, we have got to look a little further to account for their extraordinary successes in the show ring, and the admiration they excite on the road. The solution of the problem is their perfect condition and toilet. The swell clubmen of New York, London or Paris are not better groomed than these teams, from the tips of their dainty ears to the irons on their hoofs. As for the hoofs, they are polished. The harness is as perfect as the best material and the most skillful workmanship can make it. Each part fits to perfection, and every metallic attachment gleams brightly in the sunlight. As for the wagons, they are the triumph of the carriage builder's art, the main object being a maximum of strength with a minimum of weight. With top, cover and pole included, the road wagon weighs only one hundred pounds. Why this handsome and apparently fragile carriage was ever called a wagon it is impossible to conceive. But this vehicle is not really fragile. It is, in fact, far stronger than many other vehicles several times its weight.

That famous man of fashion of the early years of this century, Count d'Orsay, was so struck with the many advantages of the American buggy or road wagon that he imported one to London and astonished "the bloods" of that period by his rapid driving. The Count, like most of his class, did not always recognize the rights of the road. Meeting a loaded brewer's dray he refused to draw out, and for a moment the hubs of the buggy and dray locked. It was but for a moment though. The heavier wheel of the dray was smashed, and the buggy went on triumphant. The Count, who loved to tell the story, always finished up by saying that "it was the triumph of mind over matter."

The invariable rules in selecting the Kip teams are, first, that they must be a perfect match; secondly, that they must be uniformly gaited, but above and beyond all they must have beauty and style.

The question of bits and shoes cannot be decided by any abstract rules, and what will best suit any particular team, must be the result of experiments by the driver; the main object always being to make the team contented and comfortable, and to create a perfect *entente cordiale* between it and the driver, so that he can, if he wishes, throw the reins over the dashboard and let the team drive itself. When speed is required the guiding hand and encouraging voice are needed, and when Colonel Kip drives one of his teams above the Harlem and indulges it in a lively brush, the spectator can see the poetry of speed and motion, and can realize the perfection of propelling power with which breeding and education have endowed the American roadster.

One of the best all-round teams, either in New York or Brooklyn, is Gillette and Black Ide, owned by E. T. Bedford, of the latter city. It is thoroughly representative in character and American in every feature. The horses were matched, driven, and educated by the owner; both drive equally well, double or single, will go at any required rate of speed at the word of the driver, are perfectly matched in size, style, color and pace, and can be hitched up on either side of the pole. They do not know, as a team, what a whip is. Gillette is a black gelding, foaled in 1886, and is by

Cyclone, dam Madame Beatty by Monroe Chief. As a six-year-old he took a record of 2:11 $\frac{1}{4}$ at Nashville, Tenn., on October 22, 1892. Black Ide is a black mare by the same sire and dam. This brother and sister stand 15.2 $\frac{1}{2}$ hands high, and travel with all the regularity of a double-cylinder engine. Black Ide has a record of 2:23 made at Birmingham, Ala., on November 12, 1892. They wear the same weight of shoes, thirteen ounces forward and ten ounces behind. The harness, as will be seen in the illustration, is of the simplest character, and the collars are Dutch.

Mr. Bedford does not believe in old training methods, and he once used this startling illustration: "If I was to be trained for an athletic contest, and my trainer confined me for twenty-two hours out of twenty-four in a small room, and when the weather was stormy kept me in the other two hours, in what condition should I be for a contest?" Yet, that is the treatment many horses receive. In order to keep his horses in good condition for either the road or a race, Mr. Bedford gives them from fifteen to twenty miles of road driving daily, at an average of eight miles an hour, and once a week they are taken to a trotting track and speeded at from 2:40 to 2:35 for two or three miles. With this preparation this team recently trotted a mile over the slow half-mile track at Norwalk, Connecticut, in 2:28 $\frac{3}{4}$, and a half hour later, in single harness, Gillette trotted in 2:14. These performances prove that there is no mystery in keeping a pair of sound horses in good speed condition, and that any owner who loves driving need not be deterred by the fear that if he owns a valuable team he must have a professional trainer to keep it in condition. Pure water, clean food, plenty of room and light, and judicious exercise on the road are Mr. Bedford's training materials, and they appear to have met with marked success.

The most unique team in New York at the present time, and one which is the best example of quick and intelligent education by the owner and driver, is Mr. Lewis G. Tewksbury's pacing team of geldings, Paul and Lee H. A decade ago no member of the fashionable brigade would have been seen driving a pacer; the lateral-gaited horse was beneath contempt, and if his

driver challenged for a brush on the road he was distinctly ignored. This prejudice so far prevailed that at one time the leading association declined to offer purses for pacers, and breeders looked upon it as a misfortune when a colt or filly proved to be of that gait. But the popular demand for speed at any gait has triumphed. The pacer is faster than the trotter, and the free-for-all pacing contests of the past few years have proved the most exciting events of the season. So much has this been the case that during the season of 1896 the question of the trotting championship has almost been lost sight of, for the public has been completely absorbed in the struggles for supremacy between the fastest pacers of the day. With the decline of prejudice, and the desire for speed, the pacer has assumed a recognized position as a roadster, and any fine day in upper New York, or on Brooklyn's big boulevard, many fast and handsome pacers may be seen.

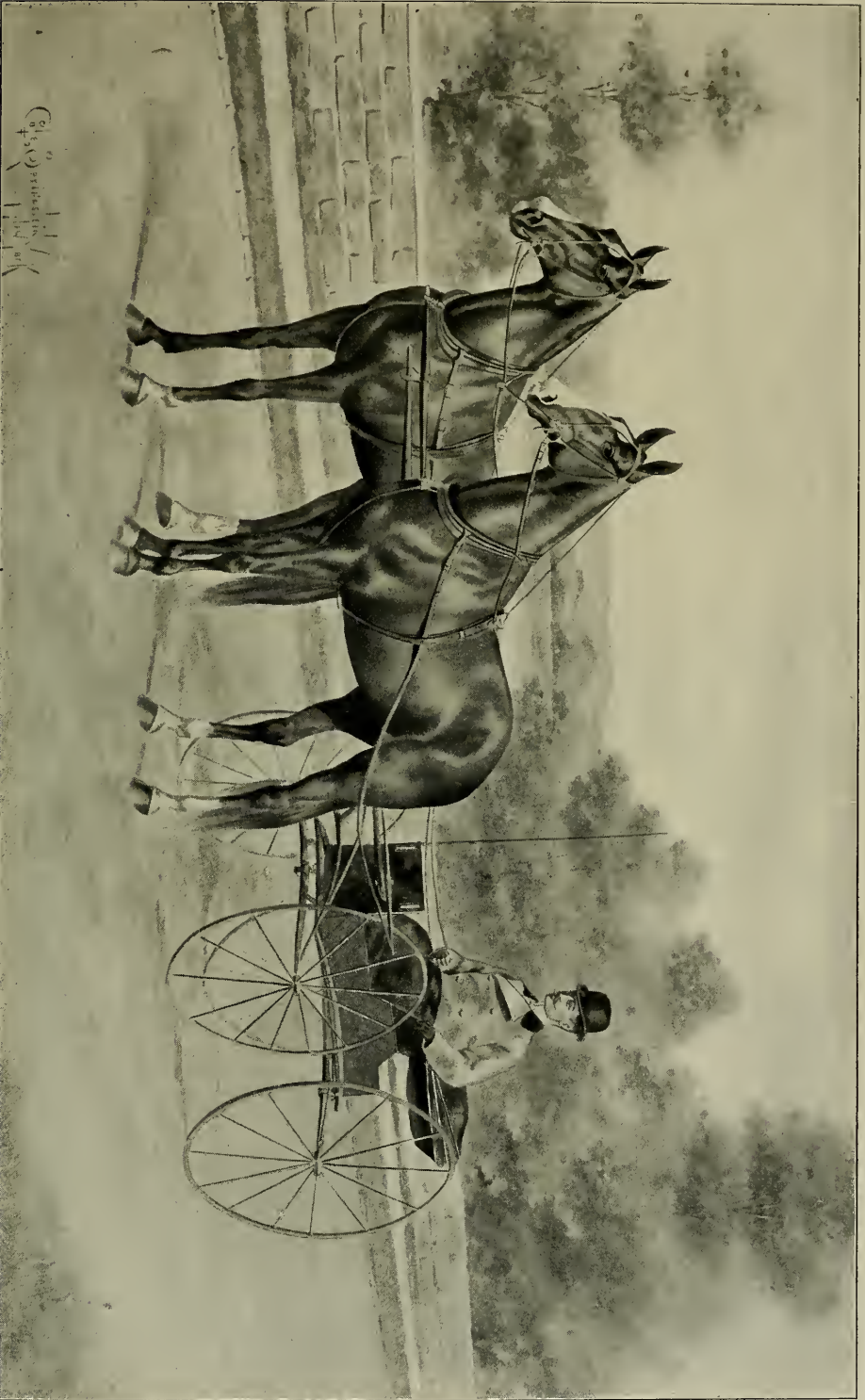
Mr. Tewksbury, though one of the prominent operators in Wall Street, may be called a born horseman. He was born and brought up on a farm, and began to drive horses when eight years old. A few years ago he bought the trotting team, Aubine and Zembia, then considered a model team, for twelve thousand dollars, and later on he bought the ex-champion pacing gelding Mascot, 2:04. But he wanted something faster and different from any other team in New York, and he decided on a team of fast pacers. Paul is a chestnut gelding by Bald Hornet, dam Lucy, with a record of 2:07 $\frac{1}{4}$, made at Cleveland, August 7th, 1895. Lee H. has a record of 2:13, made at Rochester, N. Y., August 18th, 1893. He is by Harding's Bay Tom, dam Fanny by Lew Boyd. They are both chestnuts, stand 15.3 $\frac{3}{4}$ hands high, weigh one thousand and fifty pounds each, and are a perfectly matched team in every respect.

During their racing career both geldings were erratic, and when they were sent to New York a chest accompanied them filled with all classes of boots and ingenious appliances which the trainer had devised to enforce an artificial regularity of gait, and to compel obedience and speed. The entire outfit was promptly thrown to one side, and an education of kindness was inaugurated. Mr. Tewksbury takes his drive at six o'clock,

in the morning, and is at his stable at five-thirty. He has a pleasant fifteen minutes with his horses before they are harnessed. There are a few apples in one pocket, some lumps of sugar in another, and always something toothsome. They soon learn to know him and to look for him. There is a pat on the back, a stroke on the neck, and they will follow him around the stable, and come at the sound of his voice. The team is harnessed in the simplest style, and no blinders are used, and the whip stays in its socket. By the use of the reins and the voice, Paul, who was particularly impatient, and wanted to race with everything which ranged alongside, soon learned to go up the road oblivious to all his surroundings, but instantaneously responsive to the voice of the driver. Lee H., under the same treatment, soon knew what was required of him, and after one month's tuition this team went with that perfect unity of action which is the most desirable quality in teams. Both wear ten-ounce shoes forward and eight-ounce shoes behind. So thoroughly is this team in control that the reins can be wrapped around the whip and the horses will, at command, speed at a 2:30 gait, and when the order is reversed will get down to a walk within the distance of a block. There is between the horses and the driver that perfect confidence which destroys fear, and the team has that alert intelligence and desire which at once understand and respond to the will of the driver.

This team is a signal illustration of what can be done with what looked like undesirable material, but it simply proves that if a team is not inherently vicious, it can speedily be educated, that the members will soon forget all the tricks of the track, and that they will be able to go at a racing gait without a formidable array of boots and leggings, which the professional trainer is so unduly fond of using. Simplicity is often the secret of success.

Many other fine teams might be mentioned, but the foregoing have been singled out as representatives of the class, and the time they have made draws attention to the fact that the amateur driver for pleasure is almost, if not fully, the equal of the professional driver on the track. The "Red Knight of the Sulky," John Murphy, drove the famous



Painted by Cole & Sprungstein.

MR. LEWIS G. TEWKSBURY BEHIND PAUL AND LEE H.

team of geldings, Edward and Dick Swiveller, a mile at Fleetwood Track, New York, on July 13th, 1882, in 2:16 $\frac{3}{4}$, and two years later the same team went in 2:16 $\frac{1}{4}$, yet the performance of Maud S. and Aldine in 1884 beats the former by three-quarters of a second. John Murphy was less than regulation weight, but with his full weight of 150 pounds, and Mr. Vanderbilt's weighing 200 pounds, there was a handicap of 50 pounds, in spite of which the amateur came out ahead. The best time made by a racing team of trotters to a skeleton wagon driven by a professional trainer, stands to the credit of the bay mare

instances; they are representatives of that large class of Americans who love team driving for its own sake and who have studied the art so closely that they need ask no odds from their professional brethren, and whether on the road or track, with equal material, need no time or any other allowance.

The great drawback to the enjoyment of team driving in New York is that there are no boulevards or speedways where this most healthy of pastimes can be enjoyed. It is a crowning shame and disgrace to the metropolitan city of America that the spirit of a sordid utilitarianism has made every road in the



Painted for OUTING by Cole & Springstein.

THE LATE WM. H. VANDERBILT BEHIND ALDINE AND MAUD S.

Belle Hamlin, and the bay gelding Honest George, driven by E. Geers in 2:12 $\frac{1}{4}$. This was at Narragansett Park, Providence, R. I., September 23d, 1892. The Rhode Island track is faster and better adapted for a fast team performance than Fleetwood Park, and if the lightness of a skeleton wagon, weighing about 60 pounds, or half the weight of a road wagon, and the difference of the weight of the drivers are considered, the performance appears to be in favor of the amateur. If the same rules are applied to Mr. Riley's great mile, the result is on the same line. These two amateurs are not isolated

city the ironed slave of the street-car companies. Chicago, Philadelphia, Cleveland, Buffalo and other cities have their magnificent boulevards and avenues specially devoted to the pleasures of riding and driving. New York has none.

There are many other fine teams that have attained a high reputation which the limits of this article prevent an extended mention of, and to speak of briefly would be an injustice; but in a future article we shall return to the subject, which is important from the fact that it forms one of the leading amusements of the American people.



Painted by Cole & Springfield

MR. E. T. BEDFORD BEHIND GILLETTE AND BLACK IDE



Painted for OUTING by Hermann Simon.

AT FORTY-YARD RANGE. (P. 23.)

BEAR HUNTING IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

By Wm. Edward Coffin.



THE desire to kill a grizzly bear was almost a mania with me. Fair success in big game shooting and several disappointments when after the grizzly had only made me the keener, so when the last holiday drew near it was not strange that my mind was full of the great plantigrade.

Correspondence with residents of British Columbia elicited the cheering information that Revelstoke was a promising point from which to start upon the hunt proper. In due time I reached the wonderful mountain region of which Revelstoke forms such a minute fragment.

My guide, Jack, and cook, Jim, announced with pride that with money I had forwarded they had purchased the provisions and camp outfit. These were already on board a little steamboat, the *Marian*, which would start early next morning bound down the Columbia River, and would leave us at Thompson's Landing, on the north-east arm of Upper Arrow Lake.

From Thompson's Landing to Trout Lake over the mountains, some twelve miles as the crow flies—at least thirty miles as a man walks—there is a rough trail, cut for the use of a pack train which carries flour, bacon, whisky and other supplies into a little mining camp at the head of Trout Lake. There we hoped to find a dug-out or boat of some description, in which we could paddle to the foot of the lake, some eighteen miles. Beyond that were the pathless mountains, and all our dunnage and supplies must be carried on our backs.

At Thompson's we were met by Charley, a packer, who proved to be a royal good fellow, faithful, even tempered, and with phenomenally good eyesight.

There are but two houses at Thompson's Landing, so on noticing the boxes, crates, and bags which were being unloaded from the steamer and piled on the lake bank, I inquired whom all these things were for. "Those are your provisions," said Jack the guide. "What, all these?" I said. "Yes, I thought you wanted to be comfortable, and expected me to spend the money," was the answer. Now, horses cannot be taken into the hunting ground. Forty pounds is all that a man can pack over the mountains. Twenty pounds, with gun, ammunition, and a rubber blanket, would be quite enough for me. Therefore our party, the guide, cook, packer and myself, could carry only one hundred and forty pounds.

There we were, thirty miles from a town, with tents, cooking utensils, and provisions weighing, as I afterward learned, thirteen hundred pounds. The situation was too absurd to be anything but laughable. Indeed, it is next to the best joke in my experience. The best comes later on. There was nothing to do but make the best of it, so a modest outfit was selected, and the balance left to be sent back at the first opportunity and sold for my account.

After making a bargain for pack horses to carry our outfit to Trout Lake the next morning, I ate supper and went to bed. To bed, but not to rest. The room, eight by ten feet, with a seven-foot ceiling, contained two beds, no sheets, no pillow-cases, the only covering a loose blanket. Two men were asleep in one bed; the other had been reserved for me. The one window was tightly closed. The night was hot and the atmosphere of the room was intolerable. I raised the window and the room filled with mosquitoes. They came in clouds. My room-mates tossed and muttered oaths in their sleep, but it was impossible to breathe with the window shut, so I tossed and muttered too. It was the last night spent under a roof that trip. Thereafter we pitched a tent, and behind mosquito netting slept in comfort.

Next morning we started on the twelve-mile tramp for Trout Lake. Declining the proffered hospitality of the

"Miner's Rest," we pitched our tent near the head of the lake, cooked supper and turned in. I was awakened at midnight by the noise of a pitched battle between two companies of prospectors, but I would not get up, even for a fight. We learned next morning that it was a drunken quarrel in which six or eight men had been engaged, several of whom were badly bruised. Gentle peace had been restored by the bartender, with a pick handle.

A prospector's life is full of hardship. An average kit contains one rough suit of clothing, worn by the man, no extra socks or shirts; one half of an ordinary blanket, used as a shelter in rainy weather, as a covering in cold; a small tin bucket, a tin cup, a revolver strapped to the waist, a miner's pick, a piece of bacon six inches square, one quarter pound of tea, two pounds of oatmeal, a little sugar, a little salt, and about thirty pounds of flour. Absolutely nothing else. This for two weeks.

The length of a trip is limited by the amount of flour a man can carry. Probably four days of the time is consumed in going to and from the supply store. A prospector commences at the foot of a mountain, working up the bed of a stream, looking for float or outcroppings. Many claims are located above snow line. One-half the time a man is standing in water or snow. Over-heated in the middle of the day, chilled at night, half clothed, insufficiently fed, he struggles on for the few years which suffice to reduce him to a wreck.

With it all, the people are law-abiding. In the United States, a like community would be ruled by the revolver. Though all of the men were armed, there was no shooting during the fight at the "Miner's Rest." One man drew a revolver, but was instantly disarmed by the bystanders. Crimes of violence are almost unknown. Theft is rare.

Revelstoke had no Justice of the Peace or other officer of the law. By common consent, disputes or misdemeanors were usually submitted to Jack Kirkup, the Government Mining Agent. He was a handsome young giant of herculean strength, whose severest penalty was to take a man by the shoulders and kick him out of town, with a warning not to return. One transgressor remarked that he would rather serve a sixty days' sentence than take another such kicking.

The only boat available was of roughly made boards, cut from the log with a handsaw, the green timber twisted and warped, the cracks in the bottom a quarter of an inch wide, the oars whittled out of cedar splits. We caulked the cracks with a pair of overalls and an old sack, loaded the boat, and rowed down the lake, making frequent stops to shift cargo and to bail out. Five hours' hard work brought us to camping ground.

The tent was pitched at the foot of the mountain, on a cedar-covered point projecting into the lake. The afternoon was spent in fishing. In three hours I caught nine silver trout, weighing seventy-three and one-half pounds. The tackle was a bass pole, one hundred and fifty yards of line, and a pickerel trolling spoon. The fish lie deep in the water. The spoon was held down by a heavy lead, and must have been a hundred and fifty feet below the surface. The fish were very gamy, jumping clear of the water from four to seven times, and making rushes which strained both pole and line.

Trout Lake is eighteen miles long and from half a mile to a mile broad. It winds between the mountains, with densely wooded and precipitous banks. Above the timber line rise peaks covered with snow, beneath which show the dark green ice of four large glaciers. The depth of the lake is unknown, but it must be great, as the water fills the gorge, and has no shallow margins.

Surrounded as this lake is by mountains, it is subject to sudden storms which sweep down the gorges, sometimes from one side, sometimes from the other. Indeed, at times the wind blows from a different direction at each end of the lake. These storms are accompanied by hail, snow or rain, as the case may be. They blow out in a few hours, but will raise waves of surprising size, and in a surprisingly short time. We were four miles from camp, and on our way back ran into a storm of great severity. The guide wanted to go ashore, saying he had been "capsized in this lake three times and had to swim ashore," adding that "swimming in ice water was cold work." Like the ostrich in the story, I knew it all, and promising to steer with a cedar split, which had been used for a seat, insisted on going ahead.

In a few minutes the pounding of the waves loosened the caulking in the bottom of the boat, and I had to stop steering to bail out the water which poured in. A mighty gust of wind gave the boat a twist, and one of the cedar oars broke in the middle. For a moment things looked serious, but Jack rose to the occasion. Shouting to me to bail for our lives, he brought the boat around, stern to the waves, but not until we had shipped two seas and were kneeling in six inches of water. By skillful steering and hard bailing we managed to reach the shore.

Jack first built a fire, then whittled an oar out of a cedar snag, while I dried my legs and cooked our only remaining fish—a two-pound silver trout. About three o'clock in the morning the wind ceased, the waves quickly subsided, and we were able to row to camp.

Next morning we started up the mountain. The ascent was difficult in the extreme. The lower slopes were covered with immense cedars, the ground strewn with prostrate trunks from four to seven feet through, between which grew a thicket of "devil's club." Devil's club is a giant nettle often six feet high, the stem, branches and leaves covered with spines, a wound from which is painful and, I presume, somewhat poisonous, as it makes a festering sore. Hours were spent in forcing a way through and climbing over logs. This forest passed, we came to jackpines, "thick as the hair on a dog's back," to borrow Charley the packer's expression. Remember, we had packs on our backs, the guide and myself carrying guns.

The small pines must be forced apart by main strength, the projecting branches catching the packs, and when released by the men ahead, slapping one in the face. Toward evening we started two black bear in a berry patch, but, owing to the thickness of the brush, did not get a shot.

A portion of our next day's journey was through a comparatively open forest, where we saw much bear sign. Above this forest we found running cedar, which lies flat on the ground and is very slippery and difficult to climb over. I had several hard falls here. Above the cedar were slides, places where avalanches had torn great gashes in the mountain side, which were over-

grown with the alder thickets so common in the Maine and Adirondack woods. To go through the crooked and intertwined branches was almost impossible. They must be bent down and climbed over. These passed, we came to the moraines—rising in some places a thousand feet—composed of slate and shaly rock, which a touch will start to sliding. There is little solid rock in these mountains, the ledges are slaty; large pieces can be pulled out with the hand. As a result of this formation, and of the moisture from the melting snow, the mountain sides are seamed and scarred by earthslides.

Not a day passed without the rumbling, grinding roar of an avalanche. Fortunately, this was always at a distance. Above the moraines the glaciers and snow-covered peaks form a continuous frame, boldly contrasting with the blue background of the sky.

Our tent was pitched in a little clump of gnarled and twisted cedars, the extreme edge of the timber line. We had planned to hunt mountain goat first; afterwards, to try for bear among the berry patches, and caribou on the lower levels. Naturally we camped on the best available ground, and some idea of the character of the country will be given by the statement that to pitch a tent eight by six feet in size, a rough platform was constructed, which, resting against the mountain on one side, was over six feet above ground on the other. The cook dug a place on the hillside for his fire. As he stood at work his feet were upon a little platform, the fire being level with his chest.

The mountain goat is found in several parts of the Western United States, but seems to especially thrive in British Columbia. It has long, white hair, the only spots of color being the black horns, eyes, nostrils and hoofs, and is about three times the size of the ordinary domestic goat, which it closely resembles in general structure. It lives on the snow-line of the highest peaks.

Some hunters will say that it is the easiest of animals to kill. Probably that is true in a country where there has been little or no shooting, or if the goats are surprised while crossing from one range to another. My own experience has been very different. The mountain sheep, generally conceded to be the variest of animals, is no more keen and

alert than the goat we found. A stalk involved hours of arduous labor, and at the slightest evidence of danger the herd would take refuge in places where an approach without wings was well nigh impossible. For four days we hunted over the snow or watched from projecting points; then taking Charley, the packer, who carried four blankets, an axe, tin bucket, and three days' provisions, we started to work along the divide, keeping near the summit.

We surprised a brood of noisy ptarmigans, and the guide caught a little chicken, and handed it to me that I might feel the heat of its body. I have never seen greater courage than was shown by the mother, who flew straight at my face. Although repeatedly pushed away with the open hand, she would not desist, until in pity I put the chicken down in the snow and left her in peace.

About noon of the first day out, Charley, who had made a detour, reported goats upon the other side of what he called "Nigger-head Mountain." With the aid of a glass, the herd, plainly visible to his naked eye, was located. The guide, turning to me, said, "There is rough climbing on that mountain; do you think you can make it?"

Now for several days I had been writhing under a certain compassionate patronage in his manner, probably the result of my very poor showing at target shooting, or possibly because I insisted on always carrying two woolen shirts—one lasted him the entire trip. Here was my opportunity. "Can you make it, Jack?" I inquired. "'Course," said he. "All right, then, I can, too; wherever you are man enough to lead, I am man enough to follow."

There was some nasty work in the first part of the climb, but after rounding the shoulder of the peak, we found a glacier, sloping from the summit at an angle of some forty-five degrees, and ending some hundreds of feet below in a precipice, over the edge of which could be seen the mist from a waterfall. From the brink of the precipice to the foot of the fall was, perhaps, a thousand feet.

When the sun shines, the snow with which the glacier is covered softens sufficiently to afford fair traveling, if the foot is stamped in at each step. If the sun is obscured, even for a few moments, this snow freezes, and to cross is difficult if not impossible.

The goats were quietly feeding near the waterfall on the opposite side of the canyon. We moved rapidly along, the packer in advance some fifty feet below me, the guide following.

Incautiously stepping into the shadow of the peak, where the surface was a glare of ice, I fell heavily and slid down the steep incline. The alpenstock in my hand broke like a twig. Instinctively swinging around, feet foremost, I pressed both heels and elbows against the frozen surface. Charley, the packer, heard the fall, and with a look of horror sprang out to catch me, but by that time I was going pretty fast, and his courage failed.

Down I went, faster and faster, the wind whistling by my ears, the loose snow flying in a cloud around me. Straight ahead was the precipice; away below the canyon.

In a few moments I had slid four hundred feet. Fortunately the lower edge of the glacier was slightly cupped, and the loose snow from above had lodged in that little depression until it was about eighteen inches deep.

My speed slackened as this loose snow was reached, and digging my heels in for a last effort, I came to a stop, not fifty feet from the edge. Lying there, fearing to move, lest the snow banked in front of me should be loosened, I could look over the edge down into the depths of the canyon. If I close my eyes now I can hear the distant roar of the waterfall as it sounded then.

The two men soon worked down to a point whence they could cut footholds in the ice, and so, one on each side, they brought me out. The seat was out of my trousers and underclothing, the sleeves torn from my arms to the elbow, the snow stained with the blood slowly dropping from the bruised and lacerated flesh. My trousers and coat were so distended by the snow gathered on the way that I appeared to be blown up like a football.

So far as my own observation goes, it is the anticipation, not the danger, which unnerves a man. There is an exhilaration in the crisis itself which drowns all other feelings. The first impression was of amusement at the panorama of horror, resolution, and fear shown by Charley's face, as he saw me falling, started to catch me, and then jumped out of the way. Next, an almost impersonal thought that this would

be my last hunt; then a recollection of the "Uncle Remus" story, in which the terrapin complains that the buzzard taught him how to fly but not how to alight; and a thought as to how it would feel when I struck the bottom of the canyon. Last of all, as the trousers gave way, the absurdity of my appearance, coasting down the incline on nature's cushions. This seemed so very funny that I broke into peals of hysterical laughter, which lasted until, working along the ice, solid footing was reached; then I sank on the snow in complete collapse, shaking like a leaf. Fortunately the gun was slung on my back, and my hat lodged in the snow, but my pipe went over the edge.

Disrobing sufficiently to dislodge the snow packed into my clothing, I rubbed my honorable scars with gun grease, and carefully caulked the hole in my trousers with a towel. The goats had disappeared.

Upon the mountain over which we started to follow them was an enormous moraine, or slide, perhaps fifteen hundred feet high, composed of small pieces of shale, and extending a quarter of the way round the mountain to impassable cliffs. This we must climb up and around. Once started, we must keep on or fall. Carefully working the foot in, a step forward was taken. As the weight was thrown on this foot, the slate would commence to slide. Another step must be made at once. As the foot was raised a mass of the loose material would slide down the mountain with a rumble, raising a cloud of dust.

Three hours were consumed in the painful ascent, with but a single rest. In one place, where the bed-rock projected, I threw myself down, and clasping the little crag with both arms, panted for breath. Nothing but pride kept me from crying—I felt like it; but the shortest way out was over the summit, so on we struggled.

At the top of the slide we found a difficult cliff. At one place we could only work around a corner by clasping extended hands, as a protection against a misstep. Then we clambered up a twenty-foot snow wall, in which the guide cut steps as he advanced, until we gained the summit. We followed the trail over the snow for perhaps a quarter of a mile, then stopped for lunch, a rest and a smoke.

Charley, who had started off for a reconnoissance, returned, breathless, to report a goat in sight.

It was an easy stalk to about two hundred yards above where the animal was lying. That is a longer shot than I like to risk, and shooting downhill at a white object lying on a snow bank is not easy; but there seemed to be no way of getting nearer without alarming the game. I fired, and missed. As the goat jumped I fired again, the ball striking just above the kidneys.

The goat ran across a knife ridge, dividing the chasm between two peaks. Down we rushed, the guide in advance, Charley hurrying back for his pack. Blood on the snow showed that the goat was hard hit, and Jack sprang upon the ridge, balancing himself with outspread arms as he jumped from rock to rock as lightly as a bird. "Come on!" he cried. I looked at the ridge. A tight rope would have seemed easier to walk, for that would have been comparatively straight. This ridge was broken, uneven, and looked sharp enough to split wood upon. On one side was a steep slide. A man falling would be torn to pieces by the sharp-pointed slate. On the other side was a glacier. It was too much. Humbled at last, I shouted across: "Jack, perhaps I could go wherever you lead, but I am not fool enough to try this. Please accept my apologies."

"Well, you run round the glacier. He may go straight through." This was called over his shoulder as he disappeared among the rocks.

With many misgivings I started around the mountain, on the glacier, which was some two miles in length, half encircling the mountain, and completely filling the canyon. Its surface descended in rolling benches, like a giant toboggan slide. The afternoon sun shone full upon it, and the crevasses were the only danger. There were many of these, but none too broad to be easily crossed.

The goat came in sight, slowly limping around the mountain side, half a mile away. As rapidly as possible, I followed. Although steadily gaining ground, I was still a quarter of a mile behind when the goat clambered around the shoulder of a cliff, which I could only pass by a partial descent of the mountain. Jack and Charley were both

in sight, and as the sun was setting we decided to camp and to follow the trail next morning.

When we reached timber line, a pile of cedar boughs was cut for a bed, the ground being everywhere soaked with water from the melting snow. A few boughs were stuck upright for a wind break, and I sank into a dreamless sleep which the mountains always give me.

The night was very cold and our covering scanty, but the two men kept up a roaring fire, and I was greatly surprised next morning to find the ground frozen solidly.

We took up the trail at daybreak, and within three hundred yards we found the goat dead. He was a large buck, a perfect specimen in every respect. Although the carcass had lain over night without being bled, as a seeker after experiences, I decided to take the fore-shoulder that we might taste the meat.

To reach the camp, we had to cross the mountains, and a hard day's work it was. The sun shining full in my eyes as we climbed, together with the glare from the snow, produced a painful inflammation. We were much concerned for the guide, who had an attack of vertigo, probably resulting from drinking the ice-cold water and exposure to the intense heat of the mid-day sun.

At last camp was reached and the goat meat cooked for supper. My curiosity was easily satisfied. One mouthful was enough. It tasted like a menagerie smells.

The next day I was compelled to spend in the tent with my swollen eyes covered with a wet bandage, which at last reduced the inflammation.

As bear was the main object of the trip, and time was limited, camp was moved back to the waterfall, half-way down the mountain. The tent was pitched in a place shaded by large trees, and with a background of rock covered with wild raspberries. On the benches near were many blueberry bushes, laden with ripe fruit, which was of two kinds—the ordinary mountain blueberry, and a species as large as a grape and tasting a little like a plum.

Charley started off to scout for promising ground. Jack and myself hunted to the left. We soon separated, following parallel lines, about three hundred yards apart, I taking the lower level.

By an enormous boulder I paused to look. I heard the crack of a twig on the other side, and rushing around saw a medium-sized black bear disappearing in the bushes. The distance was not over forty yards. The bullet struck in front of the hind leg, and ranged forward through the body. The animal fell at once. Feeling sure it was a mortal wound, and not wishing to spoil the hide, I approached, holding the gun ready for another shot. With a snarl and glare of rage, the bear tried to rise, then fell back dead.

It was a three-year-old female, my first bear, not as big as it might be, and a black, not a grizzly; but still a sure-enough bear. While bleeding the carcass I noticed the peculiarly vicious expression, the eyes bloodshot, the lips curled in a snarl, with a feeling of pity for the gentleman bear who had such a vixen for a mate. Charley, the eagle-eyed, reported a distant view of a grizzly, for whom the succeeding day was spent in fruitless search.

On the third day we worked in the opposite direction. Two bear were started, black, as we found from the tracks; but the underbrush was so thick that we could not see them. Later in the day, while walking along the mountain side alone, I heard the cracking of a twig. In a moment a loose stone rolled, and I rushed through the dense bushes toward the sound. Unfortunately I looked the wrong way, for on examination I found the track of a black bear which had half-circled me. When my rush was made he had jumped at least ten feet, and made off up the mountain.

For convenience in reaching different points, we now moved camp to our old ground on the lake border.

During the next two days, while on scouting expeditions, the packer saw two black bear, and the guide a grizzly. From the lake we saw a large black bear away up on the mountain side. While ascending the mountain in parallel lines—the guide on one side, the packer on the other, myself in the center—we started two black bear, one running each way, quite near the men, but not within sight of me. The major part of these two and the succeeding day were spent in watching "wallows," places where the bear roll in the water, which showed signs of frequent use by both black and

grizzly bear. On the last day the guide thought he heard a splash below us. Working cautiously down we found a pool completely hidden by the thicket, in which a large black bear had just been wallowing.

All this was most exasperating. To understand the difficulties under which we labored, imagine the mountain side, seamed by canyons and gullies, and densely covered with underbrush. There had been no real rain for ninety days, the occasional light showers blowing over in a few moments. Each twig, leaf, and the very ground itself, was so brittle and dry as to make movement without noise impossible. I have heard my guide moving through the brush a quarter of a mile away, and, of course, a bear's hearing is much better than mine. We had to depend entirely upon still hunting, as berries were so plentiful that the bear would not touch a bait. This may sound strange to an old hunter, but the fore-quarters of the goat, carried down the mountain with infinite labor, lay untouched, although the track of a bear passed within fifty yards. The carcass of the female bear had not been disturbed five days after it was killed. Nearly all the tracks and sign found among the berry patches were of black bear, and I think it safe to say that with a plucky and well-trained dog, we could have killed eight.

Watching bear wallows is dull work. For hours the hunter must sit perfectly quiet. To pass the time I commenced to study ants, watching their efforts to carry off, and their battles over, crumbs of bread or dead flies. Mosquitoes were not troublesome, but the flies were very bad. Ranging in size from a large species called "bull-heads," whose bite would bring blood, to a tiny midge, they were omnipresent and persistent. The bull-heads seemed to hunt in packs of three or five. At each change of location we were attacked, but after three to five had been killed, were left in peace.

Beyond a few "fool-hens," and an occasional "snow-grouse," we saw no members of the partridge family. The streams near the lake were full of brook trout; but the overhanging underbrush made fly-fishing impossible. Fishing with the three-foot pole and six-foot line with which the cook kept the table supplied had no attractions for me.

Thinking that the grizzly bear might

be living upon fish, we decided to move camp some four miles to the opposite side of the lake, near a creek which was resorted to every second year by countless numbers of a small, red fish, the name of which I did not learn. By this creek ran a well-beaten trail, upon which two years before my guide had within two days killed two grizzly and a black bear.

To give the berry patch one more trial, we mounted a little knoll to closely examine the mountain side. Hardly had Jack raised the glass to his eyes, when he put his hand on my knee, saying, "There is our grizzly. I saw his nose back of that clump of bushes." We hurried through a small swamp and up the opposite hillside. Moving with the utmost caution we approached the spot. The bear had gone. To our left lay a shallow ravine, filled with underbrush, extending for half a mile up the mountain.

"He must be in there. You run to the upper end. I will try to drive him out," said Jack. Up I ran with heart thumping and breath coming in gasps, from the exertion of running up hill in that thin air. At the head of the ravine was a large rock. Climbing on this I could see over the bushes.

Hardly had I looked at my gun to be sure it was all right, when in the ravine below a twig snapped. A moment later the bushes parted about two hundred yards away, and a large black bear started to climb over the edge of the ravine. My disappointment was keen, but there was something to take it out on, and aiming back of his shoulder, I fired. He fell, but immediately jumping up, commenced to run. Three more shots were fired at the black object, glancing through the bushes, one bullet going through the fleshy part of his leg.

I started in pursuit. The bear ran up hill about three hundred yards, then, circling, started down directly toward me. I could hardly believe my eyes. Had the bear been a grizzly, I would have understood it. Could it be that a black bear would show fight!

Some thirty yards above was a clump of small trees, which were directly between the bear and myself. Waiting until he emerged from these, I heard him crash into the underbrush; then a gasping roar, and all was still. When I approached the trees a black paw stood

up in the air. My bear was dead. What I had imagined to be a charge was only a blind rush down hill in the death agony.

He was a magnificent animal, large and very fat; the body coal black, the nose, from eyes down, a light brown. It was the brown nose that had deceived the guide.

After helping to skin the bear, and cut off the head, feet and hams, I started off for the lake, some two miles distant. The packer was to meet us with the boat at a point four miles from camp. Traveling light, I was to hurry on and send Charley back to help Jack with his heavy load.

The packer was fishing from the boat, far out in the lake. I fired a shot as a signal, then sat down to rest. It was a thoughtless act, for when hunting large game I never shoot either at small game or without an object, nor do I take the odd chance of firing at running animals if distant. During this entire trip, aside from a little preliminary target shooting, my gun was discharged but nine times. The men with me knew this.

Now, after my slip on the glacier, Jack's former condescension was exchanged for parental solicitude. Evidently he had doubts as to my safe return to civilization. In an incredibly short time I heard his shout, and he burst through the bushes, hatless, the perspiration streaming down his face.

"Thank God," he said, as he saw me standing on a log, "when I heard that single shot I was sure you had stumbled on a grizzly, and he had got the best of you." His concern was so genuine, and his relief so apparent, as to make quite an impression on me.

The day's incidents were not through with yet. Leaving New York in a time of great business depression, I did not think it prudent to be entirely beyond the reach of a message. Having arranged for two telegrams to Revelstoke each Friday, one from my family, the other from the office, I engaged a man to bring them into the mountains. At

an agreed-upon spot on the lake shore directions were to be left as to where we could be found. The plan worked well. When the second messages were received I inquired quite casually as to the expense, and was horrified to learn that I was paying sixty-five dollars for each trip, and was therefore liable for one hundred and thirty dollars. This was harrowing, but it was too late to save that money, so telegrams were written to the office and to my wife, who was in Chicago, asking them not to wire unless the urgency was imperative. This I had explained to the messenger, telling him it was hardly probable that any other message would be received, but if one came to bring it through regardless of expense.

After the return of the men with the bearskin and meat, we rowed toward camp. Imagine my horror as we neared the tent at seeing the messenger standing on the lake shore, waving two telegrams in his hand. My heart stood still as I sprang ashore and tore open the familiar brown envelopes.

The first was from the Western Union office at Chicago, a printed form, stating that the party to whom my message was addressed could not be found at 4761 Lake Avenue. The second, also a printed form, stated that the party addressed had been found, and the message delivered at 4671 Lake Avenue.

All that mental agony and the sixty-five dollars because of the transposition of a single figure. I keenly appreciate a good joke, and that was the best joke in my experience. The reaction from painful apprehension reconciled me to the loss of money, and we had a jolly evening after a royal supper on roast fool-hen, trout of two kinds, and bear paws. The last tasted like pigs' feet, but were much more dainty.

After moving our camp as proposed, we found that the red fish were not in the creek yet, and there was no fresh bear sign. I spent two days in an unsuccessful hunt for caribou, and then my time was up. Caribou are plentiful at times, but I saw none.



SCHNAPPER FISHING OFF SYDNEY HEADS.

By Fredk. G. Aflalo.



THE schnapper, a large member of the bream family found in the waters of the southern coasts of Australia, New Zealand and Cape Colony, is a grand sporting fish. Sydney-side-folk know its merits and sing its praises.

In England the family of sea breams is recognized in three stages, chad, ballard and full-fledged bream, and in Australian waters we find similar distinctive terms, to wit, red bream, squire and schnapper. I know of no other coarse fish—the salmon-trout have a dozen such titles—so distinguished according to their stage of perfection.

Schnapper used, in the colony's golden days, to abound inside the Heads, more especially in the deeper retreats of that beautiful arm of the great salt-water lake known as Middle Harbor. Now, alas, for a good catch of schnapper it is necessary to go far afloat. Those who cannot stand a sea confine their fishing to the unruffled waters of Middle Harbor.

Thanks to the unflagging energy of the Italian netsmen—even an Italian fisherman can muster up energy when bent on mischief—the fishing in this inclosure is no longer what it was. Ten or twelve years ago some one caught the biggest Sydney schnapper (over thirty pounds weight) on record about half way up Middle Harbor. But there are still some excellent grounds for black bream—colonials call it "brim," and those who dare not face the outside work declare there is no fishing to compare with this—and flathead. Unboiled prawns are the favorite bait, and the bream fisher, who usually moors his punt in the tideway just before sunset, also calls in the mysterious aid of "burley," a foul-smelling mush of salt herring, bran and flour, a lump of which is squeezed on the line just above the hook.

The list of baits is a long one. Sand-worms, so much in use on the English coasts, are known here in only one locality, off the Cronulla beach. The

mussel, considered in England to hold first place among all-round sea baits, is only a last resource out here.

For rock fishing, I understand that nothing can beat the tougher portions of the "*congevoi*," the aboriginal name for a brown gnarled mollusk, not unlike the sea-urchin, clusters of which are found on the rocks just above low-water mark. It would seem to feed in a manner similar, only on a smaller scale, to that practiced by the toothless whales, absorbing the water and spouting it through a kind of sieve, the tiny crustacea remaining behind. Some such *modus operandi* is indeed essential in the case of a fixture like the *congevoi*. Other baits in use by the rock fisher are crabs, small mollusks known as "pip-pies," and little bags of fine-mesh mosquito netting, which are filled with fish offal and impregnated with sardine oil. This plan frustrates the efforts of small fish, which are sent abroad by the Evil One with the special mission of sucking all baits off hooks as big as themselves.

In the outside fishing a good tough slab of squid has the same advantage.

A parasite found on the head and belly of the yellow-tail is a much-sought-after bait for the smaller breams, while the yellow-tail itself is, according to local experience, second to none for jewfish.

One New South Wales fish, and one only, would seem to be strictly vegetarian, and that is the black-fish, the only bait for which is a kind of sea kale or cabbage which grows abundantly on the flat rocks.

Most folks will tell you that the black-fish is of no account when cooked. Australians generally seem to differ very considerably on the question of which fish are eatable and which are not. At a meeting of an association of amateur fishermen, I recently heard the catfish ruled after much discussion as being without the pale of edible fish. Catfish may fetch good prices in the Philadelphia markets, it may be reckoned a *bonne bouche* in Austria-Hungary and other European countries, but our Australian friends will have none of it.

This inside fishing is not without its drawbacks. The water is not seldom

alive with the octopus, that worries all the bait off the hooks and only inspires aversion, if not absolute fear, when caught.

If you land to boil a kettle, you may immediately become attended by a numerous suite of voracious soldier ants, the only remedy for their exceedingly painful bite being instant application of the juice of the fern root. Nature has in her special solicitude for the disciple of Walton mercifully ordained that the ferns which wave over the water's edge shall take root amid inaccessible rocks.

There are many mosquitoes, for which bloodthirsty thieves sufferers have learned to use common vinegar, both as a preventive and a cure; and the inland fisherman may have the extra good fortune to encounter sandflies. Should he be possessed of neither strong spirits of ammonia nor some glycerine and turpentine, my advice to him is to chance sharks and dive.

Besides this harbor fishing, there is plenty of sport to be had within easy reach of Sydney and without any tossing about in boats. Rock fishing is very popular with that large class who eschew boats on account of the expense or discomfort. But reaching the best spots for this work entails much break-neck climbing, and miles of clambering and slipping, with your heart in your mouth, over beetling ledges and undermined bowlders.

Fish, many and good, are certainly to be caught in these situations, groper and jewfish up to ten pounds and over, as I could testify on the first—and last!—occasion on which I followed a local enthusiast down these tracks. Twice I slipped; twice the merest chance, in one case the strap of my detective camera's catching in a projecting gum sapling, saved me from a fall of a couple of hundred feet into a seething cauldron where meals are prepared every now and then for the sharks.

The jewfish attains great weight, but is neither particularly game when hooked nor of great account for the table. The so-called "silver jews" are the same fish at a younger stage, and not, as is often alleged, a distinct species. These fish have the peculiar gift of grunting under water, a noise which can be recognized at a depth of a score of fathoms.

As the South Pacific belies its name in these regions during about seven days of the week, a small tug boat is generally chartered to the fishing-grounds, the cost being about twenty dollars, with another five for bait.

The party, which starts as a rule at sunrise, is a merry one until at all events the Heads are reached. But when the little tug begins to rise and dip and shiver from stem to stern under the blows of the great rollers which come racing up from the south to dash themselves against the sheer wall of the North Head; when the backward swell sends her over to such an angle that it seems doubtful for a breathless moment whether she can right herself; when, just by way of reassuring the pleasure-seekers, the black fin of a twenty-foot tiger shark is seen leisurely cruising around in the surf, then does a sudden stillness fall upon every one, repartee giving way to reflection.

Meanwhile, some are busy overhauling their tackle, which consists simply of a hundred and fifty yards of fine twist wound on a cork, two large hooks on spun twine snooding, and a sinker like the weights of an old Dutch clock.

One of the party is also told off to parcel out the bait in equal lots, and with an evidently practiced hand he proceeds to divide off the mullet, tailor, yellow-tail, squid, and prawns, which lie amidships in a large basket.

A mere enumeration of the best schnapper grounds could only be of interest to those who proposed visiting them. Suffice it to mention, there are the deeper waters of Broken Bay, which is the estuary of the ever-beautiful Hawkesbury River; there is Long Reef, a line of rocks off Barrabean and Manly; Coogee Wide and Botany Heads to the south, and Manly Head, the *Ultima Thule* of Sydney schnapper fishers.

The schnapper is essentially a hook fish, as it inhabits reefs which forbid the seine, or indeed any net. A trammel could probably be laid very effectively across the tideway in such places, but this form of net is little understood here, its use being confined to the capture of lobsters by Italian fishermen in the harbor.

And now we are over the haunt beloved of schnapper and many other estimable fish, a large sunken reef,

across which the boat is allowed to drift broadside to the swell, a condition peculiarly trying, but essential in order that all can fish over the starboard beam.

At a given signal of "Lines over!" thirty baited hooks follow the great leads twenty fathoms deep, and almost immediately the more skillful, or may be the luckier, are hauling fish. So fine are the lines, and so irresistible the first rush of the heavy schnapper, that a couple of finger stalls of kid, leather or felt are usually worn on the forefingers.

Morwong are already aboard, one weighing at least six pounds. They are delicate eating, and pull for their weight as gamely as any fish. Being free from local bias, we are grateful for fish of any shape and do not—in true colonial spirit—grumble at every victim other than squire or schnapper being "of wrong color."

A few squire now put in an appearance, but as there are no really good fish, some one suggests a shift to another reef just off Manly. Somebody has evidently been too liberal in throwing scraps of mullet overboard, for dark, sinuous forms are gliding around in the green depths, and ever and anon these ghostly scavengers follow the baits to the surface and occasionally bite off a hook. They are terrible, these sharks. Abounding at all times in the harbor, they turn up after long spells of absence most unexpectedly in little bathing bays and coves sacred to the picnic, the national diversion, and occasionally do fearful things. The variety, indeed, of Port Jackson sharks, is equaled only by their voracity. In the Sydney Museum you may see half a dozen kinds, ranging up to twenty feet in length. Such a show of teeth I never saw elsewhere.

A little boy had his leg bitten off a couple of months ago while rescuing his hat from quite shallow water, and died ten hours afterward from loss of blood. A well-known resident who had taken a morning dive with impunity for years at the bottom of his garden on the Par-amatta River, dived once too often and right into the jaws of a shark. The body was never seen again.

The Government gives a reward for every shark killed in the harbor—ten shillings, I think it is, for each shark over ten feet long. An enterprising marine in Chowder Bay is reaping quite a little harvest of three or four pounds a

month out of this mistaken measure, but he is making no impression on the supply of sharks in Port Jackson, which will continue as much as ever in excess of the demand.

"All lines aboard" is now the order, and we are soon running nor'ard before those terrible rollers that stand astern like solid walls and threaten every moment to swamp us and put the fires out.

It is rough work indeed, this outside fishing, and, to enjoy it, one must possess much nerve and no liver. Lines are soon at work again, three less this time, the owners whereof are prone on the benches.

Several new fish, new, that is, to the visitor to these parts, now make their appearance, including the bronze sea pike, and a couple of scarlet beauties, the pig fish, which in Europe we should call some sort of wrasse, and the nannygai, a short, thick-set fish with a particularly large, bright eye and particularly brilliant, scarlet scales. It is reckoned a most delicate table fish.

Between here and Botany Bay, celebrated through its erroneous association with transported criminals, a regular epidemic of nannygai set in some years ago, since when, however, the fish has been comparatively rare. Its appearance is always regarded as a welcome indication of the proximity of schnapper, whereas the sweep, a small black fish which, while rarely taking a large bait, manages somewhat frequently to get transfixed in the eye or dorsal fin, is hailed with imprecations as an ill omen.

At last the eagerly expected schnapper came up to the scratch just as the sun was dropping behind the rugged cliffs and the water darkening to an inky blackness.

Over a dozen fine fish come flopping to the surface, disputing the way inch by inch with an obstinacy dear to the fisherman. All are veteran schnapper, all are characterized by the curious hump on the Roman nose indicative of the honor of age, the *cordon bleu* of Schnapperdom.

And now, as the shades of evening are drawing on, a hurry to get back to port seems spreading among the ship's company. It originated, doubtless, among the prostrate ones on the benches, whose numbers are by this time more than doubled. For the fresh

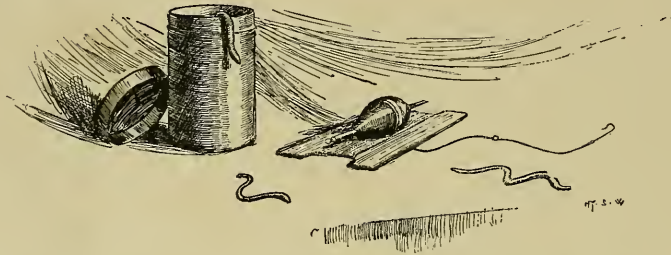
breeze of eight hours ago has increased to a "southerly buster," as they call it here, the swell has been rising the whole time, until at length the gallant *Mermaid* ships every second sea, and all that are left of us, four I think it is, have as much as we can do to keep our footing, let alone attend properly to the lines.

The outcry for land at any price meets with less opposition than it would have aroused in the forenoon, and we are soon ploughing our way right across those walls of brine, the catch being hurled alternately into either scupper. It numbered three hundred, including the aforementioned species, also parrot fish, leather-jacket and sergeant-baker.

The parrot fish, another of the large and widely ramified wrasse stock, is so

named on account of its brilliant coloring; indeed, it is a submarine rainbow. The leather-jacket—a name requiring no explanation—is endowed with teeth like razors and a terrible sharp spine which it can erect on its head at will. The sergeant-baker, a kind of red rock gurnard, was evidently christened after its sponsor. The marines about here are great fishermen, and appear to have about a hundred and sixty-eight hours of leisure in the week to devote to their favorite sport.

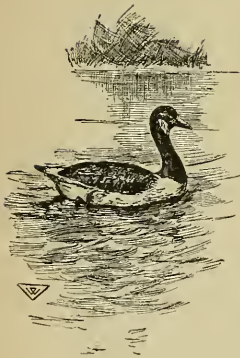
Quickly we steam up Port Jackson; soon we are abreast of the naval depot on Garden Island; Fort Denison is left astern; each worthy angler singles out his kit and his fish; and, as we run alongside Man-o'-War Steps, the host bids us "Good night and tight lines."



WHY THE COURT ADJOURNED.

GOOSE SHOOTING.

By "F. Gerald."



IT has been said that in some of the smaller Provinces of Canada almost every other man is a sportsman. This is certainly true as regards the Province I write in but I refrain from naming it, as some of the *dramatis personae* in this little story may still be living,

and its Supreme Court has been known, if not actually to commit to prison for contempt, to have intimated, that it were better that a millstone, etc., were hanged, etc., than for any person to remain living and offend against its dignity.

The October term of that court was held in the county town; and at that

time of the year there was hardly an hour when the "honk" of the wild goose or the "purr" of the brant could not be heard as these feeding birds passed over, to and from their feeding grounds in the adjacent bay. "Just over my head not thirty yards high," was a much more common salutation among the town-folk than "Good morning." The contagion was universal.

The court usually met at ten A. M., unless indeed the Judge had not returned from his morning's tramp after snipe. He was rarely late, however, and never without ample justification. I remember one occasion particularly when the delay was owing to the fact that the Judge's horse had sunk up to his ears in a snipe bog. Some five or six men, with the help of some fence rails, finally pried him out. The animal, I am told, has not yet resumed his natural color.

Some years ago when the court was in session at this time of the year, I happened to be in attendance at it. A case of trespass had occupied two days. It was now four P. M. of the third day. The evidence for the defense had at first appeared weak, but one early occupier of the land in dispute, had left him surviving seven sons; and as one after another of these "boys" ranging from forty-five to sixty-five years came on the stand, and testified in the defendant's favor, the case assumed a different aspect. The Judge looked as if his task was being lightened; counsel for the plaintiff alone showed signs of irritation, which increased while the story of these seven sons was being repeated.

The Attorney-General presently rose rather hurriedly from his seat in the court, and apologizing to the counsel engaged in the case, asked his Honor if it would be convenient for him to have a few moments' private conversation upon "rather an urgent matter." His request being granted, both gentlemen retired to the Judge's private chamber.

What transpired there is not known. But it is believed that the Attorney-General told a tale of . . . "just the night for flight-shooting as the geese fly from the feeding-grounds in the bay to a large fresh-water pond inland . . . it will be a bright moonlight night, and there is a strong west wind which will keep the birds low." And that he suggested that he could make arrangements with the captain of a steam tug to take a party across the bay to a grand place to catch the birds in their flight, "but . . . it will be too late to go if the court continues to sit as usual until six P.M."

Be that as it may, after the Judge's return it soon appeared that he thought the case had lasted long enough, and no sooner had it closed than the short and final decision, "Judgment for the defendant with costs," woke up the weary bar like an electric shock. It was usual to preface such a judgment with good and cogent reasons. Before time was allowed for recovery the Attorney-General gently interposed with "The Court will not, I presume, begin another case at this late hour?"

Apparently from the countenances of the other members of the bar present, the Attorney-General was the only one of his profession on whom the lateness of the hour had made any impression.

A look of surprise was on every face. One leading counsel ventured to remark that he was ready with his witnesses, and that his was the next case on the docket.

He was called on the bench. After his return to his place he apparently fully agreed with the Attorney-General as to the lateness of the hour.

"At the request of counsel the court will stand adjourned until ten o'clock to-morrow," was the formal announcement now made from the bench.

An hour later, on board a trim little steamer, the Judge, the Attorney-General, a barrister of the court, and your humble servant, might have been seen in shooting costume, all listening to the genial Captain as he recounted what had been done on just such an evening years ago.

"You see," said he, "the wind was in the right quarter, strong nor'west, and at least four or five thousand geese had bedded on the feeding grounds in the bay, right out there," pointing to a cove some three miles distant—"high tide at nine and a full moon and a clear sky, what a chance we had! The flight lasted a full hour. Some eight or ten of us lined up an old road running from the shore directly across the flight (where you'll go to-night), and we fired away every cartridge in the crowd."

"Yes," quietly remarked the Judge; "with what effect, Captain?" "Effect!" repeated that officer, "Well, we carpeted the road with feathers anyway, and next morning there was a dead or wounded goose found on nearly every man's farm for miles round."

"What did you bag yourself?" here interposed the Attorney-General.

"More than you will to-night, or I'm mistaken!" was the quick answer; for being a true sportsman the pleasure of shooting was what the Captain enjoyed, more than obtaining a full bag. He loved to linger over the telling of how he made a quick snap shot, but never gave his gross bag to a questioner. He rather thought that an impertinent question, and coming only from a tender-foot. He mistook his man this time however.

A half hour passed pleasantly as we steamed across the bay in the face of a heavy wind. At length we neared our destination, and there a sight awaited us which warmed our blood, and sent it

tingling to the ends of our cold fingers. In the hollow of the bay feeding and playing were thousands of geese. "Look at that," said the Captain, "and those fellows will fly to-night when the tide covers the feeding-grounds; they will want fresh water by that time."

Landed on the wharf, the party, under the guidance of the barrister, were marched off to the house of an old and respected resident, whose knowledge of farming was only equaled by his ability to circumvent the geese.

"Glad to see you, gentlemen," was his kindly greeting, as he ushered us into a cozy sitting-room. "Going to try the geese to-night, I understand," continued he. "Well, if the moon does not get clouded over before the tide is up, and the geese begin to move, there ought to be birds shot to-night."

We had to wait an hour or so for the tide to rise, and after the Attorney-General and the good woman of the house, a handsome one at that, had finished shelling some beans—for he had insisted on helping her—he and the old man began to reminisce.

We all knew what Mr. Attorney could do, in the way of a shooting or fishing yarn, when he was pushed. It was only a question of pushing. He never showed any hesitancy in rising to the occasion. But the old man talked pretty confidently, and we soon saw that the law officer of the crown would be "pushed" to-night.

The story of the thirteen geese shot with one barrel, even told as that gentleman could tell it, did not apparently surprise the older man. His smile only showed that he recognized the situation. No ordinary story would do to-night.

"That was a fine shot, sir," he remarked without a smile on his face; "but speaking of quick shots, I made one once that I am very proud of. I was after black ducks. On the other side of a creek about eight feet wide I had marked down a flock of ten. I crept to the edge of the creek. How far the birds were on the other side of it I could not exactly tell. The creek was too deep to wade; I must jump it. To do that would undoubtedly frighten the birds, but I saw no other way of getting a shot. Keeping my gun ready if the birds rose I crawled back to have a short run for the jump. I made the run all right, but just as I left the

ground up got the birds! Quick as lightning I fired both barrels, making a clean right and left, and gentlemen," he added, impressively, "both shots were fired before my feet touched the other side!"

A solemn silence followed. The Judge made a mental calculation as to how many seconds the man would be in the air in a jump of eight feet. "Yes," he added aloud, as the Attorney-General appeared to have completely collapsed, "that was quick work," and, mentally, he continued, "I wonder what our host could do in a bear story; that's the test." Aloud, he said, "Were there many bears in your neighborhood in your younger days?"

The old man smiled. He knew his company. He was not to be drawn out quite so easily. He was waiting for one better.

He had not long to wait, for the Attorney-General broke in with, "The early pioneer of New Brunswick saw more bears in a week than his contemporary here did in a year;" and looking straight at the old man, he added, "I will tell you what happened to my father."

It was well for us, perhaps, that a voice at the door called out "The birds are up," for the old man would surely have died game. Hastily getting on our coats, we gripped our guns and started. Not many minutes elapsed before our host had posted us at distances of about sixty or eighty yards apart along an old fence running nearly parallel with the river bank.

Out in the cove, about eight hundred yards distant, the geese were calling and cackling as if uneasy. We crouched down low at our respective stations and waited the welcome sound which would tell us that some of the birds had risen. In a few minutes our patience was rewarded, for a gander sounded the trumpet note, which is given only in full flight at the head of his flock.

Every eye was strained to see the birds. Nearer and nearer they came, and it was soon apparent that the Attorney-General was in the right spot this time. "Honk, honk!" The birds were directly over him, and two bright flashes of light lit up the darkness, followed by two loud reports, and all was again silent.

"Did you get him?" shouted the Judge

"Can't say," answered the lawyer, "but I heard something fall, and I think it was a goose."

A few moments later we heard a shout—"Come over here and help a fellow to look!"—but no one moved, for again the warning note of birds on the wing struck our ears. There were apparently several flocks up this time.

Who would have this shot? was the thought uppermost with every one. Only from the calling of the birds could you tell the direction of their flight. They were coming across our road, but where no one could tell unless he heard their wings directly overhead and caught a glimpse of their dark bodies flying between him and the moon.

Seven or eight shots now rang out. "Too high," from the Judge, showed he had not secured anything. "Beastly dark," from the lawyer, was alike discouraging; while "I got 'un!" from the old man, had a better ring. But from the Attorney-General came a volume of sound, all of it not repeatable.

"I shot two birds, or I'll be hanged, but I can't find anything," was the mildest portion of it. I went to his assistance, and found him groping over an adjacent field. "Where in the devil are those birds?" was the only salutation I got. Peering through the gloom, I looked in an opposite direction to where he was, and seeing something white on the ground, ventured to remark, "There is one of them."

"Where?" questioned the anxious seeker. I walked toward the spot, only about twenty yards distant, and picked up a fine, fat goose. "Here's another!" at this moment shouted the Attorney-General, "but he's only winged."

A form passed me in the darkness with a shout, "There he goes!" and man and goose were soon lost to view. I followed in hot pursuit. But that goose was too many for us. He'd steal off in the darkness with his long neck straight out from his body, and then would crouch low and wait. When we would by chance come near him, off he would go again. You could catch a glimpse of something now and then, but you dare not fire, for what that "something" might be, man, boy, dog, or goose, you could only guess.

"Bang! bang!" and the occasional thud of stricken birds on the ground sounded all round us. A shout of "Who's

that?" as we trespassed too near another station made us both reluctantly give up the pursuit of our cripple and return to our own stations. Some miserable fellow got that goose.

The Captain of the tug now joined in the sport, and soon in every direction were seen the flashes of many guns. The neighborhood had turned out, attracted by the shooting. It was a scene never to be forgotten. As flock after flock passed over, invisible save to those directly beneath them, the shooting became more general. Shot succeeded shot in rapid succession, and with the calling of the frightened birds composed an indescribable medley of sounds. One moment we were in a circle of fire, lighting up many faces; at another we were surrounded by impenetrable darkness, while the birds made the air ring with their clamor.

Eleven fine birds were our share of the night's battue, and as we laid them out, breasts up, on the deck of the little steamer, some one, not the Judge, repeated the time-honored remark made by the Governor of North Carolina, and and I heard no dissenting voice.

"Where's your crew, Captain?" asked the Attorney-General, as he noticed on the return trip that the Captain and engineer made up the entire crew.

"Fully manned," answered that official cheerily. "Did you ever hear the answer old Captain Gilbert Gallant gave the over-anxious owner of the schooner he sailed for him? Well, as the story goes, it was a rough night, and the schooner was going out with no crew but the Captain and a French boy named 'Pat.'"

"'Fully manned, Captain?' sang out the owner. 'Ay, ay, sir!' shouted back the Captain. 'Who's on board?' called back the owner. 'Paddy and I, Gilbert and the French boy,' answered back the skipper. 'Bon voyage,' called out the fully satisfied owner.

"That's the way with me and my mate to-night, sir. We do double duty."

The Attorney-General made no further comments on the crew; but for fear that the engineer might not have enough to do, he persuaded him to pick a goose for the feathers, for it had been agreed upon that supper was to be at eleven P. M.

What a merry party! What jokes and stories! What a delicious bird! Who doubted that the court had adjourned solely in the interest of Justice?

THE MASTER OF BROOKFIELD.

BY SARA BEAUMONT KENNEDY.

Author of "A Jamestown Romance," Etc., Etc.



IT seemed that the very house, square-built after the colonial pattern, must have shared the inmate's wish for seclusion. Although intended originally to face the town, the indoor life, as well as the flowers and shrubs upon the lawn, had gradually migrated to the river side, so that now the dwelling had the appearance of having turned its back upon civilization and given itself over to the contemplation of the Trent as it took its placid way to join the Neuse.

The Master stood in the hallway and gazed through the arch of the door across the lawn and the river to the dark belt of pine forest beyond—a pathetic, stoop-shouldered figure, with a finely-shaped head and a face with delicate outlines and softened, masculine beauty, to have painted which would have won fresh laurels even for a master artist.

There was nothing left for him in the old home—nothing now but memories that trod ghost-like from room to room, rending his heart with torture; and yet he clung to the place with a resolution that looked like obstinacy to the aunt who had said to him the day of his mother's funeral: "'Twere a bit of useless folly, Hollis, to keep up an establishment for yourself alone. Shut up the house and come to us; there be ever room for you at our hearth and board."

But Hollis shook his head, feeling that the home roof was the only one under which he could hide his breaking heart and misshapen body.

The old sorrow of his deformity had been crowded out by this new grief. Never before in twenty years had he lost the harrowing consciousness of his stunted figure and the lump between his shoulders. He faintly recalled the

time when it had not been there, when he had been straight and supple as other children; but from the day his cousin Ralph had pushed him from the swing, while it was yet high in air, it had grown slowly until his mother's utmost skill failed to hide it under his clothing. How he could have borne all the sorrow and humiliation of it without his mother's aid he did not know. Humoring the morbid sensitiveness which grew with the knowledge of his deformity, she renounced society, closed her once hospitable doors, and gave up her life to him. Sharing his studies and amusements, they had come to be friends and comrades between whom was no shadow of reserve. He told her the sad as well as the joyous thoughts of his heart; and she understood and gave him such answer as love and sympathy dictated. And thus, with her bearing half his cross upon her own heart, the years went by uneventfully; his time being made cheerful with assisting his mother in her business and charities, and with books and with music. But all this was ended when the clouds were heaped upon her grave, and he sat alone by his desolate hearthstone.

He knew his aunt's offer was kindly meant; but he shrank with a sort of palpitant horror from the publicity to which he would be exposed in her house, for she had a large family, and entertained much company. So he bided in his own home with the housekeeper his mother had brought from England; and as his means were ample, and he was already twenty-four, there were none with authority to say him nay.

At the end of the second month of his loneliness, Aunt Whitney came to renew her former proposition, bringing with her his pretty cousin Nancy, who said, very sweetly, how pleased they would be to have him among them. He looked at her wistfully with his sad, gray eyes, for Nancy had been the favorite playmate of his childhood and was now the most beautiful woman he had ever beheld. He wavered a moment, thinking how sweet it would be

to have her gentle sympathy and comradeship. But she was, he knew, already affianced, and when she was gone there would be no one to stand between him and the teasing of Ralph and Sophia and the younger children. So once more he told Aunt Whitney it could not be; and she went home much incensed at his persistence.

"I would that people should know," she said with a touch of asperity to a few chosen cronies, "that my sister's child lives alone from choice and not from necessity. My house has been open to him from the first."

One of the ladies said it was, forsooth, a pity that he should shut himself up in such a morbid way; but others, who knew the history of the two young men, marveled not that Hollis elected to live apart from Ralph, a selfish, dissipated youth, with more elegance of person than beauty of character. He it was who had given Hollis that unfortunate push which had resulted so fatefully, and neither could ever forget it. To Ralph, Hollis's stunted figure was an irritating reminder of his childish fault. The blame which a less selfish nature would have taken to itself was with him turned to a secret resentment against the victim of his carelessness. He even persuaded himself at times that Hollis had been to blame for the whole affair. Why had he wanted so much room; and why had he not pushed back? They were equally strong and of the same age, and their chances might thus have been even. Thus there was no love in his heart for his cousin, who, on his part, saw in Ralph the destroyer of all that was best and sweetest in his life. There was never an open quarrel between them, but each instinctively felt the other's antipathy, and as they had but little in common, they lived their lives for the most part asunder.

After that visit with her daughter Nancy, Mistress Whitney troubled her nephew no more, except with invitations to dine on Christmas or family birthdays; and so Hollis lived on alone while the first year of his sorrow wore itself away. During that time Nancy was married, and so taken up was she with her new life that she almost forgot her cousin, to whom, in the first days of his bereavement, she had intended to play the part of a sister.

The faithful housekeeper took care of

his comfort; the young men of the neighborhood dropped in occasionally for an afternoon, but in all the world Duncan Willis was the one person to whom Hollis looked for sympathy. Duncan was an eccentric but sunny-tempered man several years his senior, whose time was given chiefly to studying birds and insects. Between these two was a friendship which saved Hollis from cynicism. Imbuing his friend with his own love for animal life, forcing him to manage his estate, and interesting him in the culture of roses and honeysuckles to attract the bees and butterflies, Duncan gradually won him, back from his melancholy, and the face of the Master of Brookfield came to wear once more the sweetness and gentleness habitual to it since childhood.

But Duncan's utmost persuasion failed to induce the young man to resume his music, for with that his mother was so intimately connected that even a bar of an air they had once sung together plunged him into his former despairing grief. So the spinet remained closed, and the voice that had formerly made the twilights melodious with its marvelous music was now never heard.

It was about this time that Mistress Whitney's house received another inmate. Her husband's niece, Eunice Blandford, came from England to make her home with them, and immediately the whole house was metamorphosed. And not the house only; the entire town felt the influence of this newcomer, who, being an heiress and young and comely, was well calculated to create a sensation. Mistress Whitney, glad of an excuse to go back to former habits of gayety, put off her mourning; and immediately society made her house its headquarters until not even the levees at the Governor's new palace were more largely attended than were her fêtes. Mistress Eunice became the talk of the town; her appearance was discussed, her gowns copied, and her witticisms repeated until her head was near to being turned.

Much of this gossip reached Hollis through Duncan; and even Ralph, who now and then rode over to the farm with the other young neighbors, for the sake of the cake and wine Dame Tarbox had ever upon the sideboard, spoke of his new cousin in the most extravagant terms.

"Come over, Hollis, and see her; you are thus far the only young man in town who has not succumbed to her charms," he said one afternoon as he sat on the veranda and drew imaginary pictures on the floor with the lash of his riding-whip. "That is, you are the only one save Duncan here; he is so given over to natural history that I dare swear he finds more beauty in that beetle he has there than in a girl."

Duncan laughed as he said: "Well and truly there is less danger to a man's heart in the study of beetles. They never fire you with hope and then freeze you with jealousy—never tease you into their plans and then mock you for a weakling; which seems, forsooth, to be woman's special pleasure."

"Egad, Duncan, you speak as one who has had experience of woman's ways!"

Duncan flushed guiltily, for there had been talk of an old love affair back in England; but he now made hasty denial. "Nay, nay, 'tis more from what I see and hear that I am able to speak—the ways of beetles are more to my liking."

"Well, then, Master Duncan," said Ralph, as he started to go, "your taste accords not with mine; give me the women, teasing, mocking and all. But 'twill do no harm that you come and have a look at this new beauty. Hollis, mother bade me say it had been quite a while since you were last over for tea."

Hollis sat quite silent after Ralph had gone until Duncan, looking up from the beetle which had called out Ralph's comparison, said somewhat abruptly: "Why not go over and make acquaintance with the damsel, Hollis? She is worth the knowing; and she is to bide with the Whitneys, so you needs must meet her some time."

Hollis shrank back in his chair. "No, no," he said, hastily. "What should a young woman of her taste care about meeting a man like me? I should be to her only a subject of amusement, and you know full well how that wounds me."

"As you will," his friend replied; "but I think you scarce understand Mistress Eunice; she is merry-hearted, but has not the air of one who loves to mock."

"Then I should be an object of pity, and that were even more displeasing. Nay, Duncan, I am best here with you

and the beetles," he continued, smiling a little as he left his chair and sat on the step by his friend. "Is that a 'black Betsy,' or some new and rare specimen you have there?"

"Only an uncommon large 'Betsy.' There would be one strong bond of friendship between you two——"

"Between me and the beetle?" with a little laugh.

"Nay; 'twixt you and Mistress Eunice."

"Oh, methought perchance you had reference to the 'Betsy.' Well, and what may this probable bond be?"

"Music. She sings passing well. I told her about your voice, and she——" But the beetle having crawled to the edge of the step and toppled off into the grass, Duncan forgot what he intended to say in his eager search for it; and so Hollis did not learn what had been the end of the conversation, the whole of which he would doubtless have forgotten had it not been for a little curiosity concerning her singing. But even this was not sufficient to induce him to accept his aunt's invitation, and so he continued to avoid the house, sending instead baskets of fruit or flowers.

But Mistress Whitney was not content that he should stop at home and brood; and since he would not come to them, she planned that they should go to him; so one afternoon, when the young people started out for a ride, she cautioned them to call at Brookfield and fetch Hollis home to dinner.

It fell out that Hollis was on the river-bank that afternoon helping Duncan to make a collection of snail shells, so there was nobody at home save Dame Tarbox when the party dismounted at the door. But she received them hospitably and set the kettle to boil to make them some tea. While this was being done, Ralph and the other young gentleman of the party walked on the terrace, and Sophia and Eunice sat in the morning-room and talked of the master of the house and his lonely, eccentric life.

It so chanced that Hollis, coming in through the side-door, saw not the horses, and so knew naught of the presence of the visitors until reaching the dining-room he heard girlish voices in the adjoining apartment. Sophia's he recognized, and intuitively guessing who her companion was, he turned, with a sudden

accession of his habitual shrinking from notice, to make good his escape. But Dame Tarbox was coming in from the kitchen and would surely meet him and betray his presence to the visitors. There was nothing to do but to hide, and with a quick motion he slipped behind the curtain which hung over the door between the two rooms. Fortunately the curtain was amply wide, and as it had all been pushed to one side of the door to allow the housekeeper to pass in and out with her tray, it was an easy matter for him, by standing close against the wall, to conceal himself in the folds.

As Dame Tarbox bustled in and out, the two young women went on with their conversation.

"Such a quiet, restful place," the strange voice said. "Methinks, Sophia, I should like to come hither if my heart ached. Tell me, by what accident did your cousin's misfortune come?"

Then, putting her brother in as favorable a light as possible, Sophia told the story of that unfortunate fall. At the conclusion there was a long-drawn sigh, and the tenderest tones Hollis had ever heard murmured:

"Poor fellow—poor Hollis!"

After that he needs must see her face, and with his head close against the facing of the door, he parted the curtain the merest fraction and looked into the adjoining room.

She was sitting on the stool before the spinet, her dark riding-skirt sweeping the floor at her feet. Her tea was untasted at her elbow, while her gauntleted hands lay clasped in her lap. But it was of the face that Hollis thought; not a perfect face, for the mouth was large and the brow a trifle high, but such a winning face, and just now such a tender one, with a sympathetic light upon it and a mist of tears in the dark eyes. The hair, showing beneath her small riding-cap, was pale brown, with just a glint of light in the waves about the temples. The long, white cuffs, and spotless frill at wrists and throat relieved the somberness of her attire, and gave it at the same time a picturesque touch that was enchanting. To Hollis, that light in her eyes transfigured her, and the whole room seemed to gather from her presence a brightness it had never known. On no other face, not even his mother's, had he ever beheld such a look.

But the sound of steps in the hall recalled her from her musing, and she looked up gayly to greet the two young men who entered. There was an immediate babble of conversation, sallies and retorts that drew forth shouts of laughter. The old walls had not for years echoed so much of merriment as those fresh young voices made. Dame Tarbox, too hard of hearing to catch all that was said, yet overjoyed to have the monotony of her existence broken by such a happy-looking party, sat at a side table with her cups and tea urn and smiled benignly upon the company. Presently Ralph opened the spinet, saying:

"Sing us something, Cousin Eunice; and then we must away, since the master of the house be not here to bid us bide a wee."

Hollis felt himself trembling as the girl drew off her gloves. The spinet had not been touched since his mother's death. A thousand memories rushed upon him, whelming his soul with a renewed sense of his loss, until he felt that he must cry aloud and forbid even her to touch the instrument. But her hands were upon the keys, and she was asking what the song should be?

"Please your own fancy; 'tis not the song but the voice that I love," answered Ralph. And even in his own suffering, Hollis wondered that he had never before noticed how pleasantly Ralph could smile, nor what a gallant manner he had with women. Then he forgot his cousin, for the music had begun, and somehow he felt that the girl at the spinet was singing entirely to him. Her voice was not strong, but was exquisitely sweet. The air she sang suited her well, and Hollis listened in a tremor of emotions as the refrain flooded the room with its sad insistence:

Life gave its roses all away
And left but thorns for thee,
O heart,
O weary heart and sore!

There was a choking in Hollis's throat as he listened, and he drew the curtain together, unable longer to bear the sight of that careless, happy company. His breathing was so labored he feared he should be betrayed; but Eunice played on softly for a few moments, then dashed off into a rollicking air, which speedily set them all in a merry mood again; and soon after that they

took their departure, Sophia leaving a message for Hollis, and Eunice shouting a pretty compliment for her tea into Dame Tarbox's ear, at which the old woman smiled delightedly, and, stroking the girl's hand, begged her to come again, when Hollis should be there to see her.

For the remainder of the afternoon Hollis wandered aimlessly about the house and garden, humming the refrain of Eunice's song. How it seemed to suit him; for truly fate had thrown him a handful of thorns where she had crowned others with roses and palms. Going into the sitting-room in the dusk, he found the spinet still open, as Eunice had left it, recalling thus the lost days when his mother had made the gloamings happy for him. The strain upon his nerves gave way in a burst of tears as he dropped upon the stool and covered his face with his hands. How cruel fate was to him! how lonely he was!

By and by the sobs ceased; they had relieved the tension upon his heart, and, half musingly, half timidly, he struck the keys under his fingers. At first he sang almost in a whisper, as though afraid of the sound of his long-unused voice; but gradually, as he went on, the old fascination reasserted itself; unconsciously his voice rose note by note until it was pure and clear, and he went from one air to another forgetful of everything but the melody he was creating.

It was thus that Duncan found him, as coming in quietly he sat himself upon the sofa to listen, glad beyond measure that his friend had renewed his old habit. The stooping figure at the spinet grew indistinct in the shadows, but the music did not cease until the housekeeper brought in the candles; and then their light showed all of the pain gone out of the singer's face, and in its stead the radiance of a divine peace shining in his eyes. He stretched out his hands to Duncan with a joyful cry, then turned again to the spinet, picking out the air to Eunice's song:

Life gave its roses all away.

He gave no heed to Dame Tarbox's summons to supper, and it was after midnight before Duncan could induce him to think of rest.

There followed for Hollis a week of dreamy abstraction, during which time

he seemed to live only in the realms of music. All of his own and his mother's songs were sung again and again, and the stores and news-stalls ransacked in search of something new. One morning Duncan, who had been to a party at Mistress Whitney's the night before, came into the sitting-room with a package under his arm.

"See, Hollis," he cried, "I have brought you here a bundle of ecstasy!" and, taking off the outside cover, he displayed a roll of sheet music tied with a satin ribbon.

Hollis's eyes sparkled. He seized the bundle eagerly, demanding to know whence it came.

"I borrowed it of Mistress Eunice, who says she knows it by heart and needs it not back for some while."

Hollis stopped with the ribbon half untied. "How comes it that she thought of sending it?"

"Why," answered Duncan, somewhat disconcerted, for Hollis was ever sensitively afraid of having provoked pity; "I was telling her how you had taken up your music again. She was interested at once—naturally, being a musician herself—and when I spoke of your search for new songs she ran at once to the music rack and gathered up all of this. She was in such haste that she stopped not to look for a string, but tied up the bundle with this ribbon from her fan. She sent you a message, too, but methinks you must look less frowningly ere I deliver it."

Hollis pushed the hair from his brow somewhat impatiently. "I cannot a-bear that people should do things for me out of pity," he said.

"Well, this kindness comes not from that source; she is interested in you merely as a musician."

"Well, then, for the message—what said she?"

"This—and I wish you might have heard for yourself, that pretty and earnest she looked as she said it—'Say to Master Brookfield that I do not *lena* him my music; I *rent* it to him, and the rental must be paid in song, and methinks I shall be minded to play the usurer, so much do I hear of his singing.' She even bade me withhold the roll until you had promised; but you took it without ceremony. However, you must make the promise good."

But Hollis was already turning over

the loose sheets and seemed not to hear. He could scarcely let Duncan finish telling of the party before seating himself to try some of the new airs. The well-thumbed sheets were doubtless Eunice's favorites, those she sang oftenest; and by the time he had gone through the pile carefully he felt that this girl was no longer a stranger to him. There were little notes and comments scribbled along the margin of some of the pages, forming as it were an index to her fancies, laying her thoughts bare before him and serving as an invisible, intangible bond between him and her. He recalled the look upon her face as Sophia related his terrible mishap, and remembered the tenderness of her tone as she sighed: "Poor Hollis!" That was not pity, rather was it sympathy; and in his loneliness and wretchedness sympathy was what he longed for. Before the week was at an end he had conceived a strong desire to see Eunice again; and yet he cared not to face the crowd always to be met at his aunt's house; so he be-thought him of an obscure corner in the church gallery from which the Whitney pew was visible, and on Sunday before the congregation began to assemble he slipped quietly into the dim corner and waited.

Eunice came in with Ralph a little after the others, her face properly sober for the occasion, but there were those who thought the serious expression not detrimental to her appearance. She sat with her profile to Hollis, but now and then as she stood up or sat down, in the progress of the meeting, she turned her head so that her full face was visible. He watched her through the whole service, and went home wishing that Providence had sent him such a sister. Of how much pain life would have been robbed by such companionship.

After that Duncan's talk of the doings at his aunt's wearied him no more, for always there was something to tell of Eunice. He no longer spent his Sundays in the fields or reading at home, but went each day of service to the place of meeting, and from his far corner watched Eunice as she sat demurely in her place. Speedily the time came when he found the days between the Sabbaths long and lagging, and the hour in the church all too short for his day-dreams. He scarcely knew what these

dreams were, only that they were tender and sweet.

Duncan, going with him one Sunday and seeing where his eyes were fixed and what a wistful look there was in them, suddenly realized whither his friend was all unconsciously drifting. A spasm of contrition seized upon him for the part he had himself unwittingly played in kindling a flame which, smoldering now, must one day sear Hollis's heart with its blasting breath. He reproached himself bitterly for chattering so much of the girl and for borrowing the music, seeing in these the origin of this growing interest. In his distress he resolved to mention Mistress Eunice no more, hoping it was not yet too late to protect his friend. But Hollis was not inclined to let him be silent, and whereas he had formerly listened somewhat abstractedly to the other's gossip, he was now full of eager questions, palpably interested in the most trifling details. Duncan, as a last resort, ceased to go to Mistress Whitney's so often that there might be less to tell, and strove sedulously to enlist Hollis's thoughts in the animal life about him. Hollis was willing enough to tramp through the woods searching for bugs and butterflies; or to row the boat softly in and out of the willow-fringed coves of the river, studying the habits of the birds swinging on the reeds and rushes. But he seemed ever in a dream, and there were times when he tried Duncan's patience by singing bits of Eunice's songs at the wrong moment—just as a butterfly was being trapped, or a thrush warbled its five clear notes, unaware of the eyes that watched its slender body and swelling throat. But at the first sound of Hollis's voice it was gone, slipping away through the green tunnels of the undergrowth like a fleck of amber sunlight. Then Hollis would remember and apologize; but the next day be again quite as forgetful.

Hollis did not understand why Duncan went so seldom to Mistress Whitney's, knowing there was no quarrel. He missed the news of that household that had been brought to him thus, but he was not left in ignorance of how things were going there, for his aunt and he wrote each other frequent notes; and regularly twice a month Dame Tarbox went to pay her respects to Mistress Whitney and give an account of how Hollis did; whether he wore his

woolen underwear, changed his gaiters when he came from a tramp through the swamps, and was otherwise mindful of his health. On each of these occasions the old woman came home full of news concerning the whole family. Particularly was she fond of Eunice whom, next to Nancy, she regarded as "the properest and comeliest damsel she had ever seen," and of whom she was never tired of talking. It was upon one of these occasions that Eunice sent Hollis a merry message concerning the songs he still owed her.

That night, being late in the swamps listening to the whip-poor-wills, he and Duncan came down the street in which the Whitneys lived, just after the candles were put out. Looking up at the darkened house, it suddenly occurred to Hollis how easy it would be to pay his debt to Mistress Eunice under cover of the night. He began to hum a little as he walked, and on reaching the gate he drew his friend in, saying half merrily, half shyly :

"Methinks my aunt would sleep the better if I sang a hymn under her window."

But it was not under his aunt's window that he paused, and the song he sang was not a hymn, but the refrain Eunice had sung first to his spinet :

Life gave its roses all away
And left but thorns for thee,
O heart,
O weary heart and sore !

His voice quavered a little at the first verse, but steadied as he went on. For the first time he was speaking directly to her, and never had he sung with such a tremor of emotion, such a fervor of pathos. Those who listened behind the shutters with heads pressed close together felt the tears upon each other's cheeks. When he came back to the gate he was trembling as with a nervous chill, but even in the dim light Duncan could see the exaltation on his face ; it was as though he had talked with angels in the blossom-sweet garden and caught the radiance from their countenances.

Duncan took him silently by the arm and led him home, feeling that so much as one word would be a sacrilege while that mood was upon him.

After that he needs must go often to sing under that window, dragging Duncan with him. And Duncan went, sor-

rowing but helpless ; dreading to disturb the ecstatic calm by a warning which in the end would be useless. And so Hollis dreamed the blue-zoned summer away, and asked himself no questions as to why earth had a new charm, the far sky a tenderer azure. Even the war talk which began to crowd out all other gossip passed him by unheeded, breaking like spent waves against that high dream castle in which he lived.

The awakening came in the autumn. The afternoon was mellow with the yellow sunlight and balmy odors of harvest time. The two young men sat in the porch, along the floor of which the clambering vine threw a fresco of shadows. They had been to church in the morning, and Hollis had come home in a restless mood which Duncan had noticed growing upon him for several days but could not understand until he asked :

"Why is it that Ralph is ever with Mistress Eunice? Wherever I see or hear of her, he is at her side."

A tremor seized upon Duncan. He had dreaded this question for weeks, knowing the talk there was about those other two. Now he had no answer ready. He looked out across the garden of late roses to the hedgerow beyond, where the golden rod gave a dash of vivid color to the brambles, but made no answer until Hollis, noting nothing of his hesitancy, repeated his question :

"Why is Ralph ever with her?"

"Because—I would you had not asked me!—because he is to marry her."

His voice seemed harsh in his effort to keep out any trace of emotion, and he kept his eyes on the far-off nodding plumes of the golden-rod, dreading to witness the effect his words had produced. For a full minute Hollis stared at his averted face as though he did not comprehend, repeating the words in a half whisper :

"To marry her?"

Then a lightning stroke seemed to cleave the dream-world in which he had dwelt, making all things plain before him.—Ralph's giving over his wild ways, his ceaseless courtesies to his cousin ; Eunice's blushes and downcast eyes. A spasm of pain contracted his muscles. *She would marry Ralph*—Ralph, his destroyer, and he might no longer think of her, no longer—love her ! Yes, that was it, he loved her ; the same white light which showed him Ralph and

Eunice in this new relation of lovers, revealed to him his own heart.

With a hoarse cry he started up, pulling at his neckcloth to relieve the choke in his throat; then went reeling into the sitting-room, closing the door behind him. Nobody, not even Duncan, must look upon his agony. Face down on the couch he lay, shaking like an autumn leaf with the storm of emotions that swept through him. The man's passionate heart in the frail, deformed body was awaked; and in that bitter hour he drained to the dregs the cup fate had been mixing for him through the years. After this nor life nor death could hold aught of pain for him.

As he grew quieter he looked back and saw how this passion had grown upon him; how what he had thought at first was but a sympathy of tastes had been in truth the beginnings of love; how he had fed this love on dreams and sweet fancies until its strength was as the strength of giants, and it had crushed his heart with its own weight. He had never thought that love of this kind would touch his life, never thought that fate could be so bitter cruel. Surely his bodily deformity should have exempted him from a trial such as this! Months ago he had gone to the Governor's palace, the night it was opened to the world, and climbing upon the flat roof of the covered corridor leading from the main building to the office, had looked in through a rift of the curtains at the gay company assembled there. Clinging to the shutter, he had felt not the wind that nipped his fingers nor the rain that pelted him, so consumed was he with vehement longing to be like the straight, well-shaped youths within. And that same yearning was upon him now as he tossed on the sofa and thought of Eunice. Why had his heart not been dwarfed like his stature? That would have given him a chance something like other men. But instead his heart was sensitive and passionate, full to overflowing with yearning tenderness; but that lump upon his shoulders weighed heavily upon it, crushing out all joy and hope.

Later on, in the dusk, he heard the door open, and presently felt Duncan's cool hand on his brow.

"Duncan!" he cried, "Duncan, my heart is broken. I ——"

"Yes, I know. Let us talk of it; 'twill do you good."

And so the pitiful story was told, and Duncan found no words to comfort the stricken man, already so tried with sorrow.

"If 'twere anyone save Ralph! 'Tis as though all my misfortunes come by him. We know him, Duncan, you and I, how selfish and dissolute he is. She will never be happy with him; he will wreck her life."

"True," said Duncan, sadly. "It had been better for her had she chosen you."

Hollis started. "Nay, nay," he said, hastily, "I should never have asked her. What right has a man like me to think of a woman's love? I am set aside by Providence from such happiness as that. Friendship tolerates me, but love—*love* passes me by as though I were a leper; a thing unclean, accursed!"

There was no sleep for him that night, and for days he dragged himself listlessly about the house, after which he fell into a fever which racked him with pain for eight long weeks; and before the end of that time the wedding bells had rung, and Ralph and Eunice were man and wife.

Duncan spent more time than ever at Brookfield, and his cheerful spirit accomplished what nothing else could have done, for Hollis went back to his old employments and was much as he had formerly been, save that his manner was graver and the hair about his temples showed threads of silver. He spent long hours at his spinet, but Duncan never again heard him sing one of the songs Eunice had lent him. Silently he discarded them, and quietly Duncan accepted the decree. But of her and her husband they spoke often, so that as the months went by and Ralph began to frequent his former haunts of dissipation, they talked of it sadly and regretfully, thinking of the young wife's disappointment.

When her baby came, a tiny Eunice like herself, Ralph did for a while give up his wild comrades and settle down to business, as though realizing the responsibilities upon him. But he was incapable of any absorbing affection, and pined in his quiet office for change and excitement; and so by the time the child was a year old his business was but a shallow pretense, and the merry

light in Eunice's eyes had given place to a restless anxiety. Everybody knew that he was spending her fortune riotously, and that a day of want was sure to follow.

To the world Eunice bore her disappointment bravely; but in Hollis's heart there was ever the wish to aid her, for he guessed at the tears she shed in secret during the long hours her husband left her alone; and so for her sake he took to watching his cousin, waiting outside of the drinking houses and gaming rooms which he knew Ralph frequented, and piloting the intoxicated man to his own gate.

Sometimes, when he learned that the betting ran particularly high or the drinking was more unrestrained than usual, he went quietly into the dens, where his serious, beautiful face seemed strangely out of place, and by a gentle persuasion carried Ralph away. There was that in his appearance at such times which made the revelers hold their peace, so that only now and then was a jeer thrown at him as he went his way, his trembling, shrunken figure scarce able to bear up under Ralph's leaning weight.

Hollis was aware that Eunice knew of his self-imposed guardianship even before that terrible night when Ralph, being more helpless than usual, could not make his way from the gate to the door, and so he needs must go with him to the step. He thought to knock and slip quickly away; but Eunice was upon watch, though the hour was long past midnight, for no sooner were their feet on the porch than the door was thrown open, and the light, streaming out in a yellow belt, fell full upon the two figures at the entrance and made a touching silhouette of the mother with her baby in her arms. Hollis would have retreated, but feared to let go his hold upon Ralph until he had passed into the hall. He lingered a moment, full of confusion. But Eunice put out her hand, saying, with a tremor in her low, sweet voice:

"I take it kind of you, Master Brookfield, to look after my husband in this wise. He is later than common to-night, and my little one being ill, I was growing a bit nervous."

Hollis took the slim hand half-timidly, murmuring some commonplace concerning the child's recovery, and then was

gone. Walking home with the cool night wind upon his brow, he hated his cousin for his cruelty to that helpless woman as he had never hated him for the blight on his own life.

By and by new thoughts began to absorb him. The land was full of turmoil. Everywhere the opposition to English rule was manifesting itself. The Stamp Act had been denounced, and the agents burned or hanged in effigy from Hillsboro town to the coast. Tyranny had gone too far. The rumored war had become a reality, and the succeeding months were filled with the martial music of muskets and bugles. The patriotic enthusiasm swept like a tempest through the land.

In the first company that marched from New Berne went Ralph, a splendid figure in his soldierly dress; and his young wife's heart was full of forgiving tenderness as she watched him out of sight; for in her thoughts was a glowing hope that he would come back sobered and with more strength to resist temptation. It was three years now since she married, and there were two little heads to print the pillows of the nursery trundle bed. She knew that most of her fortune was gone, but if Ralph only came home from the war changed and serious-minded she would be content.

Hollis caught the war spirit early, longing for a share in the excitement and the glory. Reluctantly the recruiting sergeant accepted him; but before the end of the first year they sent him home so broken in health by the rough exposure that he knew his soldiering days were over.

In the trying times that followed, Aunt Whitney sickened and died. The home was broken up, and Sophia and the younger children went away to live with Nancy and their other relatives. A few months later there came the news of Monmouth battle; and in the list of the wounded was the name of Ralph Whitney. The stricken wife came with pale face and streaming eyes to Hollis.

"Can you not fetch him for me, Master Brookfield—you who were always so good to him, so good to me?"

So Hollis journeyed painfully to the far-off hospital, the old aversion for his cousin softened by the memory of her face. But it was only a dying message and a sword he brought back to her



Painted for *OUTING* by A. W. Van Deusen.

"HALF TIMIDLY HE STRUCK THE KEYS." (p. 36.)

through the long leagues of the wilderness.

After that interview, in which he kept back all that was painful, telling only of Ralph's bravery in the field and how he met his death, he did not see Eunice for months. His chief happiness lay in secretly relieving her wants, for what with the war and Ralph's mismanagement she had nothing now but the house in which she lived. Even this she was destined to lose, for a neighbor's house catching fire, and there being none to put it out, hers went too; and so it was that on a chill March morning Eunice stood with her little ones, a pitiful group, in the street, surrounded by the odds and ends saved from the conflagration.

In her despair she was beyond the relief of tears, for in these troublous times there were none who could give her more than a temporary biding place, none at least upon whom she had any claim. Watching the smoke of her lost home, she had no answer for the neighbors who crowded about her with words of sympathy. She was praying silently, vehemently that God would take her and her babies to Himself, and did not hear the woman at her elbow asking her to go home with her out of the wind and the rain; but she did hear the voice that cried out shrilly:

"Nay, nay, Mistress Coolidge, be not pulling at her sleeve so hard; it is I who will take her home, for the Master of Brookfield hath sent me, and with nobody else shall she bide. Praise God, we have room enough, and welcome enough, too, at the farm for her and hers!"

It was Dame Tarbox, with her shawl unpinned and her peaked hat awry. She gave Eunice no time to object or argue, but bundled her into the cart from which she had alighted, and leaving the servant to look after the household goods, she drove away to Brookfield, and there made Eunice comfortable before the great kitchen fire, talking all the while to keep back her tears. Then she went into her mistress's long-closed room, and making it sweet and wholesome with broom and blazing fagots, she established her guests there, and sitting down beside the hearth beamed upon them in such delight that Eunice could not but smile a little in answer. And an hour later when she

met Hollis in the sitting-room and heard his kindly welcome, and saw the pleasure in his face when little Eunice climbed upon his knee, she was thankful and satisfied.

For long years the war winds blew through the land, alternately blighting and cheering the hopes of the people. Then came peace and a new order of things. And all this while Eunice and her little ones had dwelt with Dame Tarbox under Hollis's roof. Never but once had she proposed to go away.

"What is the matter? Have we failed to make you happy—left undone aught of duty or service?" cried Hollis in distress. And Dame Tarbox wept and entreated; and the little girls climbing on Hollis's knee cried too, and begged him not to let her take them from him; so that she was forced to give up all idea of a move.

As was natural, Hollis had undertaken to straighten out her business affairs, and as she asked no questions it was an easy matter, by the practice of a little deception, to convey to her a sufficient portion of his own income to supply her small personal necessities, and thus relieve her from the humiliation of accepting these things at the hands of himself or Dame Tarbox. Thus was she satisfied for the present, and the future—that future when he should perchance be gone forever—was provided for in his will, for she and her children were to have the farm as a home always.

At Brookfield all things were now different. There were happy childish voices in the hitherto silent rooms; childish playthings making a pleasant litter in the halls; tiny tracks up and down the garden walks, and a sweet, wholesome air of home-life everywhere.

For Hollis, too, all things were changed. There were no longer any dull days or hours of brooding; for the two little maids dogged his steps out of doors and climbed upon his knees in the house. For him, their sunny faces made a radiance everywhere, and their clinging arms and baby kisses took the ache out of his heart as nothing else had ever done. In their eyes he had no defect of character or of person; and it was the happiness they brought him that enabled him to school his heart in regard to their mother. For as the years went by and the daily contact of their lives showed him the nobility of



Painted for OUTING by A. W. Van Deusen.

"LIFE GAVE ITS ROSES ALL AWAY." (p. 35.)

her character, the old love came back with renewed strength. There were times when silence seemed impossible, when he needs must rush away from the room or the house to keep from pouring out to her the story of his passion and his pain.

And Eunice, absorbed in her children and the memory of her husband, whom, now that he was gone, she forgave and idealized, knew nothing of this struggle under the same roof with her. To her, Hollis was friend, protect-

Duncan came back after peace was declared, with a scar on his cheek and a star on his collar. But Hollis was no longer able to tramp with him through the fields and swamps in search of birds and insects. A racking cough had undermined his strength, and he liked better to sit on the porch or else in the sunny sitting-room and watch the children at play beside him. Each week found him less inclined to move about, and gradually they all fell into the habit of gathering around his chair, making



Painted for OUTING by A. W. Van Deusen

"HOW LONELY HE WAS." (p. 36.)

or, benefactor. She had always believed, from things she heard in the family, that his heart had been early given to Nancy, and she had grieved that fate had been so cruel to him. Putting his wishes before her own, holding him second only to her children in her affection, she was as tender to him as though one mother had borne them both.

Thus things were when the war bugles no longer blew their reveilles upon the blue hills, and the Revolutionary swords were hung to rust on the walls of homes they had made free.

him the center of their plans and pastimes. Eunice's eyes were often misty with tears as she brought his medicine or shook his cushions into place; and there were times when Duncan's voice was husky with grief as he tried to talk cheerfully of the future. But Hollis only smiled as he saw their anxiety, for in all his life before he had never been so happy as now.

It was an afternoon in May-time when the end came. Duncan sat with him on the porch; Dame Tarbox dozed in the shadow; the children were making

clover-chains on the steps, shouting now and then to Hollis to look at their treasures, or else running to twine the frail chains about his wrists and call him their captive. Just inside the low window of the sitting-room Eunice sat at the spinet singing, as she often sang for hours, to please him. The air was full of sunshine and peace and the sweet breath of budding things. With the clover-chains dropping from his wrists, Hollis lay back in his chair, watching silently a fleck of cloud drifting sail-like across the far-off blue. Suddenly Eunice began another song, one she had not sung for years :

Life gave its roses all away
And left but thorns for thee,
O heart,
O weary heart and sore !

Duncan saw the delicate face at his side quiver, then a smile of ineffable joy gave it a brightness almost beyond earth.

"Duncan, Duncan!" he whispered, stretching out his hand, and his voice had in it a note of ecstasy: "some of the roses fell to me in the end—some few, but ah, so sweet—so sweet!"

He turned his head on his cushion, and inside the music went on, but only Duncan and the children heard; for the earthly manacles had fallen from Hollis's soul, as the flower-chains from his wrists, and his spirit, like that fleck of stainless cloud, had drifted out of the shadows into the far reaches and infinite peace of the bending sky.

AMERICAN AND ENGLISH BOATS AND OARS.

By Chase Mellen.

IN OUTING for August I mentioned very briefly the most noticeable differences between English and American boats and oars. Of course I refer to racing-shells and oars, although, as far as my observation has extended, the style of seating the oarsmen on alternate sides of the keel and of using long oars with narrow blades obtains throughout all classes of row-boats, in England. There are other differences of more or less consequence, perhaps the most important being as to the kind of stretchers used and the method of attaching the feet thereto. Then too, English oarsmen have never adopted swivel rowlocks, but have steadfastly adhered to the old-fashioned thole-pins and string. The oar blades vary almost as much as with us, so far as concerns their being spooned, in some cases being nearly straight, in others, very much spooned. But it seems to me that the only differences that deserve especial notice, as having a possible bearing upon the relative watermanship, speed and work of English and American oarsmen, are those relating to the method of seating the men, the length of oar, width of blade, kind of stretcher, and the universal use of cedar boats by Englishmen and almost equally universal use of paper boats by us.

First, as to the method of seating the

oarsmen. In our boats the men are seated directly in the center, over the keel, and in a straight line. In England they sit on alternate sides of the keel, stroke, six, four and two being in one line, and seven, five, three and bow in a second line. When under way, stroke side, or port, take the time from stroke, by means of the man next but one in front, while bow side, or starboard, take it in the same way from seven. Seven takes his time from stroke, and thus the two sides depend for time upon the union of stroke and seven, and seven is in fact the starboard stroke. With us, each man, by means of the man immediately in front, takes the time directly from stroke. There is one other element in regard to the time which may, perhaps, be mentioned here. English oarsmen are taught to listen for the click of the oars in the rowlocks; when the click is uniform, the time is apt to be exact. The click is very pronounced in English boats, with the old-fashioned thole-pins.

The English method of seating the men undoubtedly, in my judgment and experience, helps to keep the boat on an even keel better than the American method. In the former, the weight is as evenly distributed as may be on each side of the keel, one side balancing the other. In the latter, the balance

depends rather upon the nicety or precision with which the men can sit exactly over the keel. The English method, taken in connection with the greater inboard length of oar, also tends to increase the leverage or purchase of the men, as may be readily perceived when we next consider the longer oars used.

English oars are, as a rule, about six inches longer than American oars. At least half the increased length is inboard, giving, with the position of the seat, much greater leverage than our oarsmen obtain. The seat is in each case on the opposite side of the keel from the outrigger. The shaft of the oar, from button to blade, is also longer than with us, while the blade is both shorter and narrower. For instance, at Henley this year the blades of the Yale crew were eight inches and a fraction broad, while their opponents used blades only a fraction over six inches wide. But sometimes the blades of individual English oarsmen may be even less than six inches wide, since, if a man is much lighter than his fellows, or relatively weaker, it is not unusual for his blade to be shaved so as to proportion his work to that of the heavier men, in a somewhat rough and ready fashion.

Without going into a theoretical discussion of the mechanical advantage or disadvantage of increased leverage, a simple, practical illustration may suggest the advisability of careful experiment in this direction in order to ascertain the truth. Get into an ordinary working-boat, and take an ordinary buttonless oar. You will find that the shorter your inboard handle is, the less progress you will make and the greater will be your difficulties of pulling the stroke through and of handling the oar. Whereas, as you increase the inboard length of handle, the easier your work, the cleaner your watermanship, and the greater the speed of the boat become. This simple, unscientific test—one that will doubtless be considered childish by those oarsmen, real or pretended, who are always theorizing about the dynamics and other ics of a stroke—is best suited to inrigged boats, for outriggers necessitate greater length of handle, and the result is not so easily apparent, but it may nevertheless suggest an important element of the demonstrated English superiority of speed and watermanship.

I do not think that our increased

width of blade gives any substantial advantage in the greater water surface covered; whatever advantage there may be with us in this respect, I am inclined to believe, is lost in the greater strain that forcing the wider blades through the water entails. The additional power required to drive a wide blade through the water is out of proportion to the speed obtained thereby—in other words, there is an unnecessary waste of power.

The stretcher to be found almost universally in English boats is a much more substantial affair than with us—probably in many cases unnecessarily so. It is adjustable. With us the seat or slide is moved, as a rule. The point of pressure against an English stretcher is the heel-piece. English oarsmen drive from the heels. In each case this piece is thickened or made less thick according to the peculiar facility of the oarsman to bend his ankles. But it is when we consider the method of fastening the feet to the stretcher that the real distinction appears. In England the heels have free play, the toes only being prevented from leaving the stretcher by either a narrow strap or a loosely laced toe-piece. With us, almost invariably, the feet are firmly held in place by being incased either in shoes secured to the stretcher or in some form of lacing. They have no play. Now, an English oarsman is forbidden to pull himself up by his straps or to help the recovery with his toes. This seems incredible to many of our oarsmen who depend upon their toes to get forward, in large measure. It is not as difficult as would seem at first blush. One must try to realize the way Englishmen are taught to row. Then this apparently impossible feat seems less out of the range of human ability. An Englishman is taught the rudiments of oarsmanship and watermanship on fixed seats in "tubs." These tubs are large, roomy, clinker-built affairs, heavy in the extreme, and as far different from a barge or racing-shell as the moon is from the stars. The stretchers in these boats are wide pieces of board, adjustable to the length of leg of the oarsmen. The feet are held loosely in place by a narrow strap across the toes. Now, among the rudiments of oarsmanship in English eyes are a long body swing, a hard, continued drive, with the heels against the stretcher, a long reach for-

ward, the conjunction of body and leg work and the complete absence of arm work. The swing is taught to be independent of anything except the back and stomach muscles and a pressure *against* the stretcher. If a man is thought to be depending upon the straps for getting forward he is ordered to take his toes out of the straps, leaving his feet entirely free, merely resting against the stretcher, and he must learn to control his body without any artificial aid. When this control is acquired the swing is perfected, and then it becomes possible to acquire control over the oar. Just as the rate of stroke may be quickened or lowered at will in a properly taught English crew, so the reach forward and swing back can be increased or decreased, at the bidding of the coach, when the bodies are under perfect control. An English oarsman does not sit on a sliding-seat until he has become a finished oarsman on a fixed seat. Thus the slide fulfills its true destiny in his case—that of being simply an artificial means of lengthening out the work inboard and outboard. It is not supposed or allowed to take the place of body swing and work. It is not supposed to take the place of muscles.

Englishmen have never favored paper boats. There can be no doubt that cedar boats are far more rigid. But actual trial alone will definitely settle the question of speed. We may each of us have a personal preference and belief. I prefer a cedar boat and think it considerably faster. It presents a smoother surface, more capable of polish, less liable to flaws and indentations, and need be no heavier.

A discussion of the relative value of English and American blades would be incomplete if mention of a characteristic of the two types of rowing were omitted. American oarsmen put the blade into the water on a bevel; English oarsmen drop it in square. And I have not the slightest doubt that the livelier catch or beginning of the English crews, which Mr. Cook endeavored to emulate, was and is due to this way of gripping the water. The blade is thus instantaneously in the proper position for obtaining the greatest resistance against the water, while by the American method there is a moment when the oar is seeking the natural position, which no beveled rowlocks can prevent

its doing in time. But an adherent of the latter method will say, "Yes, but how about the lift out of the water that the beveled blade insures?" I have been a member of both English and American crews, and I will say that in my observation and experience the lift was even greater in English than in American crews.

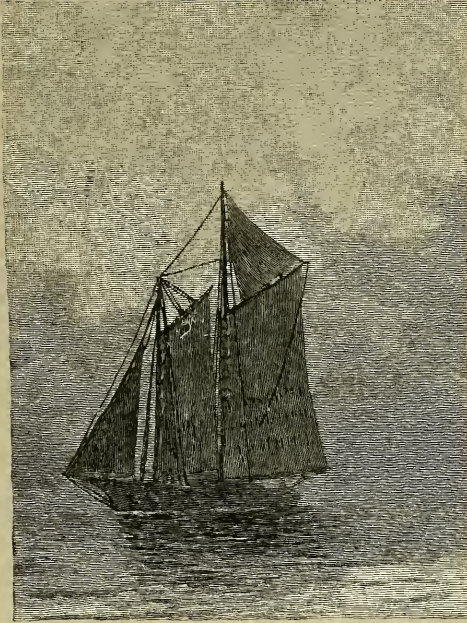
But, while these differences of rigging and oars are important and deserving of careful examination, after all the more thorough oarsmanship that is taught in England is the cause of our defeats at Henley. When an English boy goes to Eton, Shrewsbury, Bedford Grammar School or Radley, if he has a rowing bent he comes under good coaches from the start and learns the A, B, C of watermanship before he is trusted on a sliding-seat. His coaches are men who have, in almost every case, been members of an Oxford or a Cambridge crew. So that from the day he first sits in a boat he is taught the same principles of oarsmanship and the same "stroke." He is not confronted and confounded from day to day by a different theory of rowing. His abilities are not tested by elaborate machines and ideas. His coaches are content to simply accept the faith that long experience has shown to be the best in England. They never trouble their heads about mathematical demonstrations of the advantage of applying the power at this or that portion of the stroke. They *know* that the crew that has the better beginning, catches harder, and hangs less will win in nine cases out of ten. English oarsmanship is intensely practical, and no professors of the higher mathematics are called upon to apply their learning to help a coach out of his perplexities, as has been done with us.

This same practical quality is the parent of the characteristics of English boats and oars that I have attempted to record. They are the result of sixty or seventy years of rowing.

When our coaches give over experimenting with devices supposed to do this or that, and settle down to a uniform style of coaching and practical watermanship, and leave theorizing to critics or professors of dynamics, we may hope for a school of American oarsmanship that will turn out crews of whose success we need have no fear.

RACING SCHOONERS.

By R. B. Burchard.



"Oh, happy ship, to rise and dip
With the blue crystal at its lip!
Oh, happy crew, my heart with you
Sails and sings and sings anew!"

IF there is anything that is typically and conspicuously American, it is the American schooner. She is a characteristic and distinguishing feature of the scenery along our seaboard, just as the lugger is on the English coasts, the lateen in the Mediterranean, or the junk in the China seas. Though an incidental note merely, she is as indispensable to the landscape as the hansom to the London street scene, the camel to the desert, or the gondola to the Venetian picture. You are accustomed to her conventional outlines everywhere—in the art gallery, the shop window, the pictured panels of the rural omnibus. Travel to the uttermost West and her chromoed presentment, in calm, or storm, or wreck, greets you as a matter of course from the papered wall of tavern or home-stead. Wherever it may be, just a little schooner will make a whole landscape American, though the sea, the atmosphere, the coast itself might do as well for Spain or Borneo.

A well-founded tradition tells us that

the first schooner was conceived and contrived by one Captain Andrew Robinson about 1713. Where? Why, at Gloucester, of course! And the story says, as the little vessel slid from the stocks into the water, an enthusiastic Yankee cried out something like, "Gee! See how she scoons!" and the new type was forthwith named schooner for all time. The New England boys of that period, like all boys from Cain and Abel down to us, had a trick of whirling little flat stones over the surface of the water so that they should skip from little wave to wave, cutting the tops as they sped. Little Praise-God Barebones and the young Winthrop and Brewsters used to call the game "scooning"; we call it "scaling." For myself, I do not believe that the "schooner" expression was evoked at the launch. I can, however, readily imagine the line of old salts with battered cocked hats and queues done up in marline, sitting along the string-piece of Gloucester dock watching the two big fore-and-aft sails of the new "critter" as they cut curves through the air or went eating up to windward; then I can appreciate the application of the utterance, "See, how she scoons!"

The handiness of the fore-and-aft rig, divided into two nearly equal portions, made that arrangement of canvas popular from the start; and now nearly all of the coastwise fishing and carrying vessels are of the schooner family. Vessels of from 200 to 250 feet in length, or from 1,000 to 1,500 tons burden, which a few years ago would have been *bark* or *ship* rigged, are now built as three or four-masted schooners; and occasionally we are surprised on the watery way by the appearance of such a vessel as the five-masted schooner *Governor Ames*, built in Waldoboro, Maine, 1888; 245 feet long, 49.6 broad, 21 feet draught, and 1,690 tons burden."

The advantages to the coaster of the fore-and aft over the square rig are: first, economy of hands in working; second, quickness in handling, and third, windward power. A well appointed three-masted schooner with a small steam-engine and winches for hoisting sail, heaving up anchor, and



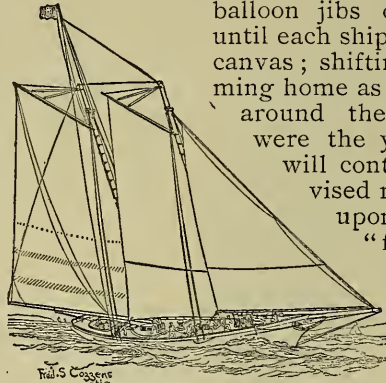
Photo J. S. Johnston, New York.

EMERALD.

handling cargo, can be worked with a third of the crew required on a bark of the same size. In working in a crowded thoroughfare, or tacking in and out of frequent harbors, the handiness of the fore-and-aft rigged vessel with her sails flinging from side to side at the helmsman's will is an obvious advantage. Along the rocky shores of Maine and New Brunswick, one meets fleets of fishing boats in which the jibs are dispensed with, the foremast being stepped in the bow, and whose two sails are nearly or exactly of the same size. A boat of this sort is called a periauger or pirogue. It is ugly to look at, but it is handy for one or two men to manage.

While there seems to be no limit to the scope of utility of the fore-and-aft rig, I think its picturesqueness belongs only to the conventional two-masted schooner. The periauger is unsightly on the one hand, so is the three-masted schooner on the other. But to my mind there is nothing afloat less than a bark or ship rig so beautiful as a well-planned schooner. A Sandy Hook pilot schooner is a fine boat; a well-kept Gloucester fisherman is a beauty, and a first-class schooner yacht is a delight to look upon. The Spanish Armada, arrogant with guns and streamers; the Venetian fleet, with carved hulls, banks of oars, and sails dyed and blazoned with brave devices; the little fleet of Columbus, familiar to us through their modern fac similes at Chicago; Lord Nelson's squadron at Trafalgar—these, in the mind of him who loves the sea and its beauty and romance, form a succession of pictures as vivid as the tapestries of Bayeux. But the golden medieval days are but a tradition now; the ships of the line have passed away in turn, and the queenly clipper ships of a generation ago are superseded by unsightly aggregations of machinery which are about as pleasant to look at as a fleet of floating boiler foundries. The sea is despoiled of its romance and its sport. If one is in search of the picturesque on

the deep, he must needs hunt up the infrequent merchantman of the old type or follow the luxurious pleasure fleets of England and America. These should be painted on a smaller canvas than are the ancient glories of the sea, and from a less brilliant palette, but they have a refined beauty and a virility of their own. In your marine gallery, after your galleys and galleons, and caravels, and double-deckers, and swift clippers, you may place your great cutters and schooner fleets. Those who come after us will say that maritime beauty ceased at that point and that the age of steam succeeded. Our fleet of schooner yachts of two decades ago, gathered for a great race off Brenton's Reef or Sandy Hook, was a sight worthy of commemoration: cracking on sail after sail—towering club topsails, main-topmast staysails, balloon jibs or bellying spinnakers—until each ship became a flying cloud of canvas; shifting, breaking out or trimming home as the white meteors flashed around the appointed mark—these were the yachtsman's delight and will continue to be unless ill-advvised rules bestow all the honors upon the swift but useless "freak" and close the entry lists to livable yachts.



AMERICA, 1851.

As compared with "single stick" vessels—the sloops and cutters—the schooner has still the advantage of ease and economy in handling. It is a well-established principle of yacht-building that the more the canvas is condensed—the less the number of sails in a given area—the closer the boat will sail to the wind. Thus a catboat will sail closer than a sloop of similar hull and sail-area; and a sloop will sail closer than a schooner. Prior to 1859 sloops and schooners were raced together, time allowance being based on tonnage, the sloops always having the advantage. In 1863 yachts were again classed by tonnage regardless of rig, and the schooners were placed at such a disadvantage that the following year the yachts were again divided according to rig.

A sloop, however, has advantages in handling over a catboat (unless the boats are small); and a schooner is easier to work than a sloop. A load which is too heavy for one to handle in

bulk, he may carry in sections; and if one has two or three hundred yards of canvas to hoist aloft, he may be glad if it is divided into two or more sails. "Tailing on" to the main-sheet to trim in is another occasion when one appreciates the advantage of the schooner rig. Again, your schooner may be bowling along in company with your friend's sloop, under full sail; there is a little rain cloud astern, but you conclude that it amounts to nothing. Presently sky and water are black, and down comes the squall. Your topsails are "clewed" up; you lower away your foresail, and you go comfortably through the flurry, while your friend's sloop is hove to with lowered peak, and all hands aboard are falling over one another in the general scramble to haul on the reef-pendant and tie in reef points.

The racing crews of large sloops are more than double the number of those on schooners of equal size.

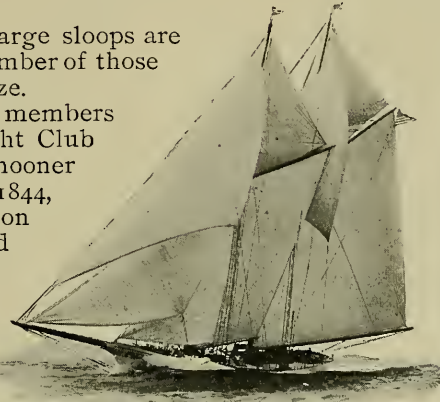
Of the nine original members of the New York Yacht Club who met aboard the schooner *Gimcrack*, July 30th, 1844, to effect the organization of the club, seven owned and sailed schooner yachts. There was only one large sloop represented, viz., the 40-tonner *Mist*, the other being a smaller boat. The racing

freak, it is true, came with the beginning of things, and on the first cruise of the club during the same year appeared the sloop racing-machine, Commodore Stevens's famous *Maria*. She beat the fleet out of sight, of course. This yacht was ninety-two feet on deck, and was fitted with two centerboards and carried outside ballast.* For years she was as much of a wonder as *Defender* is now; she readily defeated everything, including the famous *America*, although the latter was a larger yacht. She was an untractable brute to handle, like her latter-day progeny, and was hardly safe in a heavy sea. She was finally sunk in the Gulf of Mexico.

There were two causes, I think, which led to the subsequent popularity of the schooner yacht: first, the advantages of

comfort and of easy handling, herein pointed out; and second, the impetus given to yacht building in general, and especially to that of schooners, by the victory of the *America* in 1851. There were in the early days, as there are now, a large and wealthy class of yacht-owners, to whom the chief attraction in a boat was the comfort and relaxation which it afforded, and who had a genuine love of sailing. Racing was an important but not the controlling element. The majority of such men are now weaned away by the steam-yacht luxury. There have also been two causes which have put a check upon the increase of the schooner fleet: first, the development of the steam yacht, and secondly, the fact that all the first-class racing of recent

years has been done in sloops or cutters. The first steamer enrolled in the New York Yacht Club was Commodore Vanderbilt's *North Star*, built in 1853. This vessel was used partly as a trader, so that the first real steam yacht was the *Fire-fly*, launched the following year, and owned by J. A. Robinson. In 1866, the year of the



AMERICA, 1893.

great ocean race, there were only three or four steamers enrolled, while to-day there are one hundred and fifty-five steamers and seventy-two schooners on the club's list.

Subsequent to the famous exploit of the *America*, the production of schooner yachts led to the formation of an ideal fleet of pleasure craft, not racing-machines, but safe, comfortable vessels, beautiful to look upon and affording racing sport which has never been excelled. The schooner became popular in England for a time, but the same causes have operated there, so that the racing men have always held to cutters while many of the others have taken to steamers.

Among the schooners which have been famous in the annals of sport are *Julia*, 1854; *Magic*, '57; *Henrietta*, '61; *Fleet-wing*, *Palmer* and *Phantom*, '65; *Vesta*,

* See *OUTING*, August, 1893.

Dauntless and *Halecyon*, '66; *Sappho*, '67; *Madeleine*, '68; *Tidal Wave*, '70; *Columbia*, *Dreadnaught*, *Rambler*, *Wanderer*, and *Enchantress*, '71; *Peerless*, '72; *Clio* and *Atalanta*, '73; *Comet*, '74; *Clytie*, '77; *Intrepid*, '78; *Mischief*, '79; *Crusader*, '80; *Norseman*, '81; *Montauk*, '82; *Grayling* and *Fortuna* '83.

The principle which unfortunately is becoming dominant is that a racing yacht cannot be built so as to be adaptable to cruising and living purposes. The history of the old schooner fleet is a forceful negation of that proposition. The yachtsmen of the past generation—a *coterie* of such spirits as Commodore Stevens, Messrs. Bennett, Osgood, Hatch, Voorhis, Douglass, Lorillard, Stebbins and General Butler—were sportsmen of sterling qualities, which it would be difficult to equal and impossible to excel. The narrative of the palmy days of schooner racing constitutes a chapter of unrivaled brilliancy in the annals of sport. The winter race across the Atlantic of 1866, not to mention the subsequent ocean races of 1870 and 1887; the numerous matches, some of them between a dozen schooners, on the three hundred mile course between New York and Cape May; the spirited contests year after year on the Brenton's Reef and Sandy Hook courses—such events kept continually

1870, in which the *Cambria* made the first attempt to recover the *America's* cup. Besides the English yacht there were twenty-four schooners entered, of which seventeen started. Of these, nine came in ahead of the *Cambria*, the old *America* being fourth.

The history of those spirited days has been ably narrated in Lieutenant Kelley's "American Yachts," and in the books of Captain Roland Coffin and Captain Keneally, which originally appeared in the numbers of this magazine.

The schooner racing fleet, though now comparatively small, has thus far been unspoiled by the entrance of the "freak" in its lists; and the present owners are pre-eminently of the same metal as their illustrious predecessors.

Among schooners which have been successful in recent races are *Ramona* (the old *Resolute*), *Constellation*, *Colonia*, *Emerald*, *Mayflower* (cup defender), *Merlin*, *Ariel*, *Lasca*, *Marguerite*, *Iroquois*, *Amorita*, *Elsemarie*, *Shamrock*, *Viator* and *Quisetta*.

The *Emerald* is a steel center-board vessel, designed by H. C. Wintringham. She was built by the S. L. Moore & Sons Co., at Elizabethport, N. J., and launched May 10, 1893. She is owned and sailed in all her races by J. Rogers Maxwell. Her first season's

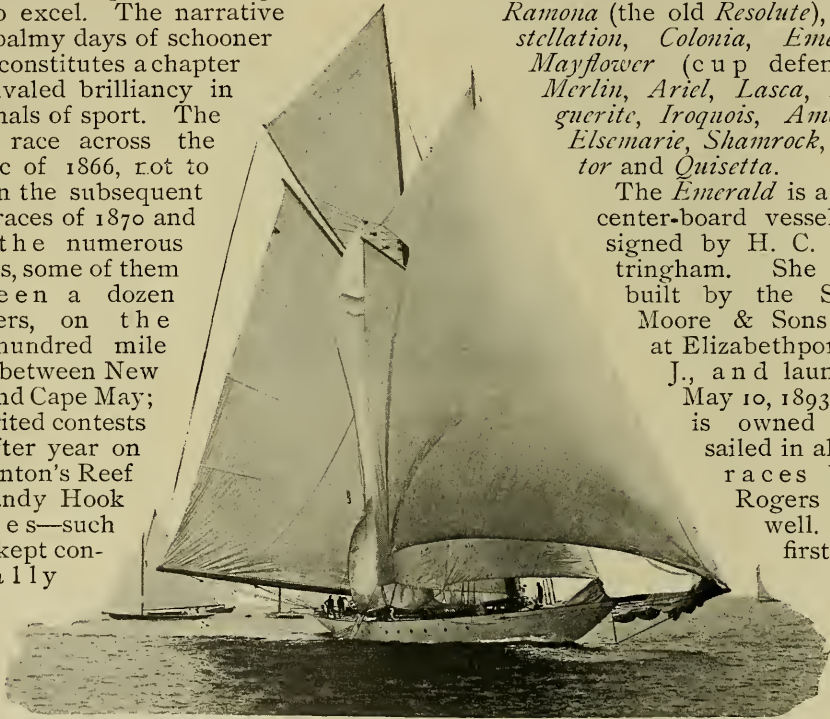


Photo by J. S. Johnston, New York.

COLONIA.

ablaze the enthusiasm which seldom glows nowadays save on the occasion of an international race. The owners were always on the alert for a match, around Long Island, fifty or five hundred miles out to sea, anywhere, against anything, from a rival yacht to a clipper ship. The high average of excellence attained is illustrated by the regatta of

work was not equal to her later performances, for the reason that her canvas was not in good shape nor was the yacht tuned up to racing trim. During the following winter her bow and ballast were altered, her foremast, moved forward, and her sail-plan increased. These changes perhaps led to the assumption that the original form was not

satisfactory. The original bow was of the clipper type, with straight lateral lines. The modern convex stem came in vogue during that season, and when the finishing work was taken in hand the opportunity was offered to shape the bow in conformity with the new idea. She was then given a rounded bow, the downward curve of which has a greater convexity than that of any other yacht of her class. It is not *praam* or spoon shaped, however, although these terms are often applied in descriptions of yachts of this type.

Looked at bow-on, the cut-water is seen to be sharp its entire length; the sides of the bow are seen to be clean and wedge-shaped; there is no hollow and very little fullness. From the side the stem shows the segment of an ellipse curving downward from the stem-head to the water-line.

Below the water, the fore-foot

is there any outside ballast. The center-board which is 20 feet, 6 inches in length, is hung at the forward end of the keel, so that the line of the fore-foot and bottom of the board may be made almost continuous and straight from the water-line to the aft end of the center-board. The board, in use, drops about ten feet, but it has an extreme drop of four feet more. It is wholly of wood, excepting, of course, the straps and fastenings.

The cross section of the yacht shows

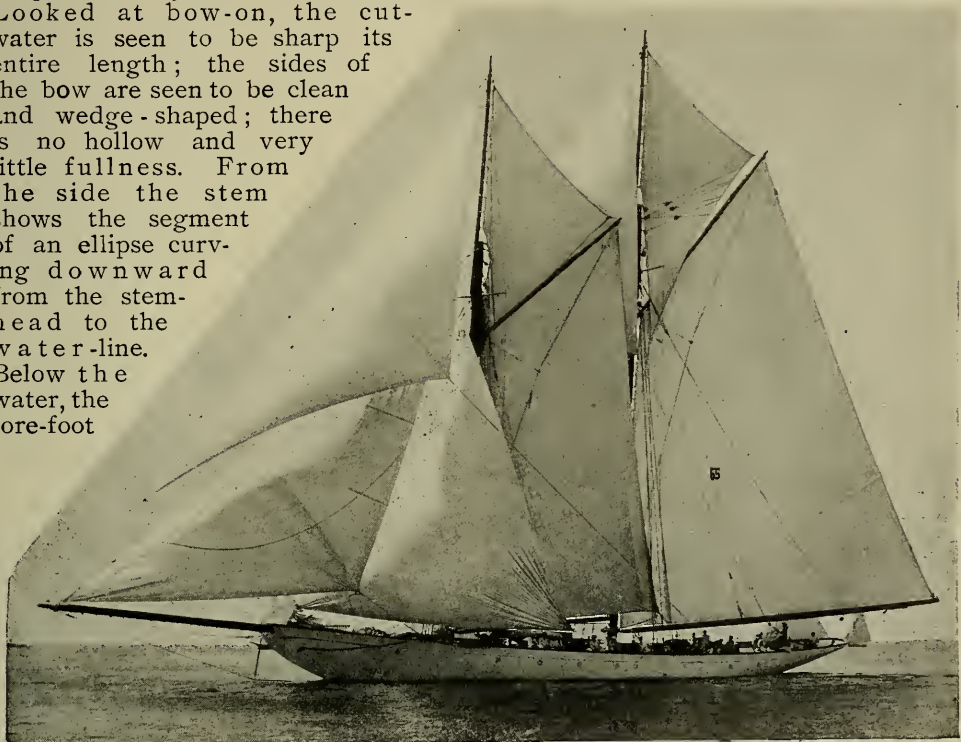


Photo by J. S. Johnston, New York.

EMERALD.

is almost a straight line from stem to keel, at an angle of about thirty degrees to the water-line and extending aft over a third of the submerged length. The keel is long compared with all of the modern boats, except *Vigilant*, being 44 feet with a water-line of 86 feet. It is straight and nearly parallel to the water-line throughout its entire length; it is flat on the bottom, turning into the side with a radius of about six inches, and about thirty-three inches across at the widest part, tapering to fore-foot and heel.

There is no bulbing to the keel, nor

strong bilges, fuller than *Colonia's* and *Ariel's*, with considerable hollow below; the fullness of the bilge is carried well aft. The stern-post rakes about forty-five degrees; the rudder contains about forty square feet of surface. The stern overhang is not excessively long; the counter is not flat underneath but has a fair deadrise; the wide transom rakes almost in line with counter, and the stern is wide enough to permit of an ample quarter-deck. Unlike those of other modern racing yachts the deck of the *Emerald* is protected by bulwarks sixteen inches in height. On the wind

these are a drawback to the vessel's speed which is not wholly inconsiderable, opposing as they do a surface of over 150 square feet on each side when the lee rail is out of the water; and, when the lee bulwarks are plowing through the sea, there is considerable drag. Many racing yachts are built without bulwarks, and their decks are fitted with long, light cleats or battens to which the crew may hang by heels or fingers as best they can.

The *Emerald* is built entirely of steel, the plates being laid so that the bottom of each is fitted over the plate below as in a clinker-built boat, a system of construction which has been used but twice in this country, in the *Emerald* and *Free Lance*. In the *Defender*, *Colonia* and many other new boats the plating is set on so that one row of plates has both upper and lower edges inside, the next below having both edges outside, and so on alternately. The lead ballast of this yacht, of which there are fifty-five tons, is wholly inside the hull; it was originally in blocks, but it has recently been molded into the vessel. The dimensions of the *Emerald* are as follows:

Over-all length.....	118 feet
Water-line length.....	86 "
Fore overhang.....	14 "
Aft overhang.....	18 "
Beam.....	22 "
Draught.....	10 "
Length of keel.....	44 "
Least freeboard.....	3 " 9 inches
Height of bulwarks.....	1 foot 4 "
Length of center-board.....	20 feet 6 inches
Drop of center-board.....	12 "

Spars—mainmast, deck to mast-head, 74 feet; main boom, 71 feet; main gaff, 41 feet; main-topmast, above mainmast-head, 33 feet; foremast, 63 feet; fore-boom, 31 feet; fore-gaff, 32 feet; fore-topmast, above foremast-head, 29 feet; bowsprit outboard, 33 feet.

The interior accommodations of the *Emerald* show that she was not designed to be a racing-machine. Descending the companion steps the guest finds himself in a comfortable saloon, about 14 feet by 21 feet, with 6 feet 8 inches head-room. The forward partition is built to the end of the center-board trunk, and abaft the companion steps on the port side is a door leading into the owner's cabin, which has a berth on either side, and a bureau against the after bulkhead. This state-room is shut off from the lazarette by a steel bulkhead through which there is no opening. The saloon is lighted from a skylight above and ports in the vessel's sides. The joiner's work is ash, mahogany and quartered oak. On either side are broad transoms, with berths in

either bilge. The four corners of the saloon are devoted to lockers and book-cases. Abreast of the companion way are a bath-room on the starboard and a guest's wash-room on the port side.

The center-board trunk serves as a partition separating the officers' quarters on the port side from two guests' state-rooms on the starboard side, and there is a passage along the port side of the trunk.

At the fore end of the center-board trunk there is a wood bulkhead, forward of which are the pantry, kitchen, etc. In the bow of the vessel is a steel bulkhead which divides the forecabin from the galley. In the event of injury to either end of the vessel the steel bulkheads would probably prevent disaster. With plumbing outfit, which includes a bath, eight wash-basins and five closets, with generous kitchen appliances and ice-boxes, and comfortable furniture, and with steel bulkheads for safety, and in view of her great speed withal, the *Emerald* is a material and veritable protest against racing rules which encourage the introduction of empty and untenable shells into the yachting fleet.

The *Emerald* has now been raced persistently for four seasons, during the second and third of which she was easily the best in her class and in fact the fastest of all schooners. In the Goelet cup races of those years she defeated the pick of the schooner fleet, beating the larger ones even without time allowance. Her first formidable rival was Commodore George H. B. Hill's *Ariel*, which, though a smaller vessel, and sometimes sailed in a class lower than that of *Emerald*, throughout the season of '94 gave Mr. Maxwell's schooner many a lively chase for the laurels.

In '95 the *Ariel* was raced only in the squadron runs of the New York Yacht Club near Newport, and the other schooners seldom gained points on the *Emerald*. In 1896 the *Colonia* was converted from a keel cutter into a center-board schooner, and she and *Emerald* fought it out all summer, the majority of the cups going into the lockers of *Vigilant's* swift sister, who now, for the first time, had an opportunity to show her true worth.

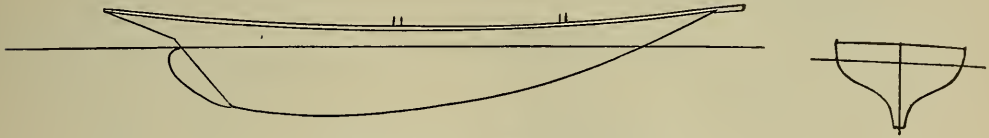
The long keel under the *Emerald* affords her great speed down the wind. Until this year the *Emerald's* best work

was to windward; reaching she is about even with *Colonia*, but to windward the Herreshoff boat has the advantage of five feet greater depth.

From the beginning of her career the *Emerald* has had a worthy antagonist in the *Ariel*, owned, as we have said, by Commodore George H. B. Hill. During

draught, 3 feet 3 inches least freeboard. Her gross tonnage is 101.17 tons and net tonnage 96.12 tons.

She is a beautiful yacht in appearance, with a pleasing sheer to her rail from stem to stern. She has long graceful overhangs and sharp bow. In her racing days she was painted black and

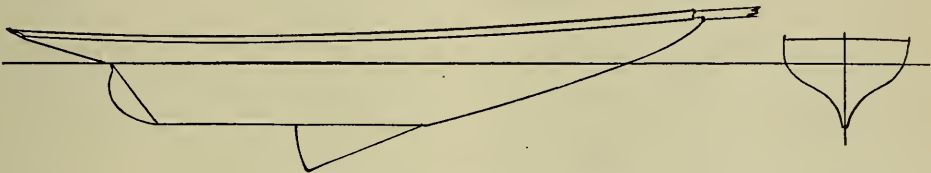


SHEER PLAN AND SECTION OF ARIEL.

the season of 1894 they raced together on every possible occasion, though in many regattas the *Ariel* sailed in a class lower than her rival, each yacht generally winning in her class. At that time the *Ariel* was the flagship of the Seawanhaka-Corinthian Yacht Club. She was splendidly commissioned and well handled; her owner was fortunate

her sides shone with a burnished luster. She and her white rival, the *Emerald*, both in perfect condition as to hull, decks, spars and rigging, with their novel convex stems and generally thoroughbred appearance, caught the eye wherever they sailed or dropped anchor.

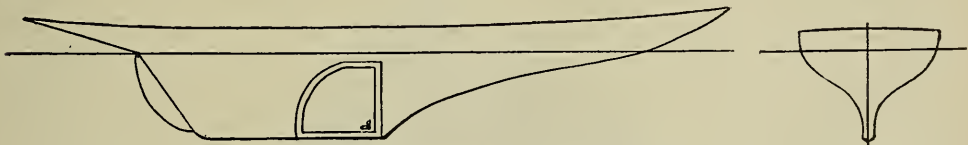
The keel of the *Ariel* forms a graceful curve from the stemhead to the heel



SHEER PLAN AND SECTION OF EMERALD.

in having the assistance of such skilled Corinthians as Robert Center, J. F. Tams and Theodore Zerega. The *Emerald*, however, won in the majority of their contests. During the season of 1895 the *Ariel* was entered only in the races of the New York Yacht Club cruise near Newport, and since then she has not been raced.

of the stern-post. A glance at the accompanying diagrams will show the dissimilarity from the *Emerald* on the one hand and from the *Colonia* on the other. The deepest part of the keel is considerably aft of amidships, and there is a rise of nine inches from that point to the heel. The bilges are rounder and lighter than those of the *Emerald*; there is no hollow



SHEER PLAN AND SECTION OF COLONIA.

The *Ariel* was designed by A. Cary Smith and was launched at the works of the Harlan & Hollingsworth Company in June, 1893. She is a steel center-board schooner: 109 feet over all, 79.85 feet water-line, 15 feet fore overhang, 17 feet aft overhang, 21.10 feet beam, 13.9 feet depth, 10 feet 6 inches

underneath the bilge, and there is considerable deadrise above the keel. The topsides are straight amidships with a very slight tumble-home.

The *Colonia's* early history has been recorded in these pages. She was built in 1893, for a syndicate headed by Archibald Rogers, by the Herreshoffs, and

side by side with her victorious rival the *Vigilant*. There are many points of similarity between the two boats, and also marked differences. *Vigilant* is a center-board yacht. She is built of Tobin bronze. The keel boat is steel throughout. *Vigilant's* keel is long and straight; *Colonia's* is shorter. The bows are similar but the sterns are unlike, *Colonia's* being rounded on deck while that of the *Vigilant* is straight. The bilges of the latter are full where those of the former are more slack.

The *Colonia's* dimensions are as follows: over-all length, 122 feet; water-line, 86 feet; fore overhang, 17 feet; aft overhang, 19 feet; beam, 22 feet; depth, 16.4 feet; draught, 15.4 feet. Her keel is bulbed, carrying 80 tons of lead. Her topsides are high, the least freeboard being 4 feet 6 inches; the rail is very low. She is very similar to the 46-footer *Wasp* which was owned by Mr. Rogers.

The bow of the *Colonia* is of the same general type as that of *Emerald* but longer and more pointed, having seventeen feet overhang to fourteen in that of *Emerald*. The keel of the *Colonia* is rounded at its forward end where *Emerald's* keel turns at an angle. The forefoot of the former is cut away and rounded upward where that of the latter is straight. Her stern overhang is only a foot longer than that of *Emerald* but it is of different shape, the deck terminating in a long instead of a broad oval, and the counter goes straight up to the deck, omitting the transom.

In the trial races in 1893, although

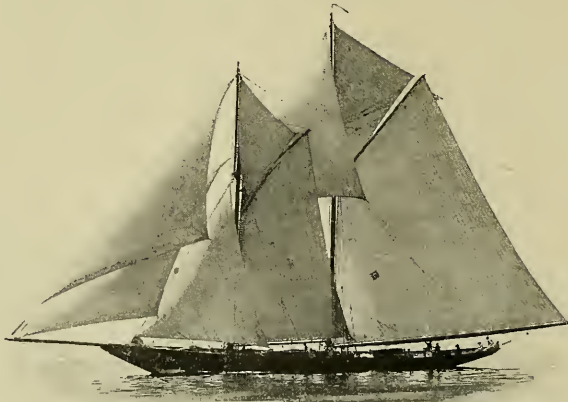
she was ably handled by Captain Haff, the *Colonia* was beaten by the *Vigilant*, as follows: First race, *Vigilant* beat *Colonia* by 14 seconds elapsed time, but *Colonia* won by 6 seconds, double time allowance. Second race, *Vigilant* won by 12 minutes 14 seconds corrected time. Third race, *Vigilant* beat *Colonia*, 6 minutes 43 seconds.

Last winter the *Colonia* was purchased by Clarence A. Postley, vice-commodore of the Larchmont Yacht Club. She was converted into a center-board schooner by A. Cary Smith, the work being done at the works of Nixon & Son, Elizabethport. A slot was cut through the deep keel, and a steel trunk built into the boat to receive the wood board. There was no change made in the hull save removing some lead which Captain Haff had added to the keel. The new rig is the largest yet put on a schooner of the *Colonia's* length, and, by the New York Yacht Club measurement, is one thousand square feet more than the *Emerald*.

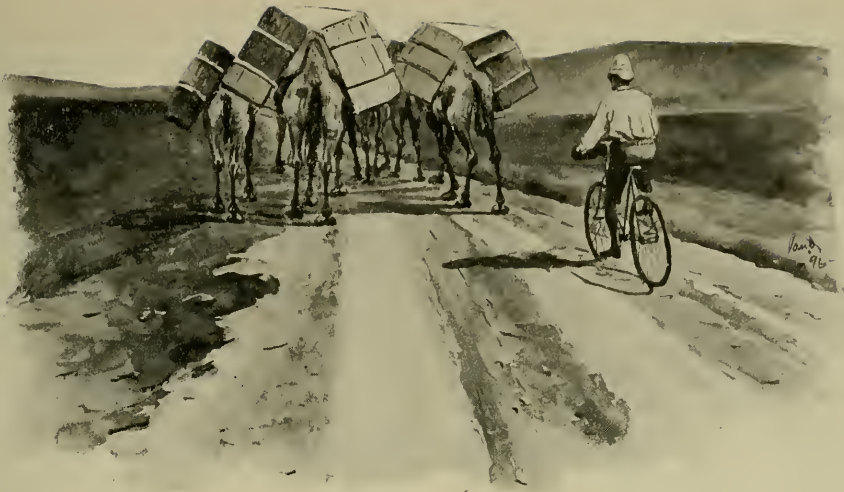
In the early races of the New York, the Atlantic and the Larchmont Yacht Clubs, the *Emerald* beat the *Colonia*, the latter yacht being handicapped by the fact that the center-board was jammed in the trunk and that the new sails had not yet been fully stretched.

The work done by the *Colonia* at the Atlantic race, June sixteenth, which she sailed without her board, and on the Goelet cup race, August seventh, sailed with the board, shows a difference of about one minute per mile in favor of the board. After being tuned up she has won a majority of the schooner races.

(To be continued.)



ARIEL



LENZ'S WORLD TOUR AWHEEL.

CONTINUED BY A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

Through The Chaldiran Valley.

NINE hours among constantly varying slopes of rolling hills and rugged mountains and then came a fertile valley abounding in villages, wheat fields, orchards and inclosed gardens. Rounding an abutting hill, the glorious snow-crowned peak of Ararat again suddenly burst upon my vision; it was still fifty miles away, but even at this distance it dwarfed everything else in sight. Although surrounded by giant mountain chains that traverse the country at every conceivable angle, Ararat stands alone in its solitary grandeur, a glistening white cone rearing its giant height proudly and conspicuously above surrounding eminences; that are insignificant only in comparison with the white-robed monarch which has been a beacon light of sacred history, ever since history began.

Descending into the Chaldiran plain the theater of action for so many of the conflicts between Iran and Turan, I encountered splendid wheeling for some miles; but once fairly down on the cultivated plain, the road became heavy with dust.

I reached the town of Killissakend just after sundown. While still in the suburbs I was initiated into a new departure of Persian sanctimoniousness. Halting at a fountain I accosted a water-boy

who was just filling his earthenware vessel, and asked him for a drink. Half frightened by my peculiar appearance he shaped himself reluctantly for pouring the water out into my hands. Supposing this to be merely an indication of a Persian's own method of drinking, I motioned my preference for drinking out of the jar itself. The boy looked appealingly around, as though seeking some assistance, but at last, in despair, allowed me to drink; and then, as I wheeled away, he smashed the jar into fragments on the stones. It then dawned upon me that, being a Ferenghi, I should have known better than to have defiled with my unhallowed lips a Persian drinking vessel, so that it would have to be smashed, in order that the sons of the "true prophet" might not drink from it afterward and themselves become defiled. The Sheite Mussulman, though more tolerant than the Sunites of other religious sects, is still more averse to being "defiled" by the touch of the Christian "Giaour."

I was no sooner settled at the local Khan than an invitation was sent in from one of the wealthy citizens of the town to be his guest for the night. The note, which was written in French, was very urgent in its appeal. Partly to get away from my present uninviting

surroundings, partly to get a glimpse into a wealthy Persian's household, I was very glad to accept the proffered hospitality. I was piloted by a servant to his residence, just in the outskirts of the town. Several haystacks were in the yard, and hundreds of sheep and cattle stood in a large inclosure near.

The proprietor was dressed at first sight a little like a European. He had a black coat with a red sash tied around his waist and a pair of white trousers covering his legs. But a very high, cone-shaped, Astrakhan hat was on his head, and this article of attire much resembling an extinguisher, did away with his otherwise European appearance.

A number of servants, all armed with daggers stuck in their waist-belts and with hats, if possible, still more like an extinguisher than that which their master wore, stood around the room. It was a good-sized apartment, thirty feet long by twenty broad. The floor was covered with a thick, Persian carpet of beautiful design, into which one's feet sank at every step.

After the usual greeting my host motioned me to sit down beside him, and, producing a pocket-case, offered me a cigarette. He had often been in Erzeroum and also in Russia, he informed me, where he had imbibed a taste for smoking tobacco in this form. His acquaintance with the Muscovites had not prepossessed him in their favor.

"They want to conquer the Shah," he presently remarked in French. "They will make use of us as a stepping-stone to Van and Bagdad; after which they will annex their catspaw. We ought to have another Nadir Shah," he continued. "If we had one, the Russians would not dare."

"I thought that there were very good relations between the courts of Teheran and St. Petersburg," I now remarked.

"The Shah is obliged to be on good terms with the Czar," replied the Persian. "The Czar is too strong for him."

"If there should be a war, for instance, between Russia and Turkey, which side would Persia take?" I asked.

"We ought, of course, to go with Islam," he replied, but better still remain neutral. I am told that there are many Russian officers in Teheran. They are continually doing their best to advance their master's interest.

Later in the evening dinner was

brought in. This consisted of boiled mutton, rice *pilau* with curry, mutton chops, hard-boiled eggs with lettuce, a pastry of sweetened rice flour, muskmelons, water-melons, several kinds of fruit, and for beverages glasses of iced sherbet. Of all the company I alone used knife, fork and spoon, which had been collected by my host during his travels, as mementoes, and which were now put to use for the first time in his household. Before each Persian was placed a broad sheet of bread; bending their heads over this, they scooped up small handfuls of *pilau* and tossed it dexterously into their mouths; scattering particles, missing the expectantly open receptacle, fell back on the bread; this handy sheet of bread is used as a plate for placing a chop or anything else on, as a table napkin for wiping finger tips between courses, and now and then a piece is pulled off and eaten. When the meal was finished an attendant waited on each guest with a brazen bowl, an ewer of water and a towel.

"You are a great *hakim* (doctor)," then observed my host through the smoke of his after-dinner cigarette.

"Who told you that?" I asked, surprised that the reputation acquired in a Kurdish encampment the evening before had already preceded me.

One of the Kurdish chief's friends had been suffering severely with rheumatism in his shoulder, and in order to ingratiate myself with my not too amiable-looking acquaintances, I had volunteered to apply a mustard plaster which I carried with me, to alleviate the pain. The effect produced by this "mere piece of paper," as they called it, was to them almost miraculous, and the news of my ability as a doctor spread like wildfire through the encampment.

"My servant heard it to-day in the village," replied my host. "Praise be to Allah who sent you here!"

"I am not a *hakim*," I hastened to explain, "I am only a traveler."

"Do not say that," he interrupted. "Do not deny the talents that Allah has given you. Your arrival has cast a gleam of sunshine on our threshold and you will not go away without gladdening the hearts of my family."

"What do you want me to do?" I inquired.

"My wife is poorly: I ask you to cure her."

"But really I know very little about medicine. I have only a few simple remedies with me."

"Simple remedies indeed, a man who can set a person's shoulder on fire with a piece of wet paper!"

"What is the matter with your wife?"

"I do not know, but you will tell me."

"Well, I must see her," I replied.

"Impossible," says the Persian. "She is in the harem. I cannot take you there."

"But how can I tell you what is the matter with her until I see her?"

"Give me a piece of that wonderful wet paper, perhaps it will cure her."

"You cannot tell a horse's age without looking into his mouth," I replied, emphatically; "I cannot tell your wife's ailments without looking at her tongue."

A consultation took place between my host and some of the Persian visitors who had come in after dinner. It was at length agreed that as a *hakim* I might be admitted into the harem.

In the meantime, a servant brought in a samovar (tea-urn), which the proprietor had purchased in Erwan; and whilst the visitors and myself were drinking tea with lemon-juice instead of cream—as is the custom in Persia as well as in Russia—my host left the room to announce to his wife that I would see her. During his absence the visitors gathered round me and asked me to show them the bicycle, revolver, map of Persia, etc.; in this last, especially, they became deeply interested, finding much amusement and satisfaction in having me point out the location of different Persian cities, seemingly regarding my ability to do so as evidence of exceeding cleverness and erudition. The untraveled Persians of the northern provinces regard Teheran as the grand idea of a large and important city; if there is any place in the whole world larger and more important, they think it may, perhaps, be Stamboul. The fact that Stamboul was not on my map while Teheran was, they regarded as conclusive proof of the superiority of their own capital.

The host returned, and taking my hand, helped me to rise from the ground. Then going first, he led the way across a yard surrounded by a high wall and planted with fruit trees, to a detached building which I had previously thought was a mosque.

This is the harem, said the proprietor. We entered an outer room and he drew a thick curtain which hung against one of the walls. Stooping low I passed through the opening and entered the inner apartment. It was furnished similar to the one I had just left. In the far corner on a quantity of silk cushions was the wife of my host.

She was enveloped from head to foot in a sheet made of some gauze-like material. There were so many folds that it was impossible to distinguish her features or even divine the contour of her form. Her feet, which were small and stockingless, were exposed to view. She had taken them out of two tiny white slippers which lay by the side of the cushioned divan and was nervously tapping the ground with her heel.

"She is alarmed," said my host. "Be not alarmed," he added, turning to his wife. It is the *hakim* who has come to make you well."

These remarks did not tranquilize the lady. Her heel tapped the ground more quickly than before; the whole of her body shook like an aspen leaf.

"She has never seen any man save myself in the harem," said her husband; "and you—you are a Ferenghi."

"What is the nature of her illness? Can I look at her tongue?"

There was a whispered conversation with the lady. By this time she was a little more calm. Removing the folds of her veil, she allowed the tip of a very red little tongue to escape from her lips.

"Well, what do you think of it?" said my host, who was taking the greatest interest in these proceedings.

"It is a nice tongue; but now I must see her eyes."

"Why her eyes?"

"Because she may have what is called jaundice. I must see if her eye is yellow."

"Perhaps she had better expose the whole face," said the Persian.

"Perhaps she had," I remarked.

And the poor lady, whose nerves were now less excited, slowly unwound the folds of muslin from around her head. She was certainly pretty, and had very regular features, also a pair of large, black eyes, which were twinkling with an air of humor more than of fear.

She looked at me for some moments, and then said something in a low voice which I could not understand.

"She feels better already," said my host. "The sight of you has done her good; when you have given her some medicine, she will doubtless be quite well."

Now, my medicine supply was very limited. It consisted merely of cholera medicine, pills, and a few ounces of quinine, besides the prepared mustard plaster.

Quinine, I thought, could not do any harm; it is exceedingly nasty, and in an infinitesimally small dose leaves a very disagreeable taste in the mouth.

"You shall have some medicine," I observed. "Please God, it will do you good."

"Inshallah! Inshallah!" replied my host, devoutly; and, accompanying me back to the reception room, I gave him three grains of quinine, to be taken one grain in each dose.

"Will it do her much good?" inquired the Persian.

"That depends upon Allah," I remarked.

"Of course it does," said my host, and taking the medicine, he returned to his *seraglio*.

I stopped for lunch the next day at the last Persian settlement on my route to the Turkish border, the village of Avadjük. I

say, I *stopped*; but that only, I did not *stay*. My inquiries for refreshments were met only with importunities to ride from five hundred of the rag-tag and bob-tail of the frontier. In their eagerness to see me ride, and their exasperating indifference to my own wants some of them told me bluntly there was no bread; others, more considerate, hurried away and brought enough bread to feed a dozen people, and one fellow contributed a couple of onions. Pocketing the onions and some of the bread, I mounted and rode away from the madding crowd with whatever dispatch possible and retired into a secluded dell in the road, a mile from town, to eat my frugal lunch in peace and quiet.

While thus engaged it was with veritable savage delight that I heard a company of horsemen go furiously galloping past; they were Avadjük people endeavoring to overtake me, for the kindly purpose of worrying me out of my senses, and to prevent my eating even a bite of bread, unseasoned with their everlasting gabble. Although the road from Avadjük northward leads steadily upward, they fancied nothing less than a wild sweeping gallop would enable them to accomplish their fell purpose. I listened to their clattering hoof-beats dying away in the dreamy distance with a grin of positively malicious satisfaction; hoping sincerely that they would keep galloping onward till they reached the lower regions.

The road wound up a gentle slope from a mountain-enviored area of cultivated fields where

Persian peasants were busy gathering their harvests.

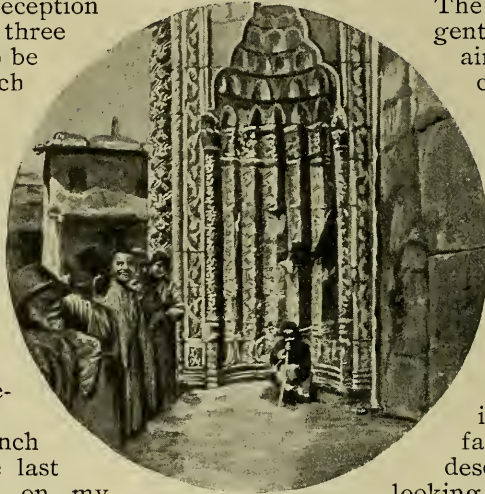
As I wheeled slowly up I encountered a peasant with a bullock load of cucumbers, which he was taking down to the village. He was pretty badly scared at finding himself face to

face with such a nondescript and dangerous-

looking object as a helmeted wheelman, and when I halted him with inquiries as to the

nature of his wares he turned pale and became almost speechless with fright. When, however, I relieved him of but one solitary cucumber, and paid him more than he would have obtained from the villagers, he became stupefied with astonishment; when he continued on his way he hardly knew whether he was on his head or his feet.

A couple of miles up the ascent I found my horsemen-pursuers hobnobbing with some Persian caravan men and patiently awaiting my appearance, having learned from the Persians that I had not yet gone past. Mingled with the keen disappointment of having overtaken them so quickly, was the pleasure of witnessing the Persians' camels regaling themselves on a patch



AT THE MOSQUE.

LENZ'S WORLD TOUR AWHEEL.



OLDER WHEELS THAN MINE.

of juicy thistles of most luxuriant growth. The avidity with which they attacked the great prickly vegetation, and the expression of satisfaction, which characterized their looks, while munching a giant thistle stalk that protruded two feet out of their mouths, were simply indescribable.

A few minutes later found me trundling up a long acclivity leading to the summit of a low mountain ridge. Arriving at the summit I stood at last on the boundary line of the dominions of the Sultan and the Shah and on the threshold of the scene of poor Lenz's fateful end.



THE RIVALS.



Photo by Pach Bros., N. Y.

YALE TEAM, 1895.

- | | | | | | |
|---------------------|---------------|------------|-----------------|--------------|--------------|
| 1. Jerrems. | 2. L. Hinkey. | 3. DeWitt. | 4. W. R. Cross. | 5. Murphy. | 6. H. Cross. |
| 7. Thorne, Captain. | 8. Chadwick. | 9. Fincke. | 10. Bass. | 11. Rodgers. | |

FOOTBALL.

REVIEW OF THE SEASON OF 1895.

By Walter Camp.

SUCH a season of sustained interest has seldom been seen in football as that of 1895. The earliest sensation was the realization that there would actually be no "Springfield match," as the game between Harvard and Yale has come to be called. The public generally had believed all through the spring and summer that the differences engendered by the discussion in public print of the results of the last game between these two would be speedily dissipated when the real season was at hand and "paper football" should give place to the real article. Hence the general surprise when negotiations planned by prominent graduates of both institutions resulted in final failure when brought to the actual powers for consummation. The next event was one which might perhaps

have been discounted, owing to the failure of a Yale-Harvard game, had it not been for so many former disappointments in Harvard-Princeton attempts to renew their old relations. But this time the affair really came to a head, and for the first time in six years a Harvard-Princeton game was scheduled. These were the sensations in preliminaries. The games themselves furnished no less a succession of unexpected results. The unusual strength of athletic club teams and the way in which they met and held their own with the college elevens of the very first rank, while in the early part of the fall surprising, became an expected and admitted fact before the season closed. Several reversals of form in the cases of prominent teams made predictions decidedly uncertain, and the defeat of



Photo by Pach Bros., New York.

HARVARD TEAM, 1895.

1. Wrightington. 2. Moulton. 3. Hayes. 4. Borden. 5. Hennen. 6. Hallowell. 7. A. Brewer, Captain.
 8. Rice. 9. Stevenson. 10. Cabot. 11. Jafray. 12. G. Newell. 13. Fennessey. 14. F. Shaw.
 15. Gonterman. 16. Haughton. 17. Hoague. 18. Sargent. 19. Gierasch. 20. Donald.
 21. Doucette. 22. C. Brewer. 23. Fairchild. 24. Hamlin. 25. Beale.



Photo by Pach Bros., New York.

PRINCETON TEAM, 1895.

1. Tyler. 2. Kelley. 3. Armstrong. 4. Rhodes. 5. McMaster, Trainer. 6. Wentz. 7. Gailey.
 8. Bannard. 9. Lea, Captain. 10. Hearne. 11. Cochran. 12. Thompson. 13. Ayers.
 14. Suter. 15. Church. 16. Riggs. 17. Rosengarten. 18. Poe.



Photo by Gilbert & Bacon, Philadelphia.

PENNSYLVANIA TEAM, 1895.

1. John H. Minds. 2. Wm. Farran. 3. W. C. Lehman, Manager. 4. Wylie Woodruff. 5. Edward Blair.
 6. Byron Dickson. 7. Harry Off. 8. George Brook. 9. Samuel Boyle. 10. Carl Williams, Captain.
 11. Chas. Wharton. 12. Otto Wagenhurst. 13. Charles Gilbert. 14. Alfred Bull.



Photo by McGillivray, Ithaca.

CORNELL TEAM, 1895.

1. Starbuck. 2. Richie. 3. Davis. 4. Young. 5. Sanford. 6. Cook. 7. Lueder. 8. ———. 9. Johnson.
 10. Lang. 11. Goodenow. 12. Beacham. 13. Carrier. 14. Saussy. 15. Wyckoff. 16. Kline. 17. Fennell.
 18. Ogden. 19. Tracy. 20. Mordock. 21. ———. 22. Dalzell. 23. Miles. 24. Cool. 25. Rogers.
 26. Jackson. 27. Hall. 28. Sweetland. 29. McKeever. 30. Schoch. 31. Taussig. 32. Roe.
 33. Spillman. 34. Fitch. 35. Walters. 36. Bassford.

Harvard by Princeton lent a final and intense interest to the Yale-Princeton game, coming as it did in the nature of a fitting climax to an extremely exciting season.

Taking up the events of the season in their proper sequence the first point that should be noted was the divergence in rules caused by the separation of Harvard and Yale. Only a few words are necessary upon this question as, fortunately, the result of it all has been a general agreement upon rules once more and a code that will probably govern every match played during the season of 1896. There were practically three codes in operation during 1895. These were the Yale-Princeton, the Harvard-Pennsylvania-Cornell, and the old rules of 1894. There were many teams which did not trouble themselves with the alterations made by either of the two prominent parties but stuck to the rules as they had been laid down the previous year. Then there were offshoots of the two main sets of rules, which grew up in peculiar ways. Most prominent of these was the Harvard-Princeton compromise set made necessary by the match between these two universities. Then there were certain agreements altering slightly the rules for the Harvard-Pennsylvania match from the original code adopted by these universities. But the most exasperating part of this multiplicity of rules lay in the agreements necessitated in the less important matches. Games where the result was of special interest to one of the contending parties but not to the other, as in the case of what was known as "practice matches" of the big teams with those of lesser light, were the ones wherein the trouble became greatest because the *reaching* of an agreement was left until the last moment and then each contended for "its rights." Some results were probably materially affected by the nature of these hasty arrangements, for there is no question but that a team practiced under one set of rules cannot be at its best under another set, or even under a compromise; and, unless considerable reflection is spent upon the matter, the compromise is usually decidedly in favor of one or the other party to it. Apart, however, from the fact that the very existence of more than one set of rules gave rise to bickering previous to a match, there

was no great amount of fault-finding with either of the leading codes, and when the rules for the Harvard-Princeton match were so easily arranged, it was generally admitted that all would come together in uniformity before another year had passed. The football element has never been a quarrelsome one upon rules, and no one desired to perpetuate the first split that had ever occurred since Rugby was introduced.

Summer practice had been given up entirely by Yale and but moderately indulged in by the other crack teams with the exception of the University of Pennsylvania, who had taken pretty steady work for a few weeks at Grimsby Park on the edge of Lake Ontario. The Harvard team went to work the middle of September as did also Princeton. Yale started in a few days later, but by Saturday, the 21st of the month, all the teams had begun practice. As to what the prospects then were for each of these teams some comments will give an idea. At Yale the first few days of work brought out the fact that Captain Thorne had but one man beside himself of the regulars of the previous season, and that one was Murphy. Seldom has there been such a sweeping out of the old men, and among them were such standbys as Stillman, Hickok, McCrea, Greenway, Hinkey, Ade, and Butterworth, all men who had made names for themselves on the gridiron. Harvard had lost in her turn, Mackie, Waters, Emmons, and Wrenn, none of whom could be easily replaced. Princeton too had suffered in the loss of Morse, Trenchard, Brown and Holly. Pennsylvania missed Knipe and Osgood, two men of wonderful strength, from her back line.

There were few sensational games in September. That month ended, as it usually does, with but little known of the new material at the various universities. Harvard played Dartmouth on the 28th, and was able to make but 4 points, which was rather significant, even at that early day, of the strength of the Dartmouth team. On the same date Yale made but 8 points against Trinity. The University of Pennsylvania swamped Swarthmore on the 30th with a score of 40 to 0.

October, however, began to make the real merits of the teams more apparent, and indicated that some of the lesser

lights of former years were pushing rapidly to the front. By the middle of the month Brown had held Yale down to 4 points, and on the 19th scored 6 against Harvard. Dartmouth had found in Bowdoin a rival who, on the 5th of the month, played her a tie game at 10 to 10. Princeton had tested the strength of Lafayette, and had been unable to make more than 14 points on the 12th. On the 19th Lafayette had defeated Cornell by 6 points to 0. But perhaps the most prominent indication of what was to follow was the record of West Point against Harvard on the 12th, when Harvard was able to make but 4 points and was closely held throughout the match. Lehigh had kept Princeton down to 16 points on the 19th. Of all the big universities the University of Pennsylvania was the only one who had kept up the usual record of high scores against the smaller teams. Her lightest score had been against the Crescent Athletic Club on October 9th, but even then the university made 32 points. Princeton Seminary had scored upon Princeton in a match on the 16th, which resulted in Princeton 10 and Princeton Seminary 4.

The second half of the month added still more to the indications of the general development of the game and the increase in knowledge of athletic clubs and college teams, which had hitherto been contented with decidedly secondary rank. Up to the first of November the University of Pennsylvania was the only one of the cracks who had not been scored upon. Crescent had held Yale down to 8 points, and forced them to make a safety. The University of Pennsylvania had evidently, however, been overdoing things, and on the last day of October was able to defeat Brown by but 12 points to 0. Furthermore she was scored upon in all her important games in November, beginning with November 1st, University of Pennsylvania, 12; Chicago Athletic Club, 4. November 4th, University of Pennsylvania, 35; State College, 4. November 23d, University of Pennsylvania, 17; Harvard, 14. November 28th, University of Pennsylvania, 46; Cornell, 2. It was only in this last game that she showed anything like her form of October.

Meantime, passing over the Harvard-Princeton match, which is treated later

in these pages, there were several interesting contests of the big teams, among which was a game between University of Michigan and Harvard on November 9th, resulting in a hardly won victory for Harvard, by a score of 4 to 0. The Boston Athletic Club played Harvard a tie game on the 14th, and had already played a tie game, 0 to 0, with Yale. Yale and Brown had a tie game at 6 to 6. Princeton and Cornell played a game on November 9th at New York, in which neither side scored until the last few minutes, when with so small a space of time remaining that it might be counted in seconds rather than minutes, Princeton managed to get over the goal line for a touch-down and won by 6 to 0. Lafayette defeated her old rival, Lehigh, 22 to 12, and 14 to 6. Lehigh and Annapolis had a close game on the 16th, and Lehigh won by 6 to 4. Orange Athletic Club played two remarkable matches with Yale, in the former of which the Athletic Club scored 12 points and the collegians 24, but were later defeated by a score of 26 to 0. The Carlisle Indian School developed into a clever team, holding Yale down to 18 points. West Point made 8 points against Yale on November 2d, the collegians making 28. The West Point team played their final match with Brown on the 23d, and defeated them 26 to 0. Upon the whole, the development of West Point was the most remarkable shown by any of the teams, when all the conditions are taken into consideration.

The interesting matches of the Middle West teams were the Chicago Athletic Association, who scored 4 points against Pennsylvania's 12, and a final game between Chicago Athletic Association and Boston Athletic Association, resulting in a tie on November 29th, 4 to 4. Lake Forest was defeated by Northwestern 24 to 0, and by the University of Illinois 38 to 0. Chicago, Wisconsin, Illinois and Beloit also defeated her. Missouri State University defeated Purdue, October 19th, 16 to 6, and later defeated Northwestern University, 22 to 18. University of Minnesota was defeated by Purdue, 18 to 4, but Northwestern defeated Purdue, 26 to 6. Purdue defeated University of Illinois, 6 to 2. University of Kansas and Missouri had a match on the 28th of November, Missouri winning by 10 to 6. University of Wisconsin played a tie game, 10 to 10, with the University

of Illinois, and Chicago University defeated Wisconsin, 22 to 12. The University of Minnesota also defeated Wisconsin, 14 to 10.

In the Far West, Butte played almost entirely through the year, playing matches on January 4th and April 14th. The Denver Athletic Club put up a good game and defeated Butte, 12 to 6. Butte defeated the Olympics in San Francisco, 24 to 0 and 12 to 6, but were beaten by the Reliance Club of Oakland, 8 to 6 and 10 to 4. Butte also defeated the Portland University and the Seattle Athletic Club. College football on the Pacific Coast was well kept up by Stanford and the University of California, whose annual match, resulting in a tie, 6 to 6, while played on a wet field and in the rain, attracted the usual large audience, and the play showed a steady improvement both in men and methods.

Southern football was well represented, but none of the teams there had matches with the Northern and Western sections to the extent of giving any line on the quality of the play.

The first game of prime importance during the season was the Princeton-Harvard match, which took place on November 3d. This game was a sensational one from start to finish, as in fact were many of the games during the season of 1895. Primarily everyone was delighted to have Harvard and Princeton meet on the gridiron once more, and, had the weather been propitious, a magnificent audience would have been present. As it was, there were over eight thousand people who sat out during a wet day, nor were the brave ones confined to the sterner sex alone. Many came from Philadelphia and from Boston, as well as from New York, to witness the reuniting of these two universities after six years of separation.

The contest was begun at half-past two when Captain Brewer chose the wind and the north goal, and Captain Lea, of Princeton, came forward to make the kick-off. He sent the ball well over Harvard's goal line, and Brewer's return landed it in Baird's arms at the center of the field of play. From this time on the game was one full of incident, and especially interesting to players from the fact that the ball was repeatedly kicked, Harvard

using some interesting developments of end runs, while Princeton smashed the tackle and the center. Brewer's kicking in the first half was good, and with the help of an occasional good run Harvard crowded the ball down until she had it on the very edge of Princeton's goal. With every one, even Princeton's adherents, expecting a touch-down for Harvard the next moment, there came a disastrous fumble, and Suter, breaking through, seized the ball, and was eight yards on his way toward Harvard's goal before the crimson players realized what had happened. Then came one of those brave attempts to retrieve a disaster which stir the blood of even the most phlegmatic of the spectators. C. Brewer had started after Suter. Seven yards behind a fast runner who has less than a hundred to go is a big handicap, but Suter had the ball, and Brewer knew that in ten seconds there would be a touch-down for Princeton if he did not overtake the flying quarter. On they went over the white yard-lines, every one in the audience holding his breath. The other twenty men were forgotten, and the whole drama was centered in these two actors. Before the middle of the field was reached Brewer had begun to cut down Suter's lead. Suter looked around once, and that did not add to his chances. Fifteen yards in front of Harvard's goal Brewer was gathering himself for his jump, and in another three yards he shot forward and brought man and ball to the ground. Then the grand stand went wild—Harvard with rejoicing at Brewer's saving the touch-down, and Princeton at the sudden transfer of the danger from their goal to Harvard's. In spite of the fact that it looked as though Princeton with such a gain would easily crowd the ball over, Harvard made a stand, and finally secured the ball eight yards out. The team tried to advance it, but in vain, and Brewer punted it out to Baird at the forty-five-yard line. Then ensued another contest of running and kicking, in which Harvard had again begun to crowd the Princeton men down when time was called, just after Brewer's kick to Suter at Princeton's fifteen-yard line. The general feeling in the audience was that Harvard's stock had gone up, and the progress of the ball would indicate that her play in the first half had been the more effective. Princeton's

rush line, however, was showing a remarkable steadiness that to old players promised to mean much in the second half when the real struggle must come.

Harvard kicked off, sending the ball to Princeton's thirty-yard line. Brewer punted in return, but sent the ball out of bounds. The ball very quickly, however, went to the Princeton men on Harvard's off-side play. Then followed an exchange of punts between Fairchild and Baird, and Brewer was once more called upon to punt. Princeton, however, broke through on him and blocked his kick, and the ball belonged to the orange and black on Harvard's twenty-five-yard line. Here Princeton was held up, and Harvard recovered the ball on her twenty-yard line. Brewer and Wrightington, however, failed to advance, and the Princeton line smothered Brewer in another moment two yards in front of Harvard's goal. The ball was Princeton's, and they immediately crowded Rosengarten through the center for the first touch-down, making the score Princeton 4, and Harvard 0. Suter was unable to convert the touch-down. Brewer kicked off, sending the ball out of bounds, but on his second trial landed it in Suter's hands at Princeton's twenty-five-yard line. Princeton failed to make the necessary gain, Cabot going through and blocking Baird's punt; and Frank Shaw, gathering up the ball on the five-yard line, went across within three minutes after Princeton's touch-down, and evened the score. This was, however, Harvard's last brace, for the Princeton line grew steadily stronger and crowded the Harvard backs more rapidly and more closely every moment. In another fifteen minutes Princeton had a second touch-down, Suter again failing to kick the goal, making the score Princeton 8 and Harvard 4. This lent added strength to Princeton, and deepened the gloom of discouragement among the Harvard players, and before the call of time Princeton had scored still another touch-down, leaving the final score 12 to 4. The result was unexpected. Princeton's team had not been considered equal to the task, and while Harvard was known to be in doubtful shape, it was generally conceded that they would win.

The game as a whole was of course more or less injured by the condition of the weather; the ground was slippery and the ball was quite greasy. Taking these conditions into consideration, the kicking during the first half was exceptionally good. There was, it is true, some fumbling and a slowness of execution of the plays for which the dampness of the ground and ball were responsible. The most serious fumble was that of Harvard when under Princeton's goal in the first half in a fair way, perhaps, to secure a touch-down which might have altered the further development of the play materially.

It is worth while to comment upon one feature of the game and in a measure to explain it. An unusual number of men left the field, although the play could not be characterized as rough. Both the captains were at the side lines before the end of the game, and nearly all the first-class substitutes of both teams had a chance. This was in the main due to the exhausting character of the game on the slippery ground, for the injuries, with the exception of that of Lea, turned out far from serious. In fact, it probably would not be an untrue statement to say that the spectators, owing to the cold, drizzling rain, suffered more than the players.

Harvard left the field defeated and disgusted—disgusted at the inexplicable way in which, after having certainly put up as strong a game as Princeton in the first half, they had been out-played in the second half. The comments which followed upon the game were even more exasperating to them, for that charge which every man, and especially the athlete, resents, that of quitting, was made against them repeatedly. The coaches and the teams certainly felt it, and it probably had something to do with their better performance later in the season, which we shall comment upon before finishing this article.

The Princeton-Harvard comparison having been settled conclusively, speculation began upon the Yale-Princeton game, which at once became the big match of the year. There is no doubt but that the Yale men, who watched the Princeton-Harvard game, came home with the impression that Princeton would be hard to beat. Princeton has always put up a strong game when

it has had a good rush line, and a correspondingly weak game when its rush line has been shaky, no matter what the superiority of the men behind it may have been. For this reason there was even more anxiety at Yale, and a feeling that there was plenty of work cut out to match the game that Princeton had already shown. Both teams played matches in November, which shook the confidence of their supporters. Princeton had a difficult task to defeat Cornell, getting over her line, but once during the entire game; while Yale was held to a tie game by Brown quite late in the season, and at a time when it was generally understood that the Yale eleven would be sent for all it was worth for a "trying-out" process. For all this, there was a feeling in the air that when the two teams should come together on the 23d, we should see one of the contests that make the football gridiron memorable, and there was no disappointment about this. The game was spectacular from the very commencement. Of the two teams of twenty-two men, fourteen men towered over six feet in height and eleven of them were over six feet one. As they came out upon the field and that wild roar of applause went up, it was hard not to feel more than the usual thrill of contest. Of the two teams, Yale was practically the untried. A big football match makes the team veterans in a double sense. It not only enables their coaches to see and patch up their weak points, but it also lends a wonderful amount of confidence to the players for their future games. For this reason there was more than a feeling that Princeton would play the steadier game. To off-set this, it was generally accepted that the men behind the Yale line were not only more experienced, but of better caliber than those behind the Princeton line.

When the captains Lea and Thorne tossed up for the choice at a little after two o'clock there was no one who could predict with any sense of security what the result of the match would be. At quarter past two Captain Lea kicked off, and the great silence that hung over the field after the ball was placed broke and the match was on. DeWitt caught Lea's kick-off and returned it to Baird in the center of the field. Then the running began. Rosengarten was sent

but made only a yard. On the next line-up, however, he got five, and the Princeton element in the crowd arose with exultant shouts. Two yards more this same young man took out of Yale's territory, but on the next play the ball was fumbled, and Yale secured it. A series of runs by Jerrems and Thorne crowded the ball back to the center of the field. Then began the kicking, Thorne sending the ball to Princeton's ten-yard line. From this time on the play was fast and furious, both teams interspersing their runs with kicks and putting up a game of the highest tactical skill. After twenty minutes of play a fumble by Rosengarten gave Bass, the Yale end, a chance to drop on the ball, which he did, and, strange to say, at the call of Murphy, the Yale tackle, was able to stagger to his feet and get started down the field before the Princeton men reached him. Murphy went with him but was not needed, for Bass distanced him and secured a touch-down which Thorne easily converted into a goal. This gave Yale additional confidence, and before the end of the half they had crowded Princeton down into their own goal again, where Baird's punt was blocked by Thorne and Yale took the ball on Princeton's fifteen-yard line. Here a clever double landed Thorne for another touch-down which he again converted into a goal, thus making the score 12 to 0 in favor of Yale. A few minutes later, time was called for the first half.

The second half began with an exchange of punts, and when the two teams settled down to try the running game it was easy to see that both had been instructed that the play would be of the severest kind and neither side must let up. When the two teams, therefore, came together the play was at the highest tension. Kelley of Princeton together with Rosengarten kept up some good smashing of Yale's line, and the pressure was well put on until they had crowded the ball down to Yale's thirty-yard line. Here several plays of the cumulative mass nature with Kelley and Rosengarten alternating brought the ball down to Yale's ten-yard line, but there Yale braced and Princeton lost the ball on downs, Thorne at once punting the ball out of danger. Princeton tried once more to carry it down, but it soon went to Yale again and Thorne

kicked out almost to the center of the field. Princeton lost the ball once more on downs, and Thorne put in another punt which put the ball inside Princeton's fifty-yard line, where Suter fumbled it. Jerrems then kicked across Princeton's line. Princeton, after the touch-back, brought the ball out to the twenty-five yard line, and Baird kicked to Thorne, who received the ball on Yale's fifty-yard line. A long run by the Yale captain was quickly followed by a second touch-down. In lining up again Princeton seemed to have been rendered desperate by the growing defeat, and with a determination and pluck unexcelled they gathered themselves for a final effort. Within six minutes they had brought the ball to Yale's eighty-yard line. Bannard carried it to within two yards, and on the next play Baird was lifted over and Suter kicked the goal, making the score 16 to 6. The Yale spectators in their delight at having what appeared a surer victory did not mind this scoring by Princeton and there was very little diminution in their self-contented air; but events were coming too rapidly in this spectacular game for any calm enjoyment of this nature. Within a very few moments, after some exchange of punts, Tyler of Princeton broke through and blocked Jerrems's kick. Church and Thompson of Princeton came through at the same moment, and before Yale could recover, Church had kicked the ball along the ground, and as it went over the Yale line he and Thompson together made a wild leap for it and Princeton had scored another touch-down. Suter failed to convert the try, or the score would have been 12 to 16. As it was, the score was 10 to 16, and Yale realized that in the eleven minutes left to play there was not only no certainty of victory but there was time for Princeton to tie them or even defeat them. They were, however, equal to the occasion, and Captain Thorne gathered them together for a final effort, and he himself made the sensational run of the day. The ball was on Princeton's forty-five-yard line and on a fake kick Thorne made his start. He carried the ball literally through the entire Princeton eleven, and crossed the line for a touch-down. It was the most supreme effort of individual skill that has been seen on our

fields for years, and certainly unequaled in point of dodging by any one that has ever been made since the introduction of the Rugby game in America. Jerrems punted out but Thorne failed to kick the goal, and the score remained at 20 to 10. So ended one of the most spirited and best-played games of any season.

The Pennsylvania-Harvard game naturally had lost much of its expected interest from the defeat of Harvard by Princeton earlier in the month. The question of supremacy, although it could not be settled conclusively, was, in the minds of most people, transferred to the match between Yale and Princeton. For all this, there was a much stronger under-current of attention setting toward the Cambridge match than people outside of the inner circles believed. In the first place some very severe work had been done with the Harvard team, and the coaches and team itself had determined to make a test of this game and show the doubters that the Harvard eleven were not "quitters" and that they could put up a good game of football. The result justified this belief, for, although Harvard was defeated, the score was so close that the mere conversion of two of the touch-downs into goals would have reversed the result. It is probable that the Pennsylvania team were the stronger team, and from their record through the year deserved to win this match. But they did not play up to their reputation, and Harvard, on the other hand, redeemed themselves, so that the match itself was close and full of interest. Harvard's offensive game had been greatly improved, and in the face of an adverse score they carried the ball steadily from their own twenty-five-yard line over Pennsylvania's goal line for their first touch-down. Brooke's kicking repeatedly lifted the University of Pennsylvania out of difficult positions, and had it not been for the real knowledge that the Pennsylvania team must have possessed, that they could play football, there were times when the onslaught of the Harvard eleven would have proved irresistible. Several changes had been made in the Harvard team after the Princeton game, and the work of the eleven was far ahead of what they had done at Princeton. Their condition also seemed better than that of the University of Pennsyl-

vania, who had evidently reached the high point of their training previous to this match and who did not regain their condition until the strain of the season was practically over, when they defeated Cornell overwhelmingly.

The development of play shown during the season of 1895 was in two directions. First, and most important, there was a far better knowledge exhibited of the possibilities of the kicking game when well molded in with running tactics. This was indicated along the line of concealing, in a measure, what the play was to be. Not many years ago the regulation play, especially among small teams, was invariably to attempt the running game until forced on a third down to kick. Some teams, it is true, even went farther than this and never kicked at all. But that was because they had made up their minds that they had no man sufficiently competent to rely upon for a punt. They believed, as did the rest, that, after three attempts to advance, a kick was the proper play if anybody on the eleven could kick. The larger teams, the last few years, have shown a strong inclination to take more advantage of the kicking possibilities, but not until last year was there a great deal of real progress made by teams in general toward keeping their opponents in the dark and springing, as it were, a kick upon them occasionally, thus prohibiting a "cut and dried" formation against distinctively a running game with changes when the kick was expected. In this province came the development of the quarter-back kick, and last year the addition of a kick by the full-back

who received the ball directly from the snap-back without the intermediation of the quarter. Then, too, upon some teams this design was made even more effective by arranging two possible kickers, so that the opponents, even though they suspected a kick, could not tell which man would make it. Super-added to this was the play of the recipient of the ball starting out as if for an end run, and, after a few steps, kicking while on the run. All this indicates a decided advance, and that, too, in a direction that should be hailed with joy by all lovers of the sport.

The development in the running game took place in the practical abandonment of heavy momentum plays for the more rapidly executed short mass work, and in some instances with the addition of secondary formations, and passing of the ball for a new outlet.

Individual running showed the effect of a negative encouragement it had received in the suppression of momentum plays. Some of the individual runners of 1895, as notably Thorne, of the Yale team, are products of the better side of the play, and while we may not expect to see some of the players of 1895 surpassed in this respect, it is fair to hope that there will be more individually brilliant runners come forward in the future of the game. With the present advantage of mass plays, however, it is not likely that individual running will receive the amount of attention deserved until it is made more valuable. In a later article we shall touch upon the prospects of the season of 1896 and the probable development of both the kicking and the running game.



A DAY ON THE UPLANDS.

By Ed. W. Sandys.



ALL night long the round thing squatted near the pillow, jealously watching my measure of rest. Its wan, sleepless face never lost its hard-staring expression; its unfeeling hands touched and parted, touched and parted; its even pulse beat on, cold, remorseless; its brazen teeth mumbled my movements, eating, ever eating—taking its own, no more, no less, till the last fraction of peace and rest had been devoured. The thing's vigil was done. It swung its iron hammer in sudden, fierce insistence; it clamored, beat, quivered, shrieked for an instant fulfilment of my pledge to it.

From the mists of sweetest dream my hand shot forth to crush the remorseless creditor. It's jangling tirade ceased with a spasmodic sob as long fingers clutched about it. Deep within a stifling fold of blankets its life ran out in a long, gasping gurr-ur-urr-ur-r-r.

I brought it forth, looked at it, and saw that it had truly done its part. Then I forgave it, for it had dragged me from a sweet dream-world to a sweeter reality.

Through the broad open window creep lazy airs freighted with richest incense—the ripeness of apples, the strength of pines, the full sweetness of tuberose. Away eastward, just over the dim gray forest-line, is the new sun, like a crystal globe full of good red wine foundering in a sea of tinted mist.

No song of bird, no sound of living thing—the fatness of full-fed autumn sleeps well these windless mornings. Big drops fall from overlaid leaves; a pippin crashes to the ground, and a lightened twig straightens with an audible swish. The apple of discord does its work once more. A lazy bird stirs somewhere and twitters a feeble protest; other birds answer in a half-hearted, indolent manner. There is no need for hurry—food is everywhere;

but, as they have been awakened, they might as well be up and doing.

The one energetic thing presently appears. His coughing, sputtering salutation suits well his restless nature. From his portal below the eaves of an old root-house extends a long, fair course of fence-scantling. Like a puff of brick-red smoke, he swiftly rolls along his narrow highway—thence in flying bounds across the orchard, scorning the ground and leaving a trail of swaying branches behind him as he goes. His destination is the big pine. He will breakfast at that lofty inn. Five minutes later his nimble paws will be sticky and his whiskers tangled with gum, for he dearly loves the long pine-cones.

Now a clapping of wings and long-drawn throaty greetings tell that the pigeons are preparing to leave for nearby stubbles. Chickens, fat almost to bursting, stalk among the trees seeking fresh-fallen fruit. Nimrod, too, must hasten, for his kettle should have sung its first notes moments ago.

When the dogs received that extra snack late last night, they guessed that something was in the wind. The swing of the kitchen door brings them with a bounce to the ends of their chains. Look well at them, for they will play leading rôles to-day.

Jess bucks and capers, and rattles her light tether in eager feminine anticipation. Even a lady born in the purple may be pardoned an occasional display of enthusiasm, and Jess voices her joy in a series of sharp, half-hysterical yelps. The black, white, and tan of her handsome coat are laid on as evenly as though a skillful brush had touched her, but every hair on her thin body shines. Her high-domed, narrow head, pronounced stop, square muzzle, and mild eyes, suggest the Laverack; but the strong feet and back, and the general sinewy, clean-cut look, tell where the cross of dashing Llewellyn has left its marks. What of her long, silken feather? The fowls of the air may line nests with it next spring. Every wire fence and thorny brush within three miles has a tuft of it; burrs and her own white teeth know where some of it went—the comb took a share. These dogs have had many

days of gradual preparation; they have been run lean on increased food. No fat, green duffers ever left those chains for the first day of the season!

As Jess is a lady, so Don is a gentleman. She is the beauty, and as good as she looks, but Don is the better. Plain? Aye! but look you—handsome is that handsome does. She doesn't dream it, but he could kill her in a week.

Don is of the good old pointer type—yet he has what may be termed some modern improvements. Just big enough to be squeezed into the heavy class, he has a measure of the bossy muscle, a hint of the dewlap, and the heavy, square head, which characterized the stanch English dogs of our grandfathers. His lemon head is an old mark and he has it to perfection, and inside of it is a wonderful set of brains. What that ratted rascal does not know about bird-ways, would win no field-trial. At rest, he appears to be quite a heavy dog, to critical eyes he is coarse. When excited, and especially when at his proper work, he appears to lengthen and fine down till he is the model of a fast, strong animal. Many a setter and pointer, "blue" and "native," good and bad, has tackled him and the good ones have remembered the tourney. Some matched his fast, high-headed ranging and bull-dog courage for hours, but were content to back when the race extended over days. Even mighty Mark, the great roan king of the natives, looked askance at the lemon-headed devil after the third day—and whosoever got the length of Mark had no fear of any.

Don knows right well what follows the appearance of thorn-raked leggins and grimy cords. He sits straight on end and shudders violently. His eyes are bulging, his ears cocked, his collar cuts deep into his throat, and from his broad, quivering nostrils comes a ceaseless, tremulous whistling, like the noise of a rising cock. He misses no detail of the preparations, and when the gun appears, his strong stern thumps the ground with unqualified approval. Yet he sets Jess a good example by promptly bolting his two cubes of bread.

Free of collars, away they go, carroming against each other as they turn the corner of the house. Over the gate they skim like birds, and as we follow the proper path we see impatient muz-

zles thrust far between the palings. A mad race follows. Up the street, side by side, running in sheer joyousness they go, for they know they are entitled to a stretching spin before coming to heel.

This broad pasture, soft with a mat of new fall grass, is their show-ground. Away they go again, tacking and crossing like racing yachts, covering the field at flying speed. A lark buzzes up and pitches again upon an ant-hill. Don makes a sham point, just for fun; and just for fun Jess rushes in and chases the lark to the boundary fence. There is no whistling, or bawling of foolish orders. The dogs are playing, and they thoroughly understand the game. They know, too, that a seldom produced something that stingeth like an adder, lurks somewhere in the canvas coat. Its lash is stiff from long idleness, but it is there, as Jess seems to suddenly remember.

At the water-hole they wait, wading about up to their bellies and biting at the water as though it were something edible. A big sycamore leaf sails slowly down, and Jess scatters water far and wide in crazy pursuit of what she pretends is a living thing. Don gravely feels about with his fore-paws on the bottom, as if he thought he had lost something there. He unexpectedly finds it—a hidden springy twig which tickles his flank and causes him to make an astonishing buck-jump. Then the pair race away in a final dash to rid themselves of water, for a stubble lies ahead and the business of the day is on.

The stubble yields nothing to repay fast, careful quartering. Beyond it rolls a green sea of uncut corn, the rustling canes a yard above a man's head. As we move down the narrow, shaded corridors, a crash of a yielding stalk, a snort to right or left, or a flash of white ahead, tells where the dogs are working. Before the corn spindles in the shadow of the boundary woods a sudden silence falls. We see the tip of a stiffened tail like a warning finger across the path.

"Point! Look out—may be a rabbit, looks like a —"

Flip-flap-flap! A thin, metallic, whistling sound trembles on the air, and a bullet-headed bird curves in bat-like flight above the corn-tassels. A rush of small shot clips the soft growth a yard to one side of where the bird had disappeared.

"Get him?"

"Dunno—wait a minute."

Rat-tat-tat!—a busy tail is whacking pendant corn-leaves. Silence—then a snuffling breath draws nearer and Don paces forward, bearing by a wing the first cock of the season. A seven-ounce beauty—prized none the less because he was invisible when the trigger was pulled. There is dried mud upon his long bill and up his broad forehead halfway to his great eyes. There must be a low-lying wet spot somewhere in the corn. Ah! here it is. White spots, like scattered wads, show here and there, and a small depression has curious holes, as though one had forced a lead-pencil a dozen times into the damp mold.

Look out! Flip-flap! The squib of the smokeless sounds dully from one side. Flip-flap—squinge—squinge!

"Get him?"

"Dunno."

Again tails whack the leaves and noses snuffle loudly in close quest. A voice at length exclaims, "Bully! I've got a bruising old hen!" But cheering clucks fail to induce Don to retrieve a second bird, and a small, whispered "damn" floats upward from the corn, for the crack cover-shot had felt sure of his guess.

However, 'twas not a bad beginning—but. Don knows that the next one grazed his stiffened back and stared with big eyes fairly into the gun barrels ere whirling overhead and vanishing in kindly cover. Jess knows that seven empty shells fell among the corn, that five fat cocks were flushed and but three were retrieved.

The big woods are strangely silent. The soft "link-up-link-em-up" of a nut-hiding jay sounds from afar, but the late migrants and native small deer seem to have temporarily suspended operations. Jess and Don are off upon long tacks—no doubt their rapid strides over the painted leaves have given the tip that mischief is afoot. A nut falls with a startling spat, and a shower of leaves and a swaying branch tell the story. No fur to-day, and yon fat gray rogue might well spare himself the effort of his leaping rush to sanctuary.

Hark! a whisper of brazen sound—sweet bells jangled out of tune—rising, falling, sinking, swelling, nearer and nearer, till overhead glides a black torrent of winged life. The cluck and rasp

of grackles, the "cheer" of red-wings, the hiss of cow-birds—thousands of throats are swelling the marvelous chorus. For many minutes the black torrent flows on unbroken—miles long, half a mile broad—shaking the air with wondrous storm of cries and countless wing-beats. How many hundred thousand?—*Quien sabe!* Robbers all—brothers, sisters, first-cousins all—to-night they will bend the walls of reeds by dark St. Clair.

A fringe of maple saplings, an outer snarl of dog-roses, a stretch of weedy pasture, lie beyond the woods. Go softly and speak not at all, for on such a day the grouse may range far out, and his rushing flight affords scant time for the remedying of careless moves. Jess and Don know that grouse, cock, quail and rabbit are now among the possibilities. The flying, upheaved ranging has changed to a cautious trotting. Warily they traverse the cow-paths; cat-like they steal toward an outlying clump of bushes, where big, ripe haws show brightly red.

What a picture! The setter, petrified when half through a crouching advance; the pointer, upright, keen-nosed, positive; the soft light striking fair upon glossy black and white and lemon. That foreground of blending tans and greens—whose hand could have better placed that one dead, gray branch, bearded with faded moss and spangled with silvery lichen? How the fiery points of haws stand out among the bronze and green and velvet shadows of tangled leaves!—and see, against that patch of sober gray, one long frond of sumac smolders with dull fire, as old wine glows through its coat of lifeless dust. Beyond, the open level melts in silvery haze, and bordering woodlands roll away in mighty billows of God's own coloring. Without the dogs, that scene were fair enough—with them, 'twill live till —

Boo-oo-oo-oom-r-r-r! "Quick! take him, man!"

What a noble fellow he was! The leaves whirled in a mazy dance as he burst forth, his strong wings viewless in roaring speed, his broad fan bravely spread, brown crest and ebon plumes pressed flat by parting air. How recklessly he smashed through the wall of maple saplings, scattering the yellow foliage like a feathered shell. The first charge whizzed a yard behind him;

a puff of shattered down tells that the second did better, though still far back. A dull thump behind the maples proves that Don will not have far to seek.

Look out! Jess crept behind that big clump three minutes ago and she has not shown at the farther side. Ha! Don can see her. The old scamp halts in his tracks, and though fifty yards away, his keen nose seems to catch the scent on the lazy air. Choose well your final stand; the game is surely another grouse, and the big trees are scant distance from his hiding place. If ever your hands moved swiftly, now is the time to duplicate the performance.

Did ever bird fly so fast? The fine black crescent of the broad-spread tail was in view but an instant. No need to urge the dogs to useless search—the rough bole of this maple stopped every pellet within ten yards of the muzzle. No, he was not this side of it—his kind *never* are on the gun side of a tree! It is an old dodge, yet it has saved many a grouse. The apparently blind dart for shelter, is in reality marvelously well judged, and a bit of heavy growth is sure to be taken advantage of. Say “d—the tree” if you feel like it, but give the bird credit for knowing enough to dodge behind the shot-proof obstacle.

What are they at now? Both have turned to re-examine that worn path, where the dry, black soil leads in a narrow streak among the maples. Note the value of white in a dog's coat—roan Mark, or liver-colored Bob, might have pointed unseen for half an hour in such cover. This is no grouse; we have worked too much about here for one of those shy fellows to be on bare leaves. Stand in the path and watch the tops of the maples. Dry as the ground is, an old cock might be here, turning over the mast, as boring is an impossibility.

Mark! There he goes. How beautiful, yet quaint he looked as he trotted over the leaves to get from under that one flat branch. Did ever turkey-cock bear his big fan prouder than this fellow's small tail was borne? Did ever pole-vaulter take off better than this chap rose after one quick touch of his long, sensitive bill? How fat and heavy he is and how perfect in plumage. Wrap him carefully in the lunch-paper; he's good eight ounces, and he shall be preserved.

Two flushed—and one treed yonder?

Nonsense! They don't tree—but let's see what the other was. Oho! a rounded-headed wee fellow, and treed sure enough! He, too, haunts these thickets, and, going through the cover, sometimes moves like a cock. Those brilliant yellow eyes shall shine again in glass. Step off about forty yards and knock him over. It is a pity to stop his mousing, but an Acadian owl is wanted for a certain collection.

This waste of stubble looks promising. The rivulets of rag-weed wandering through the low spots all lead back to the mat of cat-briers where the few small stumps warned off the plow last fall. Pleasant runways are these weedy streaks, and small folk use them constantly. That zig-zagging black shadow silently darting from under your boot, was a short-tailed field-mouse. Here is his small well-worn path, and here is his wee cave. Reynard may dig him out some night, Don and Jess are above such methods. Do you see that large, rounded clod almost hidden by the weeds? Look closer at it—near one end is a point of light—the liquid gleam of a soft, dark eye. Yes, it's a cotton-tail—but why shoot it? Let it be. Any novice could pot it in its form, while to start it and knock it over would be almost as easy. No fur, while these dogs are out—they are ready enough to notice rabbit without being encouraged to do so.

Here, where the sod borders the boundary furrow, is welcome sign. Those pellets, round as buckshot, bear the brand of the cotton-tail—which is not wanted. But here is other sign. These specks of grayish white tell a story, and here are five small depressions worn into the dusty soil. Yonder, under the short briers, is a small ring of whitish droppings, and here is a single feather. Not much of a feather, 'tis true, but it tells of “squeakers.” No full-grown quail sports such a feather. Its undecided grayish-drab and yellowish marks, its substance, its very appearance, are juvenile. Probably a second brood haunts this field, and if birds flush with a “chickerick-chick” they shall depart in peace.

Look there! How far he caught it. He had made three short tacks before. No footscent, no pottering—he stopped in the middle of a stride. Here comes the lady. How's that? Right well she

knows that the old fellow makes no mistakes. She is fifty yards away; she gets no trace of it in this breeze, yet she knows that he is right.

The impressive pause, the tense strain; the momentary pattering of wee feet upon dry leaves; the glimpse of trim, moving bodies; the musical whisper—tuck-alo-i-tuck-a-loi-loi—the explosion of hollow thunder and whizzing rush of feathered missiles—was it not grand? These things are what make the quail the best game bird of all the feathered world.

Five dive into the tangled grass and lie till searching noses point straight down. One, two, three, four rise from the boot and fall at twenty-five yards or so. Don points, then puts a too-ready paw upon the fifth. His teeth click a half inch behind the bobtail as the terrified bird roars up and away for cover. That is, perhaps, the longest shot you will make to-day—that bird falls good forty-five yards away.

They pitched here, but where are they? Burr-r-r! Jess stepped on that one! The cleansing rush through the cool air; the dive into the grass without a landing run; the closely compressed feathers, flattened by fright—these things explain the apparently mysterious withholding of scent. No use pottering about—ten birds are hidden in that patch of grass. Come off here for fifty yards, and sit down and have a bite and a pipe. Now a whistle may move them. Hark! Whoi-l-kee, whoi-l-kee, whoi-l-kee—those are young birds. Ca-loi! How it rings out from the thicket! That's the old hen, and she's running this way. Steady dogs! Lots of scent now, they have—burr-r-r!

You hit that bird and he fell through that maple. See, here are feathers. Don and Jess seek close and appear to catch scent; but no bird is forthcoming. Don rears upon his hind legs and stands for a second sniffing, sniffing. There is the bird, hung by a wing in a fork ten feet from the ground.

A wee brown hen ran under this brushpile. Kick that under branch, and look sharp, for she'll go like a bullet when she does start. Burr-r-r! Hello! A rabbit, too! Who would have suspected that fat rascal of hiding there? Did you ever before make a double, quail to the right and rabbit to the left?

That red-brown patch at the end of

the weedy corn is buckwheat. Sure to be birds there, and beyond it are stubbles, cornfields, and thickets. Two guns will find plenty to do till the light fails. Beyond that strip of woods lies a pond, fringed with rushes and choked with lily-pads. Fifteen minutes of fading light are valuable at that pond.

Did you ever experience a livelier hour? Once this gun was actually hot—there must have been one hundred quail on that fifty acres. How many have you? Twenty-one, and here are seventeen more. Now, let us rest a moment and properly smooth the dead. Game that is worth killing is worth taking care of, and this final examination and arranging of the bag is one of the most delightful features of the day. What a show they make, grouse, cock and quail, and not a mangled bird in the lot. This fellow got it pretty hard, but it was a case of then or not at all. Now come, for shadows are thickening.

Here we are. An acre of lily-choked water set in a heavy ring of rice and rush. Never mind what moves upon the water. The muskrat is rafting materials for his house; the lily-pads sometimes flap like wings, or a green-wing teal may have dropped in earlier than usual. What once gets into that water had best be left there, for it must needs be good to be worth the trouble of getting it out.

We will stand close beside these two willow stubs. For yards around the old pasture is firm footing, and we have the pond at our backs. We may have no chance, or more probably one chance, and we must drop the game upon the ground close by.

Where that tall, dark wall of trees is cleft by a great V of paling sky is where the river bends; through that V the expected ones must presently come, if they come at all.

Mark! We are just in time. That changing black line veers like a floating cord across the space. Get ready, they are coming fast indeed.

Fu-fu-fu-fu-fee-fee-fee—sharp quills are cleaving the dusk in hissing strokes. Kreek-o-eek—give it to them!

No need to wait longer, for there are no more to come. We wind up with four young wood-ducks. One brood was reared on this pond, and I've watched them all summer. Now, shake a leg in earnest, it's five miles to dinner.



THE NATIONAL GUARD OF THE STATE OF MAINE.

By Captain Charles B. Hall, 19th U. S. Infantry.

OF all her sister States Maine occupies, geographically, the most exposed position as regards danger from attack by any other power. A glance at the map shows the State in shape as not unlike the immense head of some gigantic body thrust far out and unprotected, into a foreign land. On account of its location as the most northeasterly of the United States, embracing some 33,000 square miles of territory, and being nearly as large as all of the other New England States combined, Maine, in a military sense, is the outpost of all the States of the Union. On the north and east and northwest some six hundred miles of her border offer an easy crossing for the troops of England and England's allies, while about two hundred and thirty miles (in a direct line) of her coast present a fair objective for the operation of the navies of the world. With the most magnificent harbors on this continent, in one of which (Portland) the largest ships now built can ride at the docks, with her navigable rivers, her fine roads, and having at Portland the terminal of that great artery of communication with Canada,—the Grand Trunk Railroad,—affording to England direct communication with her colony at all seasons of the year, and with the Canadian Pacific Railroad traversing the State from east to west, giving equally good connection with Canada from either Saint Andrew's or Saint John's, strategically Maine becomes of the greatest importance, and its possession would be eagerly fought for, hotly contested, and of inestimable

value, especially to England, in the event of war.

Her exposed frontier made her soil the scene of many bloody battles in the early days, and her history is rich with the stories of Indian wars and battles between the French and English. Wherever the fight has raged the sons of Maine have always been found conspicuous for their bravery, and whether required for service at home or outside her borders, they have freely responded and offered themselves "as a sacrifice if need be to the glorious cause of liberty."

At the time of the transfer to Maine of the statute law and government of Massachusetts (1640-70), the first account of a military organization in the State is noticed. At that period the militia was a most important part of the government, as upon its efficiency depended the safety of the people and the existence of law and order. "All able-bodied freemen and others who have taken the oath of residents" belonged to the train-bands. Those in a town formed a company, and if they numbered sixty-four they were entitled to a captain, subalterns and non-commissioned officers, otherwise they were exercised by sergeants, or perhaps, by a subaltern. Until 1658 the captains, lieutenants and ensigns, were elected by the freemen at town meetings, and afterward re-elected by their respective companies, and in both cases the choice was presented to the County Court, which either confirmed it, or rejected it and ordered another election. The soldiery of each county formed a regiment which was commanded by a

sergeant-major chosen by the freemen of the same county in town meeting. Each regiment was mustered once in three years. All of the militia in the colony was commanded by a major-general who was, like the Governor, elected by the freemen at large. Ensigns and all superior officers were, at a subsequent period, commissioned by the General Court.

The militia was required to "train" by companies six times in a year, and so scarce were firearms in those days that only two-thirds of the soldiers were required to have muskets and bandoliers (a broad leather belt, formerly worn by soldiers over the right shoulder and under the left arm to support the musket and twelve cases of cartridges, but later as a cartridge belt); the remainder might serve with pikes provided they had corselets and head-pieces.

Up to 1656, Massachusetts had relied upon arguments and persuasions to enforce obedience to her decrees in Maine, but finding affairs far from satisfactory as regards discipline, she deemed it necessary to assert her authority. Even at that early date the militia was regarded, as it is to-day, as being our safeguard in peace and our bulwark in war. The General Court of Massachusetts, therefore, caused military companies to be formed and established in Kittery, York, Wales and Cape Porpoise, organized them into a regiment and appointed Nicholas Shapleigh sergeant-major and commandant. He was also required to hold schools of instruction for the company officers with a view to their improvement in military tactics, and was held responsible that the soldiers were well armed, equipped and disciplined.

The Indians at this time were giving much trouble to the settlers, and so it became more than ever necessary to place the militia in efficient condition.

In 1668 the militia of Yorkshire was formed into six train-bands, and united into a regiment under the following named officers: at Saco, Brevet Major Bryan Pendleton commanded the regiment and the troops at Black Point; at Kittery, Captain Charles Frost, Lieutenant Roger Plaisted and Ensign John Gattery; at York, Lieutenant Job Alcock and Ensign Arthur Bragdon; at Wells, Lieutenant John Littlefield and Ensign Francis Littlefield, Jr.; at Scar-

borough, Lieutenant Andrew Alger; and at Falmouth, Lieutenant George Ingersoll.

At an organization of the militia in 1674, at the time of forming the new county called Devonshire, the General Court formed five train-bands, one each at Sagadahock, Pemaquid, Damariscove, Cape Newagon and Monhegan; the two latter were placed under command of non-commissioned officers—the company at Sagadahock was placed under command of Captain Patteshall, and the one at Pemaquid under charge of Captain Gardener, who was also to have the command of and be responsible for the condition of all the militia forces in that part of the country.

The official report of the strength of the militia in Yorkshire and Devonshire counties at the time of the breaking out of what is known as King Philip's War in 1675, and the location of the troops was as follows:

At Kittery, 100 men; York, 80 men; Wells and Cape Porpoise, 80 men; Saco and Winter Harbor, 100 men; Black Point, 100 men; Casco Bay and Falmouth, 80 men; Sagadahock and Westwood, 80 men; and at Devonshire about 300 men—a total of 920 men.

Passing on to the year 1744 we find that the militia strength had been increased to 2,855 "able-bodied or fencible men," who were organized into two regiments, one commanded by Colonel William Pepperell, of Kittery, and the other by Colonel Samuel Waldo, of Falmouth. The necessity for such a force was that the war of this year between England and France had extended to their respective colonies in this country and caused another Indian war. To furnish a sufficient strength for the militia some five hundred men had been drafted and assigned to the two regiments. The service rendered by the drafted men evidently not being at all satisfactory, it was decided to discharge them and form a scouting party of a hundred men from Colonel Pepperell's regiment for immediate and constant service, the balance of the troops to be held in readiness for service when called upon. The scouts were formed into eight guards, each under the command of a sergeant and stationed at convenient distances from each other between Berwick and St. George, from which points they were to patrol to the next station.

Two officers with the pay of captain had charge of this line of pickets.
Up to the time of the breaking out of

dations and encroachments by the French.
During the winter session of the Mas-



1. Colonel Wm. S. Folger, Judge-Advocate-General. 2. Lieutenant Mark L. Hersey, 12th U. S. Infantry.
3. Major Albert G. Rollins, Military Secretary Governor's Staff. 4. Governor Henry B. Cleaves, Commander-in-Chief. 5. Lieutenant-Colonel Charles H. Prescott, Aid-de-Camp Governor's Staff. 6. Lieutenant-Colonel W. W. Whitmarsh, Aid-de-Camp, Governor's Staff. 7. Adjutant-General Selden Connor.

the War of the Revolution these troops found ample employment in protecting the settlers from Indian depre-

sachusetts Legislature in 1775-76, the militia was reorganized and the General Court formed Massachusetts proper into

three divisions and Maine into one. A brigadier-general was appointed to the command of the militia in each county, and those for the three counties in Maine were General John Frost, of Kittery, General Samuel Thompson, of Brunswick, and General Charles Cushing, of Pownolborough. A brigade was to consist of two regiments, and in each regiment the field officers were to be a colonel, lieutenant-colonel and two majors, called then first and second. The complement of a militia company was sixty-eight enlisted men. All able-bodied men between sixteen and sixty years of age were enrolled, and with the exception of Quakers, ministers, colored men and Indians, were compelled to do military duty. In case a man was drafted for military service and refused to serve, he was fined twelve pounds, and if the fine was not paid he was committed to prison.

The British sovereign was no longer recognized as the ruler of the people in this country, and at this time—1775-76—the first commissions “in the name of the government and People of Massachusetts Bay in New England” were issued to militia officers.

Maine was prominently and gallantly represented in the War of the Revolution, and the first company to report for duty was organized in York. Its ranks showed sixty of those hardy, patriotic men who with others of their kind were to humble the pride of England and proclaim the birth and the independence of a new

nation. Fully equipped with arms, ammunition, and as history relates, “with knapsacks full of provisions” (our forefathers of the Revolution were never overburdened with clothing it will be remembered), under command of Johnson Moulton, this devoted little band, consecrated to the cause of liberty, set forth in April, 1775, on its march to the rendezvous—Boston. Falmouth also sent a company. The first full regiment from Maine was commanded by Colonel James Scammon, of Biddeford, and Johnson Moulton, just referred to, was the lieutenant-colonel.

So many men having been enlisted and sent to the scene of active operations in the vicinity of New York made it the more necessary that increased vigilance should be exercised by the small number of defenders left at home, and every effort made to afford proper protection. At Falmouth a small force of militia was stationed and supplied with six cannon and a suitable quantity of military stores. One-fourth of all the male inhabitants over sixteen years of age, except those to the eastward of Camden, were either enlisted or drafted, organized into companies and “provided with a good gun and bayonet, or in lieu of a bayonet with a tomahawk, cutting-sword or hatchet” They were required to hold themselves in readiness to march at a moment’s notice, and if needed, to serve for three months in the Continental Army under officers appointed by the General Court.



LT.-COL. I. K. STETSON.

COL. E. P. FARRINGTON.

GENL. W. S. CHOATE.

OUTING'S MONTHLY REVIEW

OF

AMATEUR SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

YACHTING.

DURING the past summer, our Canadian cousins have beaten our yachtsmen fairly and squarely at their favorite game. In the Seawanhaka-Corinthian half-rater races, and in the Canada-Vencedor matches at Toledo, the Canadians won clearly upon their merits, although both times they were fortunate in having weather suited to their boats.

In treating of the races and the designs of the yachts it has been necessary to take the weather factor into consideration, but it is apparent that none of the American yachting journals have attempted to detract one iota from the applause due to Vice-Com. Æmilius Jarvis and to Mr. G. H. Duggan to whom the Canadian victories are chiefly due. That our people are not unwilling to go abroad for a race was shown by the avidity with which the Lincoln Park Club, of Chicago, and the Seawanhaka Club, of New York, hastened their respective challenges for next season.

Mr. Chas. E. Archbald's canoe *Mab* was the only racing canoe built this year which appeared at the meet of the American Canoe Association at Grindstone Island, and she easily defeated the older American canoes in every sailing competition. She is an out-and-out racer, built to conform to the A. C. A. restrictions, and she will be fully described in this magazine.

Mr. Gould's *Niagara*, despite her defeat by Mr. F. B. Jameson's *Saint*, has been pluckily and persistently racing on, although it was originally Mr. Gould's intention to bring the yacht back to America in August. Of the three new 52-footers *Saint*, *Penitent* and *Samphire*, designed respectively by Fife, Payne and Sibbeck, it is not surprising that one, at least, should succeed in distancing the older boat. In fact, the owner of *Niagara* has done well in maintaining the second place in so large a fleet. At the regatta of the Castle Hill Yacht Club,

Lord Dunraven's *Audrey* also succeeded in getting ahead of the American boat, and in defending a cup which the Earl himself had donated.

It has been a year of all-round international defeat to American yachtsmen; but their ardor is unabated and their dispositions unsoured.

THE WRECK OF THE ISOLDE.

An appalling calamity, resulting in the death of Baron von Zedtwitz, occurred during the Royal Albert Regatta, at Southsea, England, on August 18th.

The large cutters *Britannia*, *Meteor*, *Ailsa* and *Satanita* had been started at 10 o'clock to sail twice over a 23-mile triangle. The 52-footers, including *Saint*, *Samphire*, *Penitent*, *Isolde*, *Audrey* and *Niagara*, were started an hour later to sail once over the same course. The large boats had finished the first round and overtook the smaller ones just after their start. *Britannia* was close under the *Meteor*'s quarter; the *Saint* was just ahead of the *Meteor* and to windward; *Isolde* in turn was just ahead and to windward of the *Saint*. The latter's skipper tried to luff out under the stern of *Isolde*, and in so doing caught the main-boom of the *Isolde* on the bowsprit of his own yacht (the *Saint*.) This threw the stern of *Isolde* round, so that this yacht lay in the way of the *Meteor*. The latter could not bear out of her way without fouling *Britannia* to leeward. All these yachts were closely bunched and sailing rapidly. The *Meteor* rammed the side of the *Isolde*, the force of the blow causing her to careen; her mast snapped off, and the bowsprit of the *Meteor* raked the smaller yacht's deck. A part of the crew of the unfortunate *Isolde* were swept into the water, and a falling piece of wreckage struck the owner, probably dealing at once a fatal blow. He was not thrown overboard, but was pinned to the deck by the fallen

rigging, and was thus found, in an unconscious condition. He died without regaining consciousness. The crew were all rescued, some of them having barely escaped with their lives.

The distinguished Baron was a popular young noble, and was only thirty-eight years of age. Although he had held responsible positions in the German diplomatic service, he avoided notoriety. He married an American lady, the daughter of the late Charles Roosevelt, of New York. Out of respect to the memory of the deceased the racing of the large cutters was immediately stopped for the season, and the Emperor of Germany ordered his yacht out of commission. At the Coroner's inquest, held at Ryde, Captain Gomes, of the *Meteor*, was exonerated from blame.

The *Isolde* was built by the Herreshoff Manufacturing Company in the spring of last year for Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern, by whom she was sold to her late unfortunate owner. She is a sister yacht to Mr. Gould's *Niagara*, and was built at the same time from the same lines.

CANADA—VENCEDOR.

The matches between the now famous representatives of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club of Toronto, and the Lincoln Park Yacht Club of Chicago, were sailed Aug. 24th, 25th and 26th. The race on the first of these days was called off because of lack of wind, and both of the other two were won by the *Canada*. In the race of Aug. 25th *Canada* was favored by light airs, to which as compared with her rival, she was better suited. On the 26th the wind was strong and squally, and near the finish *Vencedor* was in the lead with probably enough to spare to save her time-allowance, when she sailed for a boat which proved not to be the mark-boat. In correcting her error, she lost enough time to give *Canada* the race.

The courses were laid outside of Mannebe Bay, Lake Erie, the starting line being about six miles from Toledo. The race of Aug. 25th and the unfinished race of the previous day were sailed over a 12-knot equilateral triangle, twice around (24 knots), while that of Aug. 26th was 5 knots to windward and return, twice around (20 knots).

A racing committee had been appointed, which consisted of three disinterested yachtsmen; these acted as judges and timekeepers. This committee consisted of Messrs. Oliver E. Cromwell, of the Seawanhaka-Corinthian Yacht Club; H. C. McLeod, Minnetonka Yacht Club, and E. H. Ambrose, Royal Victoria Yacht Club, of Hamilton, Ont.

The crews of the yachts were limited to ten each, of whom eight were to be amateurs.

The committee selected two "scrutineers," who were to sail one on each of the yachts, as the representative of the other yacht, and they were also to act as measurers. The sizes of the yachts were thus provided for in the agreement:

3. Size of *Vencedor*.—The *Vencedor's* length on l. w. l. shall not be less than 43 ft., and her corrected length—to be ascertained as hereinafter mentioned—shall not exceed 45 ft.; but should it be ascertained on measurement that this length is exceeded, double time allowance shall be given on such excess, but in no event shall such excess exceed $\frac{1}{2}$ ft.

4. Size of R. C. Y. C. Representative.—The boat which shall be selected by the R. C. Y. C., as its representative, shall if possible not exceed 42 ft. c. l., but in no event shall it exceed $42\frac{1}{2}$ ft. c. l.

As the building of the Chicago boat had been started before the challenge was made, on a water-line considerably greater than here provided for, it was necessary not only to reduce her sail-plan to bring her within the 45-foot sailing length, but also to ballast the hull so as to shorten the water-line. Still, she was a third of a foot over the limit, and was obliged to give the excessive allowance of 4 minutes 45 seconds. The measurements of the two yachts as reported by the scrutineers were as follows:

	<i>Vencedor</i> Feet.	<i>Canada</i> Feet.
Length over all.....	62.73	55.21
Length on waterline.....	43.00	37.00
Boom.....	46.90	42.85
Gaff.....	27.80	24.42
Hoist.....	26.30	24.55
Sail area (sq. ft.).....	2,273	2,164
Racing length.....	45.33	41.78
Allowance.....	Allows	4m. 45s.

The crews of the two yachts were: *Vencedor*—Com. E. C. Berriman, Capt. I. G. Barbour, John Connors, Lewis Bernard, Ralph Hoagland, Ed. Andrews, Al. Johnson, R. D. Potter, William Miller, Henry Miller.

Canada—Com. Æmilius Jarvis, G. D. Boulton, W. H. Parsons, J. H. Fearnside, Sydney Small, W. S. Clouston, W. J. Moran, Ed. Roach, W. M. Fertile.

Throughout all the races Commodore Jarvis sailed the *Canada*, while Captain Irving Barbour, who had served as quarter-master on the *Defender*, had the helm of *Vencedor*. In each of the races the Chicago boat got the lead at the start.

First attempt, August 24th. Start 11 A. M. Both started to windward in very light air, under club and jib topsails. For nearly an hour the race was almost a drift. *Canada* finally got a light easterly breeze, and setting her balloon jib-topsail began to draw ahead. The first mark (4 miles) was turned as follows: *C.*, 1:13:40 P. M.; *V.* (a mile astern), 1:40:55. At 3 o'clock the race was declared off, *Canada* being about a mile from the second mark, and over a mile in advance of *Vencedor*.

First race, August 25th. Start 11 A. M. in an eight-knot S. S. E. breeze. *Vencedor* crossed first under balloon jib-topsail, with spinnaker boom to starboard, but with the spinnaker still below. *Canada* crossed the line with balloon fore-staysail set, 1 min. 15 secs. astern of *Vencedor*. Both set spinnakers to starboard just after crossing the line. *C.* blanketed *V.* and passed her to windward. *Canada* proceeded to draw ahead. The wind flattened out. The time at the first mark was as follows: *C.*, 11:56:10; *V.*, 11:57:40.

At the start of the second leg the breeze freshened a little but it did not hold, the yachts having the wind on the port beam. While the wind lasted, *V.* lessened her rival's lead; as it fell she dropped back. The second mark was rounded: *C.*, 12h. 44m. 00s.; *V.*, 12h. 53. 20s. The leg home was to windward. *Canada* set working instead of balloon staysail. *Vencedor* gained 50s. to windward, although *Canada* caught a freshening breeze from the east before it reached her antagonist, and she obviously gained on it. The home mark was turned thus: *C.*, 2h. 05m. 00s.; *V.*, 2h. 13m. 30s.

The elapsed time of the first round was *C.*, 3h. 05m. 00s.; *V.*, 3h. 13m. 30s. The first leg of the second round was a reach with wind on the starboard beam, with a moderate easterly breeze. The first mark was turned thus: *C.*, 2h. 39m. 00s.; *V.*, 2h. 48m. 25s. *Canada* had gained 55s. on the reach. The next leg was to leeward, both setting spinnakers to port. The Canadian crew handled their spinnaker more quickly than the Americans. The run was finished as follows: *C.*, 3h. 30m 00s.; *V.*, 3h. 43m. 50s., *Canada* gaining 4m. 25s.

The last beat to windward was started on the port tack, both yachts making a long leg and a short home. *Canada* set a small jib-topsail at the turn, but soon shifted to a larger one. *Canada* gained 4m. 09s. on this leg, the finish being as follows: *C.*, 4h. 19m. 08s.; *V.*, 4h. 37m. 07s. *Canada* won over the course of 24 miles, by 17m. 59s. actual time, and 22m. 44s. corrected time.

Second and final race, August 26th.—Course 5 miles to leeward and return, sailed over twice. Wind: Fresh S W., with lumpy sea; a rain-squall on second leg; the wind freshened on last round so that balloon jib-topsails were taken in on both yachts. Start: 11:30. *Vencedor* leading under club-topsail and breaking out spinnaker and balloon jib-topsail at the start. *Canada* crossed 30s. later under gaff-topsail, setting spinnaker and No. 1 jib-topsail. *Canada* repeated her attempt to blanket the American boat, this time without success, as *Vencedor* drew away on the strong wind, and she continued to gain throughout the run. The time at the first mark was as follows: *V.*, 12:09:00; *C.*, 12:10:20. *Vencedor* gained 1m. 20s. On the beat to windward the Chicago boat easily carried her club-topsail through a heavy rain-squall and gained visibly on the *Canada*, which was still under working topsail. When she hauled on the wind, at the beginning, *Canada* stood on the starboard tack, which she held until nearly to the turn, when she went about, figuring her distance at the mark to a nicety. *Vencedor* had the lead on the port tack, but held it only a few minutes. Not wishing the Canadian to shake her off, the *Vencedor* was soon on the weather side of her rival. *Vencedor*, while in the lead, was obliged to hunt for the stake-boat, which was not properly marked. She made two unnecessary hitches to windward and overstood the mark, probably losing thereby her advantage in the race. The turns were made: *V.*, 12:59:15; *C.*, 1:00:41. *Vencedor* gained 6s. on the windward work. The first leg of the second round was a broad reach on the starboard tack, both yachts carrying balloon jib-topsails at first. The wind increased, and the American boat continued to gain. *Canada* lowered her balloon, and was followed in so doing by the *Vencedor*. The time at the outer mark was: *V.*, 1:33:30; *C.*, 1:36:10. *Vencedor* had gained 1m. 14s. on the reach.

The last leg, by reason of a westerly shift, was a close reach on the starboard tack under small jib-topsails. *Vencedor* gained 51 seconds on this leg, but she failed to make up her allowance. The time at the finish was: *V.*, 2:11:04; *C.*, 2:14:35. The time for the race was as follows:

	<i>Elapsed.</i>	<i>Corrected.</i>
Canada.....	2 44 35	2 40 38
Vencedor.....	2 41 04	2 41 04

Vencedor thus had a lead of 3 min. 31 sec., and *Canada* won by 26 sec., corrected time.

At the finish the *Canada* was tendered the ovation which was due her, and a reception and ball were given in the evening in Toledo in honor of the successful Canadians. The following challenge was immediately tendered the Royal Canadian Yacht Club:

"On Board Yacht *Vencedor*, Toledo, O., Aug. 26.—*W. T. Boswell, Commodore Royal Canadian Y. C.*: Dear Sir—On behalf of Edward C. and Matthew Berriman, and through the Lincoln Park Y. C., of Chicago, you are hereby challenged to sail a series of three matches, best two in three, on some neutral waters during the yachting season of 1897, under the New York Y. C. rules so far as they will apply, the arrangements governing such matches to be made by a committee of three representing the Lincoln Park Y. C., of Chicago, and a like number representing the Royal Canadian Y. C., of Toronto, they to choose a seventh member if necessary; the competing yachts to measure not to exceed 43ft. on the load waterline."

The yacht *Canada* was sold at auction in Toronto, September 15th, for \$3,250, being purchased by George A. Hamilton, of that city, who is said to have represented Senator Sanford, of Hamilton, Ont., in the transaction. It was stated that the yacht had cost \$6,500 to build.

AMERICAN YACHT CLUB.

Special Regatta.—August 15th.—Course: A triangle between Parsonage Point, Red Springs Point and Larchmont. Wind light and fluky from east.

30FT. CLASS.		
Departure.....	<i>Elapsed.</i>	<i>Corrected.</i>
Acushla.....	2 35 59	2 32 35
	2 31 08	2 31 08
30FT. CABIN CATS.		
Estelle.....	3 28 18	3 27 37
Onaway.....	3 28 30	3 28 30
25FT. CABIN CATS.		
Presto.....	3 32 48	3 29 14
Weasel.....	3 30 37	3 30 37
Scat.....	3 16 58	3 12 18
Penelope.....	3 25 29	3 25 18
Grace.....	3 29 34	3 24 54
25FT. OPEN CATS.		
Edwina.....	3 31 42	3 31 42
Zelica.....	3 25 26	3 24 46
Dorothy.....	3 32 04	3 29 12
21-FOOTERS.		
Celia.....	3 00 56	3 00 56
Houri.....	2 59 55	2 59 55
Vaquero.....	3 02 55	3 02 55
Maysie.....	Did not finish.	
ONE-RATERS.		
Eos.....	3 31 23	3 31 23
Q. E. Z.....	3 28 07	3 28 07
HALF-RATERS.		
Yola.....	3 25 24
Hope.....	3 25 32
Trilby.....	3 24 05
Paprika.....	3 16 32
25FT. CABIN SLOOPS.		
Quantuck.....	3 13 02
Olga.....	Did not finish.
Virginia.....	Did not finish.
30-FOOT OPEN CATS.		
Edna.....	4 07 34	3 27 34

SEAWANHAKA-CORINTHIAN.

August 29th.—Races for the cup for schooners, presented by Commodore Rouse, and for the cup for 30-footers, presented by Vice-Commodore Todd. Course: A triangle between Centre Island, Greenwich, and Long Neck

Point, sailed over twice; 30 nautical miles. Wind, for first part, fresh, N. E.; later, S. W. and light. The schooners were started at 12.05 P. M. *Amorita* led, followed by *Colonia* and *Emerald*. *Colonia* passed *Amorita* on the first leg. The time at the first turn was: *C.*, 12:40:31; *A.*, 12:41:41; *E.*, 12:42:10. On the beat to Long Neck, *E.* passed *A.*, the times being: *C.*, 1:42:15; *E.*, 1:56:40; *A.*, 1:59:05. Just after *C.* finished the first round the wind shifted. The times at the end of the first round were: *C.*, 2:23:10; *E.*, 2:54:40; *A.*, 3:02:08. *Amorita* then withdrew on the second round. The wind was very light.

The 30-footers were sent off five minutes after the schooners, *Hera* taking the lead, followed by *Departure*, *Raccoon* and *Argonaut*. The final times were as follows:

SCHOONERS.			
	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Colonia.....	6 37 56	6 29 39	6 29 39
Emerald.....	6 48 53	6 39 50	6 38 05
Amorita.....	Did not finish.		
30FT. CLASS.			
Hera.....	3 39 50	3 29 50
Departure.....	3 56 30	3 46 30
Raccoon.....	3 49 11	3 39 11
Argonaut.....	Did not finish.		

August 31st.—Races for schooners and for the new 20-foot class. The entries in the former class were *Ranona*, *Colonia* and *Amorita*. In the smaller class the only entries were the *Bogie*, a bulb-fin designed last year by W. P. Stephens for C. J. Stevens and *Eos*, recently built from the designs of Charles Olmstead for P. T. Dodge. These two boats are of interest as being the first in commission that are avail-

able for the 20-foot, or one-rater class, in which the Canadian challenge race of next summer will probably be sailed.

The start was made from the Long Neck Point mark, at 1:40 P. M., in a fresh W. N. W. wind. The wind during the race shifted to N. E., then came rain and calm. *Ranona* withdrew. *Colonia* was the only one of the schooners to finish. *Eos* beat *Bogie* by 6m. 13s.

HUNTINGTON BAY YACHT CLUB.

August 29th.—Course a triangle, 12 1-2 miles, off Huntington Bay. Wind same as Seawan-haka race of same date.

CABIN SLOOPS, CUTTERS AND YAWLS.

	Finish.	Corrected.
Pawnee.....	4 30 45	3 49 15
Norota.....	3 45 08	3 05 08

CABIN SLOOPS—26FT. CLASS.

Ninta.....	4 31 08	3 51 08
Fannie.....	4 39 05	3 59 25

CABIN CATBOATS—30FT. CLASS.

Zaloma.....	4 28 39	3 51 49
Mayonaya.....	4 39 45	3 58 05
Naida.....	4 21 39	3 37 34
Flyaway.....	4 53 53	4 12 28
Aigli.....	4 46 25	4 03 25
Dorothy.....	4 16 37	3 32 39
Jemmie.....	4 28 10	3 45 45

CABIN CATS—25FT. CLASS.

Shadow.....	4 38 07	3 58 07
Presto.....	4 35 27	3 52 11
Win or Lose.....	4 29 58	3 45 42
Penelope.....	Withdrew.	
Oconita.....	Withdrew.	

OPEN CATS—25FT. CLASS.

Bubble.....	3 35 11	2 51 43
Goosebird.....	4 55 20	4 10 38
Louise.....	Withdrew.	
Mischief.....	3 56 00	3 18 28

R. B. BURCHARD.

CANOING.

THE AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION MEET.

The seventeenth annual meet of the American Canoe Association was held at Grindstone Island in the Thousand Islands, Aug. 14th to 28th, and in comparison with several of the most recent meets, was a marked success in the points of attendance and entries in the races. The executive management, under Commodore W. R. Huntington's administration, was excellent, and the difficult and perplexing work of the transportation, camp-site and regatta committees was well performed. The mess, which was served in a large tent by D. McElveny of Albany, was very satisfactory. There were about two hundred and fifty campers registered in the main camp and at "Squaw Point," and over one hundred canoes were brought to the island. These numbers are about the same as those of the meets on the same island in 1884, '5 and '6, although only about a dozen of the veterans of those years were present this year. Among the strongest delegations were those of the following clubs: Ironquoit, of Rome, N. Y.; Tatassit; Vesper, of Lowell, Mass.; Wawbewawa, of Boston; Toronto, Ottawa, Lachine, New York, Brooklyn, Sing Sing, Yonkers and Rochester.

The camp was lacking in the humorous and picturesque spectacular effects and impromptu side-shows of which Mr. Seavey was of old the chief promoter, and that gentleman's genial

presence was missed by all who had been present at the earlier meets. There was very little of the old night prowling and good-natured marauding of the earlier meets, and fortunately little of the uncouth boisterousness of the later ones. The camp was pre-eminently a social and sociable one, and remarkable only for its excellent management and for the revival of this most delightful recreation.

A long racing programme of thirty-one events was worked off by a patient and industrious regatta committee, consisting of Messrs. E. B. Edwards, Butler Ames, and Vice-Commodore H. D. McVean. There were 13 entries in the trophy race, 12 in the Champlain cup race, 15 in the club sailing-race, and 12 in the unlimited sailing-race. The highest sailing honors were carried off by Chas. E. Archbald, of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club, whose canoe *Mab* was the only sailing canoe of new racing design at the meet. Mr. Archbald won the trophy sailing, the Champlain cup, the Orilla cup, and the unlimited sailing races. The second honors were divided between Paul Butler, Vesper Boat Club, and F. C. Moore, New York Canoe Club. The paddling trophy was won by W. C. Noack, Detroit Boat Club, and R. A. King, Toronto Canoe Club, was second; the former used the sitting and the latter the kneeling position. The details of the races will be published in the next number of the records.

R. B. BURCHARD.

CYCLING.

THE 1896 NATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIPS.

The seventeenth annual meet of the L. A. W., which opened at Louisville, Ky., as OUTING for September went to press, was in every way the most notable in the history of American cycling; and the National championships, run on August 13th, 14th and 15th, were contested by the largest fields of fast riders, both in competition and against time, ever brought together.

For the first time since the strict division of American racing men into amateurs and professionals, both classes met in competition, in accordance with clause (h), 1896 Racing Rules, which reads in part:

"The National Racing Board has decided to set aside the National championships for the purpose of bringing riders of both classes together to determine the champion of all. At no other time and in no other event may an amateur compete with a professional."

Every prominent racing man and record holder, with the exception of John S. Johnson, competed in some of the events of the meet. Cooper, Butler, Becker, Sanger, Bald, Ziegler, Kimble, Callahan, De Cardy, Gardiner, Eaton, Acker, Allen, Kennedy, Ingraham and Fichtner carried off the majority of the honors. Tom Cooper, of Detroit, finished first in four out of the six championships—the third and quarter mile, the two and five miles, but was disqualified in the last, which fell to W. E. Becker, who finished second; while Tom Butler, of Cambridge, Mass., won the half and one mile championships. W. C. Sanger, Nat Butler and several others, although not figuring in the championships, rode some of the best contests in the history of the sport, Sanger's win, from scratch, of the two-mile handicap from a large field, in 4m. 25 2-5s, being, perhaps, the finest single performance of the week.

The summaries of the most important events (finals) follow:

FIRST DAY, AUGUST 13TH.

Mile professional, 2.15 class—J. A. Newhouse, first; E. C. Johnson, second; W. DeCardy, third. Time, 2m. 13 2-5s.

Two-mile handicap, amateur—C. C. Ingraham, 60 yards, first; V. E. Dupré, 50 yards, second. Time, 4m. 54 3-5s.

Mile open, professional—Tom Butler, first; W. C. Sanger, second; Nat. Butler, third. Time, 2m. 3s.

Half-mile open, amateur—C. C. Ingraham, first; E. D. McKeon, second. Time, 1m. 15s.

Mile handicap, professional—Nat Butler, 30 yards, first; A. D. Kennedy, 15 yards, second. Time, 2m. 6s.

Two-mile National championship, amateur and professional—Tom Cooper, first; E. C. Bald, second; J. P. Bliss, third. Time, 4m. 26 3-5s.

SECOND DAY, AUGUST 14TH.

Quarter-mile National championship—Tom Cooper, first; Louis Callahan, second; A. D. Kennedy, third. Time, 32s.

One-third mile National championship—

Tom Cooper, first; Owen Kimble, second; E. C. Bald, third. Time, 44 3-5s.

Mile open, professional—Arthur Gardiner, first; W. C. Sanger, second; Tom Butler, third. Time, 2m. 1s.

One-mile National championship—Tom Butler, first; W. Coburn, second; Louis Callahan, third. Time, 2m. 2 3-5s.

Mile tandem, open—Nat and Tom Butler, first; L. C. Johnson and Ray McDonald, second. Time, 2m. 14 3-5s.

Two-thirds mile open—E. D. Fichtner, first; Karl Thome, second. Time, 1m. 35 4-5s.

Two-mile open—E. W. Peabody, first; W. H. Seaton, second. Time, 5m. 4s.

Five-mile State championship—E. D. Fichtner, first; Stuart Leathers, second. Time, 12m. 50 4-5s.

THIRD DAY, AUGUST 15TH.

Half-mile National championship, first semi-final—Tom Cooper, first; Arthur Gardiner, second. Time, 1m. 12 2-5s.

Second semi-final—E. C. Bald, first; Tom Butler, second. Time, 1m. 8s.

Final—Tom Butler, first; E. C. Bald, second; Arthur Gardiner, third. Time, 1m. 11 1-5s.

One mile handicap, amateur—F. J. Howard, first; C. C. Ingraham, second. Time, 2m. 14 2-5s.

Two-mile Kentucky State championship—W. H. Seaton, first; E. D. Fichtner, second. Time, 5m. 1 3-5s.

One mile open, professional—W. Coburn, first; F. A. Allen, second; E. C. Bald, third. Time, 2m. 19 2-5s.

Two-mile handicap, professional—W. C. Sanger, scratch, first; A. D. Kennedy, 20 yards, second; Louis Callahan, 30 yards, third. Time, 4m. 25 2-5s. (This was the best race of the meet.)

One mile open—C. C. Ingraham, first; W. S. Amberg, second. Time, 2m. 24s.

Five-mile National championship—W. E. Becker, first; E. S. Acker, second; Nat. Butler, third. Time, 12m. 18 2-5s. Tom Cooper, winner, and Louis Callahan, third, disqualified for foul riding.

THE WORLD'S 1896 INTERNATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIPS.

The annual tournament of the International Cycling Association, under whose auspices the International championships are run, was held at Copenhagen, Denmark. Time was when a majority of the International championships, as well as many of those of England, Scotland, Ireland, France and Germany, were attended by our amateurs; but now for the second time, this country has failed to participate in the most important events of the racing year—a fact that does no credit to the enterprise of the governing bodies of American racing.

The one-mile open, world's championship, was a very slow procession, won by a fast sprint in the home stretch. The time of the final heat, three minutes twenty-one and a fraction seconds, is in strange contrast to similar

races that are run at every first-class American tournament in the neighborhood of two minutes.

The summaries :

One mile open, world's championship—First heat—Jacquelin, France, won; C. F. Barden, England, second; M. Lurion, Germany, third. Time, 2m. 38s.

Second heat—Bourillon, France, won; E. Parlbj, England, second; R. A. Vogt, Scotland, third. Time, 3m 3 3-5s.

Third heat—Bourillon, France, won; C. F. Barden, England, second; Jacquelin, France, third. Time, 3m. 21 4-5s.; last lap, 22 3-5s.

Ten-kilometers team race—First heat—C. Ingeman Petersen, Denmark, won; J. Josson, Sweden, second; Leclercq, Belgium, third. Time, 17m. 29s.

Second heat—E. Schrader, Denmark, won; A. Klein, Sweden, second. (The French team retired before the third heat.) Time, 16m. 40 1-5s.

Third heat—Svend Hansen, Denmark, won; Silk, Belgium, second. Time, 16m. 43 1-5s.

Fourth heat (final)—A. Dahl, Denmark, won; Felt, Belgium, second. Time, 18m. 58 1-5s. The trophy of this race, the "Cyclist shield," was won by Denmark with four firsts.

One-mile tandem scratch race—First heat—Gorter and Neibbrig, Holland, won; Leclercq and Wiehelen, Belgium, second; Guillaumet and Cartier, France, third. Time, 2m 5 3-5s.

Second heat—Silk and Felt, Belgium, won; Jensen and Hansen, Denmark, second; Schrader and Nielson, Denmark, third. Time 2m. 16 1-5s.

Third heat (final)—Gorter and Neibbrig won; Leclercq and Wiehelen, second; Silk and Felt, third. Time, 2m 10 1-5s.; last lap, 23 2-5s.

One-mile match race for the world's championship—M. Bourillon, France, won; Harry Reynolds, Ireland, second. Time, 2m. 42s.

One-hundred-kilometers amateur world's championship—M. Ponscarne, France, won; M. Djakoff, England, second; A. Hansen, Denmark, third. Ponscarne's time was 2h. 31m. 13 2-5s.; Djakoff's time, 2h. 34m. 14 2-5s., and Hansen's time, 2h. 41m. 4 3-5s.

One-kilometer handicap—Parlbj, England, won; Huet, Belgium, second. Time, 1m. 16 1-5s.

At a meeting of the International Cycling Association, held at Copenhagen during this tournament, Mr. Franz Netscher (Algemeene Nederlandsche Wielrigdersbond) was elected president, and Mr. Henry Sturmey (National Cyclists' Union, England), who has acted as honorary secretary since the formation of the association, was re-elected.

SPRINGFIELD.

New England's premier cycling tournament, which is annually held by the Springfield, Mass., Bicycle Club, on the Hampden Park track, took place on September 1st, 2d and 3d. The prominent racing men were in attendance, and large and enthusiastic crowds witnessed some of the best competitions of the year. Those who remember Springfield in the golden days of American amateurism cannot but note with regret the preponderance of professional events on the Hampden Park programmes of

the past two years. With such it is not in OUTING'S province to deal.

Summaries of notable amateur competitions at Springfield follow :

WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON, SEPTEMBER 2D.

One mile, open to all amateurs residing within twenty-five miles of Springfield—Final heat, F. I. Elmer, 1; W. E. Tenseler, 2; E. C. Ferree, 3. Time, 2m. 24 2-5s.

Half mile open—Final heat, E. M. Blake, 1; J. Harrison, 2; R. F. Ludwig, 3; Ray Dawson, 4. Time, 1m. 5 4-5s.

One mile open—R. F. Ludwig, 1; C. C. Ingraham, 2; Ray Dawson, 3; J. Harrison, 4. Time, 2m. 35s. Ludwig was disqualified, giving H. E. Caldwell fourth.

One mile handicap—A. M. Curtis (40 yards), 1; F. A. Gately (70 yards), 2; R. M. Alexander (40 yards), 3; H. E. Caldwell (40 yards), 4. Time, 2m. 9 3-5s.

THURSDAY AFTERNOON, SEPTEMBER 3D.

Half-mile open—C. C. Ingraham, 1; A. M. Curtis, 2; J. Harrison, 3. Time, 1m. 3s.

One-half mile handicap—E. M. Blake (15 yards), 1; W. L. Curtis (45 yards), 2; C. C. Ingraham (scratch), 3. Time, 1m. 3-5s.

One mile handicap—F. A. Gately (25 yards), 1; W. L. Curtis (75 yards), 2. Time, 2m. 15 2-5s.

For the first time not a single competitive record was broken during the meet—a fact which demonstrates that bonafide record breaking is to become an event of rare occurrence. The only new time made was an attempt upon the half-mile unpaced triplet record, which was lowered by Ives, Brandenburg and Hedstrom to 53 2-5s.

INTERCOLLEGIATE CYCLING.

Cycle racing is becoming an important intercollegiate sport. For a long time its wheeling events were invariably run in very slow time. The reasons therefor was the scarcity of competitors among college men, the lack of good tracks and of adequate training facilities, and a general though pardonable reluctance to accept the constantly changing rules of the governing bodies. Since the return of the L. A. W. authorities to the old-time standards of amateurism, however, and the assurance of permanent rules of the track, there has been a decided change in this regard; several good courses have been built, and splendid time made at several meetings. Cycle racing deserves a place in intercollegiate athletics, second only to football, and there would seem to be no reason why collegiate records, both in competition and against time, should not be brought within a small margin of those held by the professionals. Such tournaments should equal in enthusiasm the meetings of the L. A. W. National Circuit—with the added, and perhaps unique, interest, of being absolutely free from any suspicion of professionalism.

THE TRANSCONTINENTAL RELAY.

The greatest of all bicycle relays was started from San Francisco, California, at noon on August 25th, and carried, by couriers selected from the best riders along the route, across the Continent, arriving at New York City Hall at 3:29:4 1-5 P. M. on September 7th, making the

actual time, allowing for the difference in longitude, thirteen days, twenty-nine minutes, four and one-fifth seconds. The packet carried contained a dispatch from the Department of California, U. S. A., to the Commanding General, Department of the East, Governor's Island, New York Harbor; and a message from Postmaster McCoppin, of San Francisco, to Postmaster Dayton, of New York.

Two relays had heretofore been run from the Atlantic seaboard to Chicago, but this was the first one to cross the Continent, and it is chiefly valuable as showing the time in which the distance between Chicago and the Pacific Coast, particularly the long stretches over the Rockies and the Sierras, might be covered by military relays in case of emergency. The results of this trial prove conclusively that there is no section of country between the Metropolis of the East and the Golden Gate, which cannot be covered by wheel in better time than can be made by any other means except by train. The daily average from ocean to ocean was slightly over 260 miles.

A schedule of the times at which the principal points on the transcontinental journey were passed, follows:

Left the Department of California, U. S. A., San Francisco, 12 noon, August 25.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 25.

Sacramento, California..... 8.27 p. m.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 26.

Summit, California..... 8.35 a. m.
Reno, Nevada..... 12.43 p. m.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 27.

Humboldt, Nevada..... 6.34 a. m.
Carlin, Nevada..... 11.45 p. m.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 28.

Elko, Nevada..... 3.17 a. m.
Terrace, Utah..... 6.00 p. m.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 29.

Ogden, Utah..... 6.00 a. m.
Carter, Wyoming..... 6.45 p. m.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 30.

Rock Springs, Wyoming..... 5.47 a. m.
Creston, Wyoming..... 3.20 p. m.

MONDAY, AUGUST 31.

Laramie, Wyoming..... 10.28 a. m.
Kimball, Nebraska..... 6.25 p. m.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 1.

North Platte, Nebraska..... 11.14 a. m.
Kearney, Nebraska..... 6.17 p. m.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 2.

Omaha, Nebraska..... 8.15 a. m.
Grand Junction, Iowa..... 8.42 p. m.

Thursday, September 3d, was spent in Iowa and Illinois, much time being lost owing to bad roads and unfavorable weather.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 4.

Chicago, Ill..... 5.05 a. m.
Bryan, Ohio..... 7.30 p. m.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 5.

Toledo, Ohio..... 1.26 a. m.
Erie, Pa..... 7.05 p. m.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 6.

Buffalo, N. Y..... 7.10 a. m.
Utica, N. Y..... 9.20 p. m.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 7.

New York City Hall..... 3.29.04 1-5 p. m.

CYCLING FOR CAMPERS.

Cycling is the best all-around pastime; it blends almost magically with nearly every other amateur sport, to the enjoyment of each of which it adds a distinctive interest. There is scarcely a department of OUTING records that might not have added thereto a miniature cycling supplement, showing the universal adoption of the wheel, and the additional zest given by the use of the light-weight, ever-equipped steed that will fly from fishing camp or canoeing rendezvous to the nearest village and back again, while the morning fires are being started; or as a pleasant and profitable diversion "on shore" when tides or winds are unfavorable, or aquatic sport palls upon the most enthusiastic. The wheel has become a valuable accessory with many devotees of the rod and gun, bearing Sir Nimrod to the fields, woods and waters, and often lending its aid to the transportation of his game toward home or camp.

Cycling-camping trips have been very popular during the summer and autumn of 1896. In fact it would be difficult to find any very great area of natural wonderland, in Europe or in America, not absolutely inaccessible by wheel, that has not had among its quota of summer visitors a fair proportion of touring cyclists of both sexes. Particularly is this true of Central New Hampshire, the Berkshire Hills, Northern New Jersey, Northeastern Pennsylvania, the Highlands of the Hudson, the borderlands of the Lakes from as far west as Southern Michigan and Wisconsin.

The absolute necessities of a camping outfit are not very difficult to transport. The regular triangular case, built to fit in the bicycle's diamond frame, is generally used, supplemented oftentimes by the luggage-carrier on the handle-bars; and if there are three or more in the party, these paraphernalia may be carried with ease. The once popular knapsack is a "personal burden," and experience shows that everything should be carried on the bicycle rather than by the rider himself. Small tents of light gossamer or silk, which fold up into very small and light packages, generally prove sufficient for the ordinary summer or early autumn camping trip. Hardly less indispensable are the light rubber capes, or cycling mackintoshes, which form a nearly perfect protection from the rain while riding, such as "The McCreery," which fits the neck and shoulders, covers the figure, and protects the handle-bars, and when done with can be folded into an insignificant leather holder. Fishing tackle, too, may be easily included in the outfit, and firearms may be strapped to the frame of the wheel as umbrellas are frequently carried.

SIDEWALK RIDING ILLEGAL.

The Supreme Court of Michigan has recently rendered a decision that is of more than passing interest to American wheelmen. It adds a rare precedent to cycle law. A prominent citizen, while riding down hill on a public foot-path, ran into a young woman who was walking ahead of him, seriously injuring her. Suit was brought against the cyclist for damages, charging negligence. In the lower court a

decision was rendered for the defendant on the ground that it was not shown that he was guilty of carelessness. The case was appealed to the supreme bench, where the lower court's verdict was reversed. The important feature of the latter decision is the interpretation of the law, embodied in the opinion of the higher court, in part as follows :

"A bicycle is a vehicle, and the question therefore is, what was the duty of the defendant in passing a pedestrian going in the same direction? His bicycle made no noise and he gave no signal. The road for vehicles was open to him. It is granted that he struck a stone or other obstruction, and that the subsequent injury to the plaintiff was unavoidable. * * * When a cyclist comes up behind a pedestrian, walking where he has a right to walk, and who is unconscious of the former's approach, and the cyclist without warning, strikes him, these circumstances, unexplained, tend to negligence."

It cannot be said that this decision is the result of a prejudice against wheelmen, inasmuch as the chief justice and two of his associates on the bench are enthusiastic cyclists. The point on which the lower court exonerated the wheelman from all blame, was that the accident was due to no fault of his, but to the striking of an unexpected obstacle. The Supreme Court

however ignores this point, and rules entirely on the legality of the cyclist's presence on the sidewalk, holding that any accident resulting from the illegal use of the same "tends to negligence," unless the injured person contributes to the mishap by something more than his mere presence. In this case, carelessness was not charged, and the importance of the decision lies in the ruling that the cyclist will be held liable for any accident caused by riding on illegal paths, whether unavoidable on his part or not. Had the identical mishap taken place on the road, doubtless the supreme bench would have affirmed the ruling of the lower court.

Under certain restrictions the sidepaths of France may be used for wheeling, but American cyclists should fully understand that no such right obtains in the United States ; and in taking them, even in cases of seeming necessity, one should be prepared for an adverse verdict if accident results therefrom. Bicycles are entitled to the same rights and privileges under the common law as other vehicles on the public highways and on paths constructed by wheelmen for their especial use, but nowhere on the sidewalks built and maintained primarily for pedestrians. The above decision is but a strict interpretation of the American law of the road.

THE PROWLER.

CRICKET

The principal event of the past month was the twenty-third annual match between the United States and Canada, played at Philadelphia, September 4th, 5th and 7th, and the result proved somewhat of a surprise to many cricketers on this side of the border, the Canadians winning by a margin of forty runs. Scoring was decidedly low throughout the match, particularly in the first two innings. Our friends in Philadelphia will need considerable brushing up before they meet the Australians. Their form shown in this match will leave them a long way behind against our visitors from the antipodes.

The Canadians started the battery, and were disposed of in fairly easy style for a total of 87. This gave the home team considerable confidence ; but on going to the bat they found themselves at sea in playing the bowling of Laing and McGiverin, who disposed of them for the small total of 52. Laing took 6 wickets for 17 runs, and McGiverin 4 for 24. The Canadians in their second turn at the bat improved on their first innings, and a total of 117 was run up. The home team were left with 153 runs to get to win, but against the bowling of Laing, who was again in remarkably good form, this was too much, and the team were dismissed for a total of 112. Laing in this innings took 8 wickets for 37 runs.

The best bowling for the United States team was done by King and Patterson. In the first innings they took respectively 4 wickets for 38 runs and 6 for 22, and in the second, 6 for 41 and 3 for 40.

The scores follow :

CANADA.

<i>First Innings.</i>	<i>Second Innings.</i>
J. T. McIntosh, b. King.. 0	c. Clark, b. Patterson...13
W. H. Cooper, b. Patterson.....22	c. Wood, b. King.....20
P. C. Goldingham, c. Brown, b. King.....10	b. King.....14
G. S. Lyon, c. Wood, b. Patterson.....23	b. King.....1
J. M. Laing, c. Wood, b. King.....1	b. Patterson.....23
W. A. Henry, b. Patterson 3	c. Clark, b. King.....6
H. Ackland, c. Wood, b. King.....3	c. Patterson, b. King.....12
E. G. Rykert, c. and b. Patterson.....2	not out.....12
W. C. Little, b. Patterson 2	run out.....0
W. E. Dean, c. Clark, b. Patterson.....6	b. King.....1
H. B. McGiverin, not out. 3	c. Biddle, b. Patterson.. 1
Byes.....10	Byes.....12
Wides.....2	Leg byes.....2
Total.....87	Total.....117

UNITED STATES.

<i>First Innings.</i>	<i>Second Innings.</i>
G. S. Patterson, b. McGiverin.....3	b. Laing.....8
J. W. Muir, b. Laing.....3	c. Cooper, b. Laing.....23
W. W. Noble, b. Laing... 0	b. Laing.....1
A. M. Wood, c. and b. McGiverin.....5	b. Laing.....6
F. H. Bohlen, b. McGiverin.....6	b. Laing.....13
L. Biddle, b. Laing.....0	c. Cooper, b. Lyon.....23
E. M. Cregar, b. Laing... 0	b. Laing.....4
J. B. King, b. Laing... 0	c. Lyon, b. Laing.....8
H. I. Brown, c. and b. Laing.....1	b. McGiverin.....3
E. W. Clark, b. McGiverin 9	not out.....18
F. W. Ralston, not out..14	b. Laing.....7
Byes.....7	Byes.....9
Leg byes.....4	Leg byes.....1
Wides.....1	Wides.....1
Total.....52	Total.....112

At the time this issue appears the Australian cricket team of '96 will be playing a series of matches in this country. This year's team is a particularly powerful one in every branch of the game; their batting is of the highest class from one end of the team to the other, and they have every variety of bowling; they have scored victories over all the first-class teams in the old country, including one win against the picked English eleven. No less than eight of the team have passed the century mark once or more times during the tour, so that should a victory be recorded against them here nothing but the highest praise will be due to the winning team.

Of the eleven who are familiar to cricketers here, having played in previous matches, G. H. Trott, H. Trumble, S. E. Gregory, H. Graham, and G. Giffen are in the present team.

THE CHICAGO WANDERERS.

The annual Canadian tour of the Chicago Wanderers was decidedly successful. They won from a strong team at Chatham, Ont. The Wanderers proceeded to London, and there placed another win to their credit by a score of 200 to 79. At Hamilton another victory was gained by the visitors on the first innings, by 119 to 78; but the Wanderers were not equal to the occasion, when at Toronto they met the Toronto Club. Here the visitors lost by a score of 78 to 66. The last match of the tour was played August 20th, at Toronto, against the Rosedale Club. The Wanderers lost by a score of 130 to 98.

At Chicago the contest for the "Walker Cup" has almost drawn to a close; there are a few matches yet left undecided. The games played up to August 22d have resulted as follows:

- Aug. 15.—St. George, 74; Chicago, 12.
 " Wanderers "B," 164; Wanderers "A," 115.
 " St. Lawrence, 11; Pullman, 110.
 Aug. 22.—St. George, 206; St. Lawrence, 11 (for 5 wickets).
 " Pullman, 67; Wanderers "A," 59 (for 5 wickets).

NEW ENGLAND.

During the past month the cricketers of the "Hub" have been more fortunate than players in some of the other sections of the country and have not been prevented from playing by heavy rain. A summary of most of the principal games follows:

- Aug. 1.—Albion, 58; Newton, 55.
 " Zingari, 56; Lowell, 23.
 " Everett, 52; Andover, 40.
 " Boston C. C., 70; Lawrence, 50.
 " Lynn, 108; Boston A. A., 60.
 Aug. 8.—Boston C. C., 110; Lynn, 40.
 " Lawrence, 70; Andover, 46.
 " Worcester, 78; Albion, 59 (for 6 wickets).
 " Everett, 70; Merrimac, 53 (for 6 wickets).
 Aug. 16.—Merrimac, 95; Zingari, 81.
 " Boston C. C., 110; Everett, 18.
 " Lowell, 67; Andover, 39.
 " Brockton, 121; Lynn, 59.
 Aug. 22.—Lawrence, 85; Lowell, 58.
 " Newton, 63; Zingari, 38.
 " Boston C. C., 114; Brockton, 65.
 " Everett, 61; Lynn, 97 (for 4 wickets).
 " Merrimac, 75; Andover, 53.
 Aug. 29.—Boston A. A., 157; Albion, 93 (for 4 wickets).
 " Lawrence, 31; Boston C. C., 57 (for 4 wickets).
 " Lynn, 80 (for 6 wickets); Everett, 31.

NEW YORK.

The results of the New York Cricket As-

sociation games played up to September 12th were as follows:

- Aug. 15.—Harlem, 40; Paterson, 47.
 " Brooklyn, 53; Manhattan, 150 (for 6 wickets).
 " Kings County St. George, 73; St. George, 30.
 " Columbia, 100; New Jersey, 19.
 Aug. 22.—Paterson, 99; Harlem, 40.
 " New Jersey forfeited their game to Manhattan.
 " Columbia-Kings County St. George game was postponed on account of heavy rain.
 Aug. 29.—Harlem, 31; Columbia, 24.
 " New Jersey, 174 (for 4 wickets); Kings County St. George, 50.
 " Paterson, 176; St. George A. C., 51.
 Sept. 7.—Brooklyn 17; Harlem 60.
 " 12.—Manhattan 90; St. George A. C. 25.
 " Columbia forfeited to Paterson.

Heavy rain prevented the finishing of any of the games scheduled for September 5th.

In the Metropolitan District League the New Jersey A. C. have come out well ahead with eight straight wins; Manhattan and Staten Island are tied for second with five wins and three lost games.

The result of the games played up to September 12th was as follows:

- Aug. 15.—Staten Island, 113; New Jersey A. C., 156 (for 5 wickets).
 " Manhattan, 137 (for 6 wickets); New York, 28.
 Aug. 22.—New Jersey, 117; Manhattan, 77.
 " Staten Island and Crescent A. C. game was postponed on account of rain.
 Aug. 29.—Crescent A. C., 31; Manhattan, 184.
 Sept. 12.—Staten Island, 209 for 6 wickets; New York 111.
 T. C. TURNER.

PACIFIC COAST.

The Bohemia-Pacific match played on July 12th at Alameda was easily won by the Bohemia team, which scored 176 runs. Of this total, W. Robertson made 106, not out. Against this score the Pacific men put together only 37, H. Richardson, 13, being the only man to gain double figures; W. Robertson took 6 wickets for 17 runs, three of them with consecutive balls.

The Alameda-California match at Klinkner-ville, on July 12th, resulted in a draw. The Alameda team, scored 242 runs for 8 wickets, the highest individual score being R. B. Hogue's 89. The California team made only 73 for 7 wickets, the principal contributor being J. Guild, 20.

The only "Cup Match" for July 19th was the California-Pacific game, at Klinkner-ville. The California team went to the wickets first, and were all out for 96, W. Guild's 43 being the best score. The Pacific eleven ran up a total of 343 runs, to which H. Richardson, not out, contributed the fine score of 208.

At Alameda, on July 19th, the Alameda team played a visiting eleven from San José. Going in first, the home team made 196 for 7 wickets, to which E. G. Sloman, contributed 114, not out. The visitors could put together only 42, and so lost by 154.

On July 26th, the Bohemia-Alameda match was played at Alameda. Bohemia scored 85 runs, to which W. Robertson contributed 57. Of the Alameda team not one got double figures, and the innings closed for the paltry total of 22 runs.

On August 2d, the Pacific-Alameda match at the Alameda ground resulted, after a very closely contested game, in a victory for the

Pacific team by 6 runs, the Pacific total being 124, and the Alameda total 118.

On August 2d, the Bohemia-California match at the Golden Gate ground was easily won by the former, with 196 runs to 90.

On August 9th, in the Bohemia-Pacific match at the Golden Gate ground, W. Robertson compiled the fine score of 132 out of the Bohemia's total of 244. The Pacific team made only 73.

On August 9th, at the Alameda ground, Alameda easily defeated California. The Alameda total was 175. The California total 66.

On August 16th, the Pacific-California match was won by the former with a score of 127 to 80 runs.

There was no cup match at Alameda on August 16th, but a team of Alameda Jun-

iors defeated a team of Bohemia Juniors with a score of 110 runs to 60.

On August 23d, the Bohemia-Alameda match on the Golden Gate ground was won easily by the former. The Bohemia total was 138, to 91 made by the Alamedas. The Bohemia team is now certain to win the "Hunter Harrison Cup" this season.

It is hoped that arrangements may be completed for the Australian cricket eleven, on its return from England via San Francisco, to play against an All-California team. A very good team could be put in the field from the local clubs, and such a match would increase the enthusiasm, which is already high, for the fine old game,

ARTHUR, INKERSLEY.

LAWN TENNIS.

The sixteenth annual contest for the singles championship of America began August 18th, on the courts of the Newport Casino, and on the morning of the same day occurred the final match in doubles. The challengers in the latter event, which proved a well-advised supplement to the preliminary singles, were C. and S. R. Neel. Having won the Western championship at Chicago and the Eastern doubles at Narragansett, this well-practiced pair opposed Wrenn and Chace, men of greater strength severally, yet jointly unable to withstand the attacks of the well-mated brothers.

At the outset Wrenn and Chace adopted lobbing or defensive tactics, presuming that by this method the Neel brothers would be kept back for the most part or that in striving to come to the net they would make the error of losing their relative positions and thus open themselves to effective driving. So completely did this plan fail by short lobs and by the caution and skill of the Western experts, that the first set was easily won by the latter. The second was taken by Wrenn and Chace, by the weak plays of Carr Neel, who, however, resumed his good form in the third set and combined quick and brilliant strokes with the same care and accuracy which was used by his brother throughout the match. After losing the fourth set the Western team went in to the deciding set with more aggressiveness, whereas, to the surprise of many, the Eastern men clung to their lobbing methods, although a brisk wind had risen which made effective lobbing out of the question. It was, therefore, not a defeat for the lobbing tactics so much as it was a victory for sharp net play by two men long practiced in systematic and steady team-work.

Meanwhile the preliminary matches for the singles championship had begun with few important results, although the contest of five sets between Lee and Lieutenant Bethel and that between Davidson and Davis were noteworthy as displaying good tennis. In the afternoon Wrenn, after his hard match in doubles, met Hallowell, a player of less skill. The latter had the match well in hand but sacrificed it rather than put his fatigued opponent out of the race. The generosity of this act is certainly to be commended from a sentimental point of

view, yet OUTING is too staunch a supporter of amateur sport not to call attention to the fact that in a contest a man should do his best to win and not allow his generous nature to tamper with the natural course of events. In the second round occurred what a redundant but esteemed contemporary calls an "unlooked-for surprise," namely, the defeat of Ware, of Harvard, by Sheldon, of Yale. The match was a close one, and Sheldon by covering his court well and displaying coolness and pluck at most critical points gained a well-merited victory. In the same round Larned defeated Lee, and Budlong succumbed to Stevens much more easily than was anticipated. Four matches were played on the fourth day; Larned took three straight from Whitman, Fisher won from Sheldon, R. D. Wrenn beat G. L. Wrenn with ease, and Neel defeated Stevens. The last match was exceptionally fine, displaying the accurate ground strokes of Stevens and the superior volleying of the Western champion. The analysis of strokes showed that Stevens passed his opponent with great frequency, and although he took only one set he gained a good share of the points. In the semi-final round Larned made easy work of Fisher, and Wrenn defeated Neel after an exhibition of unusually brilliant tennis. Neel tried to smash everything, while Wrenn lobbed until the right moment came to take his opponent at a disadvantage. The play was brisk throughout, and was eminently a contest of judgment and skill combined in which Wrenn displayed the greater judgment to the very finish.

These results brought Wrenn and Larned into the final which was played August 24th. The skill of Larned was never better exhibited than it was during the first two sets of this match. His strokes were perfectly executed and his coolness and judgment seemed to assure a victory. In the next two sets, however, he seemed less aggressive, and with caution came uncertainty. While Larned became erratic in his play, Wrenn kept up his steady game, returning everything and losing no opportunities, which became more and more frequent as his opponent lost confidence. In short, Larned played his game in the first two sets and Wrenn played his from start to finish.

It was pluck, persistency and endurance, against superior execution of strokes made less effective by lack of dash and confidence. Wrenn had so improved during his play at Newport that after he had beaten Larned he was quite the favorite for the championship. When he met Hovey on August 25th, he played with more aggressiveness than in his match with Larned. His strokes were more accurate and the lobbing that had been short in his doubles match now fell with precision well back on the base line. It cannot be said that Hovey played poorly at any time during the five hard sets, yet it was evident that Wrenn's aggressive net play surprised him and often prevented his usual display of quick and effective volleying. It was commendable that Wrenn, as an ex-champion, should have entered the all-comers, although at the time in not his best form, and it is much to his honor and to the good of tennis that such a player should so valiantly have discarded his title of ex-champion.

SCORES.

Doubles; championship—C. B. and R. S. Neel (challengers), beat R. D. Wrenn and M. G. Chace (holders), 6-2, 1-6, 6-1, 3-6, 6-1.

Singles; preliminary—C. R. Budlong beat A. W. Post, 7-5, 6-4, 6-2; R. Stevens beat W. C. Grant, 6-2, 6-3, 6-3; G. H. Miles beat R. H. Palmer, 8-6, 6-1, 6-1; C. M. Pope beat H. Cleveland, 9-7, 7-5, 6-2; J. P. Paret beat Cordier by default; A. Hawes beat J. M. Walton, 6-1, 4-6, 6-3, 6-2; G. L. Wrenn beat L. H. Turner, 6-1, 6-1, 6-2; C. A. Gould beat H. E. Avery, 2-6, 6-2, 7-5, 6-3; E. Wrenn beat W. J. Clothier, 6-1, 6-2, 6-0; R. D. Wrenn beat N. P. Hallowell, 7-9, 3-6, 6-1, 6-1, 6-3; D. Davis beat J. C. Davidson, 6-4, 6-3, 6-2; E. Stillè beat S. Ward, 9-7, 6-4, 4-6, 6-2; W. A. Larned beat D. Miller, 6-4, 6-3, 6-3; G. W. Lee beat W. A. Bethel, 3-6, 6-4, 6-4, 6-8, 6-3; J. K. Willing beat E. A. Thomson by default; M. D. Whitman beat J. F. Talmage, Jr., 6-1, 6-4, 6-3; C. Cleveland beat A. Leslie, 6-4, 8-6, 6-0; H. Ward beat L. J. Grant, 6-1, 6-3, 6-2; R. P. Davis beat W. Reese, 6-3, 6-1, 6-3; G. P. Sheldon, Jr., beat K. Horton, 7-5, 6-3, 8-6; J. C. Neely beat R.

T. Parke, 4-6, 6-1, 6-2, 9-7; L. E. Ware beat R. Fincke, 6-1, 8-6, 6-2.

First round—C. B. Neel beat J. Carpenter, 6-1, 6-2, 6-2; C. Cragin beat E. Lynman, 3-6, 7-5, 6-3, 5-7, 6-3; Budlong beat F. Stevens, 6-2, 6-1, 6-1; R. Stevens beat Miles, 6-4, 6-1, 6-1; Paret beat Pope, 6-3, 6-2, 6-3; G. L. Wrenn beat Hawes, 6-4, 7-9, 6-4, 6-1; E. Wrenn beat Gould, 6-0, 6-1, 6-0; R. D. Wrenn beat Davis, 6-1, 6-8, 9-7, 6-2; Larned beat Stillè, 6-3, 6-4, 6-0; Lee beat Willing, 6-3, 8-6, 6-2; Whitman beat Cleveland, 6-0, 6-2, 6-0; Ward beat Davis, 2-6, 8-6, 6-4, 4-6, 6-2; Sheldon beat Neely, 4-6, 6-2, 6-4, 6-2; Ware beat Edwards, 6-2, 6-0, 6-2; Carleton beat Brownell by default; Fischer beat Jordan, 6-1, 6-3, 6-2.

Second round—Neel beat Cragin, 6-4, 6-2, 6-4; Stevens beat Budlong, 6-4, 0-6, 6-4, 6-4; G. Wrenn beat Paret, 6-1, 6-0, 6-3; R. D. Wrenn beat E. Wrenn, 6-4, 6-4, 12-10; Larned beat Lee, 6-4, 6-2, 6-4; Whitman beat Ward, 6-3, 6-2, 6-0; Sheldon beat Ware, 6-1, 6-8, 6-4, 3-6, 8-6; Fischer beat Carleton, 6-3, 6-1, 3-6, 6-0.

Third round—Neel beat Stevens, 6-4, 6-0, 7-9, 9-7; R. D. Wrenn beat G. L. Wrenn, 2-6, 9-7, 7-5, 9-7; Larned beat Whitman, 6-4, 6-1, 6-2; Fischer beat Sheldon, 6-4, 7-5, 2-6, 8-6.

Fourth round—R. D. Wrenn beat Neel, 2-6, 14-12, 4-6, 6-4, 6-1; Larned beat Fischer, 6-1, 6-2, 6-1.

Final—Wrenn beat Larned, 4-6, 3-6, 6-4, 6-4, 6-3.

Championship—R. D. Wrenn (challenger) beat F. H. Hovey (holder), 7-5, 3-6, 6-0, 1-6, 6-1.

Interscholastic Championship; preliminary—Fincke (Yale) beat Turner (University of Chicago), 6-4, 6-2, 6-8, 6-2; Walton (Columbia) beat Beggs (Princeton) by default. First round—Fincke beat Willing (University of Pennsylvania), 6-2, 6-1, 5-7, 6-4; Edwards (Harvard) beat Walton, 6-1, 6-0, 6-3. Final—Fincke (Yale) beat Edwards (Harvard), 6-2, 6-4, 2-6, 6-4.

Consolation; final—J. F. Talmage, Jr., beat W. K. Willing, 6-2, 6-1.

F. A. KELLOGG.

GOLF.

INTERNATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP.

These contests attracted the largest gathering of golfers ever seen at Niagara. The weather on the second day, September 3d, when the first and second rounds of the Championship were played, was wet, and the links in bad condition in consequence.

FIRST ROUND.

Hedstrom, of Buffalo, played Kennedy, of Chicago. Kennedy won by 7 up and 6 to play.

Craig Powers, of Rochester, played E. A. Bell, of Buffalo. Powers won by 5 up and 4 to play.

Scott, of Chicago, played J. Gail Dickson, of Niagara. Dickson won by default.

C. B. Hudson, of Rochester, played S. Gordon, of Coburg. Gordon won by 4 up and 2 to play.

Captain Dickson, of Niagara, played F. G. Curtis, of Rochester. Curtis won by 1 up.

SECOND ROUND.

V. Shaw Kennedy, of Chicago, played J. Anstier, of Rochester. Kennedy won by 4 up and 3 to play.

H. R. Sweeny played Craig Powers, of Rochester. Sweeny won by 2 up and 1 to play.

J. Gail Dickson, of Niagara, played S. Gordon, of Coburg. Dickson won by 6 up and 3 to play.

W. J. Curtis, of Rochester, played F. G. Pattison, of Musselburgh, Scotland. Curtis won by 5 up and 4 to play.

SEMI-FINAL.

V. Shaw Kennedy beat H. R. Sweeny by 2 up and 1 to play. R. H. Dickson beat G. F. Curtis by 4 up and 2 to play.

FINAL.

R. H. Dickson beat V. Shaw Kennedy.

WOMEN'S CHAMPIONSHIP.

The following is the official announcement for the Women's Championship of 1896:

The women's champion golf competition for the championship of the United States, open to all women golfers belonging to clubs which are members of the United States Golf Association, will be commenced on the links of the Morris County Golf Club on Tuesday, October 6th, at 11 A. M., when the "Robert Cox Trophy" and four medals will be competed for under the rules of the United States Golf Association.

The winner of the competition shall be the champion woman golfer for the year, and the trophy shall be held for that year by the club from which the winner shall have entered.

The winners shall receive: The first, a gold medal; the second, a silver medal; the third and fourth, bronze medals.

The competition shall be played in this manner:

The contestants shall first play 18 holes medal play. The best 8 scores shall then be taken and the contestants making these scores shall then play 18 holes match play until but two competitors remain; who, upon a separate day, shall play the final game, consisting of 18 holes match play.

Competitors shall enter for the championship through the secretaries of their respective clubs, and an entrance fee of \$5 must accompany each entry, and must be received by the secretary of the association not later than 6 P. M. on Tuesday, September 29th.

All entries are subject to the approval of the executive committee of this association.

All disputes shall be settled by the executive committee of this association, whose decision shall be final.

Contestants paying their entrance money shall be considered thereby to have submitted themselves to the rules of the association, both as to restrictions enjoined and penalties imposed. On these conditions alone they are entitled to enjoy all the privileges and advantages of the association competition.

Essex County Club.—There were sixty players in the handicap match, Saturday, August 29th. They were divided into three classes, A, B and C. The winners in the respective classes and their net scores are appended.

CLASS A.

Clay A. Pierce, gross 94, handicap 9, net 85; Philip H. McMillan, 105, 18, 87; John D. MacLennan, 106, 18, 88; Thomas B. Gannett, Jr., 92, 4, 88; Miss Sargent, 107, 16, 89; James McMillan, 107, 16, 91; Richard H. Dana, 102, 10, 92; Allen Curtis, 110, 18, 92; Francis Amory, 96, 3, 93; Samuel Carr, 105, 12, 93; George E. Cabot, 105, 12, 93; Quincy A. Shaw, Jr., 94, scratch, 94; J. Warren Marcell, 113, 18, 95; Robert C. Hooper, 105, 18, 97; George McC. Sargent, 101, 3, 98; Lester Lelan, 115, 97; James F. Curtis, 102, 3, 99; Amory Eliot, 118, 18, 100; William J. Boardman, 119, 18, 101; Stephen H. Bennet, 106, 4, 102; G. S. Curtis, Jr., 112, 10, 102; Frazier Curtis, 112, 10, 102; Moses B. L. Bradford, 112, 8, 104; Chas. Shanks, 122, 14, 108; W. B. Thomas, 120, 8, 112.

CLASS B.

Randolph F. Tucker, gross 99, handicap 5, net, 94; William A. Tucker, 112, 18, 94; Francis W. Pabyan, 111, 8, 103; George P. Sanger, 113, 10, 103; Francis Rallena, 116, 13, 103; William C. McMillan, 118, 15, 103; Charles J. Morse, 110, 5, 105; W. L. Putnam, 111, 5, 106; Gerard Bement, 115, 8, 107; T. Jefferson Coolidge, Jr., 116, 7, 109; R. L. Raymond, 118, 9, 109; Eugene V. R. Thayer, 127, 18, 109; Harry L. Ayer, 120, 10, 110; Mrs. J. Warren Merrill, 121, 10, 111; Charles Pfaff, 118, 5, 113; John S. Ames, 122, 5, 117; Edward S. Grew, 138, 18, 120; William Hooper, 122, scratch, 122; E. D. Bangs, 147, 18, 129; Reginald Baldwin, 141, scratch, 141.

Walter D. Denegre, Thomas McKee, J. Hurd Hutchins, G. Gannett Wells, no returns.

CLASS C.

Mortimer B. Mason, gross 117, handicap 12, net 105; Dunlap Smith, 120, 8, 112; H. C. Pierce, 127, 15, 112; George F. Brown, Jr., 132, 18, 114; William Endicott, 3d, 124, 8, 116; Francis R. Spalding, 128, 2, 126; Roy F. York, 141, 8, 133; F. Blackwood Fay, 140, scratch, 140; T. Dennie Boardman, 143, scratch, 143; Edward Robinson, H. S. Washington, no returns.

The women's handicap golf tournament, Tuesday, September 1st, was remarkable. Twenty-five players drove off from the first tee. The players were divided into three classes, A, B and C. The result was:

CLASS A.

Miss C. S. Gannett, gross, 117; handicap 12; net, 105; Mrs. W. B. Thomas, 132, 18, 114; Miss Sargent, 116, scratch, 116; Miss C. E. Longworth, 138, 22, 116; Mrs. J. W. Merrill, 131, 15, 116; Miss M. Boardman, 128, 12, 116. Miss Elinor Curtis, no returns.

CLASS B.

Miss M. Tucker, gross 146, handicap 27, net 119; Miss P. Boardman, 144, 15, 129; Mrs. E. A. Boardman, 146, 16, 130; Miss L. Curtis, 137, 7, 130; Mrs. C. E. Inches, 153, 27, 131; Mrs. E. Robinson, 156, 25, 131; Mrs. E. Richards, 163, 27, 136; Miss P. M. Hamlin, 153, 5, 148; Mrs. W. M. Richardson, 153, 5, 148; Miss E. Tucker, 176, 27, 149; Miss H. Curtis, 154, scratch, 154; Miss L. Finlay, 183, 27, 156. Mrs. T. Coolidge, Jr., no returns.

CLASS C.

Mrs. F. R. Spalding, gross 153, handicap 20, net 133; Mrs. E. B. Haron, 159, scratch, 159; Mrs. R. J. Monks, 195, 27, 168. Miss M. Longworth and Mrs. C. F. Hutchins, no returns.

Englewood, N. J.—The MacKay Cups were played for on Saturday, August 29th. The men played 18 holes, the women 9.

MEN'S COMPETITION.

C. B. Kell, gross 105, handicap 11, net 94; H. Banks, 122, 27, 95; M. Campbell, 109, 13, 96; F. Enos, 117, 18, 99; S. Mowry, 114, 15, 99; J. H. Sherwood, 116, 13, 103; H. W. Banks, 114, 11, 103; J. M. Woolsey, 117, 13, 104; Dr. J. A. Wells, 118, 13, 105; H. L. Dawes, 124, 18, 106; Edgar Booth, 118, 11, 107; W. W. Burritt, 133, 25, 108; A. Coppell, 122, 13, 109; J. P. Dodd, 127, 18, 109; W. C. Van Antwerp, 110, scratch, 110; E. H. Jewett, 123, 13, 110; J. W. Loveland, 131, 20, 111; W. M. Dulles, Jr., 139, 27, 112; G. Lydecker, 130, 18, 112; W. E. Rockwood, 128, 15, 113; O. D. Smith, 136, 18, 118.

WOMEN'S COMPETITION.

Mrs. J. A. Wells, gross 94, handicap 30, net 64; Miss Guthrie, 81, 12, 69; Mrs. H. A. Ogden, 95, 25, 70; Miss Fanny Clark, 96, 25, 71; Mrs. F. Enos, 85, 12, 73; Mrs. H. W. Banks, Jr., 83, 10, 73; Miss Mitchell, 99, 25, 74; Mrs. George Humphrey, 92, 18, 74; Mrs. Hardy Banks, 107, 30, 77; Mrs. Van Antwerp, 93, 12, 81; Miss Anabel Green, 80, scratch, 80; Mrs. Reinmund, 88, 10, 78; Miss Gulliver, 122, 30, 92.

Sadaguada Club.—The "Holiday Handicap" Cup was played for again on Labor Day, and won by Joseph R. Swan, Jr. Following is a summary of the competing players' scores:

W. S. Doolittle, gross 123, handicap 5, net 118; F. S. Kellogg, 129, 5, 124; A. C. Cox, Jr., 135, 10, 125; F. K. Quin, 137, 10, 127; J. F. Kernan, 125, 10, 115; J. R. Goodale, 135, 10, 125; W. N. Kernan, 106, 0, 106; W. J. Kernan, 115, 0, 115; H. S. Patten, 111, 0, 111; L. W. Kernan, 110, 0, 110; Frank L. Jones, 155, 25, 130; Warnick J. Kernan, 122, 5, 117; William Kernan, Jr., 113, 5, 108; C. F. Marklove, 111, 5, 106; F. C. Walcott, 119, 0, 119; Reginald Kernan, 123, 5, 118; C. H. Yates, 116, 0, 116; P. J. McQuade, 165, 20, 145; T. S. Parker, 138, 15, 123; C. W. Lyman, 149, 10, 139; T. P. Kernan, 141, 20, 121; J. R. Swan, Jr., 112, 10, 102; J. A. Kernan, 146, 10, 136; C. A. Talcott, 150, 25, 125; N. E. Devereux, 145, 25, 120.

Adirondacks.—A pastime that is not of the rod and gun, and yet has found a congenial home in the Adirondacks in the summer time, can be no other than golf; and worthily does

the Cobble Hill Golf Club, of Elizabethtown, of which Judge Gildersleeve, of New York, is president, uphold the craft and its own hospitality. On August 29th it welcomed and was defeated by a foursome from St. Hubert's Inn by 22 strokes.

Newport.—Teams of five representing the Shinnecock Hills and Newport Golf Clubs played a match August 29th. The home team won. The summary :

NEWPORT.		SHINNECOCK.	
<i>Holes Up.</i>		<i>Holes Up.</i>	
W. Rutherford..... 0		G. C. Clark..... 1	
A. M. Coats..... 3		T. W. Robertson..... 0	
F. C. Havemeyer..... 1		W. R. Betts..... 0	
J. A. Stillman..... 0		H. G. Trevor..... 1	
Victor Sorchan..... 6		Holbrook Curtis..... 0	
Total..... 10		Total..... 2	

The foursomes competition for amateurs was begun Tuesday, September 1st, and resulted as follows :

FIRST DRAW.

James A. Tyng and H. P. Toler, of Baltusrol, beat James A. Stillman and Reginald Brooks, of Newport, 4 up and 2 to play.

Jasper Lynch and Beverley Ward, Jr., of Lakewood, beat Winthrop Rutherford and A. M. Coats, of Newport, 6 up and 5 to play.

A. Barker and W. L. Mauran, of Agawam, beat Victor Sorchan and F. O. Beach, of Newport, 2 up and 1 to play.

H. R. Winthrop and Roderick Terry, Jr., of Newport, beat G. M. Smith and William Gammell, of Agawam, 8 up and 6 to play.

Holbrook Curtis and L. C. Murdock, of Shinnecock, beat James L. Breese and Grenville Kane, of Tuxedo, 3 up and 2 to play.

H. O. Havemeyer, Jr., and F. C. Havemeyer, of Newport, and Quincy A. Shaw, Jr., and N. Longworth, of Myopia, drew byes.

SECOND DRAW.

Tyng and Toler beat Lynch and Ward, 7 up and 5 to play.

Betts and Clark beat Shaw and Longworth, 3 up and 2 to play.

Havemeyer and Havemeyer beat Barker and Mauran, 3 up and 1 to play.

Curtis and Murdock beat Winthrop and Terry, 1 up

SEMI-FINALS.

James A. Tyng and H. P. Toler, of Baltusrol, beat W. R. Betts and G. O. Clark, Jr., of Shinnecock, 3 up and 2 to play.

H. O. Havemeyer, Jr., and Frederick Havemeyer, of Newport, beat Holbrook Curtis and L. C. Murdock, of Shinnecock, 7 up and 6 to play.

FINALS.

Havemeyer and Havemeyer beat Tyng and Toler, 3 up and 1 to play.

C. TURNER.

EQUESTRIANISM.

POLO.

Polo has witnessed during the past summer its most successful season in this country—a season which was brought to a triumphant climax, although it did not close then, by the championship games for the Astor gold cup at Prospect Park Parade Grounds, Brooklyn, reports of which are given below. This event, together with the tournament of the Riding and Driving Club of Brooklyn, which is also played at the Prospect Park Parade Grounds, are both entirely free to the public, as there is no grand stand and no admission is charged.

The contest for the Astor Cup drew to the Prospect Park Parade Grounds the largest and most fashionable gathering that ever graced an athletic contest. On the first two days the circuit of the field was encompassed by not less than twenty thousand spectators and an array of carriages for which no parallel can be found, and at the final contest, September 14th, it was estimated that thirty thousand were present. The contest on Tuesday, September 8th, was : Meadowbrook Club, Westbury, L. I., (colors, sky blue,) represented by Mr. W. C. Eustis, Mr. C. C. Baldwin, Jr., Mr. Thos. Hitchcock, Jr., and Mr. Benjamin Nicoll, *versus* Myopia Hunt Club, Hamilton, Mass., (colors, light blue, white sash and cap,) represented by Mr. A. P. Gardner, Mr. R. L. Agassiz, Mr. R. G. Shaw, 2d, and Mr. F. Blackwood Fay. The results follow :

FIRST PERIOD.

<i>Goals, Player and Club.</i>	<i>Minutes.</i>
First—Gardner, Myopia.....	8¾
Second—Hitchcock, Meadowbrook.....	4
Third—Eustis, Meadowbrook.....	4½
Fourth—Baldwin, Meadowbrook.....	1½
Fifth—Hitchcock, Meadowbrook.....	2¾

Meadowbrook, 4; Myopia, 2.

SECOND PERIOD.

First—Shaw, Myopia.....	1¾
Second—Gardner, Myopia.....	5
Third—Nicoll, Meadowbrook.....	2

Meadowbrook, 1; Myopia, 3.

THIRD PERIOD.

First—Shaw, Myopia.....	4
Second—Eustis, Meadowbrook.....	7½
Third—Baldwin, Meadowbrook.....	2

Meadowbrook, 2; Myopia, 1.
Summary: Meadowbrook 7, less ¼ safety, 6¾; Myopia 4, less ¼ penalty, 3¾. Referee—John E. Cowdin, Rockaway.

The contest on the second day, Wednesday, Sept. 9th, was Rockaway Club, Cedarhurst, L. I., (colors, dark blue,) represented by Mr. J. S. Stevens, Mr. Foxhall Keene, Mr. J. E. Cowdin, and Mr. G. P. Eustis, *versus* Buffalo Country Club, Buffalo, N. Y., (colors, white, red sash and cap,) represented by Dr. Charles Cary, Mr. Thomas Cary, Mr. Seward Cary, and Mr. H. T. Davis, with the following results :

FIRST PERIOD.

<i>Goal.</i>	<i>Player and Club.</i>	<i>Minutes.</i>
First.....	Cowdin Rockaway.....	½
Second.....	Cowdin, Rockaway.....	3¾
Third.....	Keene, Rockaway.....	4½
Fourth.....	Stevens, Rockaway.....	3¾
Fifth.....	Cowdin, Rockaway.....	2½
Sixth.....	Stevens, Rockaway.....	2

Rockaway, 6; Buffalo, ¾ penalties.

SECOND PERIOD.

First.....	Dr. Cary, Buffalo.....	1¾
Second.....	Keene, Rockaway.....	4
Third.....	Keene, Rockaway.....	1½
Fourth.....	Cowdin, Rockaway.....	4
Fifth.....	Stevens, Rockaway.....	3¾
Sixth.....	Keene, Rockaway.....	2
Seventh.....	Keene, Rockaway.....	2

Rockaway, 6; Buffalo, 1.

THIRD PERIOD.

First.....	Cowdin, Rockaway.....	1
Second.....	Stevens, Rockaway.....	$\frac{3}{4}$
Third.....	Dr. Cary, Buffalo.....	2
Fourth.....	Stevens, Rockaway.....	$\frac{1}{4}$
Fifth.....	Keene, Rockaway.....	$1\frac{1}{2}$
Sixth.....	Keene, Rockaway.....	$4\frac{3}{4}$
Seventh.....	Cowdin, Rockaway.....	$4\frac{3}{4}$
Eighth.....	Cowdin, Rockaway.....	$4\frac{3}{4}$
Ninth.....	Stevens, Rockaway.....	$\frac{1}{4}$

Rockaway, 8; Buffalo, 1.
 Summary: Rockaway, 20 goals; Buffalo, 2 goals, less $\frac{3}{4}$ by safety penalties, $1\frac{1}{4}$ goals.

Referee—F. J. Mackey, Chicago. Time-keepers—Dr. H. A. Souther, Hingham, and E. C. Goadby, Rockaway.

The cup was won by the Rockaway Club on Tuesday, September 14th, before an audience estimated at 30,000. The contest was keen, and sustained to the end, each club scoring eight goals, and Rockaway winning by the slightest margin on penalties.

Following is the score in detail :

FIRST PERIOD.

	<i>Minutes.</i>
First goal—Stevens, Rockaway.....	4 $\frac{1}{2}$
(Safeties against Hitchcock and Nicoll.)	
Second goal—Stevens, Rockaway.....	3 $\frac{1}{2}$
Third goal—Baldwin, Meadowbrook.....	1 $\frac{3}{4}$
Fourth goal—Cowdin, Rockaway.....	3 $\frac{1}{4}$
Fifth goal—Keene, Rockaway.....	6 $\frac{3}{4}$
(Foul against Nicoll.)	
Sixth goal—Nicoll, Meadowbrook.....	$\frac{1}{2}$
(Safety against Cowdin.)	
Score for period—Rockaway, 3 $\frac{3}{4}$; Meadowbrook, 1.	

SECOND PERIOD

First goal—Baldwin, Meadowbrook.....	1 $\frac{3}{4}$
Second goal—W. C. Eustis, Meadowbrook.....	1 $\frac{1}{2}$
Third goal—W. C. Eustis, Meadowbrook.....	$\frac{3}{4}$
Fourth goal—Stevens, Rockaway.....	8 $\frac{1}{2}$
(Foul against Hitchcock.)	
Fifth goal—Cowdin, Rockaway.....	2 $\frac{1}{2}$
(Safety against Baldwin.)	
Score for period—Meadowbrook, 1 $\frac{1}{4}$; Rockaway, 2.	

THIRD PERIOD.

First goal—Hitchcock, Meadowbrook.....	2 $\frac{3}{4}$
Second goal—Hitchcock, Meadowbrook.....	$\frac{3}{4}$
Third goal—Cowdin, Rockaway.....	8 $\frac{3}{4}$
(Foul against G. Eustis.)	
Fourth goal—Nicoll, Meadowbrook.....	1 $\frac{1}{2}$
Fifth goal—Stevens, Rockaway.....	8
(Safety against Cowdin.)	
(5 $\frac{1}{2}$ minutes play, no goal, to time.)	
Score for period—Meadowbrook, 3; Rockaway, 1 $\frac{1}{4}$.	
Summary—Meadowbrook, by play, 8; less penalties, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$; total, 6 $\frac{1}{4}$. Rockaway, by play, 8; less 1 goal penalty; total, 7.	

Dr. Charles Cary, of Buffalo, acted as referee, while Harry Hamlin and Dr. Southard officiated as timekeepers.

The Astor Cup was presented by Wm. Waldorf Astor, Esq., through the Tuxedo Club. It is to be held one year only by the winning team. Individual prizes are added by the Polo Association. The contest is open to teams of four representing any club in the Polo Association, and the cup is to be played for annually as arranged by the committee. No handicap is given or taken.

Paring a polo pony's feet to make him come under the standard height of 14 hands 1 inch is not an uncommon practice by any means, but the method which was used to deceive the official measurer by a South American polo player was much more original than this. When the measurer was about to measure the pony in question he was asked to step into his stall, upon the ground that the boarded floor of the stable would afford the most even surface to be found. It was very dark in the stable,

but there was the pony, and the standard was applied to his withers. It measured 14 hands, which is the South American standard, much to the measurer's surprise, as he had reason to believe the pony was larger. It transpired some time afterward that he had been deceived in this manner: A string was tied to the pony's ears and passed down under his feet, the other end being held by the trainer. When the standard was applied, the trainer simply pulled the string, which caused the pony to crouch, imperceptibly and without bending his legs, a good inch and a half.

COACHING.

The Newport parade of the New York Coaching Club took place at that resort on Saturday, August 22d. The weather was threatening during the morning, but by 12:45, the hour set for the start, the clouds rolled away and the day became an ideal one. Mr. Prescott Lawrence, as the club's president, led off, with Mrs. Lawrence on the box-seat beside him. Mr. and Mrs. H. R. O. Cross, Miss Sherman and Mr. Edward L. Bulkeley were his guests. The remaining ten coaches were occupied as follows:

Mr. O. H. P. Belmont—Mrs. Belmont on the box, Miss Duer, Miss Fair, Mr. Sidney J. Smith, and Mr. Reginald Brooks.

Mr. James J. Van Alen—Mrs. Grinnell on the box, Miss Van Alen, Miss Grinnell, Mr. Lisperand Stewart, and Mr. J. R. Livermore.

Mr. Perry Belmont—Mrs. Henry T. Sloane on the box, Miss Tiffany, Miss Willing, Mr. Henry T. Sloane, and Mr. Hugh Frazer, of the British Embassy.

Mr. Eugene Higgins—Mrs. H. Mortimer Brooks on the box, Miss Edith Blight, Miss Brooks, Mr. Howard Cushing, and Mr. H. M. Brooks.

Mr. J. D. R. Baldwin—Mrs. Arthur Herbert on the box, Miss Baldwin, Mr. and Mrs. C. Albert Stevens, and Mr. Herbert D. Robbins.

Mr. Harold Brown—Mrs. Brown on the box, Miss Minnie Bishop, Miss Mabel Gerry, Mr. John Nicholas Brown, and Mr. Henry R. Taylor.

Mr. W. Watts Sherman—Mrs. Sherman on the box, Mr. and Mrs. H. A. C. Taylor, Miss Taylor, and Mr. and Mrs. Lucius K. Wilmerding.

Mr. Charles F. Havemeyer—Mrs. Havemeyer on the box, Miss Burden, Mr. and Mrs. Henry White, and Mr. Stanley Mortimer.

Mr. Nathaniel Thayer—Mrs. Thayer on the box, Mr. and Mrs. George Von L. Meyer, Miss Daisy Post, and Mr. Theodore Frelinghuysen.

Mr. Ogden Mills—Mrs. Mills on the box, Miss Anna Sands, Miss Alice Blight, Mr. Hamilton W. Cary, and Mr. Center Hitchcock.

THE HORSE SHOW FIXTURES.

National Horse Show Association of America, at Madison Square Garden, New York City, November 6th to 14th inclusive; J. G. Hecksher, Secretary. East Orange Horse Show, at the Riding and Driving Club, East Orange, N. J., November 4th to 7th inclusive; James B. Dill, Secretary. San Francisco Horse Show Association, at San Francisco, Cal., December; George A. Newhall, Secretary.

The number of horse shows has increased so rapidly, especially as regards the smaller two or three day variety, that this summer has

witnessed something like the formation of a regular circuit. Thus from Long Branch to Newport and from Newport to Staten Island, exhibitors have been enabled to conveniently show at each place, and, in many cases, thereby materially reducing traveling expenses.

The exhibition of The Monmouth County Horse Show Association, which took place at Hollywood, Long Branch, August 13th, 14th and 15th, was a great success, although there were some criticisms at the share of ribbons that fell to the dealers. OUTING fully comprehends the tendency. But what is to be done, as the dealers cannot well be excluded. It is safe to say that not one of the larger shows would be a success without the entries and support of the dealers, and even granting that they could—where are you to draw the line?

There may be some fine point of distinction between one gentleman who is the proprietor of a stock farm and who buys and sells horses, and another who conducts the same sort of a business in a sales-stable in the city. Yet this is absolutely the only difference between many horsemen who are accounted amateurs and

others who are rated as dealers. One of the wealthiest horsemen in the country—a man who owns race horses as well as hunters and saddle horses—one who stands very high in the government of the turf, but whose pleasure and convenience it is to sell a number of horses every season—took this bull fairly and squarely by the horns when he entered his horses at the Boston Horse Show, last spring, in certain classes, as a *dealer*. What is a dealer but a man who buys and sells horses for profit? That is the only way it can be defined, and such a definition, if used to exclude dealers, would bar out the very men who are the backbone and the support of the large horse shows.

From the Long Branch Horse Show the scene shifted to the very swell exhibition at Newport, which took place August 27th and 28th. This was a fore-ordained success, and could not possibly have been anything else, taking into consideration the character of America's most fashionable watering place, together with the reputation and ability of the gentlemen who had it in charge.

ALFRED STODDART (RITTENHOUSE).

ROWING.

THE CANADIAN AMATEUR ROWING ASSOCIATION

Their seventeenth annual regatta was rowed August 6th and 7th at Brockville, Ontario. The course on the St. Lawrence River was a mile and a half straightaway against a current which is slow on account of the width of the river at that point. When the rowing began the wind was light and the water smooth, but the conditions grew worse, until it was found necessary to postpone three of the races till next day, when the conditions were favorable.

Junior single-scutt shells—W. Bright, Argonaut Rowing Club, Toronto, Ont., 14m. 58s.; S. Greenwood, Don Amateur R. C., Toronto, 2, by 3 lengths; H. W. A. Dixon, A. R. C., 3.

Intermediate single-scutt shells—P. Kenny, D. A. R. C., 12m. 17½s.; J. Allward, T. R. C., and H. Russell, T. R. C., did not finish.

Senior single-scutt shells; first round; first two in each heat to start in final—First heat, J. O'Connor, D. A. R. C., 13m. 1s.; E. Marsh, Vesper B.C., Philadelphia, Pa., 2, by a length; F. H. Thompson, A. R. C., 3.

Second heat—E. A. Thompson, A. R. C., 11m. 9½s.; L. Marsh, D. R. C., 2; F. Cresser, V. B. C., 3, by half a length. In the first attempt Cresser fouled Marsh at a quarter mile, and the scullers were ordered back for a fresh start.

Final heat—E. A. Thompson, 11m. 54s.; J. O'Connor, 2, by 2 lengths; L. Marsh, 3, by 2 lengths; E. Marsh fainted and upset.

Junior double scull shells—Don Amateur R. C., F. Hogarth (bow), L. Kennedy (stroke), 11m. 41s.; Argonaut R. C., R. W. Haskins (bow), O. Heron (stroke), 2, by 10 lengths.

Senior double-scutt shells—Vesper B. C., E. Marsh (bow), F. Cresser (stroke), 10m. 12¾s.; Toronto R. C., First Crew, A. Jury (bow), J. A. Rumohr (stroke), 2, by 3 lengths; Toronto R. C., Second Crew, J. A. Russell (bow), J. J. Ryan (stroke), 3, by a third of a length.

Pair-oared shells—Argonaut R. C., R. G.

Muntz (bow), G. H. Muntz (stroke), 12m. 15s.; Toronto R. C., J. R. Bennett (bow), J. Smith (stroke), 2.

Junior four-oared shells—Don Amateur R. C., J. Stuart (bow), J. Larkin, J. Delaney, J. Nicholson (stroke), 10m. 28s.; Argonaut R. C., First Crew, A. Morson (bow), D. G. Cole, H. G. Lightbourn, A. L. Eastmure (stroke), 11m. 7½s.; Argonaut R. C., Second Crew, P. E. Ritchie (bow), J. McKenzie, D. R. Mackenzie, L. C. Haskins (stroke), 3.

Intermediate four-oared shells—Argonaut R. C., W. H. Bunting (bow), P. E. MacKenzie, A. J. Boyd, M. B. McCarthy (stroke), 11m. 24s.; Don Amateur R. C., J. Stuart (bow), J. Larkin, J. Delaney, J. Nicholson (stroke), 11m. 35s.

Senior four-oared shells—Winnipeg (Man.) R. C., J. C. G. Armytage (bow), W. J. K. Osborne, C. Johnston, C. L. Marks (stroke), 10m. 2¾s.; Don Amateur R. C., J. Sullivan (bow), W. Nelson, C. Ramez, J. Hedley (stroke), 10m. 29¾s.; Argonaut R. C., H. W. A. Dixon (bow), R. W. Hoskin, O. Heron, A. P. Burritt (stroke), 3, by a length.

The annual meeting of the Association was held August 6, the election resulting as follows: President, P. D. Crerar; First Vice-President, G. H. Gooderham; Second Vice-President, T. B. Galt; Secretary, W. A. Littlejohn; Treasurer, J. Hogg; Executive Committee, G. H. Muntz, to succeed J. Pearson; Mr. Osborne, re-elected; Mr. Jenkins, to succeed G. H. Gooderham, and W. S. Buell.

MISSISSIPPI VALLEY AMATEUR ROWING ASSOCIATION.

Fine weather, light wind and smooth water favored their nineteenth annual regatta, held August 6th and 7th, at Ottawa Beach, Holland, Mich., over a course of a mile and a half with one turn.

Junior single-scutt shells—F. T. Catlin, Catlin B. C., Chicago, Ill., 10m. 51½s.; J. B. Vandamme, Mutual B. C., Detroit, Mich., 2.

Senior single-scuil shells—C. L. Vandamme, M. B. C., 10m. 29s.; J. Henderson, C. B. C., 2; F. Gastrich, Modoc R. C., St. Louis, Mo., did not finish.

Junior double-scuil shells—Grand Rapids B. and C. C., W. A. Bowen (bow), R. Coffin (stroke), 10m. 52s.; Catlin B. C., F. T. Catlin (bow), C. J. Essig (stroke), 2; Grand Rapids B. and C. C., A. Sargeant (bow), W. Kiesel (stroke), 3.

Senior double-scuil shells—Modoc R. C., A. Everson (bow), E. Gastrich (stroke), 9m. 49s.; Catlin B. C., C. T. Goff (bow), F. L. Johnson (stroke), 2, by half a length; Mutual B. C., A. L. Lefevre (bow), C. L. Vandamme (stroke), 3.

Junior pair-oared shells—Catlin B. C., F. L. Johnson (bow), F. T. Catlin (stroke), 10m. 40s.; Grand Rapids B. and C. C., J. W. F. Holcomb (bow), F. Secor (stroke), 2.

Senior pair-oared shells—Catlin B. C., C. T. Goff (bow), F. Bender (stroke), 13m. 14s.; Catlin B. C., F. L. Johnson (bow), F. T. Catlin (stroke), 2, by 2 lengths.

Four-oared gigs, with coxswains—Delaware B. C., Chicago, Ill., J. F. Korf (bow), J. G. Reedy, J. H. Stauff, J. B. Gillen (stroke), E. J. Schaab (coxswain), 9m. 47s.; Ontario B. C., Chicago, Ill., R. Griffin (bow), S. Dall, M. Tansey, James Hugulet (stroke), Julius Hugulet (coxswain), 2.

Junior four-oared shells—Grand Rapids B. and C. C., J. W. F. Holcomb (bow), J. R. Taylor, W. Conger, F. C. Secor (stroke), 9m. 8s.; Pullman (Ill.) A. A., W. Hoffman (bow), E. Englebretzen, H. Glendenning, A. Fromburg (stroke), 2.

Senior four-oared shells—Grand Rapids B. and C. C., J. W. F. Holcomb (bow), J. R. Taylor, W. Conger, F. C. Secor (stroke), 9m. 33s.; Delaware B. C., J. F. Korf (bow), J. S. Reed, J. H. Stauff, J. B. Gillen (stroke), 2, by half a length.

Tub race—F. T. Catlin, C. B. C., 1; J. B. Vandamme, M. B. C., and H. L. Bruner, M. B. C., sank.

The annual meeting was held August 7th, the election resulting as follows: President, C. McQuewan, Grand Rapids; Vice-President, W. Wienand, Chicago; Commodore, C. Catlin, Chicago; Vice-Commodore, W. C. Jupp, Detroit; Ensign, F. C. Hoerther, Chicago; Secretary and Treasurer, D. R. Martin, Pullman, Ill.; Executive Board, J. J. Schaab, St. Louis; W. Wann, St. Paul; M. H. Eddy, Minneapolis; W. Campbell, Wyandotte; F. Gastrich, St. Louis; C. T. Essig, Chicago; A. A. Lefevre, Detroit.

THE AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIPS.

The National Association of Amateur Oarsmen held their twenty-fourth annual regatta August 12th and 13th, on Saratoga Lake, New York, the finishes of all races being in the cove, as near as convenient to the north shore. The international four-oared, and both the eight-oared races were $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles straightaway, while all other events were the same distance with one turn. The weather was fine, wind light, and water smooth, except for a half-hour's squall near the close of the first day's racing. The attendance, although not one-tenth of what the sport deserved, was larger than on some previous occasions. The competitions were interesting, but the perform-

ances did not disturb the record tables. However, the four-oared crew of the Winnipeg, Manitoba, Rowing Club exhibited such speed that their friends propose sending them to the Henley Regatta next year.

Intermediate single-scuil shells—E. H. Ten Eyck, Wachusett Boat Club, Worcester, Mass., 9m. 59s.; E. F. Schultz, Narragansett B. C., Providence, R. I., 10m. 3s.; R. C. Lockwood, First Philadelphia (Pa.) B. C., 3, by 2 lengths; G. Roehma, Vesper B. C., Philadelphia, 4; Dr. N. T. Langlois, Wyandotte (Mich.) A. A., 5; B. F. Henley, Syracuse (N. Y.) A. A., 6.

Senior single-scuil shells; first round; first two in each heat to start in final—First heat, E. A. Thompson, Argonaut Rowing Club, Toronto, Ont., 10m. 18 $\frac{3}{4}$ s.; J. J. Whitehead, Riverside B. C., Cambridgeport, Mass., 10m. 34 $\frac{1}{4}$ s.; W. S. McDowell, Delaware B. C., Chicago, Ill., 3.

Senior single-scuil shells—Second heat, J. D. Juvenal, Pennsylvania B. C., Philadelphia, 10m. 49s.; F. Cresser, Vesper B. C., 11m. 8s.; C. E. Bulger, Albany (N. Y.) R. C., 3, by 4 lengths.

Senior single-scuil shells—Final heat, J. J. Whitehead, 10m. 11s.; E. A. Thompson, 10m. 21s.; J. D. Juvenal, 3, by 3 lengths; F. Cresser quit at one mile.

Joseph J. Whitehead, of East Boston, Mass., is twenty-five years old, 6ft. 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. in height, and weighs in his boat 176 lbs. He rowed his first race with a crew in 1892, and his first sculling race June 17, 1893. He won the New England amateur championship in 1895 and 1896, but in his trial heat for the National championship last year was beaten by J. L. Hackett, Rat Portage, Ont.—since declared a professional—and F. Cresser, of Philadelphia.

Intermediate double-scuil shells—N. Y. A. C., P. L. Howard (bow), J. P. Crawford (stroke), 9m. 21s.; P. B. C., H. G. Scott (bow), J. O. Exley (stroke), 9m. 28s.; V. B. C., H. M. Hughes (bow), D. J. Hegerty (stroke), third, by 8 lengths; C. B. C., Philadelphia, C. Bunker (bow), G. Whitney (stroke), fourth, by 3 lengths.

Senior double-scuil shells—N. Y. A. C., P. L. Howard (bow), J. P. Crawford (stroke), 9m. 10 3-5s.; V. B. C., F. Cresser (bow), E. Marsh (stroke), 9m. 23 1-2s.; P. B. C., G. W. Van Vliet (bow), H. Monaghan (stroke), third.

Pair-oared shells—P. B. C., A. J. Ingraham (bow), C. B. Dix (stroke), 10m. 5 1-4s.; V. B. C., D. J. Hegerty (bow), H. W. Hughes (stroke), finished first in 9m. 59 1-2s., but were disqualified for failing to turn their stake boat.

Intermediate four-oared shells—Ariel B. C., Baltimore, Md., W. H. Weed (bow), F. A. Hancock, W. N. Cunnins, E. J. Callahan (stroke), 9m. 11s.; Detroit (Mich.) B. C., J. T. Lyon (bow), H. L. Pierson, D. B. Duffield, E. L. Warren (stroke), 9m. 26 1-2s.

Senior four-oared shells—Winnipeg (Man.) R. C., J. C. G. Armytage (bow), W. J. K. Osborn, C. W. Johnston, C. L. Marks (stroke), 8m. 59 1-2s.; I. B. C., Newark, N. J., W. L. Kiely (bow), E. J. Carney, O. E. Fox, V. Lockmeier (stroke), 9m. 19s.; R. B. C., Cambridgeport, Mass., E. F. Hayes (bow), W. Parrock, J. Hobbs, M. A. Sullivan (stroke), third, by half a length, were fouled by Wyandotte at the turn and delayed several lengths; N. Y. A. C., W.

H. Pinckney (bow), E. J. Keane, F. W. Howard, J. R. Crawford (stroke), fourth; Wyandotte (Mich.) A. C., M. C. Busha (bow), W. R. Ocobock, C. A. Prieshorn, E. B. Nellis (stroke), fifth.

International four-oared shells—Winnipeg R. C., J. C. G. Armytage (bow), W. J. K. Osborn, C. W. Johnston, C. L. Marks (stroke), 8m. 15 3-4s.; Staten Island B. C., A. Reimer (bow), P. Voss, K. Wolff, I. Wolff (stroke), 2, by 4 1-2 lengths; Institute B. C., W. L. Kiely (bow), R. J. Carney, O. E. Fox, V. Lockmeier (stroke), 3, by half a length; Detroit B. C., J. T. Lyon (bow), H. L. Pierson, D. B. Duffield, E. I. Warner (stroke), 4, by 10 lengths; Riverside B. C., E. T. Hayes (bow), W. Parrock, J. Hobbs, A. Sullivan (stroke), finished second in 8m. 26s., but were disqualified for fouling Winnipeg at the turn.

The Winnipeg crew won the intermediate fours at the National regatta last year, and lost the senior fours by a few feet. This year they won the fours at the Minnesota-Winnipeg regatta, the Canadian championship fours, and both the senior and international fours at the National regatta.

The personal statistics of the crew are as fol-

lows: Armytage, weight, 146 lbs.; height, 5ft. 9 1-2in.; age, 25 years. Osborn, weight, 162 lbs.; height, 5ft. 11in.; age, 26. Johnston, weight, 160 lbs.; height, 5ft. 11in.; age, 23. Marks, weight, 147 lbs.; height, 6ft. 1 1-2in.; age, 27.

Intermediate eight-oared shells, with coxswains—New York A. C., W. W. Griffith (bow), G. Kollstede, G. F. Grant, E. Crawford, T. E. Tomlinson, F. V. Dobbins, A. G. Fry, S. M. Seaman (stroke), D. G. Smythe (coxswain), 8m. 26s.; Laureate B. C., Troy, N. Y., E. P. Stickney (bow), D. F. Baxter, G. V. S. Quackenbush, H. E. Baxter, A. G. Betts, T. J. Quillinan, S. G. Woodcock, H. Cleary (stroke), J. P. Nial (coxswain), 8m. 36s.

Senior eight-oared shells, with coxswains—Baltimore (Md.) A. C., R. E. Van Sant (bow), W. F. Werner, W. D. Lilly, L. L. Lloyd, W. A. Boykin, W. F. Bull, G. J. Turner, W. F. Ritsler (stroke), H. Whitehead (coxswain), 7m. 48 1-2s.; New York A. C., W. W. Griffith (bow), G. Kollstede, G. F. Grant, E. Crawford, J. E. Tomlinson, F. V. Dobbins, A. G. Fry, S. M. Seaman (stroke), D. G. Smyth (coxswain), 7m. 52 1-2s.

W. B. CURTIS.

SWIMMING.

BLOOMINGDALE ROWING CLUB.

Their two swimming races, open to all amateurs, were held August 16th, on the Hudson River, at the foot of One Hundred and Second street, New York City.

440 yards, with the tide, juniors—J. Salters, 6m.

440 yards, with the tide, seniors—T. M. Carey, 4m.

FRESH AIR CLUB.

Their annual championship races, held in still water, at Bensonhurst, L. I., were continued August 9th and 16th.

100 yards straightaway, in still water—S. J. Montgomery, 1.

Half mile, with 3 turns—H. E. Buermeyer, 1. Swimming under water—H. E. Buermeyer, 1. 25 yards straightaway, in still water, back stroke—H. E. Buermeyer, 1.

25 yards straightaway, in still water, breast stroke—W. B. Curtis, 1.

25 yards straightaway, in still water, overhand side stroke—H. E. Buermeyer, 1.

25 yards straightaway, in still water, overhand breast stroke—H. E. Buermeyer, 1.

THE AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIPS.

The sixteenth meeting for the award of these honors was held by the Amateur Athletic Union, August 22d, in the Wayne, Pa., Natatorium. The pool of fresh spring water is 100 feet wide, 500 feet long, and varies in depth from 3 to 9 feet. The course used for the races was 110 yards in length.

In addition to the championship events, there were a 75-yard race for novices, and a 220-yard handicap open to all amateurs.

These meetings were founded by the New York A. C. in 1877, continued in 1878, omitted in 1879, 1880, 1881 and 1882, revived in 1883, and given annually until 1888, when their management was ceded to the Amateur A. U.,

who gave the meeting annually, except in 1895, when it was allowed to lapse.

Until 1896 these meetings had been given out-of-doors, but it was decided this year to divide the programme, and hold each year both an indoor and an outdoor championship meeting. In accordance with this arrangement the first indoor meeting, being the fifteenth championship meeting, was held March 18th, in the club-house of the New Manhattan A. C., New York City, and the outdoor meeting at Wayne, as detailed below.

75 yards straightaway, in still, fresh water, novices—A. H. Ashby, National S. A., 1m. 2 2-5s.; J. F. McMillen, New York, 2, by 10 yards; J. Schaich, N. S. A., 3.

220 yards, with one turn, in still, fresh water, handicap, final heat—O. Sayen, Wayne C. C., 10 seconds, 3m. 25 3-5s.; S. Williams, Lafayette, 12 seconds, 2, by 10 yards; G. Hopkins, N. S. A., 20 seconds, 3, by 5 yards.

100 yards straightaway, in still, fresh water, championship race—G. R. Whittaker, Chicago (Ill.) A. A., 1m. 13 2-5s.; P. A. Dickey, New York A. C., 2, by 2 ft.; T. M. Carey, Pastime A. C., New York City, 3, by a foot; M. T. Shea, N. S. A., 4; W. B. Kugler, N. S. A., 0; W. A. Christy, N. S. A., 0.

Whittaker was delayed about a second by colliding with one of the boundary posts. He is a large and powerful man, and swam the Trudgeon stroke at first, but turned on to his back near the finish.

One mile, with fifteen turns, in still, fresh water, championship race—B. A. Hart, C. A. A., 30m, 27 3-5s.; F. A. Wenck, N. Y. A. C., 2, by 60 yards; S. B. French, Knickerbocker A. C., New York City, 3, by 20 yards; W. T. Lawless, Ottawa (Ont.) A. A., 4, by a foot; V. Binder, N. S. A., 5; W. A. Christy, N. S. A., T. M. Carey, P. A. C., and W. B. Kugler, N. S. A., did not finish.

Hart is an Englishman, twenty-five years old, and very muscular. He took not more than twenty strokes per minute, and traveled more than nine feet at each stroke, as he usually needed but thirty-five strokes to cover one length, which was 110 yards. He swims a combination breast-side stroke, but more of a breast than a side stroke, as his legs are drawn up exactly as in the breast style, and he has a fine, powerful, wide kick. He submerges his head at the beginning of the kick, and draws his arms backward, not like a breast stroke, but alternately, like the side stroke, each arm describing somewhat of a circle, one of the arms covering a larger or greater distance than the other, which was the only part of the movement like a side stroke.

A RACE IN NEW YORK HARBOR.

At the Regatta of the Nautilus B. C., held off Bay Ridge, L. I., August 29th, there was a 100-yard swimming race. G. A. Gerlach, 1m. 30s.; O. Ruprecht, 2m.

RACES AT ESSINGTON, PA.

The proprietor of this summer resort gave prizes for two open amateur races, to be contested in the Delaware River, August 29th, and the entries included two swimmers from New York City.

75 yards handicap, final heat—S. B. French,

Knickerbocker A. C., New York City, 4 seconds, 57s.; J. Bickel, National S. A., 10 seconds, 2, by 2 feet; P. A. Mitchell, National S. A., 7 seconds, 3, by 2 feet.

200 yards handicap, final heat—S. B. French, Knickerbocker A. C., 4 seconds, 3m. 63-5s.; V. Binder, National S. A., 2 seconds, 2, by 3 yards; F. A. Wenck, New York A. C., 2 seconds, 3, by 2 yards.

RACES AT WASHINGTON PARK, PA.

The proprietor of this summer resort offered valuable prizes for four open amateur races, to be held in the pool of the chutes, August 24th, but owing to rainy weather and light attendance, only two of the four scheduled events were contested.

100 yards match—F. Hogan, 2m. 7s.; R. Morgan, 2.

100 yards handicap, final heat—B. A. Hart, Chicago (Ill.) A. A., 1m. 37s; W. Christy, National S. A., 9 yards, 2; F. A. Wenck, New York A. C., 8 yards, 3.

300 yards handicap, final heat—F. A. Wenck, New York A. C., 13 yards, 5m. 17 2-5s.; S. B. French, Knickerbocker A. C., 9 yards, 2, by 6 lengths; W. Christy, N. S. A., 14 yards, 3, by a few inches.

Exhibitions of fancy swimming were given by Profs. G. Kistler and C. Holroyd.

W. B. CURTIS.

ATHLETICS.

OLYMPIC ATHLETIC CLUB.

Their annual games were held August 8th, at Baldwin Park, Jersey City.

100-yard handicap run—W. F. Browning, Twenty-third Street Young Men's Christian Association, New York City, 4½ yards, 10 2-5s.

440-yard handicap run—J. J. Storms, Knickerbocker A. C., 10 yards, 56s.

Half-mile run, boys under 16 years—D. T. Smith, Arlington A. C., 2m. 38s.

Half-mile run, novices—J. Gerrity, Olympic A. C., 2m. 28s.

Half-mile handicap run—J. S. Cleary, O. A. C., 20 yards, 2m. 8 3-5s.

1 mile handicap run—C. H. Bean, New Jersey A. C., 10 yards, 4m. 39s.

3-mile handicap run—E. Hjertberg, N. J. A. C., scratch, 16m. 6 2-5s.

PHILADELPHIA, PA., TURNGEMEINDE.

This enterprising organization held its second annual open amateur sports August 29, at Washington Park, Bellevue. There were several events open only to members, in which no final bouts were held, and the points scored count in the general averages of the contestants. The events which were decided resulted as follows:

100-yard handicap run—Final heat. J. C. Ott, Jr., Philadelphia Turngemeinde, 19 feet, 10½s.

220-yard handicap run—Final heat, W. R. Scarlett, Athenian Athletic Club, 7 1-2 yards, 23 2-5s.

880-yard handicap run—F. Kernan, A. A. C., 25 yards, 2m. 3 4-5s.

Running high jump, handicap—R. Fuerie, P. T. G., 5 3-4 inches, 5ft. 11in.

Running broad jump, junior members—J. Grieb, 16ft. 7in.

Running hop, step and jump, handicap—E. Bell, Columbia T. V., 2 feet 6 inches, 40ft. 5 1-2in.

Putting 16-lb shot, junior members, left hand—W. Schwebel, 21ft. 11in.

Putting 16-lb. shot, junior members, right hand—H. Roll, 28ft. 2in.

Putting 16-lb. shot, handicap—Final heat, R. Riebrich, P. T. G., 2 feet 1 inch, 36 ft. 11in.

Throwing 16-lb. hammer, handicap—H. Arnold, P. T. G., scratch, 83ft. 7in.

LINCOLN PARK, PA., ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

Their first games were held August 15th, on a poor track.

100-yard run for boys under 16 years—J. F. Cooke, Jr., 12s.

100-yard handicap run—Final heat, W. R. Scarlett, Athenian Athletic Club, 6 yards, 11s.

220-yard handicap run; open only to Young Men's Christian Associations—W. W. Marcus, P. Y. M. C. A., 5 yards, 1.

440-yard run, novice—B. F. Hendron, unattached, 1.

440-yard handicap run—M. MacKenzie, A. C., scratch, 57s.

Half-mile handicap race—J. J. Hoey, C. C., 2 yards, 1.

Obstacle race—J. J. Hoey, C. C., 1.

Running high jump—J. C. Ott, H. Arnold and W. McConaghey tied at 5ft. 3½in., and Ott won the jump off.

Throwing base-ball—H. Arnold, P. T., 360ft.

Throwing 12-lb. hammer—H. Arnold, P. T., 119ft.

PODUNK ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

Their first open amateur games were held August 15th at Oakland Garden, East Brookfield, Mass.

100-yard handicap run—J. F. Quinlan, Fordham College, scratch, 10 1-5s.

300-yard exhibition run—T. E. Burke, Boston Athletic Association, 32s.

440-yard handicap run—J. J. Moynihan, St. Ann's Athletic Association, 12 yards, 50 3 5s.

880-yard handicap run—J. J. McLaughlin, St. A. A. A., scratch, 2m. 2-5s.

One-mile handicap run—A. L. Remington, New York A. C., scratch, 4m. 37s.

One-mile relay race—Spencer High School, 4m.

One-mile handicap walk—C. V. Moore, N. A. A., scratch, 7m. 16 3-5s.

Running high jump, handicap—C. N. Prouty, Podunk A. A., 5 inches, 5ft. 5in.

Running broad jump, handicap—D. F. O'Brien, P. A. A., 1 foot 3 inches, 20ft. 11½in.

Exhibition of throwing the discus by J. Graham.

THE AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIPS OF AMERICA.

The twenty-first annual meeting for the award of these honors was held September 12th, on Manhattan Field, New York City. The games were given by the Amateur Athletic Union, and managed by its Championship Committee, J. E. Sullivan, J. W. Kelly, Jr., and E. E. Babb.

This meeting was founded by the New York Athletic Club in 1876, given by them in 1876, 1877 and 1878, and then surrendered to the National Association of Amateur Athletes of America, who held it annually from 1879 to 1887, inclusive, since when its management has been vested in the Amateur Athletic Union.

As is usual in such cases all the detail of preliminary management and preparation fell on the resident member of the Committee, Mr. J. E. Sullivan, and he omitted nothing that would tend to make the meeting popular, the advertising having been wide-spread, voluminous and ingenious.

The meeting was not only national but international, in fact as well as in name, for the entries represented Yale and Harvard Universities and almost all the prominent amateur athletic clubs of the country, and the contestants journeyed from Louisiana, Alabama, District of Columbia, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, New York, Massachusetts, and Canada.

The sky was overcast all day and a few drops of rain fell just before the hour set for the first race, but the shower lasted but two or three minutes, and was not sufficient to lay the dust. The temperature was above summer heat, and the wind unnoticeable.

The track is a quarter mile in circuit, with one side prolonged into a 220-yard straightaway. The quarter-mile race started at the top of this 220-yard straight, ran thence around the eastern end of the grounds, and finished near the top of the backstretch, thus giving about 200 yards straightaway, then about 160 yards around a long and easy curve, and a finish of about 80 yards straightaway.

The track was in miserable condition. It had not been used for athletic sports for several months, and the work of putting it in proper shape was postponed until a few days before the meeting, and then intrusted to incompetent hands. A layer, about an inch thick, of clay was spread over the path without first harrowing or even raking the old surface, and as an unavoidable result the new dirt did not stick to the old path, but drifted about in various stages of looseness. The shoes of the runners, after each race, were loaded with damp clay, as if they had been crossing a ploughed field, and two of the curves—those at the east and west corners of the path—were so deep and rough as to throw a runner out of his stride and slacken the speed of a wheelman. The track was certainly one second, and possibly two seconds, slow on each lap; and some of the performances, viewed in this light, were really as meritorious as record-breaking would have been on a better track.

The attendance was shamefully sparse. The meeting is the most important of the year, all of the prominent athletes and record-holders were entered, several of the events promised sensational performances, and the games had received most liberal and appreciative preliminary advertising in the newspapers of New York City. Yet the paid admissions were less than 1,300, and the total number of persons inside the fence—spectators, officials and contestants—less than 1,500.

Mr. H. S. Cornish, athletic director of the Knickerbocker Athletic Club, protested the competition of Messrs. G. W. Orton, B. J. Wefers, R. Sheldon, L. P. Sheldon, R. G. Paulding, F. P. Garvan and A. M. Remington, all of the New York Athletic Club, on the claim that they were not residents of the metropolitan district, and consequently not eligible to compete in the colors of the New York Athletic Club. The protest against Orton is idle, as he resides in Canada, and is therefore specifically exempt from the action of the residential rules of the Amateur Athletic Union. The protests against the other athletes will be decided in accordance with the facts, and it is almost certain that each of them will be able to prove a residence in the vicinity of New York City.

It should be understood that these protests were not made by Mr. Cornish through any club jealousy or hostility to the protested athletes, or desire to prevent them from competing, but solely to obtain an official and authoritative decision on certain rules whose true force and meaning seem open to argument, and which could not be satisfactorily interpreted in any other way than by such protests, and subsequent judicial inquiry.

These protests were a source of delay in conducting the games, and annoyance to the officials, as it was necessary to allow the contestants in trial heats to compete in final just as if no one of the protested athletes had competed, and also to score the finishing athletes in all final contests as if the protested athletes had been absent.

In several of the events all of the competitors were of only moderate ability, and in others one genuine champion found no opponent able to make him exert himself. These facts joined

with the poor track to prevent any record-breaking, and some of the winning performances have been beaten at interscholastic games.

In ten of the seventeen events last year's champion competed, and each of the ten was again successful.

S. Liebgold has won the one-mile walk for three successive years, and the five-mile walk for five successive years. G. W. Orton has won the one-mile run for five successive years. J. S. Mitchell has won the weight-throwing for six successive years and the hammer-throwing for eight successive years; and G. R. Gray has won the shot-putting in nine of the last ten years, and would have won the tenth but was unable to be present. Such long series of individual victories become monotonous, and it would seem advisable to establish a limit after which chronic champions should be retired.

No prize was offered for the club winning the most points, and if there had been, the competition would have been a farce, as the score of the New York Athletic Club was greater than the total of any two other clubs.

Of the entered athletes who did not compete, those likely to have changed the results are as follows:

F. W. Jarvis, Pittsburg A. C., who should have been second in the 100-yard run.

A. W. Gifford, Montreal A. A. A., who ought to have been second in the half-mile run and third in the quarter-mile.

C. H. Bean, New Jersey A. C., who should have been first or second in the three-mile run.

L. P. Sheldon, New York A. C., who would have been first or second in the running broad jump, and sure of a place in the 220-yard hurdle race.

J. B. Connolly, Suffolk A. C., Boston, Mass., who ought to have been placed in the running broad jump.

R. Sheldon, New York A. C., who should have been second in the shot-putting.

And C. Chadwick, New York A. C., who ought to have taken second or third with the hammer.

100-yard run, first round; first two in each heat to run in final; first heat—B. J. Wefers, New York A. C., 10 2-5s.; E. B. Bloss, N. Y. A. C., 2, by 2 yards, on sufferance; H. L. Weissman, Knickerbocker A. C., was adjudged to have taken third place and therefore allowed in final heat on account of protest against Wefers; E. Dupré, Young Men's Gymnastic Club, New Orleans, La., 0; and V. A. Demoruelle, Y. M. G. C., 0. Wefers cantered in, but third and fourth men were so close that many spectators and some officials thought third place should have been awarded to New Orleans instead of New York, but no harm was done, even if the placing erred, as Weissman finished a poor fifth in the final heat.

100-yard run, second heat—J. F. Quinlan, N. Y. A. C., 10 2-5s.; F. A. Lane, N. Y. A. C., 2, by a yard; J. J. Keane, Jr., Catholic Club of Jersey City, 3, by a foot; C. A. Sulzer, New Jersey A. C., 0; W. DuBois, N. J. A. C., 0.

100-yard run, final heat—Wefers, 10 1-5s.; Quinlan, 2, by 2 yards; Bloss, 3, by 2 feet; Lane, 4, by a few inches; Weissman, 5. Wefers strolled in at his leisure, but the race for second and third places was good.

220-yard run, first round; first two in each heat to run in final; first heat—B. J. Wefers, N. Y. A. C., 23 1-5s.; J. F. Quinlan, N. Y. A. C., 2; J. J. Keane, C. C. J. C., 3, and allowed in final on account of protest against Wefers; H. L. Weissman, K. A. C., 4, and allowed in final on account of protest against Garvan; F. P. Garvan, N. Y. A. C., 0; W. DuBois, N. J. A. C., did not finish.

220-yard run, second heat—M. P. Halpin, N. Y. A. C., 23 2-5s.; H. S. Lyons, N. Y. A. C., 2, by 2 yards; C. A. Sulzer, N. J. A. C., 3, should have been an easy second but mistook the finish line and stopped too soon. V. A. Demoruelle, Y. M. G. C., 0; K. F. McCrae, N. Y. A. C., did not finish.

220-yard run, final heat—Wefers, 23s.; Quinlan, 2, by 4 feet; Keane, 3, by a yard; Halpin, 4, by a few inches; Lyons, 5; Weissman, 0. Wefers won without effort and gave his attention, in both trial and final heats, to coaching Quinlan into second place.

Quarter-mile run—T. E. Burke, Boston, Mass., Athletic Association, 48 4-5s.; B. J. Wefers, N. Y. A. C., 2, by 8 feet; C. H. Kilpatrick, N. Y. A. C., 3, by 8 yards; K. F. McCrae, N. Y. A. C., 4; C. M. Carbonell, K. A. C., 5; M. Mackenzie, Athenian A. C., Philadelphia, Pa., 0; F. P. Garvan, N. Y. A. C., 0. Wefers seemed to underestimate Burke's speed at the finish and was content to trail for half the journey, instead of pushing for the lead at once, and, if possible, securing the inside position around the long turn. His failure to do this kept him on the outside all around the curve, thus making him travel seven or eight feet more than Burke. Rounding into the final straight Wefers made his effort, gained several feet, and seemed likely to win, but could not maintain the pace, much less respond to Burke's gallant spurt in the final 50 feet. Wefers, who is comparatively a novice at quarter-mile running, did not judge his race well, and lacked the training at that distance which would have kept him up in the final effort. The time of the winner, 48 4-5s., was about as good as 48s. would have been on this same path in the condition it was at the international match last September; and it is certain that either Burke or Wefers can, with all circumstances favorable, beat the world's fastest record at this distance.

Half-mile run—C. H. Kilpatrick, N. Y. A. C., 1m. 57 3-5s.; W. S. Hipple, N. Y. A. C., 2, by 5 yards; E. M. Power, Jr., Pittsburg, Pa., A. C., 3, by 2 yards; L. R. Palmer, K. A. C., 0; A. B. Dalby, N. Y. A. C., 0; J. F. Cregan, N. Y. A. C., 0. Kilpatrick won easily, but Power chased Hipple gallantly for second place.

1-mile run—G. W. Orton, N. Y. A. C., 4m. 27s.; A. M. Remington, N. Y. A. C., 2, by 4 yards; J. F. Cregan, N. Y. A. C., 3, by 15 yards; G. G. Hollander, K. A. C.; E. W. Hjertberg, N. J. A. C., and L. R. Palmer, K. A. C., did not finish. Orton won in fine style, but Remington ran an unexpectedly good race, and at one time looked likely to overtake the leader.

3-mile run—E. W. Hjertberg, N. J. A. C., 16m. 31 3-5s.; E. W. Mills, Central High School,

Boston, Mass., 2, by 75 yards; L. Cooper, N. Y. A. C., 3, by 1 yard. Hjertberg ran with his usual good judgment, and won as he pleased. Cooper had a good lead on Mills at the beginning of the last quarter mile, but the little fellow made a fine effort, overhauled Cooper foot by foot, and passed him only a stride or two from the finish.

120-yard hurdle race—W. B. Rogers, N. J. A. C., 16 1-5s.; S. J. Bijur, K. A. C., 2, by 3 yards; A. F. Beers, K. A. C., 3, by 5 feet; M. P. Halpin, N. Y. A. C., 0; S. B. Jones, Birmingham, Ala., A. C., 0.

220-yard hurdle race, first round; first two in each heat to start in final; first heat—J. Cosgrove, Ridgfield A. C., Albany, N. Y., 27s.; P. J. Corley, New West Side A. C., 2; G. Schwegler, N. Y. A. C., did not finish.

220-yard hurdle race, second heat—J. Buck, K. A. C., 27 1-5s.; D. R. James, N. J. A. C., 2; W. E. de Salazar, N. J. A. C., 3.

220-yard hurdle race, final heat—Buck, 25 2-5s.; Corley, 2, by 8 yards; Cosgrove, 3, by 3 yards; James, 4.

1-mile walk—S. Liebgold, Pastime A. C., 6m. 53s.; L. Liebgold, N. J. A. C., 2, by 4 feet; M. H. Donovan, N. J. A. C., 3, by 20 yards; C. V. Moore, Newton, Mass., A. A., 4. The Liebgold family outclassed the others, and the small distance between Samuel and Louis at the finish was only by courtesy. Donovan was cautioned twice, just escaping the third and final warning.

3-mile walk—S. Liebgold, P. A. C., 24m. 24 2-5s.; L. Liebgold, N. J. A. C., 2, by 8 yards on sufferance; M. H. Donovan, N. J. A. C., 3, by 12 yards; C. V. Moore, N. A. A., disqualified at the mile. Donovan received one caution.

2-mile bicycle race, first round; first three in each heat to ride in final; first heat—W. Roome, N. J. A. C., 5m. 29 3-5s.; R. Dawson, N. Y. A. C., 2; C. F. Schwartz, K. A. C., 3; J. Jasper, N. J. A. C., 0; R. J. McMahon, C. C. N. J., 0; G. Seitz, N. J. A. C., 0. The referee placed a time limit of 5m. 10s. on this heat, but the track proved slower than had been supposed, and as the men actually tried to ride almost half the way, the race was allowed to stand.

2-mile bicycle race, second heat—L. Hunter, N. J. A. C., 5m. 56 2-5s.; W. H. Owen, K. A. C., 2; H. K. Bird, N. Y. A. C., 3; G. O'Connor, K. A. C., 0; W. A. Brown, K. A. C., 0. This heat had the same time limit, but the men deliberately loafed three-quarters of the way, and the heat should have been declared void, but the referee did not consider the game worth the waste of any more time, and allowed the crawl to stand as a heat.

2-mile bicycle race, final heat—Dawson, 5m. 35 2-5s.; Roome, 2, by a length; Hunter, 3; Schwartz, 0; Owen, 0; Bird, 0. The track was wholly unfit for bicycling, and the same men could have made much faster time on any ordinary country road.

Running high jump—C. U. Powell, K. A. C., 5ft. 9 1-2in.; E. H. Clark, B. A. A., and J. T. Fitzgerald, National A. C., tied at 5ft. 7 1-2in., and Clark won the jump-off at 5ft. 9 1-2in.;

S. B. Jones, B. A. C., 5ft. 6in.; D. Reuss, K. A. C., 5ft. 6in.; H. Rope, N. A. C., 5ft. 0 1-2in.

Running broad jump—E. B. Bloss, N. Y. A. C., 22ft.; W. B. Rogers, N. J. A. C., 21ft. 7in.; B. J. Mulligan, K. A. C., 21ft. 4in.; E. H. Clark, B. A. A., 20ft. 11 1-4in.; H. F. MacDonald, Montreal, Q., Amateur A. A., 20ft.; S. B. Wood, N. Y. A. C., 17ft. 8in.

Pole vault—F. W. Allis, Yale University, and R. G. Paulding, N. Y. A. C., tied at 10ft. 6in., and Allis won the vault-off at the same height; C. F. Hamilton, N. J. A. C., and J. L. Hurlburt, Jr., N. Y. A. C., tied for third place at 10ft. 3in., and in the vault-off Hamilton cleared 11ft. and Hurlburt 10ft. 9in.; W. W. Hoyt, B. A. A., 9ft. 9in.; S. K. Thomas, N. Y. A. C., 9ft. 9in.; D. Reuss, K. A. C., 9ft. 3in.; J. N. Balz, New York Turn Verein, 9ft. 3in. It was an odd result that the winner should clear six inches less than the third man and three inches less than the fourth man.

Putting 16-lb. shot from a 7-foot circle, without follow—G. R. Gray, N. Y. A. C., 44ft. 3 1/2in.; J. Herty, N. W. S. A. C., 38ft. 7 1/2in.; A. Brown, Y. U., 38ft. 6 1/2in.; E. J. Miltenberger, Y. M. G. C., 37ft. 4in.; J. S. Mitchell, P. A. C., 34ft. 4 1/4in.; E. H. Clark, B. A. A., fouled out and withdrew.

Throwing hammer; total weight of head and handle not less than 16 pounds; total length of complete implement not over 4 feet; thrown from a 7-foot circle without follow—J. S. Mitchell, P. A. C., 134ft. 8 3/4 in.; H. P. Cross, Y. U., 123ft. 8 1/2in.; E. J. Miltenberger, Y. M. G. C., 118ft. 8 7/8in.; E. H. Clark, B. A. A., 104ft. 2 1/4in.; W. B. Hennen, Harvard University, 101ft. 5 1/4in.; A. Johnson, Columbia A. C., Washington, D. C., all throws foul; A. Brown, Y. U., all throws foul; C. J. Dieges, P. A. C., all throws foul.

Throwing the weight; length of complete implement not more than 16 inches; weight of complete implement not less than 56 pounds; thrown from a 7-foot circle with one or both hands, without run—J. S. Mitchell, P. A. C., 30ft. 7in.; D. O'Connell, N. W. S. A. C., 26ft. 5 1/4in.; E. J. Miltenberger, Y. M. G. C., 25ft. 5 1/2in.; E. H. Clark, B. A. A., 24ft. 3/4in.; J. A. Larkin, Xavier A. A., 23ft. 6in.; E. Stoll, N. W. S. A. C., 22ft. 4 3/4in.; H. P. Cross, Y. U., 21ft. 1/2in.; C. J. Dieges, P. A. C., 20ft. 11 3/4in.; G. R. Gray, N. Y. A. C., 20ft. 1 5/8in.

BOSTON ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

Their Labor Day games were marked by the first American open amateur competition at throwing the discus.

100-yard handicap run—Final heat, J. M. Jackson, East Boston Athletic Association, 4 yards, 10 1-5s.

600-yard handicap run—W. Jennings, Suffolk A. C., 35 yards, 1m. 17s.

1 mile handicap run—J. B. Maguire, Cambridge, 150 yards, 4m. 38 3-5s.

Running two hops and a jump, handicap—J. B. Connolly, S. A. C., scratch, 46ft. 9in.

Throwing the discus—A. J. Young, E. B. A. A., 110ft. 9in. W. B. CURTIS.

ROD AND GUN.

SHOOTING.

This is the ideal month for the gun. At no other time of the year are the game in better condition, the atmosphere more pleasant, or the country more beautiful. Upon the uplands Nature spreads her fairest pictures all about the sportsman's path, and every wood and dell is astir with the fat, sturdy life of jolly old Autumn. It is well for those who have advanced beyond the butcher's craft, to tramp afar these glorious days, for there are many more things to enjoy than the mere killing of those creatures which we call game. There is beauty all around, healthy enjoyment for the having, and good in everything. Eyes that can see beyond the rib of a gun will discover many interesting features which after all compose the real charm of an October outing.

It is a pity that more of our sportsmen do not possess the sort of eyes which can study a live, wild thing without arousing an eager desire for the wild thing's life, for observation begets moderation, and moderation is the essence of true sportsmanship. Shooting within reasonable limits is all right; while, carried beyond those limits, it is all wrong. Clean sportsmanship never did any man harm, while it has done many men a vast amount of good. The good of it, however, is lost if it be carried to excess, for with the first approach to butchery flies the subtle charm of sport. Killing to excess has something of the evil always attendant upon eating or drinking to excess. It whets the appetite to slaughter, till its encourager, like the glutton or the tippler, must indulge it as much or more than the last time, to thoroughly enjoy the process. Such a man cannot help but measure his pleasure by the total of his score of killed, and the habit will grow upon him, unless checked, until a blank day or a poor day becomes to him almost unbearable and utterly without one pleasant sensation. Blank days and poor days are bound to come more or less frequently, which means that the glutton for slaughter will be more or less disappointed, irritable and unpleasant to those who may be so unfortunate as to be in his company.

The moderate shooter, on the other hand, who studies his craft and of necessity his surroundings, has, instead of one, several sources of enjoyment from which he may draw. At the end of a good day he has nothing to reproach himself with, for he knows he has leavened his sport with reason and is fairly entitled to what he has taken. At the end of a bad day, he is even-tempered, because he has benefited and enjoyed himself in spite of a failure to kill game. The anticipated killing might have been the *pièce de résistance* of his pleasure-feast for the day, but there were other lesser dainties, which combined made an enjoyable mental repast, though the main course proved a failure.

Plenty of men who shoot will scoff at this theory, and declare that it is all very fine to preach, but when it comes to actual practice the preacher will kill as much as he possibly can. This is not true, and I know whereof I speak. There are many sportsmen in this country who would rather not shoot at all than

to think that they had overshot any game district; and, furthermore, there are a goodly band of men who would not go afield if they were bound to hunt hard all day and to do their best to swell the count. And they are neither lazy, nor weaklings, but wireless trampers and rare good shots, who know more of the science of field sports and of wild creatures, and of the pleasures of an outing, than the gluttons for slaughter are apt to learn.

I have another fact, too, for the scoffers. I, and others better than I, have for years preached this doctrine of moderation. Twenty years ago the congregation was woefully small, yet the parsons did not despair. Ten years ago some of the points claimed in the sermons had proved themselves, and the ungodly began to hearken. To-day our congregations would *burst the hat* if we passed it round! A man in a position where he receives the writings of sportsmen who are scattered all over this broad continent, has his finger upon the sporting pulse, as it were, and if he has any sense he cannot help but understand the case. There is less blood, feathers or scales in the stories now—much more of the true sporting ring—and, happily, much less of the trying to kill more than the other fellow. Whence came the men who now photograph game instead of shooting it, who go "jacking" *with no weapon in the boat*, and perform kindred acts which were not in vogue fifteen years ago? They are from our congregations, and we parsons feel good over it.

In conclusion, brethren, I have one regret to touch upon. In too many of our excellent periodicals are to be found reproductions of photographs entitled, "One Day's Catch," "One Day's Bag," etc., etc., in which are shown people who imagine that they are great fellows because they have in one day destroyed as much game or fish as a decent sportsman would kill in one week, or one month! Very frequently these pictures are "fake" advertisements for some locality, or downright frauds, perpetrated by some misguided man whose vanity is tickled by the thought of getting his portrait before the world. Too frequently, however, the pictures are genuine and the unreasonable slaughter an actual fact. The influence of such pictures is strongly against the spreading of true sportsmanship, moderation in destroying, and the proper protection of game. One man sees some other man's picture, and he straightway tries to go and do likewise in order that he may be pictured too. When a man reads an able article upon game protection, and in the next column finds one of these slaughter pictures, he is apt to wonder where is that jewel consistency. OUTING receives many of these pictures and prints none of them. It does not plume itself upon this fact, but its parson regrets that some of the other parsons don't practice what they preach in so far as this little matter is concerned.

TRAPSHOOTING.

It is interesting to hark back a bit and to look over some of the comparatively recent performances by amateurs. They show that some guns have been held pretty straight. In the Elk-

wood Park Handicap, which had ten entries, the veteran Captain Money and G. Cubberly tied with fifteen birds straight. Both men were on the twenty-nine-yard mark. They divided the plunder. Of his fifteen birds, Captain Money killed four with the first barrel. Mr. Cubberly used the second barrel to stop his first bird, then grassed fourteen with the first barrel. In the Hollywood Futurity, seventeen entries, Mr. Phil Daly, Jr. (27 yds.), scored twenty-five straight and won the cup and \$425. He used his second barrel upon every bird. Messrs. Cubberly (28 yds.) and Davis (30 yds.) tied with twenty-four birds each and divided \$340. Thirteen started in the race for the Monmouth Cup. Godschalk (28 yds.) won, scoring fifteen straight. Messrs. Murphy and Cubberly, both at the thirty-yard mark, tied with fourteen each and divided.

Milwaukee sportsmen witnessed two desperate races when Dr. J. L. Williamson and Mr. Richard Merrill met to decide who was to take care of the E. C. championship live bird cup of Wisconsin, held by Williamson. The conditions were one hundred birds per man, and a good lot of fliers were aided by a sharp breeze. A most interesting race resulted in a tie at ninety-two dead birds each. Good as this was, something more in the same line followed. A few days later the men met again to decide the question. Another rattling good race ended in another tie, the men grassing ninety-three birds each. Thorough sportsmanship marked these contests. A third meeting will take place at the first favorable opportunity.

The race for the Phil Daly, Jr., Cup took place at Hollywood Grounds, September 5th. The ten experts in it were Messrs. Ivins, Finletter, Murphy, Hoey, "Count," Daly, Ballard, McAlpin, Hooper and Moore. Ivins (29 yds.) killed twenty-five straight, and won the cup and \$125. Finletter won second with twenty-four, while Murphy and Hoey tied with twenty-three each. A match at fifty birds each between Dr. Gagnon, of Chicago, and A.

Loening, of New York, was won by Loening by one bird. Score: thirty-six to thirty-five.

In the preliminary shoot for the Blieman Silver Cup, at Elkwood Park, Phil Daly, Jr., won from the 28-yard mark, with a score of twenty-five straight. Finletter (29 yds.), Brewer (31 yds.), Zwirlein (29 yds.) and Ivins (29 yds.) killed twenty-four each, and divided second, third and fourth moneys. The second shoot for this cup was won by Finletter with a score of twenty straight. Ivins was second with nineteen, while Ellison and Thomas scored eighteen each and divided third. Murphy, McAlpin, Daly, Hoey and other good ones retired.

The match at Hollywood for \$500 a side between Edgar Murphy, of New York, and Thomas Morfey, of Paterson, N. J., will live long in the memories of those who witnessed it. The conditions were two hundred live birds per man, Hurlingham rules, Hollywood Grounds boundary, which is shorter than Monte Carlo's famous line, being 21 yards straight-away from the traps, 19 yards from the right trap, and only 17½ yards from trap No. 1. Most of the birds were strong and fast. Murphy was in perfect form, while his opponent's nerve never once failed during his desperate stern chase. Of his first fifty birds, Murphy killed forty-nine and lost one dead out of bounds; of the second fifty, he killed forty-seven, missed two and lost one out of bounds; of the third fifty, he killed forty-five, missed two and lost three out of bounds; of the fourth fifty, he killed forty-seven, and lost three out of bounds. Total: killed, one hundred and eighty-eight out of two hundred; dead out of bounds, eight; missed, four. Morfey killed one hundred and eighty, lost nine out of bounds, and missed eleven. Under the conditions, Murphy's ninety-six out of one hundred is a record which is apt to stand for a long time, while his performance, as a whole, was the finest exhibition of scientific trap-shooting ever witnessed. ED. W. SANDYS.

KENNEL.

The result of the American Spaniel Club's attempt to work up enthusiasm over spaniel field trials, proves that the men most interested are not keen for any such venture. Breeders apparently did not feel disposed toward the slightest exertion, which is to be regretted, as they are the people who must make or mar the trials. It would be a mighty good job if something could be devised to turn spaniel breeders in the direction of old-time form rather than present bench form. The desire to-day appears to be to make the spaniel as clumsy and as useless as possible. It is highly probable that some of the fat, stumpy-legged varlets, so frequently seen upon the bench, would have a precious hard time of it in anything like a working trial. Perhaps the true reason for the apathy of breeders is to be found in the fact that they realize that the winning type of spaniel to-day is no good for anything but the bench, and that it is not likely to add to its glory by exposing its uselessness. The fact is that the best of spaniels are good only under certain conditions, and

these conditions cover only an infinitesimal portion of the sporting dog's field in this country.

It is possible that our War Department may eventually utilize trained dogs as special messengers. European powers, notably Germany, have found that thoroughly drilled canines are particularly useful when swift, silent couriers are desired. The war dogs appear to understand the importance of their duties, which mainly consist of bearing messages between posts and from outposts to supporting bodies of troops. Collies and poodles appear to be the best adapted to the work, an important feature of which demands that the dogs keep mute. A growl is all that they are allowed to utter, while any disposition to attack is also discouraged. The German war dogs have already demonstrated a value which more than pays for their long course of training. Female dogs are not used.

In Kansas City one-half of the revenue from the dog taxes goes to the public library. The total tax is something near \$3,000 per annum. The great collie, Metchley Wonder, recently

died in England. He died the property of Mr. Megson, who paid \$2,750 for him. His breeder got about \$50 for him before he began his successful career on the bench. He was born in 1886, and in addition to many valuable winnings on the bench, he proved a small bonanza in the stud. His best representatives are Champion, Christopher, Great Alne Douglas and Egbaston Fox. He was the highest-priced collie ever sold.

The coming bench show and field trial fixtures include: Danbury, Conn., show, Oct 6-9; San José, Cal., show, Nov. 18-21; Detroit, local show, Dec. 1-4; Augusta, Ga., show, Dec. 8-11; Grand Rapids show, Dec. 8-11; Lansing, Mich., show, Dec. 15-18. Monongahela Valley G. and F. P. A.'s second annual trials, Greene Co., Pa., Oct. 28th; Union F. T. Club's inaugural trials, Carlisle, Ind., Oct. 26th; Peninsular F. T. Club's inaugural trials, Leamington, Ont., Nov. 10th; Eastern F. T. Club's trials, Newton, N. C., Nov. 16th; International F. T. Club's trials, Chatham, Ont., Nov. 17th; United States F. T. Club's Fall trials, Newton, N. C., Nov. 23d; National Beagle Club's trials, Hempstead, L. I., Oct. 26th; New England Beagle Club's trials, Oxford, Mass., Nov. 2; Central Beagle Club's trials, Greene Co., Pa., Nov. 10th; Northwestern Beagle Club's trials, Columbus, Wis., Nov 10th

Entries for the Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association's Derby number fifteen, including ten English setters, three pointers and two Irish setters. The All-Age Stake has nineteen in—twelve English setters, six pointers and one Irish setter.

The Manitoba Field Trials Club's trials began at Morris, Man., Sept. 1st. The weather at first was favorable, but a rain-fall marred the afternoon. The judge was Mr. P. H. Bryson, of St. Louis, Mo. The Derby had eight starters of average quality. The winner was S. P. Jones's b. w. and t. English setter dog Hurstbourne Zip (Tony Boy—Dimple); second, H. Ames's b. w. and t. English setter bitch Christina (Blue Ridge Mark—Lou R.); third, divided between H. Maybury's l. and w. pointer

bitch Alabama Girl (Von Arrow—Lady Mull), and Del Monte Kennel's l and w. pointer dog Tony Works (Tick Boy—Lulu K.); fourth, H. Ames's b. w. and t. English setter bitch Glenn (Blue Ridge Mark—Lou R.) Twelve started in the All-Age Stake, the winner being T. Ashford's l. and w. pointer dog Von Gull (Kent Elgin—Fannie Croxeth); second, Manchester Kennel's b. w. and t. English setter bitch Gleam's Ruth (Count Gladstone IV.—); third, Del Monte Kennel's b. w. and t. English setter dog Sam T. (Luke Roy—Bettie B.) This stake was for dogs which had not won first at any recognized trials previous to 1896. It had been the intention to run an amateur stake, but unfortunately the event did not fill. The winner of the All-Age, Von Gull, is a cracking dog, which clearly outclassed his field. He should be heard from again.

The Continental Club's field trials began at Kennedy, Minn., September 7th. The Derby had only five starters, of which Hurstbourne Zip, winner at Morris, Man., showed the most quality. The final result was: first, Zip; second, Christina; third, Glenn; fourth, Tony Works. The breeding and owners of these puppies are given in report of Manitoba trials. The All-Age Stake had ten entries and resulted as follows: first, Von Gull (pointer); second, Gleam's Ruth; third, N. T. De Pauw's l. and w. pointer bitch, Sister Sue; fourth, D. E. Rose's b. w. and t. setter dog Greenway. The Northwestern Stake had eleven entries. The winner was Thos. Johnson's l. and w. pointer dog Alberta Joe (Ightfield Upton—Ightfield Blythe); second, A. C. Reid's b. and t. setter bitch Swab (Manitoba Toss—Pitti Sing); third, Thos. Johnson's b. b. setter bitch Patti (Duke of Gloster—Flora). The trials were run on "chickens," which were none too plentiful.

The Rhode Island State Fair Association's annual show, September 7th to 10th, was hardly so successful as was expected. The entries numbered only 287. The heaviest entries were St. Bernards, 21; fox terriers, 37; Bostons, 20; Gordon setters, 20; beagles and cockers, 19 each. DAMON.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

G. S. Baxter.—"The El Heirie" was published in *Forest and Stream*, August 21st; and the "Huntington Boats" in *The Rudder*, November, 1895, and July, 1896.

H. G., San Francisco.—Maybury is University of Wisconsin, Madison, Wis.; Bowen is Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y.; Patterson is Williams College, Williamstown, Mass.; Buckholz is University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, Pa.; Derr is Princeton University, Princeton, N. J.; B. J. Wefers is Georgetown University, Georgetown, D. C.

No man can learn sprinting from a book. OUTING can furnish you with any published book on training. No book devoted solely to sprinting was ever published.

Long-distance running can be taught, but the sprinter must have natural ability, without which he can do nothing. This natural ability may be improved by skillful training, but not to so great an extent as in distance running.

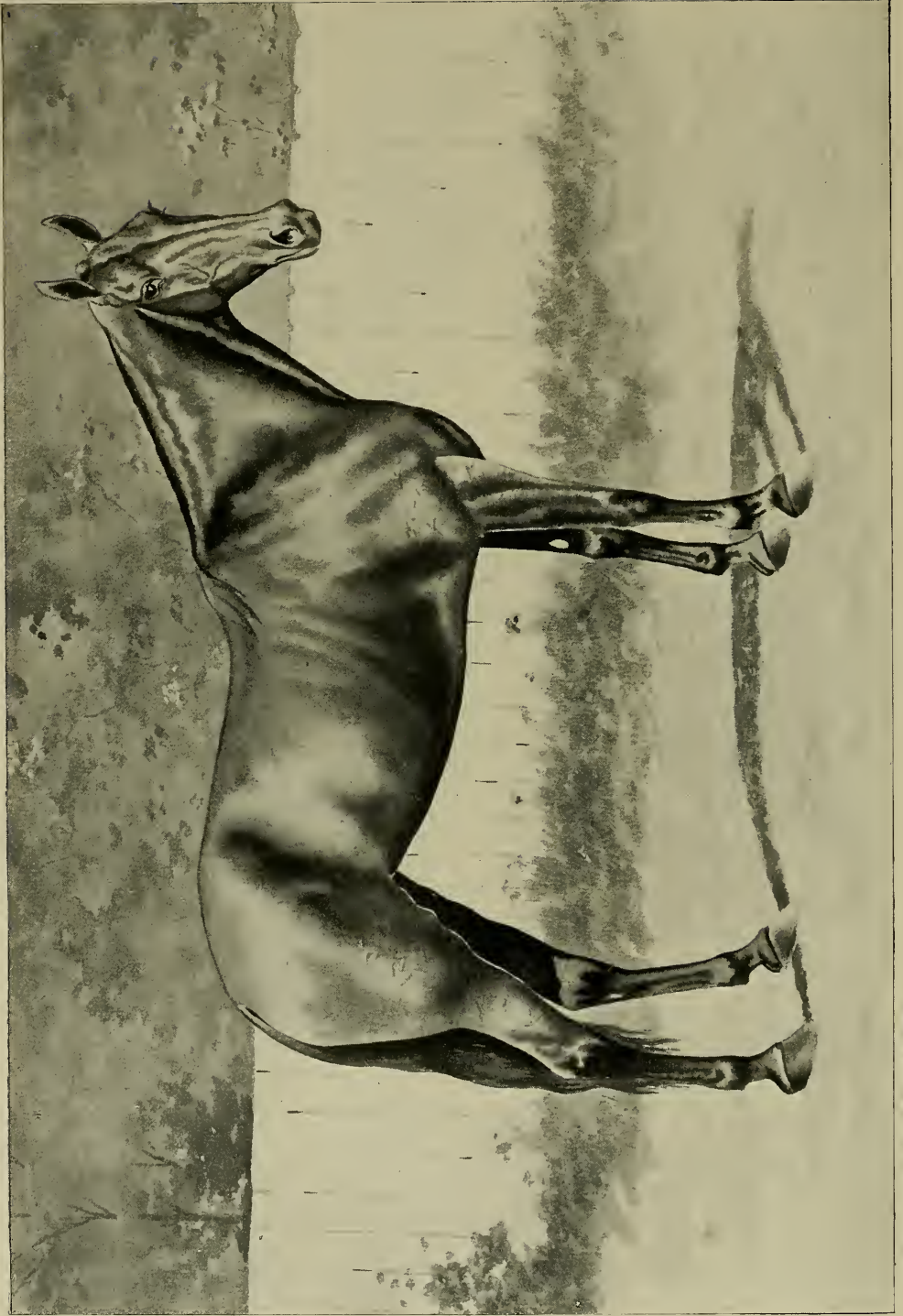
S. C. West Newton.—No further, other or better information can be gotten relating to the *Mai*, than is published in the issue of OUTING, September, page 417.

"Samson."—During the twelve years of competitions New York A. C. has scored 5 firsts, 3 seconds and 3 thirds; New Jersey A. C., 2 firsts, 1 second and half a third; Staten Island A. C., 2 firsts; Xavier A. A., 1 first, 1 second and 1 third; Ridgefield A. C., 1 first and 1 second; Yale University, 1 first; Pastime A. C., 2 seconds and 2 thirds; Manhattan A. C., 1 second and 1½ thirds; Civil Service Harriers, Dublin, Ireland, 1 second; Boston, Mass., 1 second; West Side A. C., 1 third; Mt. Vernon Y. M. C. A., 1 third; New West Side A. C., 1 third. The list of champions is now: 1885, M. W. Ford; 1886, M. W. Ford; 1887, A. A. Jordan; 1888, M. W. Ford; 1889, M. W. Ford; 1890, A. A. Jordan; 1891, A. A. Jordan; 1892, M. O'Sullivan; 1893, E. W. Goff; 1894, E. W. Goff; 1895, J. Cosgrave; 1896, L. P. Sheldon.



Painted for Ostrine by Cole and Springstein.

PAGE.



Painted for OUTING by Cole and Springstein

FANTASY.



Painted for OUTING by Cole and Springstein.

STAR POINTER.



Painted for OUTING by Cole and Springstein.

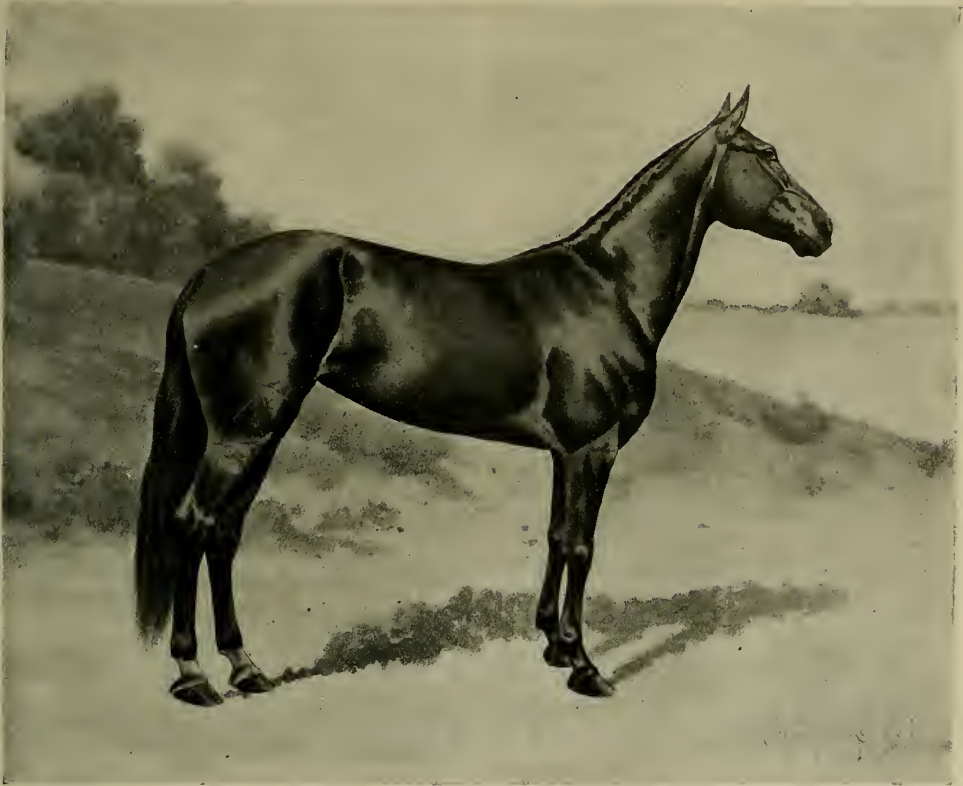
JOHN R. GENTRY.

OUTING.

VOL. XXIX.

NOVEMBER, 1896

No. 2.



VAN ZANDT.

PROMINENT HORSES OF THE SEASON.

TROTTERS AND PACERS.

By E. B. Abercrombie.

THE old racing proverb, that nothing is so sure to happen as the unexpected, has been signally illustrated during the present season of light-harness sport. At the beginning of the year, judged by past performances and a fair average of public form, the bay gelding Azote, 2:04 $\frac{3}{4}$, looked to be in line for the trotting championship with Mr. W. E. D. Stokes' fleet mare Beuzetta, 2:06 $\frac{3}{4}$, as a close second. Azote, for a time in 1895, was the king of

the Free-for-all Classes; he had a race record of 2:05 $\frac{1}{2}$, within one quarter of a second of the trotting race champion record, held jointly by Alix and Directum, and he had a time record of 2:04 $\frac{3}{4}$, one second behind the champion mark held by Alix. Azote has not made his appearance this year, and in all probability will never see a track again. The ailing leg which retired him in the autumn of 1895, being still strongly in evidence. Beuzetta has been a greater

disappointment. It is difficult to account for her unsatisfactory performances, except by that very vague excuse that this is her "off" year, yet it is only by accepting this racing theory on the opposite side that the brilliant performances of Fantasy, Kentucky Union and John R. Gentry can be satisfactorily accounted for. As a three-year-old, Beuzetta took a record of 2:12 $\frac{3}{4}$, won the Kentucky Futurity worth \$27,480, and was the highest winner of her year. As a four-year-old, last season, she reduced her record to 2:06 $\frac{3}{4}$, starting in six races, winning five and being second to Azote in the sixth in 2:05 $\frac{1}{2}$. This year, instead of winning the championship, she has been completely eclipsed by Fantasy, Kentucky Union and Klamath, a trio in the past that, at various times, have been sad disappointments to the public and their owners. Fantasy was hailed as a future queen of the turf, when, at three years of age, she trotted in 2:08 $\frac{3}{4}$, taking the filly championship for that age. The following year she won the four-year-old filly championship in 2:06, and in 1895 she added the five-year-old filly honors to her name, though as it was in 2:07, it did not add to her reputation. Fantasy was in fact a failure in 1895, and only made three appearances in public. At Des Moines, Iowa, June 21st, where, against time, she trotted in 2:07; at Minneapolis, Minn., on July 3d, when she defeated Directum and Kentucky Union in 2:09, 2:09 and 2:11 $\frac{1}{2}$, and at Buffalo, where she was second to Azote. For the balance of the year she was on the retired list; but in OUTING, speaking of the prospects of the coming season, we said, "her owners and trainer are confident of her possession of the qualities which, under favorable circumstances, will make her a queen of the trotting turf, and if in an 'off' year she could add fresh honors to her name, surely this daughter of a race of kings may be looked upon as a possibility for the queenship of the trotting turf of 1896."

Fantasy has substantially justified this forecast, for she has trotted the fastest heat of the year in a race in 2:06 $\frac{1}{2}$, and has proved herself to be the queen of the free-for-all brigade. Her first great race of the season was at Peoria on July 4th, where she defeated Klamath, Miss Nelson and McVera in 2:11 $\frac{3}{4}$, 2:11 $\frac{3}{4}$ and 2:13 $\frac{1}{2}$, Klamath tak-

ing the second heat in 2:11 $\frac{1}{4}$. At the Grand Circuit Meeting at Columbus, Ohio, on August 5th, she won the Free-for-all Purse in straight heats, defeating such fast performers as Beuzetta, Onoqua and Lord Clinton in 2:06 $\frac{1}{2}$, 2:09 and 2:09 $\frac{1}{2}$. The first heat was a magnificent contest, and Fantasy had her nose in front at the half-mile pole in 1:02 $\frac{1}{2}$, and with Onoqua at her shoulders she finished the fastest heat she had ever made in a race. On August 29th, at Buffalo, N. Y., Fantasy won again in straight heats in 2:10, 2:09 $\frac{1}{2}$ and 2:10, again defeating Beuzetta and Onoqua. At Readville, Mass., on August 27th and 28th, she met Kentucky Union, Beuzetta, Onoqua and William Penn, and was again victorious, taking the first, second and fourth heats in 2:09, 2:08 $\frac{1}{4}$ and 2:08. In the third heat Kentucky Union won in 2:07 $\frac{3}{4}$. The \$2,500 Eastview Farm Stakes, at Fleetwood Park, New York, gave her another opportunity, on September 3d, to defeat exactly the same field, which she did in 2:09 $\frac{1}{2}$, 2:08 and 2:10. She again demonstrated her unquestionable superiority in the Free-for-all Trotting Class at Mystic Park, Boston, on September 17th, when she again defeated William Penn, Onoqua and Kentucky Union in 2:10, 2:10 and 2:10 $\frac{3}{4}$ with the greatest ease. Fantasy was bred and is owned by C. J. and Harry Hamlin, of Village Farm, near Buffalo, N. Y. She is now six years old, and, though by no means a beauty, is a perfect racing machine, and under the skillful guidance of her trainer, Ed. Geers, has proved herself to be the queen of the year, and is the most likely candidate for the highest honor of the trotting turf—the All-aged Championship now held by Alix, 2:03 $\frac{3}{4}$. The seven year old mare, Kentucky Union, 2:07 $\frac{1}{4}$, will rank as the next best trotter of the year to Fantasy, and her racing history is similar in many respects to her illustrious rival. Kentucky Union was foaled in 1889, and is by that great sire of trotters, Aberdeen, while her dam is Kentucky Central by Balsora, and her second dam None-Such by Brignoli. As a two-year-old she took a record of 2:40. As a three-year-old she was a conspicuous winner and one of the best of her year, closing the season with a record of 2:13 $\frac{1}{2}$ made at Columbus, Ind., on September 22d, 1892. So brilliant was her three-year-old career that, coup-

led with her good breeding, she was confidently hailed as a future champion. She started ten times, winning eight of her races. As a four-year-old she was not a success, winning one race at Mason City, Iowa, and being fourth at Lexington, Ky., in the 2:12 class, which was won by that game young stallion Pamlico in 2:13 $\frac{1}{4}$, 2:13 $\frac{1}{2}$ and 2:11 $\frac{1}{2}$. As a five-year-old she started seven times, winning three of her races and lowering her record to 2:11 $\frac{3}{4}$. In 1895 she did not win once in seven starts, but in justice to her it must be said that she had to meet the invincible Directum, 2:05 $\frac{1}{4}$; Fantasy, 2:06; Nightingale, 2:08; Phoebe Wilkes, 2:08; and Klamath, 2:08 $\frac{1}{2}$ at that time. This year she has redeemed her reputation under the clever guidance of that good reinsman "Ras" Eckers, though in her later races she has had to succumb to the superior racing ability of Fantasy. On July 4th, at Peoria, Ill., in the 2:12 class, Kentucky Union gave public notice in the most emphatic manner that she proposed to lead the procession by defeating a fast field in 2:10 $\frac{1}{4}$, 2:09 $\frac{1}{4}$ and 2:13 $\frac{1}{2}$; and at Joliet, Ill., on July 9th, she again won in the same class in 2:10 $\frac{1}{4}$, 2:10 $\frac{3}{4}$ and 2:11. At Cleveland, Ohio, July 30th, she was defeated by Klamath, but had behind her Lord Clinton, Bouncer, Onoqua, Dan Cupid and Maud C.; but at Columbus, Ohio, on August 5th, she turned the tables on Klamath by winning the race in 2:09, 2:08 $\frac{1}{4}$ and 2:09 $\frac{1}{2}$, after Klamath had won the first heat in 2:07 $\frac{1}{2}$. August 13 found the busy little mare at Fort Wayne, Ind., where she captured the 2:09 class in 2:10 $\frac{1}{4}$, 2:08 $\frac{1}{4}$ and 2:09. She made her record of 2:07 $\frac{1}{4}$ at Indianapolis, Ind., on August 20th, when she reeled off her race in straight heats in 2:07 $\frac{1}{4}$, 2:07 $\frac{3}{4}$ and 2:09. At Red Oak, Iowa, and in her other engagements, she proved that she possessed race-horse quality of the highest order. Kentucky Union is a very finely-drawn mare of the thoroughbred style and was bought at the Fairlawn closing-out sale, as a yearling, for \$525. The filly was small, with a bald face and white stockings, and little to recommend her, except her breeding. D. M. Dodge, of Paris, Ky., was her purchaser and he soon sold her for \$800 to Messrs. Alexander & Renshaw of Tipton, Mo., who still own her. She should be good for several more seasons on the track and will be invaluable as a

brood mare. The bay gelding Klamath, 2:07 $\frac{1}{2}$, is the third fastest trotter of the season, and when he defeated Kentucky Union at Cleveland, high hopes were entertained that he would be the coming wonder of the year, but he failed to win at Columbus, and was retired for the year. Klamath is the fastest Californian out this season. He is eleven years old, and is by Morookus, dam Bob, by Ophir. This is not aristocratic breeding and Klamath is not an aristocratic horse, but in a race he is one of the do or die kind, while in a stable he is as playful and docile as a pet dog.

In the old days of trotting sport the owner of a fast horse would, in the first season, take every possible precaution to keep him in the slow classes; he would often allow the horse to lose a heat, or even a race, rather than get a fast record, the idea being to keep his speed concealed, winning with apparently nothing to spare, and thus take several seasons before he finally landed in the free-for-all brigade. The policy of to-day is not to play a waiting game, but to go at once to the front, give the horse the fastest mark possible, and, if he is then outclassed, sell him for a roadster and buy a new candidate for turf honors. The bay gelding Page, 2:09 $\frac{3}{4}$, is the fastest new arrival this season, and is an illustrious example of the lightning rapidity with which, in these days, an unknown horse comes from obscurity to fame in one season. Page is seven years old, and never trotted a race until this year. He is a handsome bay, by Polonius, dam, the DuBois mare, whose pedigree is unknown; but she must have good blood in her veins, for it is a law of heredity that great sons have great mothers. He was bred by T. S. Durland, of Chester, Orange Co., N. Y. He was taken from pasture in the summer of 1895 and given light training on the track at Goshen, N. Y., and trotted a trial mile in 2:20 $\frac{1}{2}$. John Langan, of New York City, heard of the horse and went to see him. He was so impressed with his individuality that he at once bought him for \$1,500. In February he was placed in the hands of Isaac Fleming, the well-known trainer, and his track education began; it progressed in such a satisfactory manner that by June 1st he was able to show miles below 2:25. Page made his *debut* on June 2d, at Fleetwood Park, N. Y.,

and trotted second in two heats to the bay mare Straightline, her winning time being 2:21½ and 2:20½. He behaved admirably, and fully came up to the expectation of his friends. His next engagement was at Mystic Park, Boston, where, on June 18th, in the 2:40 class, he won in 2:19¼, 2:15¼ and 2:15, distancing his field, with the exception of the bay mare Fascination. Six days later, at Franklin Park, Saugus, Mass., he again won in slow time, as he had nothing to force him out. He celebrated July 4th at Portland, Me., by winning the 2:15 class, taking the second, fourth and fifth heats in 2:14¼, 2:16 and 2:16. At Boston, on July 14th, in the same class, he was defeated by the chestnut stallion, Benton M., in 2:16¼, 2:12¾ and 2:12¾; but he had his revenge at Mystic Park, Boston, when, in the same class, he defeated Benton M. The latter won the first and second heats in 2:13¼ and 2:14¼, Page taking the next three in 2:11¼, 2:13¼ and 2:14¼. On July 29th, at Portland, Me., Page achieved his record and stamped himself as the fastest trotter that had ever been produced in one season. In the 2:14 class the black stallion Vega won the first heat in 2:10½, but Page landed the next three heats in 2:09¾, 2:11 and 2:11¾. Page stands 15.2 hands high, but is a horse of such commanding appearance that he looks much taller. He is a beautiful bay, with black points, has a large, plain, but intelligent head, is broad between the eyes, very deep in the shoulders and has splendid propelling power behind. While not bad tempered he is aggressive, and if a stranger visits his stall and becomes too familiar, he is liable to get a nip he will not soon forget. He weighs 1,050 pounds, and is one of the most likely of the new candidates for the highest honors next year.

This season has been almost devoid of really fast and first-class colts and fillies. Among the two-year-olds the beautiful colt Jupe easily outranks all competitors. He was bred at Highland Farm, near Lexington, Ky., and is by Allie Wilkes, dam by Mambrino Patchen, and when a yearling was sold by W. C. France to W. Evans, of Lexington, Ky., for one hundred and fifty dollars. A few months later Brook Curry, the well-known trainer, bought the colt for three hundred and twelve dollars and fifty cents, and sold him

in February of this year for six hundred dollars to D. A. Snell, of New Bedford, Mass. Jupe trotted his first race at Milwaukee and won in the slow time of 2:45½ and 2:41½, and he was then brought to Rigby Park, Portland, Me., where he at once established his pre-eminent superiority to all the colts of his age by trotting on August 18th and defeating a field of six in 2:25¼ and 2:17, and a week later at Readville, Mass., he defeated the best field of the season in 2:20 and 2:17¼. Nothing less than champion honors would content this good colt, and at Portland, Me., on September 21st, in a stake for two-year-olds, he trotted the second heat in 2:14½, which gave him the racing championship for that age, and at Readville, Mass., eight days later, he reduced that record to 2:13¾. The previous race record was 2:15¼. This, however, is still a long way behind the time record of Arion, 2:10¾. Jupe is a very handsome colt, being a rich mahogany bay, standing over fifteen hands high. He has an excellent temper, and should he develop and train on, should be the champion three-year-old of 1897. No really first-class three-year-old has appeared this season. The bay colt Bingen, by May King, has trotted in 2:12½, but that will not compare with the trial mile of 2:12½ which he made as a two-year-old, though it must be said on his behalf that he had a bad cold in the spring and had not recovered from it when he began to race this season. Bingen will be a great horse in 1897. Leaving the ranks of horses which aspire to the first rank, two mares stand out prominently. They are Alcidalia, 2:11¼, and Van Zandt, 2:11½. Alcidalia is a beautiful bay mare by Sir Walter, Jr., dam Comee's Sister, by Daniel Lambert. She was bred by Waldo T. Pierce, of Boston, who still owns her, and who enjoys driving her on the road in the winter far more than racing her in the summer. Alcidalia is about 15.1 hands high, very neat and compact and a pure-gaited trotter. Van Zandt is by Chimes Bell, dam Alex Ida, by Alexander H. Sherman, and is owned by John Deveraux, of New York, who also drives her. She is a plain-looking little mare, and would never sell on her looks, but a braver trotter never fought a desperate battle down the home stretch, as

her two races at the Grand Circuit Meeting, Fleetwood Park, testify. At that track, on August 30th, in the 2:30 stake of three thousand dollars, she defeated a good field in 2:13¾, 2:15½ and 2:18¾. The difference in the time is to be accounted for by the fact that rain began to fall after the first heat and continued through the afternoon. In the 3:00 stake she met the mighty Page and two others; the result was a superb

two heats and the race. Van Zandt's gameness wins her races. She never gives up and seldom breaks. She will come down the stretch, under the whip, fighting every inch of the way, and this splendid quality of the true race-horse will enable her to defeat horses who are faster than herself.

The pacing division of the light-harness racers, so far as a general advance of speed is concerned, compares most



Painted for OUTING by Cole and Springstein.

KENTUCKY UNION.

battle for five heats, characterized by finishes which fairly electrified the spectators. Van Zandt won the first heat, was second in the next, while in the third the pair shot under the wire so close together that the judges declared it a dead heat, though the majority of the spectators saw Van Zandt's bony head in the lead. All's well that ends well, and the mare won the next

favorably with the trotters, and several important records have been broken, though like the trotters the unexpected has happened. The favorite candidates of the spring have not gathered the honors of the summer or the autumn.

For pacing honors, the handsome bay stallion Planet, 2:09½, is almost a counterpart of the trotter Page; like him, this is his first season. In three months

he has emerged from the ranks of obscurity to fame and, like Page, his friends are confident that he will be one of the champions of next season. Strange, though it may seem, trainers are seldom successful breeders, and very few trainers are successful in developing colts to maturity. There is therefore all the more honor to George Starr, who bred and owns Planet, and gave him his education and has driven him in all his races. Planet, 2:09 $\frac{3}{4}$, is by Bonnie McGregor, 2:13 $\frac{1}{2}$, he by Robert McGregor, 2:17 $\frac{1}{2}$. Bonnie McGregor was a great race-horse, while his sire, well known as the monarch of the homestretch, was one of the grand race-horses of his time. Planet comes of a royal race. His dam is Marguerite by Jersey Wilkes, by George Wilkes, which gives him on the dam's side the blood of the greatest speed-producing branch of the trotting family. Planet is five years old and stands 15.1 hands high. He is a bright bay with two white coronets in front and two white ankles behind. He has a clean-cut head and neck, is built like a handsome cob, and weighs 1,000 pounds. Planet, although good tempered, will resent familiarity on the part of strangers, but is as playful as a kitten with his stable attendant. He is fond of apples and when he smells one he is sure to find it, whether in the pocket of the groom or purposely hidden in some part of the stable. He has won this year nearly \$10,000. His opening race was at Chicago, on July 1st, when he won the \$2,000 Calumet stake in straight heats in 2:15 $\frac{1}{2}$, 2:18 $\frac{1}{4}$ and 2:16 $\frac{3}{4}$. He made his record at Columbus, Ohio, in the 2:35 class, when he won in 2:14 $\frac{3}{4}$, 2:14 and 2:09 $\frac{1}{2}$. He has won all his races with the greatest ease, and it is no secret that he is far faster than his record. The fastest three-year-old colt of the year is the bay Agitato, 2:09 $\frac{1}{4}$, by Steinway, dam by Ferguson, but this is far behind the champion record, 2:07 $\frac{1}{4}$ of Directly. The bay colt Sulphide has since tied 2:09 $\frac{1}{4}$. The pacing record for mares has been broken and is now jointly held by the two mares Pearl C. and Lottie Loraine, and strange to say both records were made in the same race. In the 2:09 pacing class, at Columbus, Ohio, on August 4th, in a field of eleven, the bay mare Pearl C., by Royal Wilkes, won the first heat in 2:06 $\frac{1}{2}$, and Lottie Loraine, who won the race, did it in 2:06 $\frac{1}{4}$,

2:07 and 2:08 $\frac{1}{2}$. Lottie Loraine is by Gambetta Wilkes, dam Lady Yeiser by Garrard Chief. The previous record owner was Angie D., 2:07. The wagon record has gone down from 2:08 $\frac{3}{4}$ to 2:08, but it has not changed hands. The chestnut gelding W. W. P., by Ben Lomond, Jr., owned by DuBois Brothers of Denver, Colo., reduced it to 2:08 $\frac{3}{4}$ last year, and this year at the Minnesota State Fair he placed it at 2:08.

But all these performances, both trotting and pacing, pale into insignificance before the pacing record breaking performances of John R. Gentry and Star Pointer. At the beginning of the season it looked as though Robert J. was invincible, with the big bay gelding, Frank Agan, as a fighting possibility for the premiership, and the earlier battles of the season justified the conclusion.

John R. Gentry, although the pacing stallion champion, was last season an uncertain quantity, and though he sold at the winter sale of Messrs. Fasig & Co. at Madison Square Garden for \$7,600 to William Simpson, of New York, was hardly expected to be the most brilliant pacing performer of the present season. It was known that he could go a half in one minute, and that he had gone to the three-quarter pole in 1:30, but his previous trainers had failed to keep him up to his clip, and in the majority of his contests with Robert J. he did not exhibit that bull-dog tenacity which characterizes a first-class race-horse. It was, therefore, a subject of universal surprise and astonishment when, at the Grand Circuit Meeting at Fleetwood Park, on September 2d, he defeated Robert J., Frank Agan and Star Pointer in 2:03 $\frac{3}{4}$, 2:03 $\frac{1}{4}$ and 2:03 $\frac{1}{4}$, being, at that time, the fastest race in the history of light-harness sport. Every finish was of the closest character, and in two out of the three heats John R. Gentry was behind when the stretch was reached, and it was only by meteoric finishes of the most sensational character that he managed to reach the wire in front of his competitors. This was considered at the time the climax of the season, and even the most competent judges scarcely expected that such a performance could be beaten so late in the season; but at Glens Falls, on September 10th, John R. Gentry eclipsed all previous racing records by

pacing the second heat in 2:01½. His only opponent was the bay horse Star Pointer, who, though possessed of phenomenal speed, had, up to that time, been a sad disappointment. In his first appearance this season at Combination Park, Boston, he broke so badly that he was distanced, and in the big free-for-all race at Fleetwood Park he was last. To the astonishment of the eight thousand spectators at Glens Falls, Star Pointer held his own with John R. Gentry to the half-mile pole, actually gaining a little in the stretch, and at the three-quarter pole was half a length ahead, but the fight to the finish was one of the most magnificent struggles ever seen in the history of the turf, and John R. Gentry won by a length, Star Pointer's time being 2:01¾. The Glens Falls record gives John R. Gentry the stallion championship and the stallion racing championship, and also bracketed him with Robert J. for the all-age pacing championship, thus unquestionably making him not merely the greatest pacing horse of the year, but the greatest pacing champion of his time. But John R. Gentry was not satisfied with anything less than absolute sovereignty. His record though in a race simply tied the time record of Robert J., and at Portland, Me., on September 24th he paced against that record, and in spite of a cool breeze across the stretches he accomplished the task in 2:00½. OUTING has always declared its belief in the possibility of a mile in 2:00 and the champion pacer is certainly knocking at the door. The champion is still a young horse, as he was foaled in 1889. He is a product of Kansas, as he is by Ashland Wilkes, dam Dame Wood by Wedgewood, and was bred by H. C. Toler, of Wichita, Kansas. He came into prominence as a three-year-old, achieving a record of 2:13 at Mexico, Mo., October 15, 1892. His name does not appear in the records as a four-year-old, but as a five-year-old he came to the front in a most brilliant manner by taking the stallion and pacing racing championships with a record of 2:03¾. He began the season at Detroit, on July 20th, when he defeated a strong field of a dozen in 2:13, 2:09½ and 2:11. On August 11th, at Buffalo, he was second to the black stallion Joe Patchen, the best time being 2:09¼. At Terre Haute, Ind., on

August 16th, he won the 2:10 class in straight heats, 2:10, 2:10¾ and 2:10¼. On August 22d, he was at Chicago, and at Washington Park, in the 2:08 class, he defeated a fast field in the excellent time of 2:07¼, 2:07¼ and 2:08½. A week later found him at Fort Wayne, Ind., where, in the 2:10 class, he won in 2:07½, 2:09¾ and 2:09½. The climax of his season that year occurred at Terre Haute, on September 13th, where, after Hal Braddon had won the first heat in 2:09, the race was postponed until the following day, when John R. Gentry won it in 2:03¾, 2:06 and 2:07¼. After his victory in the free-for-all pace at Chillicothe, Ohio, on October 5th, in which the best time was 2:06, he went to the meeting at Cumberland Park, Nashville, Tenn., where, on October 18th, he met Robert J., the champion, in a special race; the first heat was decided to be dead, and the time made was 2:04, but the majority of the spectators and one of the judges were quite clear upon the point that John R. Gentry had won the heat by a head. He was drawn after the first heat, and Robert J. walked over in 2:03½. In that year he won six out of nine races; he was second twice and drawn once, as above mentioned, finishing the season with the stallion championship record and a reputation second only to that of Robert J. with his record of 2:01½.

The career of John R. Gentry in 1895 was a peculiar one, arising from the fact that many of his public appearances were special exhibitions between him and the pacing stallion Joe Patchen, and they, in the opinion of many good judges will hardly class as genuine races. He did not reduce his record, and was clearly outclassed by Robert J. throughout the season. The champion stallion is a very handsome horse, standing 15.1 hands high, exceedingly well proportioned, and is a remarkable illustration of what can be done by a trainer's skill. Prior to the present season there was a well-defined opinion among horsemen, who had watched his career, that while he was as fast as the wind he lacked that stubborn gameness which will win in a bitterly contested fight. His last two races, at Fleetwood Park and Glens Falls, conclusively prove that his trainer, William Andrews, has discovered the secret of how to drive him, and no matter

how fast the clip may be, and no matter how brave his antagonist may be, he will live to the wire and go faster and stay longer than any other pacer that ever lived.

The bay stallion Star Pointer, by Brown Hal, who forced John R. Gentry out in 2:01½, is also one of the surprises of the season. Trainer Ed. Geers of the Village Farm, who brought this horse out, has always maintained that he had enough natural speed to beat any horse upon the track, but he has been, up to the present time, a comparative failure. On September 18th, however, at Mystic Park, Boston, he turned the tables on all of his enemies, and at one jump achieved the race championship for the fastest three consecutive heats, defeating Frank Agan and Robert J. in 2:02½, 2:03½ and 2:03¾, thus beating the three-heat championship which John R. Gentry had achieved at Fleetwood Park.

The greatness of this performance can be best shown by comparison. On September 5th, 1894, Robert J., the pacing champion of that time, paced the three fastest consecutive heats ever made in a race, in 2:03¼, 2:02½, and 2:04¾. The race took place over the track at Indianapolis, Ind. This record stood till John R. Gentry beat it at Fleetwood Park by an average of a fraction, while Star Pointer's average is half a second per heat faster than Robert J.'s race. That the race was not a meteoric flight of speed was proved at the meeting of the New England Breeders' Association at Readville, Mass., on October first, when he met Robert J., Frank Agan, 2:03¾, and Joe Patchen, 2:04, and defeated the party in straight heats. This track is not a fast one. It is new, and will take a couple of seasons to get it in first-class shape.

In all three heats Star Pointer won with the greatest ease, and in the last heat jogged under the wire. It is a long journey from the "hub of the universe" to Lexington, Ky., the classic capital of the thoroughbred and trotting interests of the continent, but Star Pointer, Frank Agan and Robert J. made the trip, and met again in the free-for-all pace on October 7th at the grand carnival of the Kentucky Trotting Horse Breeders' Association, held in that city. Here again Star Pointer was the victor, and in the first heat, which he won in

2:03, he established a new record for the track. Frank Agan had the benefit of the pole, but at the quarter Star Pointer was in the lead, and in spite of the splendid efforts of his competitors he won by a length, with Robert J. and Frank Agan making a dead heat for second place. He won the next two heats, with a little to spare, in 2:04¾ and 2:06½.

It is somewhat pathetic that the game ex-champion, Robert J., in the race which is said to be his last on the American turf should have suffered defeat. But so long as unflinching gameness and speed are admired, so long in the equine temple of fame will his memory be revered. Star Pointer came honestly by his speed, for his sire has also to his credit, Hal Dillard, 2:04¾; Hal Braden, 2:07¼; Laurel, 2:09¼, and a number of other fast pacers. He belongs to the most illustrious of the pacing families of Tennessee, the original home of horses of that gait.

It is hardly possible that Star Pointer will beat this record at this late season of the year, but he certainly can be looked upon not merely as a possibility but as the most brilliant probability for championship honors in 1897.

The black stallion Joe Patchen reduced his record during the season to 2:03, and for a short period enjoyed the stallion championship honors. Frank Agan reduced his record to 2:03¾, and there are hosts of others between that time and 2:10. In fact, the reduction of speed by the pacers during the present season has far exceeded the reduction of speed by trotters, and it is to the knights of the lateral brigade that we shall in all probability have to look for the first horse to compass a mile in two minutes.

It is a cheering fact that in spite of the hostile legislation in New York, Pennsylvania, Illinois and other States, and the undoubted financial stringency, accentuated by the usual agitation pending a presidential election, that trotting and pacing sport has more than held its own, that its popularity is undoubtedly increasing, that the attendance at the various meetings throughout the country has been larger than in previous years, and that the outlook for the great national sport was never more promising than now.



Painted for OTTUS by Cole and Springstein.

J. P. P.



Painted for OTTING by A. W. Van Deusen.

PLANET.

THE STORY OF A PENNY PENCIL.

By Sarah Addison Wedderburn.



beings, so the fact of their judging entirely from appearances—the proverbial effect of inexperience — prevented my losing the last vestige of self-esteem, which quality had upheld me thus far, in the belief that I was destined for some great achievement.

My deliverance came when least expected. It was a dull, rainy day, and so few penny customers aroused the ire of the fretful keeper of small needs that she had almost lost her irritability in the intricate meshes of some marvel in zephyrs destined to grace the show-case and tempt the extravagance of some future customer. But the sharp “ting” of the call bell disturbed her somnolent occupation, as a slight figure came forward to

exchange a nod of recognition across the counter, her worn garments and delicate, though refined, face disclosing the last expiring traces of decaying gentility.

“What will you have to-day, madam?” was the terse and not very encouraging inquiry.

“I wish to look at some lead pencils.” The almost timid request was spoken in a low, sweet, deprecatory voice. A box filled with a variety of dude specimens of my order was put before her from which to select. After glancing doubtfully at them she said, hastily and apologetically: “I do not wish a fancy pencil. Have you no others?”

The box in which I was taking my Rip Van Winkle sleep was now shoved impatiently in front of her, while her query was answered in a voice of increased asperity.

“Perhaps you may find one to suit you among these,” and the disgusted saleswoman reseated herself to resume her knitting with a manner of marked indifference.

Slender white fingers were now plunged into our midst, turning us gently over, and while polished coats and conspicuous caps were rattled decisively out of the way, a pair of eager

HOW long I lay with my fellows in a box upon the counter of the smallest and dingiest shop of a street where dingy shops and dingy apartment houses abound, I cannot now remember; but it seemed such an age that I had given up in despair ever leaving my monotonous quarters to begin life in earnest as a useful mover in the affairs of men. Time and again I had been aroused to a momentary hope of a change for the better in my condition, when busy fingers turning us over would bring me to the top; but if I were taken out for examination, I was speedily cast contemptuously back, and partiality shown directly to my face for one of my companions, possessing no advantage over myself other than a coat of varnish—of which I was destitute. Not that I had any right to complain, for I was by no means a handsome specimen of my kind, being without coat or adornment of any sort save an insignificant cap of rubber, and my intrinsic worth, yet to be tested. It is true that most of these petty purchasers were school children and other frivolous

eyes recognized my humble, unassuming worth, and a shapely thumb and forefinger picked me out of my ignominious prison. The throb of an awakened self-consciousness thrilled me to a sense of my dawning destiny.

"I think one of these will answer,"

With a joy unutterable I bade an eternal farewell to my companions in seclusion; for upon receiving me, my mistress turned immediately to the door, seeming eager to escape the inquisitive scrutiny of the shopwoman, which said as plainly as spoken words,



"THE FEVER WAS STILL IN HIS EYES." (p. 126.)

my rescuer suggested, hesitatingly. "What is the price?"

"A penny," was the sharp reply.

While my ex-owner wrapped me contemptuously in a bit of paper, my new mistress fished from her well-worn glove the single penny which was to purchase my liberty.

"You would have selected a better had that penny not been your last. Why not be honest and admit the fact?"

I know my mistress felt the silent insult of those unspoken words, from the hurried, shrinking manner with which she made her way along the narrow street, when, heaven knows, she

had as much right to hold her head up there as any of the other passers-by, who all wore the same look of a conscious impecuniosity, vainly endeavoring to support the dignity of a past gentility. So keenly did she feel the humiliation of having unwillingly betrayed her extreme poverty that a tremulous nervousness shook her delicate frame and set me all of a tremble with a sympathy which very much dampened my exultation.

She walked briskly along for some distance, then slackened her pace perceptibly and suddenly. Just in front of us was a small provision store, with its uninviting cuts of cheap meat hanging at the door. She neared it, looked hesitatingly in and passed; then turned, retraced her steps and passed it again. This singular maneuver was repeated several times; then, with a catching of the breast and a sudden plunge, she entered the store and going boldly though with quaking limbs up to the counter, asked to see some pieces of soup meat. Several bones with a small modicum of clinging gristle were put before her from which to choose while the shopman attended to the petty wants of another customer. She awaited his attention patiently, and when he returned chose the cheapest piece, a bunch of soup herbs, a pound of rice, and a half peck of potatoes; then in a voice of desperate bravado, whose quiver of suppressed anxiety only I could feel, desired him to send them and charge to her account. For a moment there was a silence in which could be read the commingled pity and self-protecting firmness of the man and the despairing eagerness of the woman; the next he spoke the words she was all too well prepared to hear.

"Madam, we do a cash business, as you know, and have already departed from our rules in your favor longer than is just to ourselves. We must decline further credit."

"Very well," came the brave reply, but in a voice so low and so tinctured with shame and hopelessness, that in my deep interest in her affairs I quite forgot the possible part I was intended to play in them.

Again she was in the street and

never slackened her pace till she reached her destination — a shabby house like all the others in this quarter, with a shabby placard in the window eternally informing the public who frequented the street that here were rooms to be let for a reasonable sum for "light housekeeping."

Up one flight of stairs, odorous with the fumes of many "light" kitchens, and divulging the secrets of many a "light" purse; up another yet more pronounced as to the condition and habits of the indwellers; up another and yet another the weary woman labored. Would she never stop? Yes; this was the last, as the skylight attested.

One anxious moment she paused outside of a door, pressing a hand against her heart. Its violent throbbings shook threateningly the fragile frame. Firmly she turned the knob and entered, with a bright smile upon the face—transformed instantaneously from that of a



woman of care and sorrow to a ministering angel's!

Oh, such a scene of oppressive, genteel poverty! Neat and orderly, but so crowded: every square yard claiming its appointed use—bedroom, kitchen, nursery, study!

Lying stretched upon a couch, in the corner near one window, was the figure of an invalid man; three delicate children hanging around him with some shabby school-books, claimed his waning strength. In the opposite window was a small writing-desk, in the pigeon-holes of which were stowed neatly away little rolls of manuscript. Against the wall were folded two of those modern abominations which enable "roomers" to transform sleeping apartments into sitting-rooms. In a far corner was a suspicious screen, behind which the imagination readily pictured a gas stove and all the paraphernalia of very "light" cooking and eating. The light-housekeeping fashion, born of necessity, was here practiced, verily, within the four walls of a single room.

She went immediately up to the man and, stooping, kissed him upon the colorless lips.

"Well, dear,"—anxious voice and hungry eyes equally asked the question—"what success have you met with?" and the reply came in tones heavily charged with anguish and desperateness, despite the will of the speaker, who, I could feel, was putting every restraint upon her feelings.

"I got another pencil with the last penny. This time I *must* make a success. The urgency of the case demands it. Have patience, dear, and faith in me yet a little while longer."

"Your manuscript was refused again."

"Yes; I could not see the editor-in-chief. One of the subs. returned me my story and advised me to try some other publisher—my style did not suit their magazine; I lacked 'repression'—strong passions and violent feelings could only be dealt with 'lightly' in fiction of the present day; should rather be 'indicated' with soft, vanishing touches than be brought glaringly to the foreground of the picture. Such wanton display of the unsightly, ghastly truths of life is too coarse for the highly-cultured tastes of the public.

"Repression! when the brain which suggests and the fingers that guide the

pen throb with the hot blood of anguish and the mad pain of living!" As she spoke rapidly and with evident excitement she drew a roll of manuscript from her pocket and put it away in one of the cubbyholes of the desk; then glancing toward the man and seeing on his white face a look of distress, her whole countenance changed immediately as she said with remorseful apology:

"You forgive me, George. It was only the bitter disappointment of having to wait when we *need* money so much *now*. But I am myself again and ready. I cannot afford to try less fastidious publishers as they do not always pay so promptly and we cannot wait their leisure."

"Ah, can we even wait the writing of another story? Did you stop at Cox & Evans's?" She did not reply until she had stooped to lay her cold trembling hand upon his fevered brow. She had not yet removed her coat, and I could feel from the pocket in which I lay the determined swallowing of choking sobs. With an effort she controlled her voice and answered:

"As I feared, he refused any further credit; but we have flour and tea enough to tide us over a week. God pity the many who have not even so much between them and starvation;" then raising and kissing the three little girls she said:

"Now, my dear children must be good and keep very quiet, so that mamma may earn money to buy medicine for papa and some meat to make us all strong."

The little ones gathered around their father again and began conning their lessons in a suppressed tone, while my mistress hung up her coat and bonnet and seated herself at the little desk.

And now if the heart of a pencil could swell with pride, I would surely at this moment have split my cedar sides with excess of emotion. At last my life of distasteful uselessness was to cease and I was to become actually employed and that too in a noble cause. Not only was I to give another genius to the world (for the abilities of my mistress I never for a moment doubted), but I was to rescue a worthy family from starvation and restore deserved happiness.

After spending some moments in gathering together a little pile of odd

scraps of wrapping paper neatly preserved for the purpose, and bringing my nether-end to a fine point, she buried her burning temples in the trembling little hands and gave herself up to a short season of deep thought. Then taking me up suddenly and drawing the paper in front of her, she began. Rapidly I flew over the paper, on and on. As I hastened from line to line my exultation knew no bounds. I felt that a master hand guided me! What passion, what strength, what power of conception and aptness of expression! It was a story of ambition and undying faith and fervor in life and its possibilities; of trust in humanity, in goodness, in honesty; of an unconquerable will, bravely battling against the mental paralysis of "hope long deferred;" of the demoralizing contact with *unfaith*; of apparently insurmountable difficulties; of final victory. If a lead pencil were capable of being puffed up with consequence and pride I am sure I should have become bloated out of all semblance to my kind this first hour of my initiation into duties so congenial to my tastes and inclinations. What if my fate had been the ignominious one of aiding those sickly children in the mysteries of pot-hooks and hangers and being clumsily trimmed into an untimely non-existence! I was already beginning to look with the contempt of a new superiority upon my former companions, whose earlier release from captivity had once excited feelings of envy. I saw now my ingratitude in rebelling against a fate which was reserving me for a higher destiny.

But my self-gratulations were soon to meet with an unexpected check. My mistress dropped me to read over the page we had so rapidly covered. Her earnest eyes gravely scanned the closely written lines, and presently a look of anxiety and dissatisfaction crept into them. Shaking her head she took me up and deliberately drew me through the very passages, one by one, which I felt were most striking. My point was filled with indignant protest. I did her bidding with imperfect and unwilling strokes. My heart was indeed a leaden weight within me. Was my existence (we pencils can hope but for one) to be frittered away in this useless manner? At this rate I should soon be consumed, and some other chosen to perpetuate

her burning thoughts. Again she trimmed me down to a tapering point and resumed. Interlining, effacing, interlining—slowly the work progressed; the substance remained but the spirit was being destroyed! She was dressing and repressing, cutting and refining till the pathetic story which throbbed with life and vigor and beauty and naturalness was being transformed into a colorless corpse. All day we worked, retracing our steps.

Again and again as my point passed through some passage rich and tender in beautiful conception and vigorous in expression, a hot tear would drop upon the lines. But a handkerchief would impatiently remove all the traces, and a firmer hand grasp me for the destroying work.

From time to time a plaintive little voice interrupted our occupation, but after patiently and lovingly attending to some childish want she would hasten back and grasp me with a nervous haste which yet lacked not of force. She was striving to supply a demand which represented hard cash. However artificial that demand and difficult to meet, its equivalent was a necessity. How many earnest pencils have consumed themselves to achieve these desperate needs.

As the day waned our interruptions grew more frequent and prolonged. The hour at length came when unrobust stomachs feel faint for the need of sustenance and weak uncomplaining voices make known their wants. When my mistress had arranged the simple and insufficient meal and seated each child in its place, having first carried a tray to the sick man, I noticed that she greedily drank her tea but made only a feint of eating. I noticed also that the children, grown prematurely thoughtful by mutual privation, anxiously watched their mother, vainly urging food upon her until she had left the table and resumed her work, and that they even ate with a nervous hesitation, each fearing the others might have too little. I watched and wondered whether if such scenes could be thrown like stereoscopic views upon the mental vision of the pampered pets of fortune, they would show even a modicum of such divine self-denial and beautiful unselfishness. But here my thoughts were interrupted, and my energies again employed

in aiding my mistress in drawing for their edification a picture so vivid and strong that despite her effort to destroy its life, it must stand as a monument of pathetic truth to touch even the callous hearts.

Our work went on steadily till the shades of evening warned her that it was time to see those frail children and their sick father safely to rest for the coming night. After letting down the folding beds and seeing them comfortably tucked in she lit the gas beside her desk, screened the light carefully from the faces of the sleepers and again resumed her work. On and on into the night we steadily advanced toward the completion of our task. The night was growing cold and the rain which had pattered down unceasingly since morning was now congealing into grains of ice, the rising wind driving it with a dismal sound against the window. My mistress shivered from time to time and rubbed her benumbed fingers, which looked blue in the gas light, but there was no time to be lost though her eyes looked heavy and her face wan and white. Once in a while the man in the bed stirred and, perceiving half unconsciously the little figure still bent over the desk, would heave a deep sigh, but presently drop into heavy sleep again. Ah! that long silent night with not a witness to the brave, face-to-face encounter of a frail, sensitive woman with a cruel fate while the world lay unconscious around! And no weapon of defense but a penny pencil! Truly the hardest battles fought and won or lost, the noblest victories gained—the victories over *self*, over the weakness of the flesh and the faintings of the spirit—are never recorded in the proud pages of history, but are reserved to fill the highest niches in the halls of heaven where saints and heroes take their honored places.

When the night was nearly spent the closing words of the pathetic story were accomplished, and my mistress, laying me down, gathered up the manuscript, reading it carefully from beginning to end. "I think it will do," she said, in a tone of suppressed satisfaction, and rising, threw herself wearily and without preparation upon the lounge for a few short hours of rest.

The following day passed very much in the manner of the previous one, save

that I was now discarded and allowed to lie in impatient idleness upon the desk near my mistress. A pad of neat commercial note from one of the repositories of the desk was pressed into service, a pen usurping my place within those long, colorless fingers; and the work of copying began. The hours passed very slowly for me, unoccupied as I was, and beset with pangs of jealousy and discontent. Nothing disturbed the exasperating monotony of that pen's aggressive and self-asserting "scratch." Like many human beings who bask in the rays of reflected light, it was filling the post of honor and loudly claiming the credit after a more modest individual had accomplished the work. But I tried to be satisfied with the consciousness of having done my part faithfully, and, having nothing else to occupy me, fell to watching the inmates of the room and taking note of what passed around me. My mistress seemed so bent upon the accomplishment of her task that she never raised her eyes now to observe the occasional hesitating calls upon her attention; and the weary children, having exhausted themselves and their patient father over their simple lessons, one after the other fell asleep, their careworn little faces looking prematurely old.

Being heretofore closely occupied with my mistress and her movements, I had paid little attention to her husband, but I now noticed that his eyes were riveted upon her with an expression of such intense despair as could only have been wrought by a desperate struggle with a merciless fate and a defeat rendered more cruel because of the dear ones who must share it. I also noticed that the face of my mistress looked more anxious and pinched than yesterday, and that the gray shadows were settling about the compressed lips and thin nostrils in well-defined lines, which indicated that nature was offering a silent protest against this prolonged tax upon her powers. But she heeded neither the pangs of physical exhaustion and mental strain nor the deep, painful scrutiny of the invalid man, and was only aroused by a sharp rap upon the door, an occurrence so unusual as to startle the engrossed woman from her occupation and send her promptly to its answer.

It was only the landlady, but the faces of husband and wife turned a

shade paler while they invited her to enter. Before she accepted the proffered seat she stooped to raise the smallest child into her motherly arms.

"Poor little mite, you look as though you had not had enough to eat for a month."

The pained glance exchanged between mother and father revealed that they felt the sting conveyed in the implied rebuke; but though this failed to attract her notice, their emaciated forms and famished faces did not escape her observing eyes. When she spoke again the half-expressed complaint was softened by a voice earnest with sympathy and pity.

"I come up to see you folks about the rent, which is overdue these two weeks and more; but I guess you ain't in no fix to pay it from the looks o' things. Now I'm going to tell you what you'll have to do, and that *right off*. There's two families below, used up by hard times pretty much the same 's you be. I put the Ladies' Aid Society on their scent, and they're doing a smart bit for 'em. One of

them members 'll be here to look after 'em to-morrow, and I'll speak to her about —"

"Oh, no, no! you *must* not. It would be impossible to—to — Oh, I cannot make you understand!"

As my mistress spoke, with great embarrassment and distress, though with firmness, she looked toward her husband for approval; but he had covered up his face with the bony fingers of his right hand, while the left lay heavily upon the shoulder of his eldest child.

"Do you mean to say you will sit still

and starve?" exclaimed the irate landlady.

"I am not idle," answered her despairing victim. "I have about completed another story which I have reason to believe will be accepted, and pay me better than the last I sold."

"So you are content to see these poor dears pine away before your very eyes while you put your trust in *that* forlorn hope?" inquired the disgusted landlady, while her eyes wandered in evident disapproval toward the desk whereon lay the poor little pile of manuscript. "Well, you know your business best, I suppose, but it is hard on them as has to earn their living by the rent of rooms to have to suffer for the pride of their lodgers. I am going to leave you to think better of it, but you *jest* as well know first as *last* that I can't have you get further in debt to me."

So great was my indignation and distress that, after the woman left the room, my

agitation caused me to roll off the desk. The noise aroused my mistress from the stupor into which she had fallen, and after picking me up she turned to her husband and asked:

"George, was I right in refusing aid for you and our children? Tell me; can we bear to see these little ones starve, if

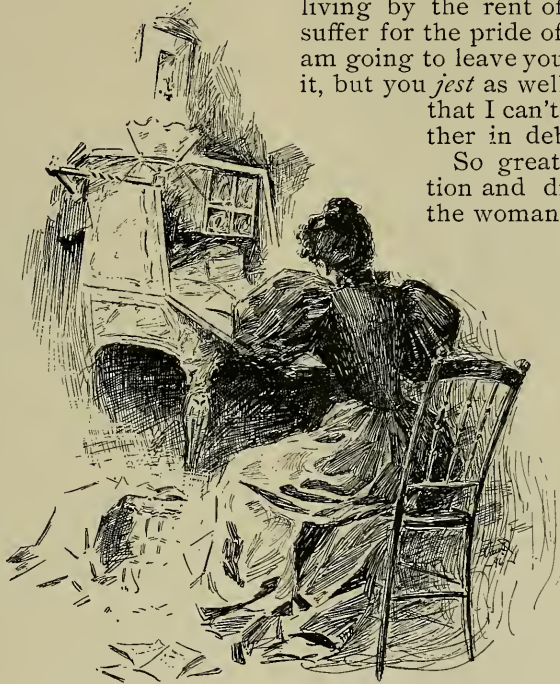
the worst comes to the worst?"

He did not reply at first; indeed, the silence seemed to me and my poor mistress to draw itself into hours as she twirled me nervously about in her fingers, though it was in reality not more than a few moments; then he spoke, his voice sounding weak and afar off, though stern and determined.

"If the worst comes to the worst, we can starve; but we cannot ask for charity."

"George, say Godspeed to my work, that I may have the courage to go on."

"Godspeed to you, my poor girl."



THROUGH THE WATCHES OF THE NIGHT.

Then she returned to her desk and worked faster to make up for the delay. When evening began to close in she got up, and, gathering the manuscript carefully together, secured it and handed it to her husband.

"Read it, George, while I put the children to bed. Early to-morrow I will take it to the—— Publishing Company. May God's mercy guide the decision of the editor!"

Languidly he extended his hand for it and began its perusal, while I trembled with anxiety. A third party was now to be the judge of its merits. After he had read a few minutes his interest began to awaken. His brow became contracted; his face convulsed with the emotion of a deep sympathy. The hand that held the sheets trembled; his breath came laboriously, in choking, spasmodic jerks; the cavernous eyes burned with the fire of past hopes. Once he lay the pages down while his eyes stared out into vacancy, as though the ghost of some impulse, long laid, had arisen there. Mastering himself, he read on.

To-night she was the one to sleep heavily, while he was restless and wakeful. After lying for hours with eyes staring wide open he leaned over his wife to make sure she was asleep—then rose, lit the gas and took up our story.

The fever was still in his haggard eyes, and seemed to burn the pages as he turned them rapidly over. Finally they became riveted upon one page, while he muttered over and over the passage at which he had paused earlier in the evening.

Just then there was a slight noise—the weary sleeper was unconsciously beginning to miss him from her side. He turned and looked at her; then the pent-up torture found its vent in convulsive sobs which shook the feeble frame and worn spirit, as the cruel winds of winter rend to its very center the forest oak made weak by premature decay. My mistress was now fully aroused, and led him unresisting back to bed, where a merciful exhaustion soon overcame him.

The following morning I saw the last of our manuscript, for the original in which I was instrumental was torn in bits and consigned to the waste-basket, while the copy was by my mistress taken to its destination.

The next few days came and went

unmarked by any change save the deepening shadows on my mistress's face and the increased moodiness of the invalid man. Every morning she went to the—— Publishing Company to learn the fate of her story, and each day the look of pained anxiety deepened in her wan face. While she was absent the sick man, now always preoccupied, developed a strange propensity for talking aloud, and some hidden resolve seemed endeavoring to proclaim itself through the burning eyes. The words which had caused him such fierce agitation the night he first read my mistress's manuscript came spontaneously to his lips again and again.

One morning—it was about a week after my introduction—my mistress returned from her daily trip more despondent than ever. She said the editor in charge of her manuscript indicated that she was injuring its chances by her importunity. He assured her it would be read and the decision mailed to her as soon as possible. There was nothing for them now but to wait his leisure. Her face was drawn and pinched with a suppressed mental torture she dared not give vent to, and an altogether new look born of commingled terror and despair. She roused the children, stupefied more with hunger than sleep, and gave them a little bread and tea. Then there took place in that room a heroic struggle with an inward anguish, more befitting the robust frame and resolute spirit of a strong man than that hunger and care-spent little frame—a struggle so silent that only I was aware of the set lips, the clinched hands, and the tortured, grief-shadowed eyes. Surely the face that finally turned to meet her husband's was an angel's! for it wore a patient, encouraging smile as she came with the tray of food, better fitted to nourish a child than a man. He looked at it with eyes grown habitually vacant and refused the scanty meal.

"You must take it," she urged; "it is the last!" But he pushed it impatiently away.

Setting the tray down she began making preparations for the night. Shadows of an intolerable pain had gathered on her face again. Sleep was their only friend now; the fleeting oblivion of night! Why not lengthen the hours? There was nothing else to do.

Oh, blessed forgetfulness! Friend of the miserable! Benefactor of the poor! How gently thy soft wings fluttered and spread themselves to-night! If the blessed shadow thou hast mercifully cast over these little ones never lifts itself, will the reproach convey one lesson?

Breathlessly I lay and watched the unhappy sleepers. What would the morrow bring forth? Ah! what would the night bring forth? A suppressed excitement, an intolerable conviction of something imminent rendered me keenly alert to the slightest noise. I became aware that the man lying so near was no longer asleep. The breathing, though suppressed, was spasmodic. The time passed slowly; the hours were oppressively long—yet the silent figure lay with wide-open eyes. At length, making sure that my mistress was asleep, he noiselessly arose and lit the gas. At first he paced lightly up and down the floor, as was his wont. In his eyes were slowly gathering a look of chased, hungry desire—slowly it was replaced by one of fierce resolve. He was again muttering something in slow measured tones, like a child trying to commit to memory a hard lesson; over and over the monotonous words kept pace with the restless steps! Now he ceased in exhaustion, throwing himself into the chair beside the desk. Presently he picked me up and began unconsciously tracing words upon a blank sheet of paper. Then I was impatiently thrown down, as a voice heavy with the stupor of sleep, entreated him to return to bed. He arose, and putting the light hastily out, threw himself beside his wife. A sickening odor began to waft itself toward the bed, and a faint voice inquired if he had not turned the tap too far. He got up, struck a match, and held it to the jet. It lit. He turned it off and again he threw himself upon the bed. I could hear his suppressed breathing as the moments slowly passed. He was waiting—waiting for a deeper sleep to make his design secure. The regular breathing assured him. Stealthily he crept from the bed and moved toward the sleeping children. Placing his hand lingeringly upon each little sunken cheek, stealthily he crept to the gas and turned the jet full on!

Oh, for a voice to cry aloud! Oh, for wings to fly to the rescue and hands to turn off that deadly, stupefying fluid!

But I was only a pencil, fit but to do the bidding of others and lie helpless.

I lay and watched those silent sleepers until the penetrating death-charged vapor, forcing itself through the crevices of the door and down the stairs, carried with it a hint of the pending tragedy.

Then I heard a footstep on the stair halt suddenly; a gentle tap followed, to which I would have given worlds to respond, but I was helpless. The step passed away down, down, down—it grew fainter as each turn in the stairs was passed, and all was silent again. It was but for a moment, however, though it seemed to my overwrought anxieties an age, when I heard other and heavier steps hurrying up; 'twas the firm stride I had so often heard passing the little store where I had lain so many weary months,—I knew it well. There were hurried words, a further moment of silence, and with a crash the door was burst in by the heavy shoulders of the "roundsman." Beside him stood the good woman whose kindly sympathy had kept alive the slender flame of effort in these last terrible days of struggle.

In her hand she held a letter addressed to the woman. Inclosed was a check from the ——— Publishing Company for a sum of money which lifted the fated family out of want, and revived the fainting spirit of hope. Love had conquered, and hope, though long delayed, had happily stopped, on the threshold of the bourne, the unwitting pilgrims.

Fate, who sometimes exercises herself in the destiny of even so poor a thing as a penny pencil, ruled that I should once more, by and by, fall into the hands of a writer of stories. But somewhat of the mind and will of my first mistress had passed into me during those long hours of her nervous grasp upon a medium so sympathetic; and in drawing what she believed in the outset to be purely a fictitious sketch, my later mistress begins to feel conscious as she draws toward its close that she is but aiding me in giving to the world a true story, as pathetic as it is common; in the accomplishment of which I cheerfully consume the rest of my eventful existence, reserving only enough to subscribe myself, Yours truly,

A PENNY PENCIL.

IN THE CITY OF THE WHITE DOVE.

By Annette Josefa Halliday-Antona.



lamps, the yellow tint of the lights that had illuminated the city, seemed to lack brilliancy. The sky, a soft tender blue, like old Chinese enamel, showed eastward a glow like a fog of gold pierced by trembling rose-hued rays. Over the Mediterranean, broad bands of light caught the tide's lifting, and quivered in dove-color, violet and blue. Two snow-tipped peaks, cold and pure in the splendor of dawn, broke the spectral charm of the mountains. The delicate pearl-pink of early morning pushed away rapidly the mist-colored veil of gray which covered the shore, and gay-painted awnings, dark doorways and green shutters began to make their presence visible. Climbing with slow grandeur the seaward ledge of the mountains, the sun touched with rosy fingers the terraces of pure white marble, the green hills, the broad bay and the white-

AWAY from the dingy shores and the low gray clouds of northern lands; away from sunless waters and bitter winds, to the azure of eternal summer, a wealth of color wondrously harmonized, and the pearly glow of an enveloping brightness.

The realms of achievement, of deeds that endure, and the witchery of science fade gradually out of the horizon and the memory, and are superseded by the warm, caressing breezes, the swaying profile of citron and palm, the white walls of great mosques, the winding, irregular streets and carved lattices, groups of silent Moors and white-veiled women, and the composite odor of musk, tobacco, coffee, attar-of-roses, dates and hashish. It was not yet dawn of a late November morning when the ship, *Kaiser Wilhelm*, which had brought us from Gibraltar, glided silently into the harbor of Algiers.

As the stars were lost in the gray firmament, going out like untrimmed

washed walls of war-like Algiers, with her surrounding olive groves and vineyards; and blushing and radiant with his caresses, rose, like Venus from the sea, "The City of the White Dove." The luminous darkness of the Algerian night yielded to the beauty of the African sunrise, and a new day was born.

Fifty years ago, only fishing smacks and boats were anchored to rings fastened in the house-walls, which extended down to the water-line; to-day the docks are lined with the shipping of all nations, yet amongst these plash pirate-looking craft, manned by tawny sailors, black-browed and bare-chested, with red sashes knotted about the waist and great gold rings in the ears, like a scene snatched from the opera of "Masaniello."

A solitary cry from a distant mosque and the barking of a dog came faintly over the water upon a breeze heavy with the delicious scent of dew-wet violets, and then the sounds of a waking city increased. Even at this early hour the

streets were beginning to swarm with the motley life of the country—bare-legged Moorish traders in fez and turban, noble-looking Arabs in flowing white burnouses, Frenchmen in military uniform, Jewish merchants, tweed-clad tourists, Mohammedan priests, here and there a veiled female figure with magnificent eyes which wander at will,—an endless panorama of race contrast and civilized barbarism.

As one mounts hotel-wards through the amphitheatrically arranged streets, backward glimpses reveal entrancing vistas of the distant Atlas Mountains, a wide sweep of blue bay, gay with shipping, and then the shining white walls of the Grand Mosque, a souvenir of the eleventh century, plain and almost uninteresting exteriorly, yet interiorly impressive. The body is divided into numerous arcades by rows of slender columns supporting the beautiful horseshoe arch, and the half gloom is broken with gleams of rich colored light from the diminutive stained windows, antique hanging lamps, and the rare and glowing old Moorish rugs or prayer carpets which cover the floor, and upon which no sacrilegious shoe may touch. The tiny niche which tells the direction in which Mecca lies, the dreamy odor of Oriental incense, the reverent attitude of the Mohammedans at prayer combine to render a visit to the Grand Mosque interesting from an artist's standpoint, and reflective from that of a thinker, for the sword of Mohammed and the Koran are yet the most desperate enemies which liberty and civilization have known.

In the court-yard belonging to each sacred building are the fountains, surrounded by orange and fig trees, where

at almost any hour ablutions are going on, for the call to prayer occurs five times a day—dawn, noon, afternoon, sunset and night,—and before each prayer lavation is obligatory. When the white flag waves from the minaret, and the cry of the muezzin resounds over the city, the brown-limbed Arabs crowd about the plashing fountains, the faithful prostrate themselves to the ground, and the infidel tourist, weary with the sun of Africa, seeks the cool vastness of the fretted arches and high domes, and listens to droning variations, ever on



IN THE ARAB QUARTER.

the same theme, "There is but one God, and Mahomet is his Prophet!"

Although many of the twenty three mosques of which Algiers at the time of the French conquest boasted have been destroyed, there still exists a goodly number, a few of which are

veritable gems, with rich interiors, gloriously sculptured tombs, brocaded banners of Damascus weave, with gold-thread illuminated inscriptions from the Koran, Venetian glass chandeliers, probably once the booty of some plundering corsair, and ex-votos of rare ostrich eggs in silken bags.

Of domestic Moorish architecture, no better example exists than the Governor-General's Winter Palace. It was originally an old Moorish house. The staircase is extremely beautiful. The galleries surrounding the interior court are upheld by graceful turbinated columns of white marble, which material forms the greater part of the structure; the walls are composed of lace-like carvings and rare Delft tiles, and the ceilings are exquisite. Many of the sculptured columns were the work of Italian slaves. In this part of the town a cluster of lovely old Moorish dwellings is still standing, although for how long, the intruding wave of French vandalism renders it impossible to say. What else can one call the hand that ruthlessly plucks down the fairest flowers of architecture, and substitutes the hybrids of a mixed nationality? The superior civilization of France should appreciate and cherish the historical monuments of the old Mussulman city enough to prevent the persistent demolition which robs Algiers of its antique and picturesque features, and will, if continued, finally render a Moorish building a curiosity to the Moor himself.

Probably the best-preserved example of Arab architecture is the old palace of a certain Mustapha Pacha, now in use as library and museum. Its paved court of marble, with the incessant gurgling of fountains, the exotic luxuriance of tropical plants, the arabesqued galleries with their tiny domes and grated apertures through which the straggling daylight touches the doors and ceilings of carved cedarwood, the sculptured columns upholding the graceful horseshoe arches, the walls paneled in red and gold, and floors tiled in such exquisite colors that they resemble in effect the dull glow of a Persian carpet—all combine to form a dream of the magnificence of Haroun-al-Raschid and the fabulous riches of the tales of the "Thousand and One Nights."

An art lover will remark the marvel-

ous baluster carved like filmy lacework, the marble sarcophagi and the bits of mosaic pavement rare and wonderfully wrought, as well as the curious collection of Arab coins and manuscripts, but much, nay the greater part, of the exquisite renaissance carving is the work of Christian slaves on whom the Moham-medan taskmaster did not spare the lash.

Ancient Algiers possessed five great gates or entrances into the town from different directions: the Gate of the Fishers and the Mole Gate, looking seaward; the Bab-el-Oued, where Christians who refused to embrace the faith of Islam, and Jews were burnt to death; the "New Gate," by which the French entered the town, and the Bab-Azoun, meaning Gate of Grief, where Turks were executed.

Military life forms a brilliant bit of color in Algiers, each French regiment having its peculiar attire—Zouaves with turbans and red baggy trousers, Turcos with blue jackets and fezzes, the *Chasseurs d'Afrique* in delicate azure with scarlet sashes, and the Oriental gorgeousness of the native Spahis creating a something intensely alive against the straight whiteness of the boulevards, or the winding brownness of the streets, and punctuated here and there by chocolate-colored Bedouins, white-aproned and necktied French waiters, coal-black Soudanese, and falcon-eyed Arabs.

Mustapha Supérieur is the modern and the Strangers' precinct of the city. It is remarkable for a wilderness of vegetation run mad. There are the cactus, geranium and fuchsia, six or eight feet in height; flowering almond trees, jasmines and roses, and blue bells, looping and festooning the fringing ivy and honeysuckle, veritable knots of color in glens of fragrance, in the midst of which stand tall, dignified lilies, like green-robed maidens, while the toilet of the hillsides shows the silver-leafed aspen, the rich green of huge cypresses, or the gray of gnarled fig-trees, through which the olive sways and the palm lifts its consecrated head to heaven.

The road, which is quite apt to be an old Roman highway, is hedged with aloe and cactus, around and over and under which stray yellow-starred trefoil, pink and brown orchids and green-white clematis, while trails of white and mauve-colored iris pierce the banks of myrtle and struggle for sunshine in the shade

of the magnolia trees; and amidst these glories stand the white villas of the many English residents.

Afar down the heights, the fields are sprinkled with the rosy blooms of the cyclamen, relieved by the deeper pink of the wild oleanders; and from the villa gardens the Arab servants bring out the fruit of the Japanese medlar, the most delicious of oranges, lemons or wines and the great golden dates, which are nothing like the withered specimens known by that name to commerce.

In whatever direction one turns, there are the flowery Arab lanes and picturesque bridle-paths, the light and florid architecture of Moorish villas around whose marble fountains the papyrus leaves cluster, and terraces groved in palm and pomegranate, with life studies introduced by the Arabs urging up or down hill their laden donkeys, or Arab girls bearing upon their heads huge baskets of dates; while backward lie the sea and the curve of the bay, with the purple mountain-peaks cutting the sky-line.

Near by is an Arab pottery, the vases being molded by hand and some of them quite classical in design. Several ostrich farms also flourish in the neighborhood of Mustapha Supérieur.

The great heat of the day commences about nine of the morning, and he who would see the Algerian housewife in the market place, *Place de Chartres*, must be an early riser. It is a picturesque scene, and like all those of its kind in sunny southern lands, full of the life and characteristics of a mixed people. The wilderness of cool salads, the brilliant heaps of fruit and vegetables, the silver sardines and the slices of sea-wolf, like beefsteak, the pyramids of eggs, the superb masses of roses and flowers, produce a succession of luxuriant spots of brightness, among which wander figures which look as if they had but just stepped from some Scriptural scene—white-headed, white-bearded patriarchs, any one of whom might well sit for a "Moses and the Tables of the Law;" Jacobs, and Josephs, and Rachels, and Ruths innumerable, while the Flight into Egypt is more than once suggested by a brown Arab woman and baby upon a donkey, with a stalwart son of the desert by her side, passing out of the city gates into the brown fields beyond.

Apart from the suburb of Mustapha Supérieur, Algiers is divided into three sections, the Jewish quarter, the French town, and the Arab city, which is subdivided into the Moorish quarter with its bazaars and shops and its narrow winding streets with huge nail-studded doors.

The Arab life permeates the French town, uses the omnibuses, the lounging places, the boulevards, stares into the great glass-fronted windows, and elbows the French soldiers and jaunty Parisiennes; but although in it, he is not of it, and to know the native at his best, he must be followed into the tangle of strange alleys, into the silence of vaulted streets, where every entrance is a mystery, where every mosque seems a sepulcher, and behind whose grated loop-holes and white-washed walls lies the hidden life of old Algiers, of a people and race who at heart would yield up all else in the world rather than their customs, superstition, religion and dress.

Even among themselves no Arab knows the private life of another Arab. Their women are but rarely seen, and the low doorways and painted lattices through which a veiled figure sometimes peeps, or before which a muslin curtain or spray of flowers bespeaks a feminine presence, are all that tell of that gilded imprisonment the word woman signifies in the tongue of the desert.

Everywhere, there is a fragrance of tobacco and coffee, varied on the Christian Sabbath by the odor of burning donkey flesh, when the Arab drovers brand their animals with monograms.

The shops, mere dark niches in the overhanging masonry of the walls, contain gourds and festoons of fruits, curious utensils of earthenware, irregular heaps of red morocco slippers, anklets of filigree or coral, Kabyle matchlock rifles, ornamented sabers, and fragments of some rare old carpet to be used as prayer rugs. The proprietors sit cross-legged upon mats within their little den-like stores. Sometimes a young Moor will divert himself with a quaint tortoise-shell guitar of two strings, upon which he thrums some of those wild never-changing melodies of the Arabs. Israelites crowd along, haggling over their wares of calico and muslin, while donkeys laden with roses, and donkeys bearing ash-barrels and garbage, wander at their own sweet

will amid the stream of passers-by. One entire street in the great bazaar is devoted to bric-à-brac stalls, where the odor of sweetmeats and benna is strong. Here may be found glittering mother-of pearl tables, Stamboul weap-

knives, bronze perfume-holders, sandal-wood boxes from Mecca, with fragments of the Koran inscribed upon them—it is a wilderness of novelties, and a study in color-contrasts to madden a figure-painter ; yachmahs, bur-



A PATHWAY OF MYSTERY IN THE MOORISH QUARTER

ons, fabrics from Damascus, brass trays, damascened daggers, bangles, pipes, famous scimitars, which remind one of the tales of the African magicians of the "Arabian Nights"; executioners'

nouses and cloaks, in violet, rose-color and pure white; foulards twisted into sashes and turbans, the work of some Moorish designer, who labored and chose his tints according to the shades

in a box of butterflies' wings before him. And over the animation of the whole scene resound the almost impossible consonants, the gutturals of the Arab tongue, as they are whispered, insinuated, cried, and hurled from buyer to seller, from friend to acquaintance, from master to servant.

The Israelites themselves, although many of the younger women are extremely handsome until the age of seventeen, are red-lidded and crafty-looking. Their quarter of the town, however, is worth seeing on Saturday, the Jewish day of worship, all that is best in the appearance of the people being brought out by the vividness of colors in their costumes, velvets and India shawls. The dress of the young women is a peculiar one, consisting of very tight-fitting trousers from ankle to thigh, covered with gold lace and embroidery, over which falls a loose chemise of apple-green brocaded satin. A tiny cap, from which depends a flowing white wimple, completes the attire, an attire that renders the Algerian Jewess one of the sensations in the "City of Pirates."

An evening visit should certainly be paid to the Arab quarter. The quaintly beautiful, irregular and curious features of the old Moorish town may have been explored and admired under the brightness of a noon sky, but to fully feel and appreciate their charm one should wander through these remote arteries of the city when the evening prayer at the mosque has ceased, when the rich lights of the afternoon fade into the calm of the twilight, and the women of the various households enjoy the cool breath of the Mediterranean on the terraces or flat roofs.

The rays of moonlight falling into the labyrinthic defiles silver the handsome

old entries; the mysterious houses look like bits of a Chinese puzzle. The Moorish balconies and the white walls of the mosques glisten with ghost-like radiance upon the figures that glide in and out of the silent streets. Here a bronze Biskri lover loiters under the shadow of an archway, where bright eyes shine behind a lattice; afar off, where some Arab celebrates a feast, there is the sound of tom-toms; and beyond domes, flat roofs and minarets, the two jetties, twin shadows in the moonshine, clasp the dark waters of the bay.

Occasionally an open portal reveals some exquisitely tiled courtyard, with balustraded gallery and slender fretted columns, and an old fountain whose waters shift color in the soft pearly light; and under some black doorway, so low that one must stoop to enter, a low hanging lamp of curious workmanship illumines the professional story-teller hired by the proprietor of an Arab café to recite those marvelous tales of the East, and amuse his patrons reclining upon the low flat benches or smoking their long pipes in silent approval.

All is strange, impossible, fairy-like in this moonlight glimpse, one never to be forgotten. Long after other remembrance of the town of the old sea-kings has grown dim and vanished, this will stand out like a clear-drawn silhouette on the canvas of memory. A silent shadowy city whose life and laughter have been stifled out centuries past, and through whose varying gleam and gloom, indifferent to destiny, pass, with mysterious gliding, figures who once symbolized Moorish grandeur or Turkish tyranny, barbarism, cruelty, and oppression, but who now, strangers in their own land, and the servants of a hated race, constitute the impassive and fast-disappearing Arab Algiers of to-day.

OVER DECOYS ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

By Frank E. Kellogg.



OF all the game birds, perhaps no other affords the variety of sport that the duck does. Certain it is that no bird is harder to hit or clings more tenaciously to life when wounded. The heavy coat of feathers, and strong

muscles of the breast tax a gun's power of penetration; while the number and variety of shots presented are almost endless.

Jumping ducks in September, shooting on overflowed lands, timber shooting, evening shooting in rice lakes, and in grain fields all furnish exhilarating

sport. But if the sportsman wishes to indulge in wild-fowl shooting in its most seductive form, he should ensconce himself with one or two companions, in a cozy blind, on some cosmopolitan fly-way.

I have yet to see the man who, after participating in this sport, did not prefer it to any other kind of wing shooting; and he may rest assured that after his first outing the respect he formerly had for his abilities as a wing shot will have received a cold chill, especially if he has been accustomed to shooting birds that have a straight-away flight, such as the grouse or quail. The disparity between the empty shells and the number of birds gathered will materially lessen his bump of self-conceit.

The broad bosom of the mile-wide Mississippi is the greatest natural inland fly-way for water-fowl in the country. Nearly every known variety passes up and down this noble stream on their migrations, while near the numerous islands, or "tow heads," as they are locally known, are excellent places for a flock of decoys.

The beauty of decoy shooting on the Mississippi is, that the shooter does not know a moment before what kind of duck will next try his skill. He may have just dropped a slow-flying unwieldy mallard, and reloaded with a feeling of satisfaction, when a bluebill or butterball may flash by the point, going with the speed of a race-horse.

They will seldom return when going at this high velocity. The shooter feels that they are near enough and makes a quick snap-shot as they dart by, and the chances are ten to one that the swiftly vanishing forms will be a mile away by the time he has another shell in the gun, feeling very cheap and insignificant meanwhile.

But when the sportsman does succeed in stopping one of these little feathered meteors, he feels a thrill of satisfaction that amply repays him for the numerous misses.

In this kind of shooting, decoys are the chief factor. Indeed, the shooter's success depends almost entirely upon the number of his decoys and the skill with which they are placed. The number necessary is only limited by the carrying capacity of his boat, or in other words, the more the better. A dozen decoys might attract singles or pairs, when a large flock would pay no atten-

tion to them. Wild fowl are gregarious; they are attracted by a large gathering of their kind, for no apparent reason, except to "see what is going on." Therefore, from five to ten dozen decoys are necessary to any degree of success.

In placing decoys, instead of throwing them in one bunch directly at the end of the island or "tow head," the main body should be placed in two wings, projecting fifteen or twenty yards out into the river upon either side. The balance scattered between, to give the appearance of a continuous flock.

The reason for this is apparent. The flight is mostly up and down stream. By placing the decoys as I have shown, low-flying ducks going down see the wing of decoys projecting out in the river upon their side long before the end of the island is reached, and naturally swerve that way. The same is true with the up-river flight. The island shadows the decoys sitting directly at the end, while both wings may be plainly seen.

The kind or quality of the decoys matters little so far as decoying is concerned. Ducks will come to the cheap wooden decoys as readily as to the finest high-grade hollow cedar. The hollow decoy is too frail for Mississippi River shooting, especially in spring, when numberless small cakes of ice are constantly drifting by. The strong current, aided by the buffeting of the waves, and an occasional cake of ice, causes them in a short time to leak and become worthless. The solid decoys will last for years, but their weight is a serious drawback. A decoy is now being manufactured that has neither of those objectionable features. It is made of canvas, stuffed with cork chippings; is very light and durable, and its efficiency will not be lessened by an occasional shot-hole, as is the case with its collapsible prototype.

The stretch of river lying between Bellevue and Clinton, Iowa, comprising about fifty miles, is one of the best sections of the upper Mississippi for wild-fowl shooting. The river here is wide and dotted with islands. Savanna, Ills., lying half-way between these two cities, is admirably located. A short row in either direction places the hunter upon any one of half a dozen islands, where with a flock of decoys, and a tolerable knowledge of the habits of the birds, he may be sure of fair shooting.

One peculiarity of the shooting here is, that there is always in the spring an up-river flight in the morning. During the migrating season thousands of wild fowl pass the night upon the river's wide breast, floating idly with the current. At break of day they are astir and the majority of them fly up stream, although how far I cannot say. And, by the way, if a person loves music, he may hear on this river the finest band that ever discoursed strains sweet to a sportsman's ear. Talk about feathered warblers—lark, robin and thrush would play second violin in this orchestra if a wild-fowl shooter was the judge.

To get the full benefit of the music, just launch your boat after dark upon the river's peaceful bosom, and gently row or float down the channel. You will be ready to swear that every duck in the country is within a hundred yards of you.

The clear, sonorous quack of the mallard, the sweet treble of the widgeon, the ker-r-r, ker-r-r of the bluebill, the tiny quack-quack of the blue-wing teal, that sounds like an echo of its big ally, the mallard, mingled with the occasional honk of a goose, furnish a medley of voices that thrill the soul of the sportsman through and through. Many times we have discussed the advisability of fring into the darkness, such was the babel of voices, but the nonsense of such an attempt was apparent and we always desisted.

Last October I participated in an outing that I shall always recall with pleasure. During the height of the season my friend Jim and I planned to spend a day upon the Mississippi in quest of ducks. We were ready long before dawn, and an hour's row brought us to our objective point, an island in the middle of the river. We rowed to the south end, where it was only a few feet wide, and was covered with willows and brush.

After throwing out our decoys—about five dozen—we hid the boat as well as possible and proceeded to improvise a blind. Day was just breaking and we could hear the ducks getting out of the river. I was just twisting off the top of a willow, when I heard a swish, and saw a dozen bluebills sitting among the decoys. Quick as thought Jim grasped his gun. The ducks saw the movement and at once left the water. Too late!

Jim's gun cracked and the last straggler lay kicking.

"Not quite quick enough for the undersigned," remarked Jim as he slammed the smoking gun together. Swish, swish, and another flock was in the water. By that time I had my gun, and as the birds darted away we gave them a double dose that left three of their number behind.

It was now broad daylight. I was taking in deep draughts of the fresh, crisp air, and making a mental note of the tints in the east, when a "sh" from my companion called my attention to four mallards sweeping down from the north on his side. They saw our decoys and dropped their wings. My first thought was to let them circle, but just then Jim's gun cracked, and two of them dropped in the river with a splash, just as his second barrel smashed a hole in the air under the other two swiftly climbing ducks.

"Good shot, Jimmy. I was going to let them circle. But you want to give that fellow another barrel; he is only winged," I cried.

"Give it to him," said Jim.

My gun was to my face in a second, and the rapidly swimming duck was struck with a whirlwind of chilled 6s.

"He's all right; get all of them," I called, as my companion made a dash for the boat.

He had picked up the last duck and turned the boat when a bunch of gadwells passed me and hovered over the decoys. I dropped one with each barrel, and as Jim turned to learn the cause of the commotion, he saw two ducks kicking their heels and floating down to meet him.

He got into the blind as quickly as possible, and no ducks appearing for a few moments, we filled our cob pipes and stood smoking and taking in the scenery.

By this time the eastern sky was a blaze of crimson. The rising sun tinted the white drifting clouds with the halo of a glory that lifted the soul above the petty cares of life, and made one feel that he was gazing upon a picture not made by mortals.

The trees on either bank were draped with the crimson and yellow tints of autumn, reminding one of a huge bank of mosaics, while far to the south the river wound its silent way like a broad ribbon of blue and silver.

I confess that for the moment wild fowl were forgotten; my eyes were feasting upon the beauty of the landscape. Suddenly, bang went a gun within a foot of my ear, and a ringneck struck the blind at my feet.

"Great Scott, man! Are you trying to spear me with a duck?" I shouted.

"Well, yes," confessed my matter-of-fact companion as he inserted a fresh shell. "You are mooning around at the scenery instead of watching for ducks, and I saw this fellow coming right at us, so I thought I would hit him in the neck and let him down to see if I could wake you up. I tried to gauge him so as to hit you in the stomach, but I shot a little too quick," he added, regretfully.

A few moments after, while looking down the river, I descried a dark ribbon just above the water. In a moment the ribbon changed to a flock of ducks coming up the river, and in a few moments more half a dozen pintails were over the decoys. We waited until they gave a spring upward, as they always do before alighting; then each picked a duck. As the guns cracked two pintails collapsed. In a second two more were covered and the same feat repeated.

"Hurrah! four pintails. How is that for a double!" cried Jim, as I started for the boat.

I soon returned with the ducks, and, while we stood scanning the river, we heard a splash, and saw a single duck sitting just beyond them.

Jim threw up his gun, and then lowered it with a laugh.

"Do you think I am going to waste one of these four-cent shells on a three-cent mud hen?" he said contemptuously. Just then I caught sight of the familiar, white-pointed bill, and recognized our old friend of the marsh lakes. The coot eyed our blind suspiciously a moment and then flew down the river, dragging its apparently weary legs in the water, as usual.

The shooting was fair that morning, although the flight was not as heavy as we expected. By ten o'clock we had twenty-two, and my companion announced dinner. We ate our lunch sitting in the blind. While we were eating, a pair of ducks darted into the decoys. I killed one but missed its mate, and when it was brought to the blind we found that I had bagged a ruddy duck, a rare bird in these waters.

Soon after a ludicrous occurrence took place. Eight or ten butterballs dropped into the water a hundred yards away, and after diving and swimming about a few moments started to swim into our decoys. We sat perfectly still, watching them. Gradually the pretty little fellows worked toward the decoys, and as they lined up in a row, a long gunshot away, Jim whispered, "Let's give 'em a barrel apiece and wipe out the flock."

Now it is one of our rules never to shoot at ducks sitting upon the water, but after a whispered consultation we agreed to break the rule on this special occasion, just to see what our guns would do at that distance. Both reports rang out as one, and we hurriedly looked out over the water to ascertain the extent of the slaughter. But one duck was in sight. That unfortunate fowl lay belly up, vigorously fanning the air with its feet.

My companion looked at me and then turned his gaze back to the placid, swiftly-flowing river, in amazement. "Well I'll be——" The sentence was left unfinished, for just then a white top-knot popped up and a butterball went skimming off down stream, apparently none the worse for the fusillade. Another one followed, then another, until, as Jim remarked, "it seemed there must be an incubator down under the water."

We remained there until about four P. M., and during that time our skill was tested by ducks flying at from five to ninety miles an hour, and at every possible angle. Sometimes they would drop in gently as though afraid of making too much fuss. Then, perhaps, a bluebill coming down the shore of the island like the wind would pass within ten feet of us. Anon a small flock would circle around outside of the decoys as though undecided what to do. Occasionally a large flock of perhaps a hundred ringnecks would come charging down the river like a troop of cavalry, the multitude of swiftly moving wings giving forth a soft, rustling sound that is always music to the sportsman's ear.

Some of these flocks, upon catching sight of their mock relatives, would swerve, and in a moment, with a rush and a whirl, they would be hovering over the decoys. Then the guns belched forth, and away the survivors went, perhaps to be caught in a similar trap a few miles farther on their journey south.



Painted for OUTING by J. L. Weston.

JUMPING DUCKS.



BACK TO GRINDSTONE. THE CANOE CAMP.

By R. B. Burchard.

"They rested there, escaped awhile
From cares that eat the life away,
To eat the lotus of the Nile
And drink the poppies of Cathay."
—*The Tent on the Beach.*

GRINDSTONE ISLAND, beloved of the canoeman, and its sister, Wellesley, are the two largest of the far-famed Thousand Islands, and between them lie the sheltered waters of Eel Bay. "Once upon a time," not very long ago — for it continued until long after Rome was a ruin, London

appropriately enough, by Lasalle, while "voyaging" in a canoe in 1634. Those European immigrants, when they squatted in the front yard of a prosperous Indian inhabitant and told him to get out, were wont to say that they had "discovered" the place. The island after being lost to civilization and given the barbarous name which it now bears, was denized by a people who built



BUILDING THE CAMP-FIRE.

an ancient city, and New York a flourishing town—it might have been said that no prow had grounded upon these island shores save that of a canoe; no man rested in their shades save generations of canoeists who paddled, sailed, fished, cooked their own meals and slept out of doors for a livelihood, just as we do it nowadays for fun. The skiff and the launch are modern immigrants, half cordially tolerated by the local genii, while the ghosts of a thousand centuries are benign spirits to the modern canoemen.

Grindstone Island was discovered, ap-



GREAT SCOTT!



A. W. McADAM'S JONQUIL.

wooden houses and used row-boats. The original land owners, not finding it agreeable to associate with the foreign element were compelled to sell out for a song and vacate the premises, just as the aristocratic Knickerbockers were obliged to re-

move their habitations from Wallabout Bay and the patroons to forsake the vicinity of Fort Orange. Grindstone Island, or more particularly the point which projects a mile or so from the northeast end of it, was not discovered to our canoeing world until 1883, and then by Mr. Frank Taylor, an artist and writer by calling, and Dr. Charles A. Neid , the wampum-keeper and totem-carver of the flourishing tribe, which was known in the towns and villages as "The American Canoe Association."

The canoemen entered into a friendly alliance with the "Delaneys," who inhabited the island, which has remained unbroken unto this day, save for occasional bloodless disputes concerning the propriety of using fence-rails for fire-

wood and vagrant chickens for midnight sacrifices, both of which are considered bad medicine among the superstitious people. The association staked out their claim and pitched their first camp on the point in 1884, and there they enjoyed a brief period of primitive and sylvan happiness. Although the rules of the brotherhood required a change of camp-site each year, the desirability of the place was a proper warrant for the violation of the law and during each of the two succeeding summers a more flourishing crop of tents blossomed on the shore. A larger flock of water-bird canoes disported themselves on the adjacent bay, and at night-fall folded their picturesque pinions along the shore.

Since 1886 the canoe association has camped three times, at as many places on Lake Champlain, twice at other

points in the Thousand Islands, and once each on Lake George, on Long Island and on the Hudson River.

After the experiences of all these places, it is admitted that the site on Grindstone Island possesses more advantages and fewer



A. M.



JOE.

drawbacks than any of the other places for the purposes of a great camp. It is shut off from the workaday world by islands which are aboriginal in their freedom from visible signs that man must toil for all that he enjoys; and beyond their wooded confines the broad waters of the St. Lawrence flow between them and Canada at the setting and "the States" at the rising sun. Thus the favored Thousand Island camp and its contiguous water may be said to be geographically nowhere—a neutral territory between the two striving, energetic nations—a promise of the islands of the

far-off Canadian shore. If one knew where to locate them he might discern on the horizon the steeples of the primitive village of Gananoque. At close of day the western sky was usually a sunset glory, such as ladies are wont to essay descriptions of in their diaries; while nobody can describe and only a Turner or a Besnard should dare to suggest in color; but which even an intelligent dog will muse over with evident satisfaction. As to the rising of the sun! Exhausted nature precluded the possibility of witnessing the sight save to a chosen few; and to these, perhaps, as they worked their devious way



A COUNCIL OF WAR.

blessed, the kingdom of Ponemah, the land of the hereafter. One experiences a physical translation as the islands close around the craft which threads its way through the watery maze whose goal is the inclosed lake over whose waters the canoemen disport themselves by day and on whose shores they frolic at night.

This year the tents were pitched along shore on both sides of the point—those to the east being in the open fields which overlooked Eel Bay and the racing courses. Those to the west were under the shelter of the woods on a bluff which commanded a prospect of distant islands, and beyond, through the openings, the

through a multitudinous network of guy-ropes after a protracted camp-fire.

The two sides of the camp were separated by a ridge which terminates below the camp in an elevated cone of earth about eighty feet in height; this, in the early camps, was used like an Aztec altar as the scene of great camp-fires and barbaric revelries. Load after load of stumps were carted up the ridge in the daytime. In the night they were covered with coal-oil and ignited. The mound from the adjacent islands was said to resemble a small Vesuvius; but to us huddled on cushions and blankets around the blazing crater, ourselves

aglow with song and story and good-fellowship, it was a sort of canoeing Walhalla. Here it was that Vaux conducted the funeral of Julius Cæsar, and Seavey produced those Indian spectacular performances which have been talked of at every camp for ten years; and here it was that Warder, the Jaberwock, was led in triumph on the night when he sailed alone to the island and captured the affections of the camp in one assault. No one ascended the old mound during this camp; the possibilities of the place were not seized upon by the new men; and of the few older ones none cared to suggest it, with so many of the veterans absent.

At the base of the old mound, and between it and Eel Bay, the mess tent and the kitchen were set up. The former was a new eighty-foot circus tent and on fair days the canvas wall at the end was taken down so that the great company dined in full view of the water and the wooded shores beyond, and with a fine clump of oaks and willows at hand. It was served by comely girls from the

and shaded by a lusty growth of spruce, hemlock and beech trees. As if to make the retirement more refined, a thick growth of reeds rose above the surface of the water between the two camps. Squaw Point was a select colony of those members whose wives and daughters accompanied them to camp, and, of course, the bachelor members were admitted only upon invitation.

Laid out practically as in previous years, the changes of a decade were visible only upon the inner life of the canoe camp. The number of the campers and boats was about the same, but the personnel was different. Out of over two hundred in camp there were less than twenty who had visited the place during the previous meets. In the whole camp there was only one man who lived in cruising trim, sleeping in his boat and cooking his own meals. Experience has shown that this sort of fun may be enjoyed cruising near one's home, but that at the annual meets there is too much activity to permit time for this sort of life.



NEW YORK CANOE CLUB QUARTERS.

surrounding country, some of them high-school graduates, all prim as school-marms, and woe to the luckless Johnny who attempted to be flirtatious. Still further south along shore was the ladies' camp, familiarly known as Squaw Point. It was appropriately a charming, retired cove, with fine, sandy beach,

The camp throughout showed a tendency toward the uses of luxury. Things which have neither use nor beauty were carted into camp, and the insides of the tents sometimes resembled the rooms of academy boys.

During the first camp at Grindstone, the large tent of the New York Canoe

Club was pitched on the grass, with the omission of the board flooring. For the five occupants there was no furnishing save a couple of folding cots, which could be stowed in the canoes, and a supply of rubber and woolen blankets. The ground was abundantly provided with stones, to which our bodily curves failed to adjust themselves. After some digging we decided these were the summits of mountains whose base was miles below in the Laurentian system. At the same meet there were two men who slept by preference wrapped in woolen and rubber blankets under the stars. This is not narrated in advocacy of these hardy customs, which are prone to invite malaria and rheumatism anywhere save in Drumtochty, but only as recording the changes of a decade. The tents now are all provided with floors and cots. Many of the members bring trunks and make display of rugs, pillows, counterpanes and other effeminate luxuries. Some tents are provided with bureaus, and many have sideboards and racks and ice-boxes! Projecting the line of evolution into the near future, one may expect ere long to find oil-paintings and parlor-organs in the camp.

The fashions of dress, too, have kept pace with the march of progress, the trim and shapely knickerbockers have been succeeded by the loose and clumsy golf-breeches, with the hot and ugly folded stocking. The officers' uniforms were anything but uniform of old. General Oliver, while commodore, wore a natty suit of gray with a jaunty turkey feather in his cap. Dr. Neid , when secretary, wore a blue sweater and knickerbockers and a scarlet woolen sash with long ends which were the envy of the camp. Of late, the officers wear gold braid and gilt buttons, after the fashion of yachting commodores, which, for the uses of woodcraft, are absurd. This year one innocent young man brought a dress-suit into camp and wore it at a dance. Well! After shedding a few tears, the boys "didn't do a thing" with that suit. This brings the writer nearer to writing fashion notes than he has before attained and he shall not essay to describe the gownings of Squaw Point. Suffice it to say that if he had a sister he would advise her to wear blue or gray flannel costumes in camp.

The distinguishing features of this

year's meet were first, its excellent executive management.

The comfort and health of the members were never more earnestly and skillfully sought after. Commodore W. R. Huntington has been to many meets, is an experienced camper-out and an executive man of unusual force. Commanding in person and genial in temperament withal, he is an ideal officer.

Mr. T. H. Stryker was a worthy successor of Neid , Carter and Dunnell as secretary. The committee work on camp-site, under J. R. Robertson, racing, under ex-Commodore Edwards and Mr. Butler Ames, and transportation, under James K. Hand, was all well planned and carried out. After the notably good arrangements, the only distinguishing feature of the camp was its general sociability and restfulness. During the meet there occurred nothing which was strikingly funny or exciting or picturesque to be talked over in future years, as the events of the early meets have been.

Although the racing programme was well arranged and the prizes offered unusually attractive, the racing fleet was small. Charles E. Archbald, of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club, brought the only new sailing canoe to camp, and he carried off most of the honors, F. C. Moore, of the New York Canoe Club, being a creditable second on the list. L. H. May, also of the New York Club, won the novice sailing race. The trophy paddling race was won by W. C. Noack, of Detroit; the record paddling race was won by J. W. Sparrow, Toronto Canoe Club; the open paddling by F. A. C. Bickerdike, Lachine Boat Club; the decked tandem by Messrs. R. O. King and H. McDougall, Toronto Canoe Club, and the open tandem paddling race was won by Scott, of Ottawa, and R. Bickerdike, of Lachine. The combined sailing and paddling prize was carried off by J. R. Stewart, Irondequoit Canoe Club. Mr. Stewart also won the Jabberwock sailing trophy for the second consecutive year, thus gaining its permanent possession. The ladies' paddling race was won by Miss Lillian Scott, of Ottawa, and the ladies' race carrying a passenger was won by Mrs. J. C. Plummer, of New York.*

* For the details of the races, see MONTHLY REVIEW at the end of the magazine.

The perfection of the racing-machine and the extreme acrobatic skill required in attaining perfection in its handling, has driven busy men for the most part from the sailing courses.

An attempt was made last season to restrict the boat by limiting the length of the sliding seat, which is extended out to windward, and by reducing the sail area. A discussion resulted in a compromise under which the sails were limited to 120 square feet, while all restriction was taken from the board. The result is the construction of the lightest possible boat with the longest possible board, and matters are not much improved. It would seem that a better way would be to leave one class unlimited for the racing men, and provide a restricted class for the others.

The days were passed in sailing, and visiting, and idling around camp; the evenings were devoted to social camp-fires, the whole camp congregating as guests of some club. The absence of clannishness was a pleasurable feature. There was no attempt at general illuminations, night parades, theatricals, or impromptu surprises, such as were wont to keep the camp always on the *qui vive* in older times. The ancient coterie known as "The Owls," who of old used to prowl nights in search of the most fun attended by the least harm, were this year absent from the tulgy woods of Grindstone. That their memory was still green was evinced by frequent allusions to their doings, at times magnified by many diameters through the lens of tradition.

Legendary places were pointed out,

such as where Rogers, armed to the teeth, made a strategic movement in the dark upon a supposed smuggler, and who in turn was engaged in a flank movement on Rogers; each, it is said, after challenging the other fainted in the other's arms. Here was where Gibson found a calf sleeping in his neat and cozy bed; there Seavey conducted his Indian raid.

Here "The Owls," as protectors of the oppressed, in the attempt to haul an uncongenial visitor from the tent of a suffering but hospitable host, lassoed the limbs of the wrong man and dragged an unoffending sleeper into the light of the stars at the end of a hundred yards of line. Subsequent explanations were of no avail, and the outraged guest will forever frown upon the doings of "The Owls." There was the scene of the select camp-fire at which a punch was made in honor of the keeper of a private bottle. After returning thanks in a neat speech the toasted man returned to his tent, only to be reminded by his empty flagon that there is no law of *meum* and *tuum* in camp, and that he had been treated to his own spirits.

The hearty raillery of the older meets led to some unfortunate misunderstandings which the mellow light of time has effaced. This year's meet was as amicable as a strawberry festival. An era of quiet sociability and good feeling has been inaugurated. All left their tent-floors marked "To be used next year," and staked their grounds for the coming season, showing that the consensus of opinion favored another return to Grindstone.



HEADQUARTER TENTS

AN ADVENTURE WITH AFRICAN LIONS.

By Traber Conroy.



WITH two wagons, a light shooting-cart, my Zulu head-man, Jan, his five wagon-boys, the Makololo tracker, M'b'pako, and my American darky striker, Dick, I had

followed the Chobe clear beyond the limit of native settlements, and was encamped by one of the small head streams. The veldt was here fading into desert, but was still fair grazing land for the countless buck that passed to and from it with the rains.

The Chobe country is not the game land it used to be; for, where I was, even no longer than nine years ago, I found more buck than I knew what to do with, the spoor of elephants was not uncommon, and the lions were bolder and far more numerous than I had ever hoped to find them. In that region they follow the migrating game.

On the day preceding the night of which I have to tell, Jan and I found a big leopard lazily sprawling in the shade of a great rock near the river. I killed the big beauty with a single barrel. His green hide, together with a saddle of vilderbeest calf, made a good load for our shoulders, and it was just sundown when we got in. There was every indication of a coming rain-storm—the air was vibrant with the low, deep muttering of distant thunder, and against the sky were reared some great cloud-piles, with a wonderful edging of golden fire, and a grayish-white wrack hanging above and bent in folds like a looped-up curtain. As the dying light grew dim, the great piles, lifting, widening, coming, still were shown to us by the constant play of the lightning, in wandering, hair-like threads, like burning wires.

Late as it was, the cattle were not yet in, for the boys had all been off somewhere digging out a confounded "zene," I think they called it. It is an animal

about the size of a cat, which ranks as a tidbit among the natives, about equal to the 'possum of our darkies.

The cattle had come up of their own accord, and crowded into the brush corral, or scherm, as it is called, with uneasy glances out of their big eyes, for they had heard what I had been hearing, mingled with the growling thunder, a sound, sometimes a low moaning, sometimes short and deep, which would have been instantly recognized even by a person who had never heard lions. They are always worse of a cloudy, rainy night. I feared trouble with them before morning, and stormed at the boys until they had collected sufficient wood for the fires.

While my man Dick was preparing the steaks and coffee I set M'b'pako to cure the leopard skin and seated myself to watch him. We had left the head in. He broke the skull, took out the brains and carefully spread them over the flesh side—for, in my opinion, there is nothing like the brain tan of our Indians for the curing of skins.

It was now so dark I had to eat by lantern-light, and when I had done I sat down with my back against a mealie box and lighted my pipe. The boys were grouped around a couple of little fires, smoking and telling their prodigious lies, at the making up of which they far and away excel any white man.

The rain-cloud was driving over in black, windy-looking wracks, which let down a sprinkle of big drops as they passed. I felt certain we should get it finally, for there was a constant rolling of thunder, with an occasional running, empty-sounding rattle overhead. The darkness came like a wall up to our fence of thorns, and against it our little fires opposed themselves but poorly.

Two hours or more I sat there, listening to the thunder and the lions. There is something in a lion's roar which is to the true hunter what the rolling of drum and cannon is to the soldier. To the man who is not entirely a coward, sitting by his fire with night and wilderness around him, it is a joy that may not be told.

At first the lions came no nearer than

five hundred yards or so. There were two or three answering calls from the south, and Jan said they were making up their party. It was mighty entertaining music, whatever they were about, and after I had listened a bit I made out six within a radius of half a mile.

During the early part of the evening their voices were suppressed to that low, deep moaning, which is the roar proper, and which better shows their mighty volume of voice than the harsh, full-toned, "Hough-gh—hough-ugh—hough-ough-oogh-oogh-oogh-oo-gh-gh—" I had as well try to print thunder. As the darkness increased the beasts grew bolder and kept it going almost constantly for a while, and then began moving closer to reconnoiter. As they came nearer they made less noise, uttering only an occasional and half-toned "woo-oof."

The natives, having exhausted their capacity for any further lying or smoking, had stretched out, leaving two of their number to tend the fires. I motioned to the Zulu, Jan, who was sitting apart from them, smoking his huge pipe, and when he came up I told him to turn in, as I intended to sit up an hour or two.

"There seems to be a good many lions," said I, as he was turning away.

"Ow," he answered; "it is a good place to be."

"We don't hear them any more, though," I continued. "Maybe they have given it up and gone off to try for a buck or something."

"They are nearer, I think," said he. "They are smelling out the fattest ox and counting the guns, but they will wait till it rains and puts out the fires."

A half-hour later the camp was quiet, save for the faint hum of the voices of the two watchers at a distant fire and the monotonous chewing of the cattle. Presently the creaking of a yoke, accompanied by a great sigh, announced that an ox had lain down, and then another big sigh, immediately following, told that his mate had gone down beside him; for an ox soon learns to co-operate with his yoke-fellow. They were quickly followed by others, and in a little while all were down—fifteen yoke—save one, a wild-eyed, half-witted fellow, who, in all the two years I drove him, never lay down but once, and then he never got up again—of which more in its place.

I must have dozed an hour at least, for when I started up I found the fires all low, and one or two of them nearly out, for the rogues of guards were sitting fast asleep with their heads on their knees. I laced up my moccasins and got up, with the intention of giving them a good knock on the head apiece, but just as I stood up, Crazy Dick, as I called him (I never left him yoked with his mate), gave a throaty roar and slewed himself quickly round facing the thorn fence.

"Now for a crack at them," said I to myself, as I caught up my express and moved quickly and silently over to where the ox stood glaring into the hardly distinguishable fence. He kept shaking his head and blowing with suppressed fury, for he was a most pugnacious and fearless brute.

I hastily stirred up the fires as I passed, and when I got near him I paused and closely scanned the thorns, thinking I might catch a sight of yellow eyes and thus get a shot through the fence. I could see nothing, however, for lions are good soldiers, as the Zulus say, and are perfectly aware of the tell-tale of their glowing eyes when stalking a fire.

I threw a handful of sticks on the fire near by, and spoke softly to the cattle to quiet their fears, for they were all very wide awake, though as motionless as so many rocks. They lay with their heads stretched out, their noses slightly tilted up and eyes shining, giving an expression of far more intense alarm than if they had been in actual stampede. I did not think the lions would be bold enough to attack so large a camp or to jump so high a fence—eight or nine feet at the lowest—but I knew that, though they sometimes manifest a cowardice of which they are popularly supposed to be incapable, they as often exhibit a reckless bravery equally unexpected.

They had been reconnoitering from the leeward, and the cattle, I noticed, had, with equal sagacity, moved to the windward side, and were nearly all facing back. The lions had at last become impatient and were moving around.

I moved noiselessly along, peering into the brush, hoping to catch the gleam of an eye, but, though I knew there were lions just outside the fence,

I could neither see nor hear them. I concluded they had winded me and given it up for the time, so I crouched behind an ox, and, resting my rifle across his rump, waited for the next move. But nothing came of it, though I sat there a good half-hour. Then the fire in the corner burned low, and I started to attend to it.

I had kicked in the burnt-off ends and stepped close to the fence for more fuel, when a low "bouff" like that of a big roused dog sounded right at my ear. I glanced quickly aside, and a hot thrill ran through me, for I was gazing straight into a pair of great yellowish eyes that were glowing through the fence at me. For the first moment or two, notwithstanding I had been looking for those very eyes, their fascinating power was so great that I could only stand like a stone. Then I pulled myself together.

I leveled my rifle, but now I could see only one eye, and I could not tell on which side of it to strike him. I paused for an instant, then chose the right, and fired. Crash! went the express, and by the red flash I saw a great head close to the ground. The next instant, with a thundering "Hough-oo-ff," right into the top of the fence he came, and over with him came the high bush wall, like a windrow of overblown hay.

I made a wild, scrambling effort to jump away, but it was all too quick for me. My heels caught in the pile of sticks, and down I went with a great swath of thorn-brush on top of me, and with the roaring, struggling brute right at my ears. But, for all his lunging he was as fast as I was—I had held on the wrong side of his eye and broken his shoulder.

I heard faintly the tumult of rattling yokes and snorts of the struggling cattle, the cries of my men, and above it all, old Jan's awakening shout. A moment later the breath was knocked out of me by a great weight that dropped suddenly with a hoarse growl, and as quickly sprang off. It was followed by another, and yet another. The raid was on; my cattle were stampeded and lost, and I was fast as a wagonload of thorns could hold me.

I shouted, or tried to shout, but I was so completely wrapped up and smothered, so mad and worked up generally, that I should not have recognized

my own voice if I could have stood by and heard it. I kicked and struggled with all my might, but all in vain. I only cut my bleeding face and hands the more.

But my struggles were as nothing to those of the lion! He had thrown himself fairly into the fire, and as the brush caught and flared up, I could smell his burning hair and hear its hiss. When the fire struck him he sent great pawfuls of sparks and burning sticks flying among the brush and in all directions, and he screamed, rather than roared, in a way that was simply frightful. In my uncertain state of mind I distinctly remember that I snickered at the singing he was getting. Soon, however, I was struck cold with a chill of more than the fear of death, for a puff of wind drove a red wave of flame straight upon me. It came so close it almost blistered me. And then I saw my peril, for I could not free myself, and before my men could find and drag me out I must inevitably die the awful death with my lion for a pyre-mate. I put all my strength into one last effort, but only wound myself the tighter among the cursed thorns.

Help came when I least expected it. There was a rush, a hoarse bellow, a mighty thump, and a savage growl; glorious old Crazy Dick had flung up his tail and charged the lions. There was another rush and a jolt, hoarse growls and "houghs" from more than one lion, and a mighty struggle in the burning brush at my ears that ended in a choking, pitiful bellow, and a fall that crushed the breath out of me and put out the light. There was another growl and a shriek, some shots, and the sound of voices afar off; and then oblivion.

When I came to, Jan had my head on his bare legs and was wiping my bloody face. I was not seriously hurt, only mashed, and in a few minutes I was on my feet.

"What were you all about?" I asked, as soon as I could speak. "You're a nice lot of fellows, sleeping like pigs while the lions were ripping up an ox apiece!"

"It was not our fault, baas," said the Zulu, Jan, "that we did not reach you sooner. I jumped up when I heard your shot, and ran for a gun. I saw you fall, and the lion come over and knock the fence down on you. I shouted to the

others and ran to help you, but the cattle all sprang up and ran against me. I fell across a yoke, and was carried into the fence, where many of them, I thought, sat down on me. At last I ran over them and got away; and, calling the others, we ran to help you. And as we ran, the bosc oohse (mad ox) who had stood still, shaking his head, gave a roar and ran to fight them. He hit the big black-maned one and knocked him over with his feet in the air; but another jumped and bit him on the shoulder, and a big lioness seized him by the neck, and then a third came over and they tried to pull him down. He gave them a good fight among the brush, till at last they pulled him down in the fire and put it out. The fight was but a minute long, and then we were up, and Wani, who was ahead, threw his spear into the big lion, but the big lioness knocked him down. Then they left the ox and jumped outside; but the lioness dragged Wani with her. Then we pulled you out."

"Get a light, quick!" said I. "Maybe we can save him."

"It is of no use, baas," said the tracker, M'b'pako, Wani's brother, "but we will try."

While a lantern was being brought I put poor Dick out of pain, for he was horribly torn, and lay there, weakly struggling in the smoldering fire, by the side of the dead lion, which, blistered, black and hairless, was a grisly sight.

When the lantern came I jumped outside with the Zulu and M'b'pako. There was no light anywhere save a faint glimmer in the scherm behind us. We paused a bit to listen, but hearing nothing, moved on thirty yards or so and listened again. This time we heard, a little distance ahead, a noise in the grass and a low growling.

"That is he who got my brother's spear," said the Makololo, softly, "and he is sitting out there in the grass, trying to doctor it."

I thought the lion was some sixty yards distant, but the growling was pitched in so low a key that it was uncertain, and for aught we knew there were others even nearer. If they were bold enough to raid our camp they would hardly run from three of us in the dark. Our stalking them was a mighty interesting business.

There was not the faintest hope of our

being able to do anything for poor Wani, but I was mad and determined to have a slap at them at any cost. We stood listening, close together, Jan with the lantern, I on one side and the Makololo on the other with my express, for I had taken a heavier repeater.

I did not want to expose our light—it was a bull's-eye—until I was sure of a lion's position, but thinking there might be one within jumping distance, I whispered to the Zulu to throw the light around us. Opening the slide he shot a strong, white ray into the darkness, and moved it swiftly here and there. As it darted from bush to bush, there sounded a low "wou-oof" on our right. The Zulu turned quickly and streamed his ray out toward the sound, and in the bright path cut in the darkness there appeared, as if thrown upon a screen, the burning eyes and great maned head of a lion, as he stood half-crouching in the low scrub.

My rifle and the Makololo's went up together, but before either of us could get on and pull, the beast sprang noiselessly out of the light and hid among some taller and denser brush. The Zulu swept the cover with his brilliant beam, and we followed him, ready for swift action.

The wounded lion still kept up his growling, and appeared to be even nearer than the one we had just seen, so we made for him. The sound came from a patch of low brush interspersed with clumps of a tall joint-grass, and after a few steps we were fairly into it.

It was a nervous business, but I still held on, though I fancied M'b'pako was not taking to it heartily, yet I knew him to be a brave man. I firmly believe Jan liked it. I could tell by the way the old rogue moved the light here and there, and he kept all the time about two steps ahead of us. We worked our way forward until we felt we were getting dangerously close to the lion. We listened, moved on a few steps and listened again, but not a sound of him could we hear. I reached out and softly touched Jan, for I had an uneasy feeling that we were going too far and would have the lion on our backs. When Jan streamed the light ahead I saw the cover was so open that no lion could be hidden in that direction. After listening a moment we turned to the right, among a denser growth of the

joint-grass. We moved a foot at a time, until I felt the shaft of the Zulu's assegai press me, and paused, feeling that we were into it.

The light streamed straight ahead and revealed, the length of three short spears away, a picture that will live while I have memory: two great, tawny forms, with four yellow, burning eyes. A lion, with a great maned head, half-crouching, with one forepaw held up from the ground; behind, and at his flank, a lioness, with bloody beard and throat, crouching over the naked body of the Makololo, Wani, whose dead face lay with its jaw dropped and white teeth shining.

The Zulu focused his light on the lion's head so closely that the lantern could show but it alone. Then trouble came, and quickly; there was a short, low "bouff" that was hardly finished ere I had thrust my barrel into the lantern's beam and pulled for the beast. M'b'pako fired with me. The light went out with the red flash of the guns, and, as I staggered from the shock, I heard the fall of the lantern, with a jingle of glass, and with it a rush and a crashing fall, and a mighty roar that ended in a shriek. I jumped, or fell, or was knocked aside, and a heavy something fell by me, striking me. I thought the shriek was the voice of Jan.

"Jan! Jan!" I cried, "are you hurt?"

"Here am I. Shoot! shoot!"

Without getting on my feet I fired three times, as fast as I could jerk the lever, and M'b'pako again fired with me. The lioness was so close that I got a blow from her paw which tore off my moccasin and cut my foot to the bone.

"The light, quick!" I cried, as I jumped up.

"A spook put it out when you fired," said Jan, "to let the lions get us. It is lost."

I struck a match, and by its light he found the lantern, and handed it to me, swearing that "it was bewitched and that its bowels were loose." The heavy charge had cracked the thick lens. Lighting the lantern, I flashed it around, thinking there might be more lions. There were at least two more of the band, but there were none in sight. Then I turned the light on the dead ones and on the body of Wani. The big fellow had only lunged forward, where he lay with a shattered skull and with

Wani's spear biting deep into his shoulder. The lioness lay gasping, and died while we looked. Standing out from her back a good three feet, was the broad blade and bloody shaft of Jan's big assegai.

"I saw her start," said he, as he jerked the spear through. "I knew she was coming for me and the light, so I jumped forward, and stooping so she would go over me, held the assegai to catch her; then I fell over on you."

Wani was quite dead and horribly mangled, his side being torn open and both thighs bitten through.

"Ah, well!" said his brother, "your day is ended, son of my father and my mother; the ghosts who follow on every man's spoor have at last come up with you, and the silence has swallowed you up, but it is a brave tale, my brother, that you give me to carry back to our father, Sahmbuka."

The dead man we buried just outside the scherm, and the lions were dragged into the light, where I set a couple of boys to work at skinning them.

Two of the cattle were dead, and when the others had been secured by tethering them to the wagon-wheels and trek-tow, I found that one was badly lamed, and all had lost patches of hair.

Before I turned in I called Jan and M'b'pako, and we swallowed some "heart-giver," as the Zulu called it. It was handed out by the striker, Dick, who had been discovered perched on top of the wagon-tent with my shot-gun in his hands,—on guard, he explained. This so incensed the old Zulu that he wanted to knock him on the head with his knob-stick, but instead, gave him a long Zulu name which would have caused the suicide of a native, but which my sad rascal of a Dick seemed to mind not the least. The name, translated, means "the brave man who sat on top of a wagon and directed the killing of lions!"

The years have rapidly slipped away since I bade farewell to my boys and to the perilous sport of the African wilds. Our method may have been foolhardy, but we got the lions, and with them an experience not to be paralleled in every nomadic sportsman's yarn. Of the fate of my boys I know nothing, but they are trader's men, and by many a camp fire will be able to tell brave stories of that night on the Little Chobe.



Painted for OUTING by Hermann Simon.

"AS THE DYING LIGHT GREW DIM." (p. 144.)

LENZ'S WORLD TOUR AWHEEL.*

OVER THE TURKISH BORDER.



PAUSING for a moment on the boundary line to take a brief retrospective glance over the land of the "Lion and the Sun," I wheeled away down a gentle slope, into the home of the unspeakable Osmanli. An hour later I arrived at Kizil Dizah, the first village in Asiatic Turkish territory. It is an official station of considerable importance, where the passports, caravan permits, and other official papers of everybody passing to or from Persia are examined. The officers seemed especially interested to know why I was traveling without any *saptieh*, escort; a stranger traveling through this most lawless of the Sultan's dominions without guard or guide, and not being able to converse with the natives, seemed almost beyond their comprehension. When they asked me why I had no *saptieh*, I told them "I have one," and showed them my revolver. They seemed to regard this as a very witty remark, but they shook their heads in apprehension, and drew their fingers across their throats in token of my possible fate among the wild Kurds.

Waiting only for the proper *visés* to my credentials, I wheeled away on the

road which leads over the Aras plain. The gigantic form of Ararat was still before me, seemingly but a few miles away; as a matter of fact it was about twenty, but nothing intervening between myself and its tremendous proportions, the distance was deceptive. One obtains a most comprehensive idea of Ararat's seventeen thousand two hundred and fifty feet when viewing it from the Aras plain, for it rises sheer from the plain and not from the shoulders of a range that constitutes of itself the greater part of the height, as do many mountain peaks. A few miles to the eastward is Little Ararat, an independent conical peak of twelve thousand feet, but, although conspicuous and distinct from surrounding mountains, its proportions are completely dwarfed by the nearness and bulk of its big brother.

The Aras plain is lava-strewn and uncultivated for a number of miles; the spongy, speeding feet of innumerable camels have worn paths in the hard lava deposit that make the wheeling as good as on European roads, except for occasional stationary blocks of lava which the animals have stepped over systematically for centuries, and which not infrequently blocked the trail and compelled a dismount.

Over this trail I reached by evening the large Kurdish village of Dyadin. The people at once struck me as being comparatively clean and comfortable. Both men and women were rather handsome, and their striking Kurdish costumes imparted a great brilliancy and picturesqueness to the village.

The short sleeveless jackets of sheepskin, which the Kurdish men wear over their striped satin vests, and the silver rings in the noses of the girls give them something of a "barbarian" look, and indeed their habits appear to be much the same as those of their Kurduchi ancestors in the days of Xenophon, except that in the interval they have become Moslems and teetotalers. Here they are Sunnis and consequently do not clash with their neighbors the Turks, who abhor the Kurds of the mountains as Kizil-bashes.

The sedentary Kurds wear woolen

* Continued by a Special Correspondent.

socks of gray and elaborate patterns; cotton shoes like the *gheva* of the Persians; camlet trousers, wide at the bottom like those of sailors; woolen girdles of a cashmere-shawl pattern, short jackets and felt jerkins without sleeves. The turban usually worn is peculiar. Its foundation is a peaked felt cap, with a loosely-twisted rope of tightly-twisted silk or wool wound around it. In the girdle the *khanjar* is always seen. Over it the cartridge belt is usually worn, or two cartridge belts are crossed over the chest and back. The girdle always carries the pipe and tobacco pouch, a long knife, a flint and steel, and in some cases a shot pouch and a highly-ornamented powder-horn.

The dress of the women is a foil to that of their lords. It consists of a blue cotton shirt, very wide trousers, drawn in at the ankles; a silver saucer on the head, from which depend chains with a coin at the end of each; a square mantle hanging down the back, clasped by two of its corners about the neck, and many strings of coins round the throat; a small handkerchief is knotted above the hair, and in presence of a strange man they hold one end of this over the mouth. All the inhabitants of Dyadin were reasonably well dressed and seemed well to do; they also seemed to have acquired, somehow, easy and agreeable manners. In these respects they were immeasurably superior to their kinsfolk, with

whom I was destined to spend the succeeding night.

It was growing chilly as the shades of evening began to settle down over the wild mountainous country about me, and the prospects looked favorable for a supperless and most disagreeable night, when I descried a village perched in an opening among the mountains a mile or thereabouts off to the right. Repairing thither I found it to be a Kurdish

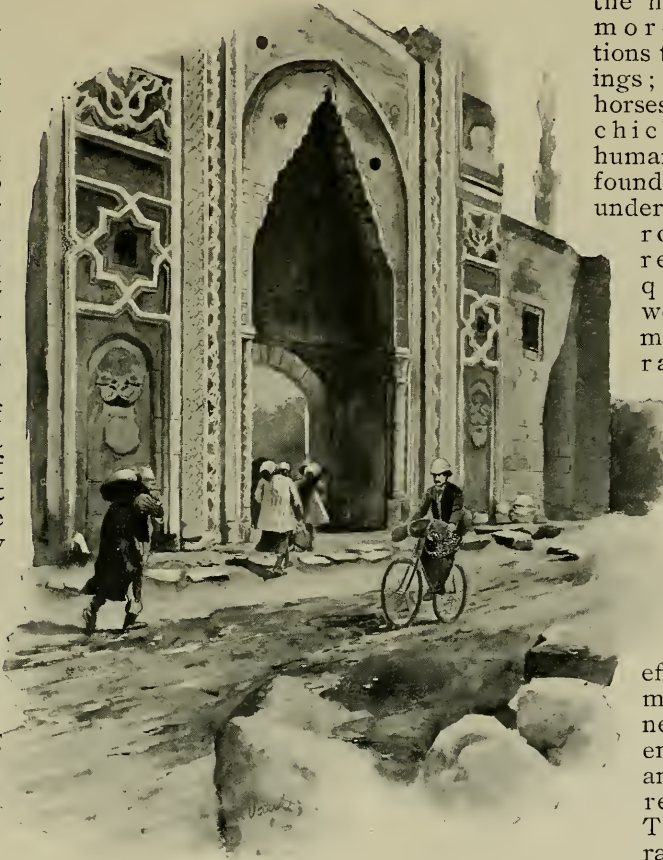
village, where the hovels were more excavations than buildings; buffaloes, horses, goats, chickens and human beings all found shelter under the same

roof; their respective quarters were nothing more than a railing of rough poles. As the question of ventilation was never even thought of, the

effect upon my olfactory nerves upon entering was anything but reassuring. The filth of these people were something abominable;

on account of the chilliness of the evening they had donned their heavier raiment; this was evidently rags patched on top of other rags for years past until they had gradually developed into thick, quilted garments. However, repulsive as the outlook most assuredly was, I had no alternative but to cast my lot among them till morning.

I was conducted into the Sheik's apartment, a small room partitioned off



EXTREMES MEET.

with a pole from a stable full of horses and buffaloes, where darkness was made visible by the sickly glimmer of a grease lamp. The Sheik was reclining on a mattress in one corner, smoking cigarettes; a dozen ill-conditioned ragamuffins were squatted about in various attitudes, while the rag-tag and bobtail of the population crowded into the buffalo-stable and surveyed me and the bicycle from outside the partition-pole.

motioned for me to do the same. The *yaort* bowl contained one solitary wooden spoon, with which they took turns at eating mouthfuls. One is compelled to draw the line somewhere, even under the most uncompromising circumstances, and I naturally drew it against using one spoon in common with my present companions. Making small scoops with pieces of bread, I dipped up *yaort* and ate scoop and all



TREASURE TROVE FROM A LONG SINCE PAST.

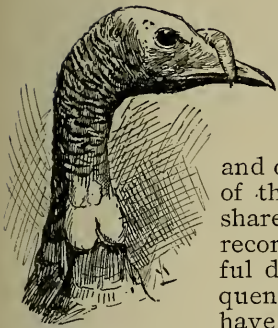
A circular wooden tray containing an abundance of bread, a bowl of *yaort*, and a small quantity of peculiar stringy cheese that resembled chunks of dried codfish, warped and twisted in the drying, was brought in and placed in the middle of the floor. Everybody in the room at once gathered round it and began eating with as little formality as so many wild animals; the Sheik silently

together. These particular Kurds seemed absolutely ignorant of anything in the shape of mannerliness or of consideration for each other at the table.

After supper they returned to a resumption of their never-ceasing occupation of scratching. The eminent economist who lamented the wasted energy represented in the wagging of dogs' tails would have wept at the sight.

A TRIAL OF TURKEY TRACKING.

By Ed. W. Sandys.



THE sportsman's richest treasures are the many pleasant memories of by-gone days, and of these every lover of the gun possesses his share. Nor do they all record the most successful days; for quite frequently a blank day may have certain features of

its own, to be looked back to with pleasure long after better-rewarded efforts have become blurred and lost in the haze of passing years.

It is quite possible that we never entirely forget any adventure. We may not think of it for years at a stretch, yet the impression it once made is concealed somewhere in the mental attic, and the merest accident, a chance word maybe, will bring it forth again as fresh as ever. In this lies the chief charm of fighting old battles o'er again with a sporting chum, when the pipes are going, and the "Den" is the snuggerly your truesportsman loves. Then the talk veers from North to South, from East to West; one yarn recalls another, till, as the lamplighter trots from post to post, waking to life each dulled globe, so memory harks back over the darkened trail and events blaze up point by point till the shadows of time have rolled away.

Other things than reminiscent chat can recall temporarily forgotten experiences. For instance, we were at the Museum of Natural History. We had deliberately traveled thither to prove each other wrong in what had been a hotly contested argument. My friend is a well-known artist, and, of course, he knows it all. He had just finished what he considered a masterpiece. The subject was a bull moose, and he had haled me before the picture and had demanded a free and fearless criticism. He got it (they always fail on moose), and I had freely and fearlessly reviled his handiwork. It was not so very bad, but I wanted to "roast" him because I knew that he fancied he had me this time. We went for each other without gloves. He produced a natural history.

I sneered and made affidavit that whoever illustrated the book, was if possible, a bigger chump than my artist friend.

How could I prove it? Easily enough, for a dinner. Then we went to the museum. In plain view of the famous group of moose, I *did* prove it, and further reviled him.

While we loitered among the birds, a shaft of sunlight streamed through a window and fell fair upon a finely mounted turkey. This particular bird was none of your old-fashioned "stuffed" horrors, but an artistic example of scientific taxidermy. The sunlight touched his marvel of plumage and it fairly blazed with gorgeous splendor. The effect was startling, even to the artist, who muttered something about "barbaric."

"Barbaric, nothing!" I exclaimed. "It would have been barbaric had one of you fellows meddled with it, but Nature's never barbaric. In this case her work is simply magnificent, and furthermore, he was more brilliant when alive."

For a time we feasted our eyes upon the glittering display of gold, purple, and countless shades of bronze, and green, and richest copper, till the artist forgot himself and exclaimed: "By George! I'd like to shoot one like him."

"Ho, ho!" I replied. "Then he *is* magnificent, after all?"

"He certainly is," said the artist, and continued: "Did you ever see one like him?" I told him that in all my life I had seen two gobblers which, possibly, were as fine as the noble fellow before us. Then we passed out to see about the dinner.

But what of the two gobblers? Well, one was dead and mounted years before I set eyes upon him. He was the king of a flock of forty-five, in the good old days when turkeys were plentiful in the big woods of Western Ontario and Michigan. Those woods still contain a few turkeys, but if every living specimen could be examined it is extremely improbable that one could be found to rival the size and beauty of plumage of the patriarch referred to.

I forget who killed him, but I know who'd like to kill his peer. He is a

marvel, and strange to say, considering how long ago he was mounted, the taxidermy was about equal to the latter-day work. Every sportsman who has enjoyed the hospitality of the old Toronto Gun Club will remember this gobbler, which is rightly considered to be the finest specimen in the club's extensive collection.

How about the second gobbler? I hate to think of what his fate may have been. He will not soon be forgotten. Even at this late day every incident of the trip which led me to his domain is well remembered. I even believe that in spite of twelve years which have rolled across the trail, I could find my way to within a few yards of where I last saw that gobbler.

That hunt, though full of hard work and almost unsuccessful, had enough pleasant features to insure its being kept in mind. My companion was one of those fine fellows who are always cheerful, be luck good or bad. He was a bad man to follow in the woods, and during the last day of our three days' attempt to track turkeys he gave me a bucketing over the face of the earth which was not forgotten for many moons.

Our temporary headquarters was a log-cabin situated in a large tract of wild country, chiefly under ancient forest, but bisected here and there with stretches of marsh. Some of the marshes were as much as a mile long by half a mile broad; and in the center of the largest lay a considerable body of water, from two to ten feet deep and bottomed with an unknown depth of black muck. All through the marsh were hummocks of firmer soil upon which grew clumps of saplings and snarls of vines and dog-roses. Bordering the marshes were thick walls of scrub, with occasional paths formed by the half-wild cattle, while behind the scrub for miles, stretched the grand old woods, chiefly beech, oak, maple and elm. Such cover was a favorite haunt of turkeys, grouse, quail, hares, and rabbits, and naturally, it was very difficult to the still-hunter.

Our host cared nothing for shooting, but he and his good wife liked to have us stay with them, hunt all day and dispense town talk at night till we became too sleepy to talk sense.

The weather had turned quite cold the day before our arrival upon the

scene, and we expected a light snowfall, which occurred the second night of our stay. My companion had agreed to bring two rifles, a Winchester and an old-fashioned single-shot breech-loader, the latter for me if the conditions proved unfavorable to my twelve-gauge.

At breakfast our host explained the lay of the land and where the turkeys had been "using." He advised me to take the rifle for the first attempt, and thereby he led me astray. His last words were, "Now, whatever you do, *don't* try to cross the big marsh. It's frozen over, but you can't trust such ice, and Lord help you if ever you break through. What gets into that marsh stops there; it ain't got no bottom. I'm in dead earnest, and only that I know you fellows have horse sense I would not let you go near it for a week more."

As we had faith in his knowledge, we determined not to take any chances with the marsh.

Within an hour after starting we found fresh sign in plenty, and at once began still-hunting in earnest. The cover proved even more difficult than it had appeared at first sight, and the view was so limited that we kept comparatively close together. After an hour's work I became dubious as to the prospect. I was making far too much noise, and I knew it. My companion, a better hand at that sort of thing, was doing fairly well. Yet, even he was hardly likely to get close enough to such a wary quarry as the turkey.

Of other game I saw more than I wanted to. Every now and then a rabbit would hop sedately ahead; more than once I started hares which were beginning to show the white coat, and at last I walked right into a covey of ruffed grouse. About a dozen fine birds rose within twenty feet of me, making such a row as only their kind can. Four or five of them treed in full view, and for a moment sorely tempted me. But to shoot meant to lessen the chances for turkey, so I had to content myself with sighting fine upon the stiffly held heads and thinking what I might do if I dared.

About lunch time we came together to have a snack and a pipe, and to discuss the situation. Not a turkey had been seen, though sign was all about. I had remarked that I did not regret having left the twelve-gauge behind, as

it would have been of no earthly use, when an exclamation from my comrade caused me to turn my head. Regret for the absent gun instantly arose, for coming straight toward us, across an open, was a turkey. Straight on it sailed (they seldom swerve from a direct line of flight), and there we crouched about as helpless as two men could well be.

It was a small turkey but it looked big as a barrel when it had approached within about forty yards. "Oh! for the gun—the gun!" I growled; then I concluded to try a shot. The bird passed directly over my head, offering a possible mark—but a rifle bullet loveth the featherless and hairless blue under such circumstances and my shot proved useless.

"Why didn't you bombard her with the repeater?" I sung out, but my friend sorrowfully replied, "Taint no use; I'd never hit one in a hundred trials."

"Well, you're dead certain never to hit one if you don't try," I grumbled on, for it seemed a pretty nice turkey after all, and I was mad that the gun had been left.

About sunset, after miles of tiresome prowling, fortune back-handed me again. A turkey suddenly flushed within thirty yards, and I made a useless snap at it. At the whip of the rifle, five more beauties began smashing up through the cover, all within easy range; and again my soul yearned for the gun, while my tongue consigned the rifle and its advocates to perdition. Then we tramped home well tired and half angry.

Next morning, to our delight, we found just enough snow for tracking. The day was very sharp and too still for the cover we were in, but slight as the snow was, it enabled us to see farther.

"This time you've got to take the rifle," said our host.

I was undecided. Every time I thought of a turkey sunning itself upon a limb, the rifle had the call; then swiftly would arise a picture of a fair flying chance, and the twelve-gauge was the thing. Finally, amid warnings, I took the gun.

Fate indeed had it in for me. Two hours later I was savagely glaring at a turkey on the top of a mighty elm, and thinking how easy it would be to knock him with the rifle from a dead rest. Nearer to him I could not get, so the gun was useless.

About mid-afternoon my comrade got an easy chance at a standing turkey. He seldom misses when he has plenty of time. It was a small, young hen, yet it was so much bigger than my *nothing*, that I forbore to run it down, which was all the more creditable because he was hugely satisfied with it.

We found other tracks where a small flock had traveled from marsh to woods. When we had got fairly into the big timber our still-hunting became something like the genuine article, yet, though we moved fast, the light had become treacherous before we overhauled the quarry. Among the tracks was one so enormous that I had eyes for nothing else. Thirty pounds of gobbler had pressed down on those prints; and while I knew the big fellow might be the last one to tire, I stuck to his trail for some time after single diverging tracks had plainly indicated that the smaller birds had grown weary, and had slipped off at intervals to hide in the first convenient shelter. My method was not good turkey-stalking, but then the gobbler's track was very, very large.

At last I saw him jump upon a log perhaps eighty-five yards away. There was no sunlight left to glorify his plumage, but his black bulk was so great that I knew him to be the finest I had ever set eyes on. He was watching his back-track, and I dared not move while he occupied such a commanding position. For perhaps a minute and a half we remained motionless. The rifle then would have been priceless!

Suddenly he took a smart run, and rose heavily until he was well above the timber, then flew directly to the big marsh. The chance for that day had passed.

Feeling savage about it did no good, for my own judgment had been at fault in the matter of weapons. The "I told you so" of our host did not make me feel any better.

Next morning, our last, I was keen for the big fellow, and after figuring over every possibility, I decided that the rifle would be better for him. We hunted for half the day without finding game; then I saw my big turkey in a tree near the edge of the swamp.

The stalking of that bird was the best bit of work of the kind that I have ever done. About eighty yards was as near as I could approach, but that was near

enough with such perfect light. As I steadied against a tree he turned so as to afford a perfectly clear view of him. In the slanting rays he blazed with richest color—a magnificent bird truly! If he had loomed large the previous evening he appeared gigantic seen in sharp relief against the sky, and I inwardly vowed to bore him through.

At the crack he gave a tremendous leap, turned over, and came down in a whirl of black and white and copper. He struck ground with a mighty thump, and my yell of triumph brought my comrade crashing through the brush. The next moment my heart almost stood still, for a black object was going like a quarter-horse in the direction of the swamp.

"Stop him! Plug him! Catch him!" I bawled; but it's not so easy to catch a broken-winged gobbler. How we ran! Stumbling, slipping, panting, we chased on, but he beat us with yards to spare. Into the cover about the swamp he darted, where for a good hour he led us up and down. Half a

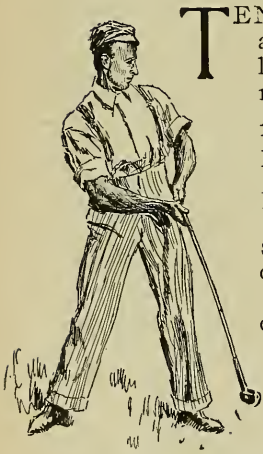
dozen times the gun would have settled the matter with a snap shot, but rifles are different and he was never still long enough to afford time for a true aim.

In time the light failed, and I was worn out fighting the brush, but my comrade insisted upon sticking to him. Finally, when we could only dimly make him out at intervals, he took to the ice and started straight across the marsh. I took one stride to follow, at once broke through, and thereby perhaps saved myself. My comrade leveled his Winchester, hesitated, saw that if the ball told we dared not try to retrieve the bird, and held his fire.

The gobbler made sprinting time over that treacherous ice. His wing we saw was broken far out from the body, so it may eventually have healed. I hope it did, for he was a noble bird. His escape was one of the bitterest disappointments of my sporting experience; yet, after all, the memory of the trip is dearly prized, and is always cheerily referred to whenever I meet the man who strove so sturdily to save that prize for me.

A GOSSIP ON GOLF.

By Horace G. Hutchinson, Author of the Badminton "Golf."



TEN or twelve years ago a lighthearted lady following a very great golf match round the St. Andrew's links of Scotland dared to observe to her grave male companion:

"How funny it seems, being so solemn over a *game*."

"It's not a game," came the reply in the shocked tone in which it seemed to him natural to rebuke such irreverence. "It's not a

game; it's a study."

The remark of this light-hearted lady was but the expression of that spirit of slight veneration for that "grand old manner" in which our forefathers pursued the Royal and Ancient Game in the dignified habiliments of high hats, knee-breeches and swallow-tailed coats.

When a nation borrows from another

an art, a sport, a pastime—anything of which the nature is progressive—the borrower generally takes up the novelty at the point to which the lender has brought it, and modifies it according to its national characteristics. Thus England, a jovial, cricketing nation, in assimilating the game of Scotland, a serious, golfing nation, did not fail to modify it by the influence of English cricketing joviality.

A second borrower has come on the scene. America, taking her golf from England rather than from Scotland, at a stage of its development at which the traditions of the old kind were already modified, has grafted upon it her own characteristics.

Comparing infinitely little things with infinitely big ones, I see a strong analogy between my personal position at the time I took up golf, and that of the States, in respect of golf, at the present date. For I had not the chance of learning the game at any of the great Scottish centers (there were no great centers, in those days, that were not Scot-

tish), and they were immensely far, by the British measurement of distance, from Westward Ho, the nursery of my golf. There were at Westward Ho, none of the classic models, available to me, on which youth should form its style; for in learning golf it is particularly true that example is better than precept, and it is likely to puzzle the American beginner, as in days past it often has puzzled the English beginner, to find how wide the difference is apt to be between the teachings of example and the teachings of precept. When, now and again, it happened to us to see one of the classic models, we found him violating all those maxims of "Slow back," "Don't press," and the rest, that had been impressed upon us from the date of our earliest studies in golf. It was only a later wisdom that showed us that the violation and the contradiction were apparent rather than real; that the "slowness" of the back swing was truly only a relative "slowness"—relative to the pace of the downward swing; that "Don't press" did not mean "don't hit hard," but "don't try to hit harder than you can."

When one is a boy it appears inevitable that one's style of learning should be imitative, and to be a boy and to have good golfing models before one's eyes is the ideal condition of the tyro.

In the absence of all teachers, you must condescend to learn from a book. It is not impossible, if you will only apply your mind to it. One of the best and freest and strongest styles known to the writer is that of a man who began golf after he was grown up, with no "coach," but with a book to teach him. He studied this book—it was not a big one—and worked with it at his swing for a week *before he began to try to hit the ball at all*. This was a very wise and very self-controlled young man, and the secret of his singular success is beyond doubt to be read in the italics. No doubt he had a dull week, but he had much better times ever after than the beginner who persists in caving in the ball's head.

I played golf a good many years ago in the United States, when probably I was the only man that did. The game was over an improvised course at the Meadowbrook Club on Long Island—not an ideal links, but quite as good as many of the "best inland links" in

England. Far better, in all likelihood, nowadays are those links of the Shinnecock Hills, St. Andrew's, Morristown, Newport and others. But it is only on soil where the turf is of the right royal sandy nature, with crisp, short grass, that the game can be played in its perfection. All the good links-ground of the old country is made by alluvial deposit, aided by the sand blown up off the beach and washed up by the waves.

The Meadowbrookites of that day were kind enough to say that they thought golf seemed "a very good Sunday game." Nowadays it appears that some Americans think it quite good enough for some of the week-days. Considering all the clubs that are springing up all over the country it is impossible that there should be a sufficient supply of good professional teachers. One fears that it is inevitable that the golfer should have to resort to the book.* The membership of those clubs we may perhaps roughly estimate, on a very moderate average, at some two hundred or three hundred each, say two hundred thousand in all; and to this figure must be added a large number, an immensely large number, of players not attached to any club.

The American tyro who takes up golf after reaching years of discretion does not start from quite the same point as his British compeer. The latter almost inevitably grafts his budding golf on a stock of cricketing experience. The former, as a rule, will not have this experience. He will begin with a relatively open mind. There is much in his favor in this attitude. The cricketer is handicapped by the past use of a bat—a slogging weapon (whereby let us not be thought to speak disdainfully of the great game of cricket)—a weapon which he clutches with the right hand while his eye is kept hopefully forward, not bent on the ball, but projected whither he proposes to smite that ball. The youth of America is not brought up so universally on one game. A great deal of base-ball, a little polo, a little tennis and lawn-tennis are his occasional lessons; all aiding no doubt in the harmonious movement of hand and eye, but none of them, except perhaps the first,

* Mr. Hutchinson, no doubt from motives of modesty, does not mention two books which should be in the hands of every serious golfer, viz., the volume entitled "Golf," in the Badminton Library, and "Hints on Golf."—ED.

directly teaching that right-hand grip of a weapon wielded by the two hands which is a stumbling block in the path of the English cricketer commencing golf.

Polo is of all games the one which most resembles golf in its style of stroke. The club must be swung back with comparative slowness, and the forward stroke must be carried well through. As illustrative of the affinity between the strokes of golf and polo it may be noticed that the Peat brothers, noted polo players, quickly acquired considerable skill with the driver as soon as they took up golf. We generally find that the Englishman who comes to golf with his original cricketing vices strongly possessing him, strikes the golf-ball better with an iron than a wooden club, because the former is more like a bat. For that very reason it is not the best kind of club to begin with, if the learner desires to acquire the proper golfing swing; and the American tyro will not have this special temptation of the Englishman to begin with the iron club.

Equally fatal both to Englishman and American is the tendency to look forward, whither the ball should go. The British and the Columbian eye, equally, must be kept fast on the ball until the latter has been struck—this is imperative. Neither must the right hand of either nation be allowed to become the "predominant partner" in the golfing stroke. The functions of the right hand should be analogous to those of the House of Lords—to correct the too erratic vigor of the stroke whose main energy is wielded by the left. All beginners have a tendency to sway the body away from the ball as they raise the club. This, however, is all wrong. The body should not sway; it may, and should, turn from the hips, the shoulders swinging round as if the backbone were their pivot (this, of course, is not an anatomically correct description), but the whole body must not be allowed to sway away.

Smoothness is the quality to aim at in the swing. Remember to let the arms go out to their full length at once as you withdraw the club-head from the ball, and, similarly, follow on after the ball, when struck, with arms well outstretched (or outflung rather, by the energy of the stroke), for in this way you will make your club-head travel

longest on the ball's line of flight. This is important both for length of drive and accuracy. If you are slicing or pulling the ball, so that it describes a curve, out of the vertical plane, in its flight, you may be sure that your club-head at the moment of meeting the ball is not traveling in the line of flight which you wish the ball to take. Recognition of the cause of the evil will help you to cure it.

Stand with your knees slightly bent and your legs moderately wide apart, so as to give you a firm hold of the ground, with the ball nearer the left foot than the right and about at such distance from you that when you lay the heel of the club to the ball its shaft reaches to your left knee as you stand upright. Grip the club firmly in the palm of the left hand, lightly in the fingers of the right, and then swing up quietly, remembering the instructions as to the direction of the swing and the mode of turning the body, keeping your eye on the part of the ball which you want to hit, the while, and increasing the rate of the swing so that the club-head shall be traveling with its greatest velocity at the moment that it meets the ball.

Just now there is so great a demand for golf-clubs in England that the trade is hard put to it to supply them in sufficient numbers and good quality; and the sapient club-maker is apt to reflect that the beginner has not the knowledge to discriminate between a good club and a bad one, and, moreover, that his performances will be very little affected by the character of the instrument he uses. It is very likely that America, in the initial stages of her golf, will be deemed by the club-makers a fair field for the planting out of crooked shafts and green heads. When the States have got their golf into something like organized order, Americans will probably reflect that the importation of clubs from England is rather analogous to the importation of Welsh coal by a Newcastle man, for the great bulk of the hickory used in the making of shafts comes originally from America.

America already has its National Golf Association, and thereby has already solved a problem in golfing matters which has vexed the soul of very many English golfers for a long while, has been the occasion of much public

correspondence, of a good deal of heart-burning, and is now no nearer its solution than on the day of its first being propounded. Scotland naturally looks with some jealousy on the rather intemperate zeal with which England has "taken up" her national game. She resents the slight alterations and modifications of rules which England wishes to introduce. If England chooses to play golf on places to which the rules of Scottish golf are not quite applicable, that is not Scotland's fault, but England's misfortune. Thus Scotland is apt to argue. And between the desire of one set of English golfers to adhere to the old traditions, and the desire of another set for rules which shall be applicable universally, nothing is done; there is no headquarters to which moot questions can be referred, no central authority. It is a felt want, though it is very possible that no central authority is better than an injudicious central authority whose decisions might not carry weight. The States are fortunate to have settled this matter satisfactorily and without friction.

Under the authority of the association the question of the superiority of tournament or competition by score as the best test of golf in such a contest will be ultimately settled. Other things being equal, all that remains to be said is in favor of the tournament plan, in which men play matches by holes—the original way of playing the game. But other things are so often unequal—such as the hazard of the draw, which often lets one man in easily, while two others of the strongest fall to Kilkenny-cat work on each other in the first round. The method which we in England call "the American tournament" suggests itself as most obviously appropriate—that method by which each competitor plays all the rest, and the winner of most matches wins the palm. Unfortunately, its propriety is only apparent, for a round of golf takes half a day, virtually, and in a year of three hundred and sixty-five days too many of them would be occupied, on this plan, in finding out the champion. Moreover, a round of eighteen holes is short enough for an adequate comparison of men's mettle. So what is to be done? We in Great Britain have no decided answer to send over, for we play our amateur championship by tournament. You

ought to explain, when you say "by tournament" that you do not mean every man against every other, but, by drawing your opponent, playing by holes—our open championship by score. By tournament, in the English sense, we mean a competition by holes in which the players are drawn against each other at the start. The winners of the first round engage in mutual contest in the second, and so on until all have been beaten save one, who survives as victor of the tournament. In order to modify the inequalities of fortune often felt by those who enter for the tournament, it has been proposed that, for one day or two days, competitors shall play scoring rounds, and that those whose scores fall beneath a certain figure shall then play off, tournament fashion, for the ultimate glory.

Then there is the "bogey" plan, wherein a certain bogey or imaginary score is fixed, for each hole, by the committee which regulates the competition; and the competitors fight this bogey score, hole by hole. The victor is he who is fewest holes "down" or most holes "up" to the bogey. The worst feature of the bogey method is its name. Scottish golfers cannot get over that: it is so shocking to the grand old traditions; it smacks almost of levity, and, remotely, of profanity. But the bogey plan, nevertheless, has much to recommend it; it obviates all unfairness and many of the objections urged against the decision by score, which, after all, is not the game of golf but a mere means for comparing the play of a number of golfers in a single round.

One can but refer to these various modes of competition: it is wiser to decline the invidious task of deciding their rival merits. Bogey, though he has a bad name, has much to recommend him. In Great Britain we are too conservative to embrace him heartily; it may be that a democracy may see its way to his reception with due honor.

It is not one of the least merits of this Royal and Ancient Game that two players of very unequal caliber can make a mutually interesting match together. It is not here as with those games, like tennis and racquets, in which one player's stroke depends on that of the opponent. Where players are so unequal at those other games that immensely long odds have to be given, there is little fun for

either side. But at golf, each pursues the slightly uneven tenor of his way unaffected—in any direct manner—by the other's doings. By strokes given at certain holes, or by certain holes of vantage given before starting, an equality of result can be produced from the most unequal play. Still a match in which the players are well paired, without odds, is the most enjoyable, and the learner should always try to play with those who are more advanced than he, for thus he will himself advance the quicker. Pleasant matches are those foursomes in which a first-class player on either side is in partnership with a player of inferior class. The latter has then the satisfaction of feeling that he is aiding and abetting the great performances of his partner, and at the same time inevitably learning the lessons which will enable him, in days to come, to rival them.

But he must not expect those days too soon. The learning of golf is a slow and tedious process at the best; though illumined by many bright flashes of hope, the clouds of despair darken it at least in equal number. The exasperating thing is that the secret seems always to be escaping you; for a day, perhaps for a week, you may surprise and delight yourself by playing your iron to the general admiration. You think you have acquired the stroke of beauty as a joy for ever: the next day it may have utterly gone from you. The consolation is that it will return. At a certain, tolerably advanced, stage of your education you are likely to find yourself playing your iron well one day, your driver well the next, and your putter well the third. "Oh," you keep on explaining, "if only I could catch a day on which I could play all three!" But that glad day does not hasten to arrive: you will know the sickness of hope deferred again and again, before it comes to you; and when at length it comes, it passes. You have to catch that day again and again before you can make certain of repeating its success, and even then the best success is so merely relative—so infinitely less than the success which you can achieve as you con the strokes over in your armchair; the ideal is so very far removed from the actual. And it is the glory of golf that this great gulf between hope and achievement exists in the game or the finished player no less than in the game of the merest tyro.

Nay more, the gulf only grows the wider as knowledge of the game increases.

The neophyte of this cult has no notion of the subtleties and secrets that it contains. To him it is a matter of hitting the ball—and it will go. He knows nothing of playing the drive with a "pull," when the wind is from the right front, with a slight "slice" when the wind is from the left, in order that in either case the ball at the end of its flight may find the wind assisting it. He does not even know the thrill of sensuous delight that quivers through the fingers from the lofting shot nicely cut to fall dead on its alighting. Even such a simple secret as cutting the ball with a brasseé to make it rise quickly over a steep bank straight in front is utterly beyond his ken. It is fully as much as can be hoped for him if he have some remote comprehension of the methods of hitting the ball with a soaring flight when the wind is behind him, and of sending it low-skimming, like swallows when rain is coming, in the face of the adverse breeze. For him most of these subtle delights do not exist; he has not yet come to his inheritance of them. And no golfer yet has ever entered so fully into such an inheritance as to exhaust it. After a quarter of a century of assiduous golf in many lands, the Sphinx still startles one by showing herself in a new aspect, with new subtleties, unsuspected before, which one lights on wholly by accident. It seems that she will never yield up all her secrets. "Age cannot wither, nor custom stale her infinite variety."

And from this panegyric of the great game, which to some—but not to those who know it—perhaps will seem too unmeasured, may be inferred the writer's diagnosis of the terrible mania for golf which is besetting all our intelligent classes. We borrowed golf from Scotland, as we borrowed whisky, not because it is Scottish, but because it is good. The sole form of flattery that America bestows on England is that sincerest form of flattery, the imitative. It may be that she has borrowed golf from us, because it is "quite English, you know"; but she will continue to use the loan, not because it is quite English, but because it is quite good. The most irreconcilable cricket, baseball, polo, or tennis player must admit that it is a fine thing to have discovered a

game of great and varied excellence, which is played in the midst of the most delightful surroundings, and which will provide you with an inexhaustible interest from the time that you are becoming too old for the more violent games until the long-deferred day of your death. For long-deferred it cannot fail to be, and of the many sections that have reason to bless the game of golf, surely the life assurance companies should bless it with the most grateful fervor. One cannot altogether ignore this aspect, though one may sympathize with

the sourest scorn of the Scotsman for the Englishman who "plays golf for exercise." That the game provides charming and healthful exercise is a detail the more in its favor, but that any man should name this as the essential reason for which he follows a pastime so glorious in itself must be an idea forever loathsome to the mind of the rightly constituted golfer. Such a notion can only be the possession of the man who has never approached the shrine with sufficient piety to win from the Sibyl a single word of response.



BURKE AND WEFERS AT THE FINISH OF THE 440-YARDS.

AMERICAN AMATEUR ATHLETES IN 1896.

By William B. Curtis.



THE athletic season just now drawing to a close has not been without sensational features. It has presented some remarkable athletes, and eclipsed several performances hitherto accepted as the best ever made by man. But, despite these champions and this record-breaking, the most distinctive feature of the year is the great number of second-class athletes who have competed during the season. The term "second-class" is not used in a derogatory sense, but is intended to describe those athletes who, while not quite able to win championships and establish records, are still far above average ability, and would have

been champions and record-breakers in easier years.

It has been a generally accepted opinion that the influence of one pre-eminent athlete is to dampen the enthusiasm of his opponents, discourage competition, and temporarily reduce the standard of average performances in his specialties. Such results may have been observed in former years, but the theory has failed in 1896.

We never before had such a sprinter as B. J. Wefers, and never before such a swarm of second-class men—Maybury and Patterson, and Quinlan, and Derr, and Gonterman, and Redpath, and Bigelow, and Roche, and Burnet, and Bowen, and Jarvis, and Alvord, and others—all of whom have been credited with 100 yards in 10 1-5s. or better, and 220

yards in 22 3-5s. or better, and any one of whom is faster than many men who paraded but a few years ago as champions and record-holders.

Charles H. Kilpatrick is an international champion and the holder of the world's best record at running a half mile, yet we have Hollister, who treads closely on the heels of the leader, and a party of athletes—Sichel, Hinckley, Schaff, Hollander, Orton, Hipple, Cregan, Power, Remington, etc.—all of whom can beat two minutes, and any one of whom might have been an inter-collegiate or national champion but for Hollister and Kilpatrick.

M. F. Sweeney, the greatest high jumper the world ever saw, did not retire until the season was well under way; yet we have two young men, Patterson and Kerrigan, who have cleared 6 ft. 2 ins., and several, including Winsor, Powell, Craighead, Reuss, Becker and Putnam, who are able to jump 6 ft. At the intercollegiate meeting each of the twelve contestants jumped 5 ft. 4 ins.; eight of the twelve cleared 5 ft. 10 ins.; four of these eight got over the bar at 5 ft. 11 ins.; three of the four jumped 6 ft., and one of the three earned his championship with a leap of 6 ft. 1 in.

In other games similar results are noticeable, although in lesser degree, and the athletic history of 1896 shows that the presence and competition of an extraordinary athlete stimulates rather than discourages his compeers, leads them to aim higher and consequently achieve better, and tends to raise instead of lower the standard of average performance.

A recently established custom, originating in New England, and gradually spreading westward, is to give, at indoor meetings, races at distances under 50

yards. The reasons for this practice are twofold. First, because it was desired to include running in the programme, although the hall or armory or gymnasium in which the games were held furnished but a short straightaway course; and, secondly, on account of the belief that such short races were valuable schooling for the runners in learning to start quickly and fairly, and were also excellent practice for the starters, timekeepers and judges in teaching them promptness and accuracy. The correct timing of such races

needs great natural ability, seasoned by long practice, and officials thus properly equipped are so scarce that popular or official credence has been given to but a small percentage of the announced performances at these short distances. A partial list of the faster reports for the season is as follows:

10 yards, 1 3-5s., by M. Clayton, in Tufts College gymnasium, January 31st.

15 yards, 2 1-5s., by Pierce, in Tufts College gymnasium, January 31st, and by L. W. Redpath, in Associates' Hall, Newton, Mass., March 28th.

20 yards, 2 3-5s., by D. F. Brown and J. N. Jackson, in Cambridgeport, Mass., gymnasium, January 5th.

25 yards, 3 2-5s., by McAllister, in Boston,

Mass., College gymnasium, February 1st; by J. Doudge, in Knickerbocker Athletic Club gymnasium, New York City, February 24th; and by Taylor, in Center Street Rink, Schenectady, N. Y., March 14th.

30 yards, 3 2-5s., by B. J. Wefers, in Armory Hall, West Newton, Mass., April 7th.

35 yards, 4s., by A. W. Grosvenor, in Massachusetts Institute of Technology gymnasium, Boston, Mass., March 14th.

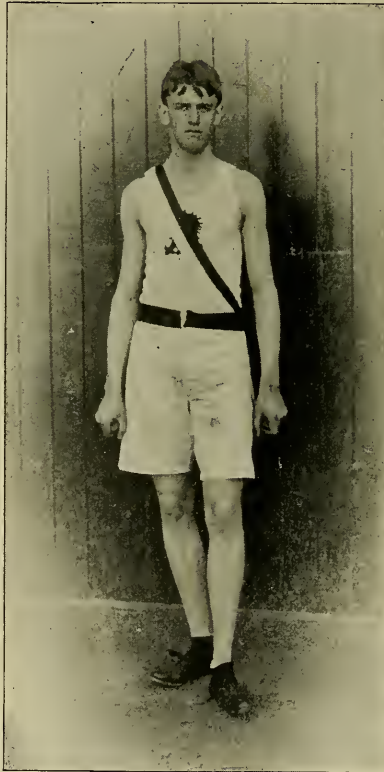


Photo. by J. Burton.

T. E. BURKE, BOSTON ATH. ASS'N.

40 yards, 4 4-5s., by Mining, in Waterman gymnasium, University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, Mich., February 28th; by E. Caulkins, in same room, March 14th; and by W. M. Robinson, in Mechanics' Hall, Boston, Mass., March 21st.

50 yards, 5 2-5s., by Atherton, at Danville, Ky., April 17th; and by Eggleston, Champaign, Ill., April 18th.

Some of these performances, made by men otherwise unknown, are certainly too fast to be true, while Wefer's 30 yards in 3 3-5s., and a few of the times taken at other distances, are possibly correct.

In brilliancy of performance and persistence in record-breaking the chief of American amateur athletes, this year, has been Bernard J. Wefers, of Georgetown University and the New York Athletic Club. He has proved himself the fastest runner in the world at all distances up to 300 yards, and is quite likely in the near future to extend his limit as far as a quarter mile. Wefers is 22 years of age, 5 feet 11 $\frac{3}{4}$ inches in height, and runs at 163 pounds. He looks every pound of his weight, and seems as well able to throw the hammer as to run. He has a long, smooth stride, without an ounce of wasted power. He is not an unusually fast starter, and is frequently led by his opponents in

in the first 20 or 30 yards of a race, but when once well under way has most extraordinary speed, and in some of his finishes, such as the Intercollegiate 220 yards, May 30, or the New York Athletic Club 120 yards, September 26, seems to run faster than had been considered possible by any human being. Wefers won the New England Association championship 100 yards, in 1894; the Intercollegiate 100-yard and 220-yard champion-

ships in 1896, the International matches at 100 yards and 220 yards in 1895, the Canadian championship, 100 yards, 220 yards and 440 yards, in 1896, and the National championships at 100 yards and 220 yards in 1895 and 1896. His principal performances during this season have been as follows:

30 yards, 3 3-5s.

51 yards, 5 3-5s., but beat the pistol about 4 feet.

75 yards, 2 feet behind 7 4-5s., and 7 3-5s. twice. 78 yards, 7 4-5s.

100 yards, 10 2-5s., 4 feet behind

10 1-5s., 6 inches behind 10 1-5s., 10 1 5s., half a yard behind 10s., 10s. twice; 1 foot behind 9 4-5s., 9 4 5s. three times, and 2 yards behind 9 3-5s.

109 yards, 11s.

120 yards, 2 feet behind 12s., and also 11 4-5s.

216 2-3 yards, 21 1-5s.

220 yards, 24s. twice, 23s., 2 feet behind 22 2-5s., 22 2-5s. three times, 21 4-5s., 21 3-5s., and 21 1-5s.

300 yards, race variously timed from 31s. to 34s., race variously timed from 31s. to 32 2-5s., and also in other races 31 4-5s., 31 2-5s., 31s., and 30 3-5s.

Quarter-mile, 52 1-5s., 50s., 49 3-5s., and 8 feet behind 48 4-5s.

Of these performances the 75 yards in 7 3-5s., the 100 yards three times in 9 4-5s., and the 120 yards in 11 4-5s., just equal

the best previous amateur records of the world, while the 30 yards in 3 3-5s., the 78 yards in 7 4-5s., the 109 yards in 11s., the 220 yards in 21 1-5s., and the 300 yards first in 31s., and afterwards in 30 3-5s., each beat all former records made in any country. Having thus reaped all the honors to be found at distances up to 300 yards, Wefers will now probably turn his attention to longer races, and is likely next year



Copyright by J. Burton, N. Y.

C. H. KILPATRICK, N. Y. A. C.

to win prizes and establish new worlds' records at 350 yards, 400 yards, quarter mile and possibly 500 yards and 600 yards.

If B. J. Wefers had not competed this year it is probable that our fastest sprinter would have been J. H. Maybury of the University of Wisconsin. He was born and lives at St. Cloud, Minn., is twenty-one years old, 5 ft. 8 ins. in height, and weighs in athletic costume 146 lbs. He first competed while a student at the St. Cloud Normal School, being then only sixteen years of age, and at their annual field day won eight of the nine events on the programme. Entering the University of Wisconsin in 1894, as a junior, he won the 220-yard University championship in that year, the 100 yards and 220 yards in 1895 and again in 1896; his time for the 100 yards being 10s., and for the 220 yards around a turn 21 4-5s. He also won the 100 yards and 220 yards championships of the Western Intercollegiate Athletic Association this year.

At quarter-mile running T. E. Burke, of the Boston Athletic Association, still retains the leadership which he won last year. He is twenty-one years of age, 5 ft. 11 7-8 ins. in height, and runs at about 146 lbs. To the casual observer he looks tall and slim, and hardly strong enough for severe racing. He was born and has always lived in Boston, Mass., graduated from the Grammar School in 1890, and from the English High School in 1893. After a post-graduate course at the High School, he entered the Law Department of Boston University, where he is still a student. He played on the High School football team, and ran his first foot-race in the winter of

1893. Although best at a quarter-mile, he does not confine himself to that distance, and has during 1896 competed at 100 yards, 100 meters, 400 meters, 300 yards, quarter mile, 600 yards, and half mile. On Holmes Field, Cambridge, Mass., he has twice run 220 yards straightaway, in carefully timed private trials, in 21 4-5s., and in public competition has made the following records: 100 yards run, 10 1-5s.; 150 yards run, 15 1-5s.; 220 yards run, 22 1-5s.; 300 yards run, 31 1-5s.; 440 yards run, 48 4-5s.; 600 yards run, 1m. 11s.; half-mile run, 1m. 58 1-5s., and at standing

hop-step-and-jump, 28 ft. 5 1/2 ins. During his four years on the path he has won 128 prizes in open competition. He ran a quarter mile in less than 50s., seven times in 1895 and five times in 1896. He won the New England Interscholastic championship at 440 yards run and 600 yards run in 1893, the championships of the New England Association of the Amateur Athletic Union at running 220 yards and 440 yards out-door, and 600 yards in-door, in 1894, the International quarter-mile match in 1895, the Olympic 100 meters and 400 meters Interna-



Copyright by J. Burton, N. Y.

B. J. WEFERS, N. Y. A. C.

tional championships at Athens, Greece, in 1896, the Intercollegiate quarter-mile championship in 1896, and the National quarter-mile championship in 1895 and 1896. He holds the world's record, 1m. 11s., at running 600 yards, made at Columbia Oval, New York, September 19, 1896, and the condition of the path at the National championship meeting on Manhattan Field, New York, September 12, 1896, when he won the quarter-mile championship in 48 4-5s., makes that performance rank in actual merit above the world's best record. Our illustration

condition of the two men as shown by their faces and attitudes.

At half-mile running Charles H. Kilpatrick, of the New York Athletic Club, is still unbeaten. He was born at Albany, N. Y., October 23d, 1874, is 5 ft. 11½ ins. in height, and runs at 158 lbs. In addition to his favorite half mile, he has tried other distances this year, his principal public performances having



GEORGE W. ORTON,
N. Y. A. C.

is an instantaneous photograph taken just as Burke was beginning his last step in that race, and clearly depicts the distance between Burke and Wefers when they were at the finish, and the



RAY C. EWRY, PURDUE UNIV.



HERBERT KERRIGAN,
MULTNOMAH A. C.

pionships in 1894, 1895 and 1896, the National championships in 1894, 1895 and 1896, and the International match in 1895. His time in this match, 1m. 53 2-5s., still remains the fastest half-mile ever run by amateur or professional.



Photo. by Purdy, Boston.

A. L. WRIGHT, E. B. A. C.

been a quarter mile several yards behind 50s., and 29 ft. behind 48 4-5s.; half-miles in 2m. 5 4-5s., 2m. 2 2-5s., 2m. 1s., 2m. 3-5s., 1m. 57 3-5s., 1m. 57 2-5s., 1m. 57 1-5s., 1m. 56 2-5s., and 13 ft. behind 2m. 55 3-5s. in a handicap; 1,000 yards in 1m. 15s.; three-quarters of a mile a few feet behind 3m. 26 3-5s., and miles in 4m. 51 2-5s. (on a board floor, 20 laps to the mile) 4m. 43 3-5s., and 4m. 29 1-5s. He won the Intercollegiate half-mile championship in 1894, the Metropolitan championships in 1894 and 1895, the Canadian cham-



E. W. HJERTBERG, N. J. A. C.

It is well known that the only athlete in the United States able to make Kilpatrick extend himself at the half mile is E. Hollister, of Harvard University, but the men have not met this year, Kilpatrick being ineligible at the Intercollegiate meeting, and Hollister never competing except in collegiate and intercollegiate sports. In this class of games Hollister has this year run quarter miles in 51s. and 50 4-5s., and half miles in 1m. 59 2-5s., 1m. 57 2-5s., and twice in 1m. 56 4-5s. He won the Harvard-Yale half mile in 1895, the Harvard-University of Pennsylvania quarter mile and half mile in 1896, and the Intercollegiate championship half mile in 1895 and 1896.

At steeplechasing and middle-distance running our best performer has been G. W. Orton, of the New York Athletic Club. He is of Canadian birth, twenty-three years old, 5 feet 6 inches in height and runs at about 125 lbs. His principal performances this year are, running a half mile in two minutes; also ten yards more than half a mile in two minutes; single miles in 4m. 49s., 4m. 40 2-5s., 4m. 28 4-5s., 4m. 27s. and 4m. 26 3-5s.; two miles on a board floor, thirteen laps to the mile, in 9m. 57 1-5s.; the championship two-mile steeplechase in 10m. 58 $\frac{3}{4}$ s., and the New York Athletic Club two-mile steeplechase in 12m. 17 1-5s. He won the Metropolitan five-mile championship in 1895, the Canadian local championship mile in 1893 and 1894, 2 miles in 1893, the Canadian championship mile in 1892, 1893, 1894 and 1895, and the two miles in 1893 and 1894, the International one-mile match in 1895, the Intercollegiate championship in 1895, the National championship mile in 1892, 1893, 1894, 1895 and 1896, and the National championship steeplechase in 1893, 1894 and 1896.

E. W. Hjertberg, of the New Jersey Athletic Club, was not successful at steeplechasing this year, and A. L. Wright, of the East Boston, Mass., Athletic Association, has no record at the game, but in running at various distances on the flat, each of them may fairly claim to share the honors with G. W. Orton.

During the spring and early summer Wright bid fair to prove the most worthy successor to T. P. Conneff, but was attacked by malaria which kept him off the path from August 1 to September

26, thus giving him an enforced vacation just when he was rounding into first-class shape and ready to win championships and lower his records. His principal performances this year were as follows: Half mile 2m. 2 2-5s., 6 inches behind 2m. 2s., 2m. 1 1-5s., and 1m. 59 3-5s.; 1 mile 4m. 48 4-5s., 4m. 43 3-5s., 4m. 31 2-5s. with 10 yards start, 1 yard behind 4m. 29 3-5s., 4m. 27 4-5s., and 4m. 25 4-5s.; 2 miles, 40 yards behind 9m. 50 1-5s., and 9m. 49s., and 3 miles 16m. 22s.

Hjertberg competed at many distances, his best performances being a half mile in 2m. 0 2-5s., 1,000 yards, 7 ft. behind 2m. 25 2-5s.; three-quarters of a mile in 3m. 12 2-5s., 1 mile in 4m. 27s., 2 miles on a board floor 35 yards behind 9m. 57 1-5s., did not finish the National championship 2-mile steeplechase, and ran 3 miles in 15m. 26 1-5s. He won the Metropolitan 1-mile and 3-mile championships in 1896, the Canadian 2-mile championship in 1892, the National 2-mile steeplechase championship in 1891 and 1892, and the National 3-mile championship in 1896. Hjertberg was born in Sweden, but came to the United States when only five years old. He is now twenty-nine years of age, 5 ft. 8 1-2 ins. high, and weighs, in running attire, 138 lbs. His first race was a two-mile handicap run in Madison Square Garden, February 13, 1886, so that his active career has lasted almost eleven years. He is slim and lean, resembling somewhat the popular idea of Romeo's apothecary, but runs with rare judgment and unflinching gameness.

The retirement of Stephen Chase left us without any really first-class performer over the high hurdles, although Yale University has three men, Perkins, Thompson and Hatch, who have been credited with 16s. But the best performance of the year is 15 4-5s. by J. B. Richards, University of Wisconsin, at his University sports, Madison, Wis., May 9.

At the 220-yard hurdle-race, over 10 hurdles, each 2 ft. 6 ins. high, the world's fastest record, 24 3-5s., is held by John Lewis Bremer, of Harvard University. Mr. Bremer was born in New York City, but has resided in Boston, Mass., since his early childhood. He is twenty-one years old, 5 ft. 11 ins. in height, weighs in running costume about 140 lbs., looks more the student than the athlete, and

wears his glasses while racing. Although especially expert at the hurdles, he has tried the 100-yard run and the 120-yard hurdle-race with fair success, cleared 5 ft. 9 ins. at running high jump, and run a quarter mile in 50s. This year he has won the 220-yard hurdle-race at four different meetings in 26 4-5s., 25 3-5s., 25s. and 24 4-5s. He won the Harvard-University of Pennsylvania 220-yard hurdle-race in 1896, the Harvard-Yale races in 1894 and 1895, and the Intercollegiate championship races in 1894, 1895 and 1896.

At pole-vaulting F. W. Allis, of Yale University and the New York Athletic Club, has been our best performer. He cleared 11 ft. 1 3-4 in. at Manhattan Field, New York City, May 30th, and won, during the season, both the Intercollegiate and National championships.

Our best all-around jumper is J. B. Connolly, Suffolk Athletic Club, Boston, Mass. He was born in Boston, is twenty-six years old, 5 ft. 9 3-4 ins. in height, and competes at 156 lbs. In addition to the different styles of jumping, Connolly has tried running, hurdling, weight-throwing and cycling, and has won in open competition more than one hundred prizes, seventy of which were firsts. He first competed in 1887, but was in the South and practically retired from athletics from 1890 to 1895. In the Olympic games at Athens, Greece, last April, he tied for second place in the running high jump at 5 ft. 5 ins., was third in the running broad jump at 19 ft. 2 ins., and won the running two hops and a jump at 45 ft. His best public performances at jumping are as follows: Standing broad jump, without weights, 10ft., and with weights, 12 ft. 6ins.; standing three broad jumps, without weights, 32ft., and with weights, 38 ft.; standing-

jump-step-and-jump, with weights, 33 ft.; running high jump, 5 ft. 9 ins.; running broad jump, 22 ft.; running hop-step-and-jump, 47 ft., and running two hops and a jump, 49 ft. 0 1-2 in., the last-named performance being the best American amateur record at that game. He won the National championship at running hop-step-and-jump in 1890, 44 ft. 10 ins.

Ray C. Ewry, of Purdue University, Lafayette, Ind., established this year a new world's record at standing high jump. He was born at Lafayette, Ind., and received his athletic education in the Young Men's Christian Association and the University. He is twenty-two years of age, 6 ft. 1 in. in height, and weighs in athletic costume 165 1/2 pounds. He graduated at Purdue in the class of 1895, and is now taking a post-graduate course for the degree of M. E. In addition to his jumping competitions he plays end-rush on the Purdue football team. He won the championships of the Indiana State Intercollegiate Athletic Association at standing broad jump in 1892, 1893, 1894, 1895 and 1896; at standing high jump in 1893, 1894, 1895 and 1896; at running high kick in 1893, 1894, 1895 and 1896, and at running high jump in 1893, 1895 and 1896. His best performances in these competitions have been as follows: Running high kick, 9 ft. 3 ins.; running high jump, 5 ft. 5 ins.; standing broad jump, 10 ft. 8 ins., and standing high jump, 5 ft. 3 1/2 ins., the last named being the world's best record for jumping without weights. This jump was made at the intercollegiate games, Lafayette, Ind., May 29, and since that time he has frequently beaten it in practice; but, as he never competes except in collegiate sports, he has had no opportunity to better his public record.





Photograph by R. B. Burchard.

AMORITA.

QUISSETTA.

RACING SCHOONERS.

By R. B. Burchard.



Photograph by J. S. Johnston.

MERLIN.

PART II.

"Build me straight, O worthy master!
Stanch and strong, a goodly vessel,
Which shall laugh at all disaster
And with wave and whirlwind wrestle!"

THE modern racing yachtsman would hardly couch his order to a designer in the terms nor in accordance with the lines of the good Cambridge poet. The racing yachts built nowadays are not expected to do any wrestling with the storm and the whirlwind. Races, for the most part, occur in the summer time, and are

usually sailed in light airs and on smooth water, and these conditions are carefully considered by the successful designer. It is fairly evident that under the rules in vogue the creation of greater speed than that attained by the existing yachts can be accomplished only at a further sacrifice of sea-worthy power and comfort. The time has come when under a further pursuance of these rules racing yachts must of necessity constitute a class by themselves. This is clearly the case among the smaller yachts, although the larger ones, even the most extreme of them, are serviceable for knocking about in such sheltered waters as Long Island Sound. Whether one would care to be caught in a gale off Nantucket in the best of the modern flyers is another question.

It is "a short life and a merry one" with the up-to-date racer. Unless she is first in her class she is nothing, and the proud champion of last season is cast off the next. The racing fleet of twenty-five years ago, however, are nearly all in use to-day,—comfortable yachts and fit for ocean service. Of what use will this year's champions be ten years from now?

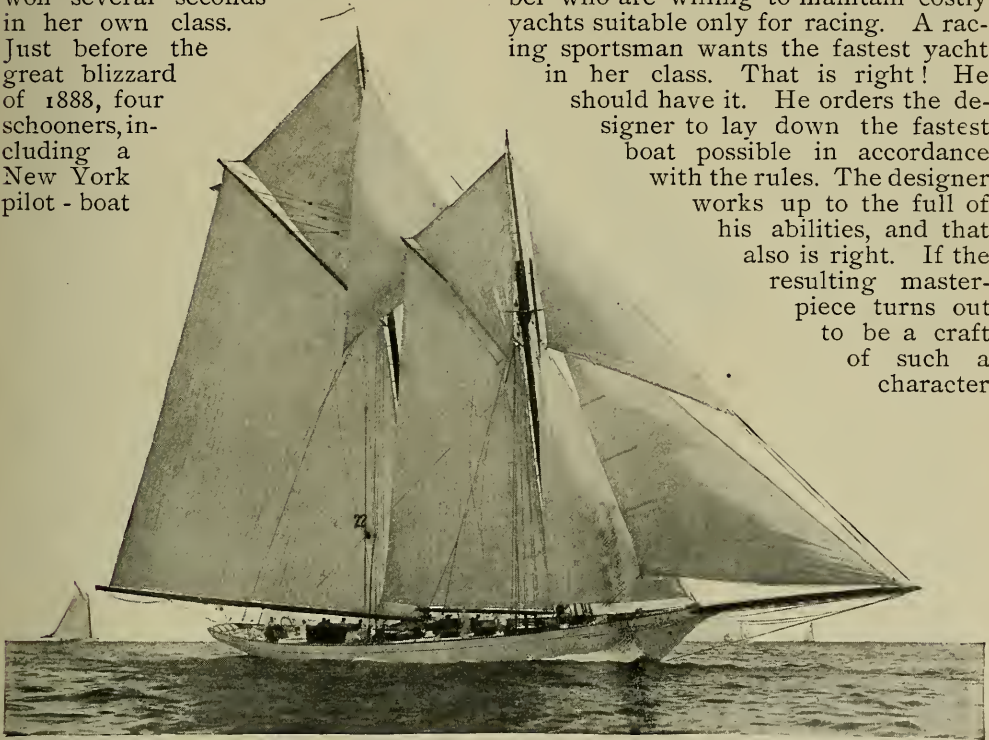
Ten years ago Mr. A. Cary Smith designed the *Julia*, now the *Iroquois*, the queenly little flagship of the Seawanhaka-Corinthian Yacht Club. She was built as a cruiser for Chester W. Chapin and sailed by him to Nassau and the Windward Islands. She was entered in only

one race by her first owner, who sold her to T. Jefferson Coolidge of Boston. Subsequently under the ownership of Ralph N. Ellis and Commodore Henry C. Rouse she has done some creditable racing. Last season she won first prizes over *Clytie* in the New York Yacht Club annual regatta; over the *Sachem* in the Atlantic Yacht Club regatta; over *Marguerite* in the New York Yacht Club run to New London, and again in the run to Newport. Racing with a class larger than her own she won second prizes, the first going to *Amorita* and *Elsemarie*, and she also won several seconds in her own class.

Just before the great blizzard of 1888, four schooners, including a New York pilot-boat

signed by the self-same hand. Would the modern yacht, with her long overhangs and short keel, have ridden out such a gale? Could it have been possible to hold her "hove to" at all in such a tempest? Or would the very qualities which constitute her quickness in turning and her speed to windward have rendered her powerless to wrestle with the whirlwind?

There are a large number of men who would sail racing yachts provided such craft were adaptable, as were the schooners of the past generation, to all-round purposes. There are a limited number who are willing to maintain costly yachts suitable only for racing. A racing sportsman wants the fastest yacht in her class. That is right! He should have it. He orders the designer to lay down the fastest boat possible in accordance with the rules. The designer works up to the full of his abilities, and that also is right. If the resulting masterpiece turns out to be a craft of such a character



Photograph by J. S. Johnston, N. Y.

ELSEMARIE.

and a down-East smack, and also the stanch yawl *Cythera*, sailed out of New York Bay within a few hours of each other. All were lost in that fatal storm. The little schooner *Iroquois* rode through the fearful fury of that tempest and was hove-to riding to a canvas drag for a couple of days, oil being pumped the while from her bows.

Last year the swift *Amorita* was launched from the yards where the *Iroquois* had been built, having been de-

signed by the self-same hand. Would the modern yacht, with her long overhangs and short keel, have ridden out such a gale? Could it have been possible to hold her "hove to" at all in such a tempest? Or would the very qualities which constitute her quickness in turning and her speed to windward have rendered her powerless to wrestle with the whirlwind?

There are a large number of men who would sail racing yachts provided such craft were adaptable, as were the schooners of the past generation, to all-round purposes. There are a limited number who are willing to maintain costly yachts suitable only for racing. A racing sportsman wants the fastest yacht in her class. That is right! He should have it. He orders the designer to lay down the fastest boat possible in accordance with the rules. The designer works up to the full of his abilities, and that also is right. If the resulting masterpiece turns out to be a craft of such a character

that, her races having been sailed, she must needs be dismantled and laid up until the next great contest shall call her out, then there is that much treasure, for the meantime, anchored to the bottom, that much sport lost to somebody. If yachtsmen consider that the ideal craft shall be such as are capable of flying with the greatest possible speed in smooth water over the little triangles in Long Island Sound and useless for other purposes, that is

their affair. But if such is the case, why not remove the present restrictions and admit catamarans and proas?

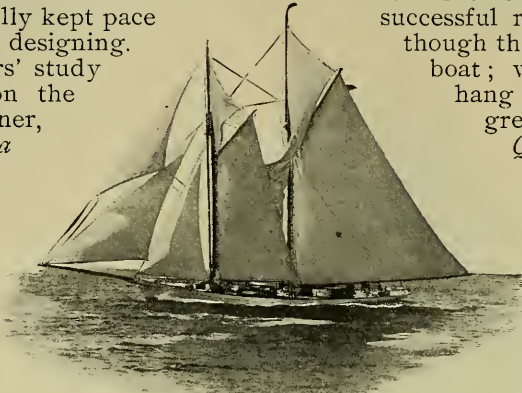
If it is true that the new prize-winners are undesirable boats, it is no fault of the designers. The responsibility rests solely with the rule-makers. The racing formulas under which yachts are constructed are made for two purposes, viz., to restrict the type of boat and to afford a fair basis for computing the time allowance which shall be given by a larger yacht to a smaller one. If they have failed in either of these purposes, it goes to show that skill in rule-making has not fully kept pace with skill in yacht designing.

After nine years' study and experience on the part of her designer, does the *Amorita* represent his mature idea of a perfect yacht as compared with his earlier conception as embodied in the *Iroquois*? Probably not. What the yacht does represent is his idea of the fastest boat conceivable under the given restrictions.

The *Amorita* was designed by A. Cary Smith, and built for William Gould Brokaw, by Harlan & Hollingsworth at Wilmington. She was launched in December, 1895.

She is of steel construction. Her under-body shows a deep rockered keel of the *Valkyrie* type, the fore-foot from the water-line to the centerboard being almost straight. Just under the water-line, where the stem joins the fore-foot, there is a slight upward curve. The ballast is all inside, cast in a gutter keel. The centerboard houses below the cabin-floor, permitting of an arrangement which places the saloon amidships in the deepest and widest part of the vessel. The extreme draught, without the centerboard, is thirteen feet, or three feet greater than that of *Emerald* and only 2.4 feet less than that of *Colonia*. She has a good beam for a yacht of her type, with slightly flaring topsides and a rather slack bilge. The

chief characteristics of the *Amorita's* form, however, are her bluntly rounded bow, her long, heavy stern-overhang, and the fullness of her bows and quarters above the water-line. Comparing the line of her stem, from water-line to stem-head, on the sheer plan, with the same line on *Emerald* or *Colonia*, the stem of the *Amorita* has a heavy rounded curve approximating the quadrant of a circle where the others approach a straight line. It looks as though the bow had rammed something hard. The fore-overhang of the *Amorita* is over a foot shorter than that of her successful rival, the *Quissetta*, though the latter is a shorter boat; while her aft-overhang is nearly three feet greater than that of *Quissetta*. The *Amorita's* stern ends in a heavy oval transom, where in most of the new yachts the sterns are fined away into a long and slender overhang. She is an attempt to build a boat as large as possible



IROQUOIS.

above the water-line, on the least possible displacement. A comparison of the general dimensions of this vessel with two earlier yachts of the same designer shows the modern shortening of water-line and deepening of the keel:

	O. A. L.	W. L. L.	Beam.	Draught.
Iroquois, 1887.....	96.3	80.6	21	10
Elsemarie, 1893.....	91	69	21.2	8.6
Amorita, 1895.....	99.6	70	20	13

The internal arrangement of the *Amorita* is also original, and calculated to make the most of all the space which her constricted under-body allows.

Until a few weeks ago the *Amorita* was the fastest boat in her class. Last year, she and the *Emerald* were the fastest schooner yachts afloat. Between the two they swept everything before, or, rather, left everything behind them, in their respective classes. *Amorita* made her *début* at the beginning of last season and at once proceeded to gather in all the prizes in the seventy-five-foot class. She was never outsailed by a yacht of her own class, and during her first season, she was beaten only by the

larger vessels *Emerald* and *Lasca*. She sailed sixteen races, of which she was first in thirteen, second in two, and third in one. The last instance was the event of the Goelet Cup race, August second, on the Block Island course, where in a moderate wind and on smooth water, *Amorita* was beaten by *Emerald* and *Lasca*. The latter yacht had just returned from a ten-thousand-mile cruise in foreign waters, and in this race she made the best actual time over the course.

The *Emerald*, however, won on allowance. *Amorita* was third by actual and corrected time, in a fleet of ten schooners, which comprised these three, followed by *Mayflower*, *Marguerite*, *Elscmarie*, *Merlin*, *Loyal*, *Næra* and the big *Constellation*. On September twenty-first, in the race for the Colt memorial cup at Larchmont, the *Amorita* was defeated in very light weather by the *Emerald*, and two days afterward she was beaten in a moderate breeze by the same yacht. Truly remarkable is the career of a vessel when one is prone to record her defeats rather than her victories, as noteworthy events.

During the first two months of the past season she continued her unbroken record in her own class, and was beaten only by the larger yachts *Colonia* and *Emerald*. During the Larchmont race week, she defeated *Colonia* by time allowance two out of three races: on July twenty-second she beat *Colonia*, and two days later she defeated *Colonia* and *Emerald*. In the latter race she was beaten by *Emerald* only one minute and four seconds actual time.

While the *Colonia* was engaged in her successful attack upon the supremacy of the *Emerald*, a new craft was being fitted out which was destined to eclipse the prestige of the *Amorita* in its mid-day splendor.

The *Quissetta* was launched July sixth, and she was towed into Larchmont Harbor on July twenty-fourth, having just been delivered to her owner. It had

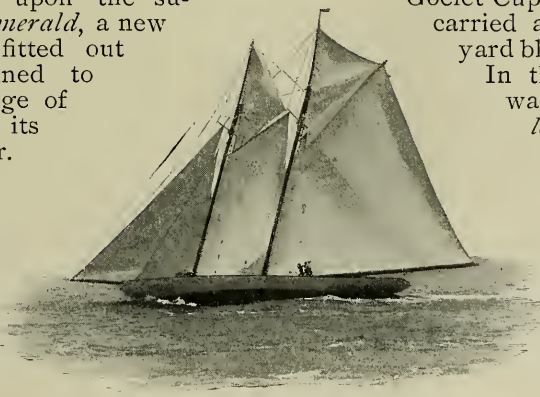
been given out that she had been designed for a cruising yacht. Her racing length was four feet below the limit of her class, while it is a generally accepted notion that the nearer a yacht is built to her class limit the better will be her chances of success in racing. The *Amorita* measures quite up to the class limit, while *Quissetta's* racing length is 71.13 feet, or 3.87 feet below it. The new boat has two feet less beam, and two less draught than last year's champion; she is 2.4 feet shorter on the water-line, and has 3.6 less over-all length.

Quissetta also carries six hundred square feet less sail than *Amorita*. When her graceful overhangs were noted and her fine appearance appreciated, it was remarked that it was a pity she had not been built up to the racing limit.

The owner of the new yacht modestly made no pretensions, but on August third, in the first race of the New York Yacht Club's cruise off Huntington Harbor, when *Quissetta* beat *Amorita* in a light breeze by four minutes eighteen seconds, boat for boat, over a twenty-one mile course, yachtsmen knew that something had happened. On the following day, after the tedious run in light and fluky airs from Huntington Harbor to New London, the reporters made a scramble for the telegraph offices with the news that *Quissetta* had beaten *Amorita* fourteen minutes thirty-five seconds, actual time. It was then evident that the new boat was a wonder in a light breeze. On the run from New London to Newport, after a close race in light and variable winds, the *Amorita* defeated her new rival. During the

Goelet Cup race the *Quissetta* carried away a throat-hal-yard block and withdrew.

In this race *Amorita* was beaten by *Colonia*, but she beat *Emerald* on allowance and all the other schooners on actual time. On the following day *Quissetta* beat *Amorita* on the drift through Vineyard Sound;



AMORITA.



Photograph by J. S. Johnston.

QUISSETTA.

and on the return to Newport, after a good race, *Quissetta* crossed the line six minutes forty-one seconds ahead. On this, her first cruise, she won the Walrus Cup, which was awarded to the schooner winning the most runs.

After the start of this race the wind flattened, and all of the yachts drifted and sailed in and out of the harbor as the tide took them or a puff carried them on. Then they all anchored about the starting line so near together that a biscuit could have been thrown from boat to boat. If a man was seen to go forward near the windlass of either boat, the others followed suit. When they got under way again it reminded one of the old-time races in which the contestants got up anchor and started at the signal.

Quissetta was absent from the Seawanhaka Yacht Club races August twenty-ninth and thirty-first, and the wind being very light, *Amorita* did not finish in either race. In the American Yacht Club regatta, September nineteenth, *Quissetta*, having grounded,

withdrew when *Amorita* was away in the lead, giving the other boat her only victory over the new flyer.

The work done on the New York Yacht Club cruise convinced many that the *Quissetta* had supplanted the *Amorita* as the champion of the seventy-five-foot class. There were as many others who contended that all of the successes of the new schooner were on squadron runs, excepting the race for the Commodore's Cups at the beginning of the cruise, and more races were needed to prove that *Amorita* was a beaten boat. Mr. Brokaw was too good a sportsman to admit the defeat of his now famous yacht without a desperate struggle for the supremacy. The matter was the subject of daily controversy among the experts of the "Rocking-Chair Fleet" at Larchmont, and matters finally came to a head. The club offered a cup for two out of three races, and Chairman John F. Lovejoy, Fleet Captain George A. Cormack and W. H. Hall were appointed a committee to take charge of the races. So it happened, just at the

close of the season, when most of the yachts had been laid up, the few enthusiasts who lingered on the Sound after the vacations of most men were over, were favored with the spectacle of a great match contest which equaled in sportsmanship, if not in brilliancy, the famous races of the past generation.

The two yachts began their remarkable duel on September twenty-fourth. The course was laid out on a fifteen-mile triangle off Larchmont, to be sailed twice round. The *Quissetta* was handled by Captain Norman W. Terry, the well-known skipper of the *Grayling*, and the associate of Captain Haff of the *Defender*. Commodore H. M. Gillig, E. M. Lockwood, the owner of *Uvira*, Mr. Hall of the committee, and Captain George Gibson of the *Ramona*, were also aboard. The talent on the *Amorita* in addition to her owner were Captain Ed. Sherlock, who held the wheel, Captain Haff of the *Defender*, who trimmed sail, Vice-Commodore

Postley, owner of the *Colonia*, Designer A. Cary Smith, Herbert B. Seeley, the owner of *Microbe*, Al. Comacho, the Corinthian skipper of *Raccoon*, and Hazen Morse, the famous cat-boat sailor,—a formidable array of talent in truth.

Captain Haff had the wheel of *Amorita* at the start, and placing his boat well to windward of the *Quissetta* he made a dash for the mark-boat on the weather end of the line. Captain Terry gave the *Quissetta* a wonderful hitch to windward under her rival's stern, and within a few feet of the mark-boat, placing her on the weather quarter of *Amorita*, and made a plucky attempt to pass her to windward. There was but eight seconds difference between the yachts in crossing the line.

The two yachts started on a broad reach across the Sound, under club-topsails, maintopmast staysails, jib-topsails and reaching forestaysails at the start, and sailed for miles so near together



Photograph by J. S. Johnston.

AMORITA.

that in the distance they looked like one vessel.

They rounded the mark on the opposite shore with spinnaker booms lowered, sixteen seconds apart; but instead of breaking out spinnakers they started off on a luffing match, *Quissetta* struggling hard for the weather berth. Half-way down the leeward leg, *Quissetta* gave up the attempt for a time, broke out her spinnaker, and bore away under her rival's stern.

Terry had hung with a bulldog grip to the *Amorita's* weather quarter, but Haff and Sherlock had shaken him off. With such

evenly matched vessels, and with skippers whose skill has never been excelled, this race, even with its untimely termination, displayed the acme of yachting sport. The *Quissetta*

gained three seconds on the run, *Amorita* rounding the leeward mark thirteen seconds ahead. After rounding the mark, *Quissetta* broke tacks with her rival. *Amorita* promptly followed suit, and bore down upon the windward side of the other boat. *Quissetta* holding her course, began to make up her difference to leeward, and called upon the *Amorita* to luff. The latter failing to respond to the demand, *Quissetta*, in an attempt to tack under her stern, carried away her own bowsprit on the *Amorita's* main boom. The latter boat continued round the course. The committee decided that by the act of her bearing out of her course in the way of *Quissetta*, the *Amorita* became disqualified. *Quissetta* had not finished the course, and consequently there had been no race.

By the following morning the broken bowsprit had been replaced, and the struggle was resumed. During this race *Amorita's* bobstay slackened, and her bowsprit snapped off. Mr. Harris, whose boat had been in the lead, refused the barren victory to be obtained by continuing alone, and the second day's work

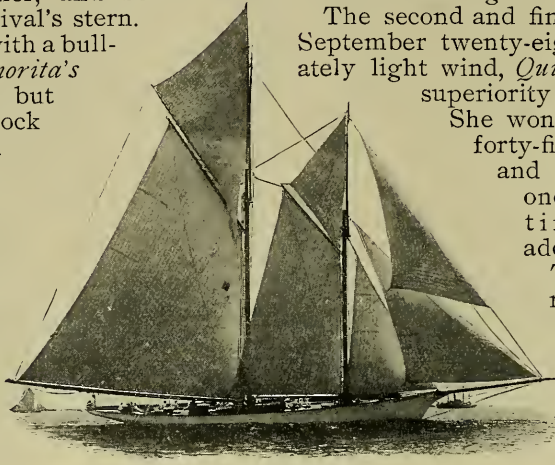
was lost. On the next day, September twenty-sixth, the first race was sailed, *Quissetta* winning in a moderate sailing breeze by four minutes fifty seconds actual time, and eight minutes six seconds corrected time, over the thirty-mile course. The *Quissetta* beat the *Amorita*, boat for boat, two minutes forty-two seconds in the twelve miles of windward work, and two minutes and eight seconds in the eighteen miles of reaching.

The second and final race was sailed September twenty-eighth in a moderately light wind, *Quissetta* proving her superiority on every point.

She won by five minutes forty-five seconds actual, and by nine minutes one second when her time allowance is added.

The details of these races are given in the "Monthly Review" at the end of this number.

The *Quissetta* was designed by Gardner & Cox,



MARGUERITE.

and built by Thomas Marvel, at Newburgh, N. Y. She is owned by Henry W. Harris, of Orange, N. J., a young man recently graduated from Yale College, who was previously owner of the forty-footer *Nymph*. While in college Mr. Harris was commodore of the Yale Yacht Club. The yacht is built entirely of steel, and is a beautiful example of flush plating, her sides being smooth and highly polished. Her topsides are black, while the *Amorita* is painted white.

The *Quissetta*, like the *Amorita*, embodies a combination of deep lead-laden keel and centerboard, but the boats are very dissimilar, especially in the character of keel, rudder and stern-post and bow- and stern-overhangs. The bottom of the keel of *Amorita* is rockered; that of *Quissetta* is flat, and it is cut away at both ends with an almost circular concave sweep. In this, as in other points, there is a marked similarity to the fast little cutter *Norota*. The lead ballast of the *Quissetta*, of which there are twenty-seven tons, is bolted on in four pieces. There is no inside ballast. The keel is eighteen inches wide amidships,

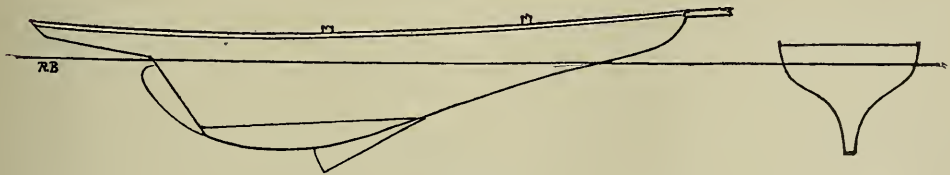
and it tapers fore and aft. It widens a trifle at the bottom. In the older boat the rudder-stock follows the stern-post all the way down to the bottom of the keel in the usual way; the after-line of the rudder following a general elliptical curve with the keel. The stern-post of the *Quissetta* has a very slight rake aft, and it is cut short at about half the depth of the keel, but at, approximately, the real depth of the hull. A great circular sweep forward from the foot of the stern-post to the end of the keel cuts off what would otherwise be an inordinately long keel. The rudder drops aft below the stock, and is almost round instead of deep and narrow. Perhaps the cleverest work in the design of the new schooner is the treatment of the bow and entrance. The line of the forefoot, under water, in the *Amorita* is almost straight up to the water-line, turning downward again above water as it turns into the downward curve of the bow. This gives the effect of a reverse curve right under the forefoot.

In the case of the *Quissetta*, the convexity of the stem is carried under the water, and the curve is not reversed until it is a good distance aft and under water. The bow of the *Quissetta* is long and fine; that of the *Amorita* is comparatively short and full. The older boat in sailing throws a considerable wave and looks as though she pounded. Many of the smaller-class boats whose bows are of this type, make a great fuss under their bows, and in light airs or

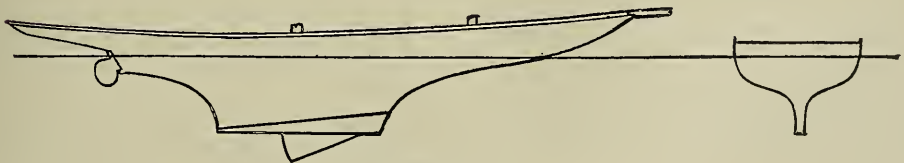
calms they slap and pound with a great noise, but they go right along all the time, contrary to orthodox notions. It is quite likely that the trifling disturbance under the bow of the fleet schooner is harmless. Be this as it may the *Quissetta* parts the water under her bows without the slightest disturbance. The bilge of the *Quissetta* is hard, the floor more hollowed out and the keel more like a fin than that of *Amorita*. *Quissetta's* topsides are straight where *Amorita's* have a slight flare, and the latter has less freeboard than the former. The quarters of the older boat are cut low over the water, and the transom is deep; the counter of the *Quissetta* rakes high and the stern is fine and graceful to balance the bow. The transom rakes far aft, so as to almost follow the line of the counter. The transom of the *Amorita* is deep and at an angle with the counter. The *Amorita* was evidently designed so that the water-line and the power would be increased as soon as she began to heel from the perpendicular. The overhangs of the new boat are fair, fine and graceful.

The following are the general dimensions of the two yachts:

	<i>Amorita.</i>	<i>Quissetta.</i>
Over-all length.....	99.6 feet.	96. feet.
Water-line length.....	69. "	66.6 "
Fore-overhang.....	12.8 "	14.2 "
Aft-overhang.....	17.8 "	15.2 "
Beam.....	20. "	18. "
Draft.....	13. "	11. "
Least freeboard.....	3. "	3.3 "
Sail area.....	6400 Sq. "	5800 Sq. "
Sailing length.....	75.06 "	71.29 "



AMORITA.



QUISSETTA.

FOOTBALL OF '96.

A FORECAST OF THE SEASON.

By Walter Camp.



THE football season of 1896 begins with great promise. No better augury could be desired than the return once more to harmony upon the question of rules.

All the important matches will be played under the rules as proposed by the University Athletic Club Rules Committee and already adopted by the prominent football colleges. The effect upon the play of such alterations as have been made may be predicted. Primarily, momentum plays, that is, plays in which a certain body of men were started before the ball was put in play, have been entirely excised by the adoption of the rule that not a single player of the side having the ball may be in motion toward the opponents' goal without coming to a full stop before the ball is snapped, and only one player may be in motion toward his own goal. It will be thus practically impossible for any team to use momentum plays. Further than this, mass plays or rather the possibilities of massing a half dozen men directly at the center or guards' position have been slightly restricted. Four players may be massed in almost any shape, provided five players are on the line of scrimmage (and this keeping of five players on the line of scrimmage is, by the way, obligatory upon the side having possession of the ball, in all plays); but when five players besides the quarter are drawn back from the line, two of these must be outside the ends of the line, or five yards back from the line.

This may prove difficult for the officials, but it will probably effect the desired result. Too many teams had become too greatly devoted to push-plays, which were likely to sap the interest in the game. It is still possible to make use of heavy mass-plays on the tackle.

The referee will find his duties increased under the new rules. It has always been the custom of the umpire to act as the judge of such fouls as forward passing, or interference with the center, also running with the ball by the quarter-back. All these have been placed in the province of the referee, and that, too, with excellent good judgment, for the referee had much less to watch than the umpire, and this new distribution of duties promises to help things materially in securing absolutely fair rulings.

The linesman is retained and will probably have an assistant, as he did last season. This has turned out to be an admirable provision, and the marking of distances gained or lost, it is safe to say, is now thoroughly fair and accurate. In rulings upon fair catches a return has been made to the beliefs entertained a year or two ago, namely that a penalty of fifteen yards for throwing a man after he caught the ball would prevent all roughing of the backs, and that it was wise to make a rule of this kind rather than to handicap a good player in his chances of realizing upon the exercise of judgment in making or refusing to make a fair catch. One of the highest qualifications for a back was this ability to make a quick decision as to whether he should run with the ball or heel it, and the ruling of the last year had practically eliminated this element of judgment from the play.

One of the most satisfactory advances in legislation has, however, occurred in the ruling regarding the conduct of the players when lined up for a scrimmage. There was a time—and that not so very many years ago—when an opposing center-rusher could render it almost impossible for the snap-back to put the ball in play without a struggle. Each man was entitled to half the ball, and there was no restriction upon the way in which one man could push the other about. The guards, too, used to join in this. In the last year or two, this trouble has been reduced greatly, although not entirely eliminated. This year, a ruling is established, to the

effect that the opposing snap-back may not interfere either with the man or the ball; and, further than this, any conduct of any player along the line which delays the putting in play of the ball is forbidden. With this law in effect, much of the pulling and hauling will be eliminated from the line-up, and with it not a little of the occasion for the display or the provocation of bad temper.

The general situation as regards the prominent teams is very nearly the same as it was last November. The reuniting of Harvard and Princeton last season in a game which was played at Princeton will be continued by a return game this season between these two old rivals at Cambridge; and as this game will be played on the seventh of November, it will turn out to be an early exhibition of the best skill. It is seldom that a football team reaches the highest point of development as early in the season as this, but both these teams will make every effort, and the issue of the game means so much to them that it is probable the development of the play will be forced rapidly, and the result will be a game of greater tactical skill than we have ever before been treated to in the first week in November.

Harvard has another game on her hands, in the shape of a match with the University of Pennsylvania at Philadelphia. This game will be played on the twenty-first; and Harvard will have, between the Princeton game and the Pennsylvania game, therefore, two weeks in which to profit by the lessons of the first big match of the season.

Pennsylvania, on the contrary, will have had no experience of so severe a nature, but, as a compensation for this, they will probably not have been forced to exhibit their best plays in public, or show of what their players are capable. After the seventh of November the Harvard and Princeton teams will be known quantities, whereas the Yale and Pennsylvania teams will still be practically unknown as to their caliber.

On the same day that Harvard plays Pennsylvania in Philadelphia, Yale meets Princeton in New York at Manhattan Field. The game of November seventh it is safe to say, will, therefore, be watched with almost as much interest by representatives of Pennsylvania and Yale as by the adherents of Harvard

and Princeton. At the present writing, if one may throw aside the popular belief in the likelihood of veteran teams becoming over-confident, it would appear that Princeton stands the better chance of winning the game on November seventh. The lesson of the Lafayette game ought to be a valuable one. With almost her entire team back, and with an early development which was pushed to the extreme, her eleven ought to put up a game better by many points than the game they played last year and by which they were able to defeat Harvard, although their early matches showed too great confidence and too little work. There is one important element, however, to be taken into consideration, and that is that the game this year will be played at Cambridge, and the sympathy of the crowd will prove a considerable stimulus to the Harvard players. Then too, in addition to the defeat of last year, there is an old score which was made by Princeton the last time they met Harvard at Cambridge, which Harvard graduates would like to see wiped out, and which the eleven of this year would be glad to erase by a victory. At that time Princeton ran up over forty points against Harvard, although Harvard at the end of the first half led the score. Of course, none of the present players of either team participated in that game, but the memory of it has been kept fresh in the minds of the graduates who did take part.

A good deal has been said about the renewal of relations between Yale and Harvard, and the prospect of a match between these two, but it is not probable that this will come about. Nor is it likely that there will be any game between Princeton and the University of Pennsylvania.

Cornell will play both Harvard and Pennsylvania. The games should be something of a test as to the improvement of Cornell. Such teams as West Point and Brown will probably make it interesting for the supposably great teams, as they did last year. The Amherst-Dartmouth-Williams league will show some pretty matches, and teams like Lafayette, Lehigh and Bowdoin, will be able to put up a game that even the leaders cannot make light of.

Should the University of Michigan make another trip eastward, it would

be interesting to see whether they have improved upon their work of last season, for it would not take a great deal of added skill to bring them up to the standard of teams which have enjoyed greater advantages. They had weight, but lacked the finish of some of the Eastern teams.

The Middle West has for some time put up a good article of football, and although Michigan has been the only team to come East, comparative scores show that many interesting matches might be arranged between Eastern teams and those of the Middle Western States.*

With another season it is to be hoped that Southern teams will be seen in the North and East to some extent, in order that a better idea may be obtained of how the game stands south of Mason and Dixon's line.

It has always been a dream of the college players on the Pacific Coast to have a really crack 'Varsity team from the East visit their shores. But it is hardly likely that this will come about; and perhaps the comparison of the Coast game with that of the Middle West is about as far as we shall ever come.

The track team of the University of California, however, made a visit East two years ago, and it may be that the desire to compare their football strength with that of the older universities will lead one of the California universities, before long, to send a team on. In that case we shall welcome and entertain them to the best of our ability.

Of the Athletic Club teams the meeting of the Boston Athletic Association and the Chicago Athletic Association at Chicago at the close of the season will probably be the most important feature. Both teams will then have reached a condition that will mean a good performance, and as both elevens are drawing continually from the graduating players of various colleges, their teams are made up of veteran players.

Every year it becomes more and more difficult to name and describe a few of the teams in the field, under the head of the leading teams. A few years ago, two or three would have easily ranked ahead of all the rest. Since then, however, so rapid has been the progress of

the teams representing smaller institutions, that no one can predict with even an assurance of reason the result of matches between any two teams. The playing on the whole has improved, but especial progress has been made among the inferior teams until they are decided factors in the problem. West Point and Brown showed this last year, and Lafayette has jumped into prominence this season.

The University of Pennsylvania has been the first to start in with regular work, as they performed considerable summer practice while at the Mecox Inn. Capt. Carl Williams has resigned in favor of Captain Wharton, as by arrangement between the two universities, Harvard and Pennsylvania, Captain Williams was not eligible for the Harvard game.

Princeton, under Capt. Garrett Cochran, set to work earnestly in September, and are at this point, in spite of some close games, rather in advance of all the other teams with the exception of the University of Pennsylvania. Capt. Edgar Wrightington, of Harvard, after a short time with his promising candidates at Barnstable, Mass., took them up to Cambridge, and with Coach Waters began what promises to be a most determined season.

Capt. Fred Murphy held his first line-up at Yale on the day that college opened, the latter part of September.

Cornell, under Capt. Joseph Beecham, Jr.; West Point, under Capt. Conner; Brown, under Capt. Everett Colby; Lafayette, under Captain Wallbridge; Amherst, under Captain Tyler, each starts in with a leadership that promises well for its records.

The candidates for the various teams, while plenty in point of numbers, do not, with the exception of Princeton, suggest what might be called thoroughly veteran teams. Princeton has, however, barring Captain Lea—who by the way, did not finish either of his big games last year, owing to accidents—Riggs and Rhodes, practically the same team that carried her through last season. Hearn, the end rusher, has also gone, but his place is being ably filled.

The University of Pennsylvania is beginning the season with a considerable lead in the way of practice and with the following, a good proportion of whom are veterans, working for the team:

*This subject is treated in more detail in our MONTHLY REVIEW.

For ends, Boyle, Hedges and Dickson; for tackles, Uffenheimer, Farrar and Stearns; guards, Woodruff and Wharton; center, Overfield and Stannard. Dickson and Goodman are playing quarter; Gelbert, Minds, Morice and Jackson are filling up the places behind the line. Their coaching material will consist of George Woodruff, Ex-Captain Carl Williams, and others of their graduates.

Princeton, as mentioned above, has the advantage of a veteran team, although at the present writing it is doubtful whether Rhodes and Riggs will return. In case they do not, Gailey may be tried at one of the guard positions. His superiority as a center man, however, is so marked that it is doubtful whether he will be kept there. Edwards and Wentz will also try for the position of guard, and Crowdis should make the center in case Gailey goes to guard. Armstrong will probably move up from his half-back position of last year and take a place at guard or tackle, where he will have it out with either Church or Tyler. Church has always played left tackle, and Tyler right, and they make a strong pair. Other linemen are Hillebrand, Geer, Hayward, Lathrop, Booth, Beam and Oglesby. Captain Cochran will play right end, and Thompson will probably make left end. Brokaw and Covert are also candidates for that place. Smith and Suter will fill up the quarter-back hole, with Poe as change. For material back of the line there are Kelley, Baird, Bannard, Rosengarten, and Reiter of the old stock, while brothers of the famous Poe and Wheeler have appeared in the freshman class, together with Reed and Lathrop, promising material. Swartz may also be tried. Lea and Taylor will assist Captain Cochran, as will also some of the older graduates.

At Cambridge the veterans are the two Shaws, Cabot, Wrightington, Beale, Dunlop, Brown, Haughton, Donald, Moulton, Doucette, and Jaffray, although not all of these played through theseason. They are a pretty fair nucleus, however, for building up a team on, and under Coach Waters will certainly acquire a dashing style of play. Captain Wrightington will be assisted by Newell also, and Mr. Deland will give his advice and suggestions. Cabot and Brewer will probably start as ends, although the former is likely to be tried

behind the line. Moulton, Graydon, Irwin-Martin and Cochran are the most promising men for the end which is left vacant. Doucette and Jaffray were substitutes last year, and will have a try at the guards position. Hoague will try the center with Doucette and Shaw. Haughton and Donald, named already, will probably cover the two tackles, though Sargent, Mills, Devine, Merriam, Burden, and Swain are promising men to work in, in case of necessity. Cochran, mentioned before, may also be tried for quarter with Beale, as will probably Richardson, Dibblee and Wadsworth. Behind the line, Brown, Cozzens, Sullivan, and Warren are all well spoken of, but it is hard at the commencement of the season to tell how they will develop. There are some school men like Edmunds, of Worcester, Nickerson, of St. Paul's, and O'Brien, of the English High, who have shown good work in school teams and may be available. Kennedy, of Stanford, is in his second year's residence, and will probably try for full-back. Littig, of the University of Iowa, is also a second-year man. He played in the line at Iowa and is more experienced there.

At New Haven Captain Murphy loses from his line the two Crosses who played guard and center last year, and all the men behind his line save Fincke. The men who were counted upon the first of the season to fill up these gaps were Richard Sheldon, who had played substitute last year, for the position of guard, and Mills and Letton for two of the places behind the line. The season commenced, however, without the presence of any of these men on the field, for various causes, although all are back at college. Chadwick, the guard, is also in college, but not at present playing. Unless they are on hand to play, Captain Murphy will have to draw upon new material to fill up the gaps. Hinkey and Bass will be his ends, while Rogers fills the other tackle with Murphy. For ends there are good substitutes in Conner and Hazen, and it is possible that with these extra men Hinkey may be given a chance behind the line. Chamberlain is the best-built man for center, and is leading McFarland, Bennett and the others for the place. The important men at tackle are Alport and Post. Sutphen, Harvey, Drummond, Hickok and Murray are also promising line-men. For

quarters, in addition to Fincke, are Ely and Gerrard; De Saulles, at this writing, is not playing. Van Ever, Goodwin, Benjamin, Chauncey, Hall, Squires, King, Butler, Wright and Betts are the ones who have shown up as the most promising, so far, for positions back of the line.

One gains a decided impression from the early play of the New Haven team that they are by no means as stiff in the line as usual, and their backs will be light.

Cornell will have Norton, Reed, Lueder, Wyckoff, Canfield, and Freeborn as candidates for guards; Sweetland—who, by the way, was considered by experts to be one of the best men—and Fitch, Pierson, White and Tatum as tackles; Taussig and McKeever, Lee and Short, Beecham, Derr, Ripley, Starbuck and Whitney, for backs. McDougall and Young are trying for quarter.

By the time this issue is before *OUTING's* readers October will have given us some line upon the leaders and November will be upon us. That month promises a remarkable array of interesting matches.

Princeton's most interesting November games are with Harvard on the seventh, at Cambridge, as above-mentioned, and with Yale, on the twenty-first, at New York. Pennsylvania plays Harvard, on the twenty-first, at Philadelphia, and Cornell, on the twenty-sixth, at Philadelphia. Cornell will have a game with Williams, at Buffalo, on November fourteenth. Trinity and Wesleyan are likely to have an interesting

match on the same day. West Point meets Wesleyan on November seventh, and later is scheduled for a game with Syracuse on the twenty-first. Dartmouth plays Brown on November third, at Providence, and Amherst on the fourteenth, at Amherst. On the twenty-first she meets Williams at Hanover. Lehigh plays two matches in November with Lafayette—one on the seventh, at Easton, and one on the twenty-first, at South Bethlehem. On the Saturday between, Lehigh will meet the Naval Academy at Annapolis. Stanford plays the University of California, in San Francisco, Thanksgiving Day.

With all this before us it is hard to choose, but November seventh will go far toward determining some of the later results. Pennsylvania will have the most mature team of all, Princeton will have the most dashing; Harvard will make the more rapid development in plays during November, and Yale, if Fincke plays quarter, will have good generalship during the game.

Pennsylvania is the earliest in the field with formations and such plays as quarter-back kicks and other points requiring maturity of football age in a team. Princeton has almost always been able to produce a dashing line, especially at those now greatly assailed points, the tackles. Harvard will have plenty of football knowledge to draw upon, and November will see its greatest development because the team must be first put into shape. Yale, ever strong in generalship, should, with Fincke's added experience, be doubly able to exhibit this quality in a match.





THE NATIONAL GUARD OF THE STATE OF MAINE.

By Captain Charles B. Hall, 19th U. S. Infantry.



SURG.-GEN. F. C. THAYER.

AFTER the acknowledgment by Great Britain of the independence of the United States, the militia of Maine was again reorganized, and by the militia law of 1783 the trainbands were to consist of all able-bodied men from

sixteen to fifty years of age, and the alarm-list (corresponding to our reserve) was to include those up to the age of sixty-five, excepting from both classes judicial, executive and church officers, legislators, masters of art, and even selectmen; officers and soldiers were fined if they were not properly equipped, or were absent from duty. In the "District of Maine" the militia was arranged into one hundred and twenty companies and finally organized into thirteen regiments, forming three brigades and two divisions. Ichabod Goodwin, of Berwick, was commissioned major-general of one division, embracing the militia of York and Cumberland Counties, and William Lithgow, of Hallowell, as major-general of the other, comprising the militia of Lincoln County.

An important event which occurred in the year 1808 is worthy of being especially noted as the first instance, I believe, in the history of the State where the militia was called upon to

perform one of its most important duties, that is, to aid the civil authority. The case was one where a surveyor, one Paul Chadwick, employed by alleged owners of land at Windsor, under what was known as the "Plymouth Patent," was resisted and warned away by the actual holders of the land he desired to survey. Not heeding the threats made against him, Chadwick was shot by a party of disguised men. Seven of the supposed murderers were at once arrested and confined in the Augusta jail. Reports were circulated that the friends of the prisoners were about to rescue them, and there was much alarm and excitement manifested by the public. To restore confidence the sheriff and the justices of the Common Pleas under the law requested the aid of the militia, and the major-general commanding in that district was directed to detail a sufficient force of militia for the purpose. The general did not seem to think there would be any trouble, so made a small detail for guard and patrol duty, with the result that during the night an attacking party succeeded in capturing a major on duty with the troops, but were not successful in rescuing the prisoners. Seeing the great mistake he had made the general detailed the next day a force of three hundred men for duty.

At the present time of writing no duty that a militiaman is called upon to perform is more important or more frequent than that of aiding the civil authority. To the State the militia becomes its principal means of defense,

not only from foes without but from foes within, and as such a protection it should command the respect of its citizens and the substantial aid and encouragement of its legislators. Every officer and soldier should thoroughly acquaint himself with the duties and responsibilities of such a service; and in an article soon to be published in *OUTING*, on "The Relations of the Military to the Civil Authority," I have endeavored to point out briefly how I believe such a duty should be performed by the militia so as to give entire satisfaction to the civil arm of the State, stern justice to the opponents of law and order, and avoid legal liabilities for official acts performed in a military capacity.

In 1811 two new divisions of militia were formed in the State, and James Merrill, of Falmouth, and Levi Hubbard, of Paris, were chosen major-generals to command them.

Congress having declared war with Great Britain the 18th of June, 1812, Maine was called upon to furnish twenty-five hundred militia for service in the field, and the sons of Maine can forever make the proud boast that in their district a greater number of soldiers in proportion to its population was enlisted for the war than in any other of the States. Regular troops in small numbers were stationed at the principal seaport towns, as Portland, Kennebunk, Phippsburg, Castine and Eastport, but the great reliance for defense was upon the co-operation of the militia, of which there was at that time in the District of Maine, 21,121, including the cavalry and artillery, a force greater than the fighting strength of the regular army of to-day.

The vexed question as to the right of the President to call upon the militia of a State for service outside of the limits of the State came up as early as 1814. At that time the whole Atlantic coast swarmed with British cruisers, and was declared to be in a state of blockade. For defense it became necessary to have in the field additional troops, and the President made requisition on the States for provisional detachments of the militia and proposed to place them under command of one of the regular officers. Governor Strong ignored the call made on his State, and evidently not being in sympathy with the administration, based his action on the ground

that if the militia he furnished was commanded by any other than himself as Captain-General (the title given at that time to the Governor instead of Commander-in-Chief), or by his subordinates, "they might in violation of the State Constitution be marched beyond the limits of the Commonwealth, and its own citizens be left undefended."

That the militia of a State is subject to the orders of the President and can be required by him to act outside of the limits of the State is a fact that does not seem to be generally understood by militiamen. By reference to Sections 5297-5300, Title 69, Revised Statutes, it will be seen that the President is empowered to employ the army (and the navy and the militia if he so desires), or as much of it as he may deem proper, to suppress insurrection or rebellion against the Government and to execute its laws; to maintain the rights of the people of the States; to put down riots and insurrections in the same upon proper application, etc. But when the militia is so empowered by the President it is considered as in the service of the United States for the time being and is paid accordingly; and "militia officers when employed with the regular or volunteer forces of the United States, take rank next after all officers of like grade in those forces."

The history of the Maine militia from this time on to the year 1836 remains in more or less of obscurity. All the data I have been able to obtain refer simply to the enrolled strength of the militia, and seldom to any companies regularly organized. When in 1820 Maine became one of the brightest stars in the sisterhood of States, the muster-rolls showed the names of 30,905 men enrolled in the militia, divided into six divisions, each commanded by a major-general, but the organizations were almost entirely on paper. Among the few companies in active organization were the Portland Light Infantry, organized in 1803, and the Portland Mechanic Blues, organized in 1807.

The act of Congress in 1792 providing "for the National defense by establishing a uniform militia throughout the United States" has never been repealed and is therefore in force to-day as it was in 1820, and the only difference is that its requirements were more carefully observed then than now. By the act

referred to "every free, able-bodied white male citizen of the respective States," between the ages of eighteen and forty-five years (with certain exceptions), is required to be enrolled in the militia by the captain or commanding officer of the company within whose bounds he may reside. It has proved a great and in some cases a disagreeable surprise to many a quiet citizen whose heart has never warmed to the militia of his State and never been stirred by the strains of "J'aime le militaire," to find that under the law he is a part of the militia and subject to military duty; that he is required to have in his possession at all times, and worse still, to furnish them himself, "a good musket or firelock, a sufficient bayonet and knapsack, a pouch with a box therein to contain not less than twenty-four cartridges suitable to the bore of his musket or firelock, etc." But the peace of mind of all such will be assured when it is known that the old law has long since fallen into innocuous desuetude, and in the event of his being called upon to act as defenders, a considerate State will not insist upon his reporting with such ancient means of warfare. A further examination of the requirements of the old law will not be uninteresting here and will perhaps show the cause of its being in time disregarded.

The enrolled militia was to be divided into divisions, brigades, regiments, battalions and companies, each to receive a number when organized, and when in active service to rank according to its number, reckoning the first or lowest number highest in rank. A division of two brigades formed the command of a major-general, a brigade of four regiments that of a brigadier-general, a regiment of two battalions that of a lieutenant-colonel, a battalion of five companies that of a major, and a company of sixty-four men that of a captain; the rank and command of a colonel seeming to have been lost. It is curious to note how little our military organizations have changed since the old law was first written, and in fact since long before that time.

Maine for many years religiously kept up an honest enrollment of her militia, with the division, brigade and lower organizations, and was rich in general officers. But as time passed the people wearied and sickened of this compulsory

form of soldiering, and in many sections the requirements of the law came to be entirely disregarded, the officers who should do so either refusing or failing to make the necessary returns; as for instance, the adjutant-general in his report for 1836, states to the Governor that only nine of the sixteen brigades then in the State had made returns, and of more than six hundred companies into which the militia was divided, returns from only two hundred and fifty-six had been received. So unsatisfactory did matters become that strong appeals were made each year to Congress for the repeal or revision of the obnoxious militia law, and each year Congress failed to take any action.

For a long time it was supposed by our law-makers that the States could do nothing for the improvement of the militia system until Congress should first act in the matter, but gradually the people awakened to the fact that while the State could not alter the law requiring the *enrollment* which is enforced to-day, she could excuse the *arming* and limit the *number* required to perform active duty. Acting upon this idea the Legislature from time to time passed such laws as it was considered would result in good to the militia and to the people, making at first very slight changes, until finding that Congress seemed to desire and encourage the States to regulate the laws for the control of its militia force, the State has finally adopted a militia law which to-day stands almost perfect in its requirements.

But all this was not accomplished until the days of the militia seemed to be numbered, and none should be found in the land. A small war-cloud that in 1839 arose over our eastern boundary and for a time threatened to require the services of our whole militia force, served temporarily to show the necessity for armed troops in the State, as well as to make an increase appear necessary, as all war scares have ever done up to this time. This trouble, known as the "Aroostook War," was occasioned by Great Britain's claiming jurisdiction over the Aroostook territory, and threatening that military force would be used to support her authority unless Maine should recall her civil force at that point. The Governor directed a detachment of one

thousand men to be made from the Third Division, with instructions to proceed without delay to the Aroostook country and afford such aid to the civil power as should be required. The designated troops assembled promptly at Bangor and Lincoln on the 21st of February, and, under command of Major-General Hudson, at once marched for the Aroostook. A general order of February 19th, 1839, directed a draft of ten thousand three hundred and forty-three officers and men to be made from the several divisions, to be held in readiness to respond to an immediate call into service; on the 25th of February, eight hundred and sixty-four officers and men, being the draft from the Second Division, assembled at Augusta, to reinforce General Hudson on the Aroostook.

These troops were stationed at various points from the mouth of the Aroostook, at Presque Isle, south, to and beyond Houlton, and at one post about twenty-five miles north of Houlton a hill on our border line was occupied by sentinels both of our troops and those of New Brunswick. Five companies of infantry numbering three hundred and sixty-nine officers and men from the Seventh Division were also ordered to assemble at Calais, and under command of Major-General Foster were comfortably quartered in that town. Rumors of the arrival of British troops in New Brunswick from the West Indies, as well as of the march of a regiment from Canada towards our north-eastern frontier, together with the receipt of a threatening letter by the Governor from Sir John Harvey *demanding* the withdrawal of our armed force on the Aroostook, rendered it expedient, in the opinion of the Execu-

tive, to order additional troops to assemble for duty on the border. Consequently, two companies of infantry and one company of riflemen from the Fifth Division and nine companies of infantry and one company of riflemen, numbering ten hundred and thirty-seven officers and men, from the Sixth Division were ordered to rendezvous at Augusta, where they remained in quarters until discharged. Toward the end of March the exigency for calling the troops into service having ceased, orders were issued for their return from the border and subsequent discharge. Thus this bloodless war was ended after the mobilization of three thousand three hundred and thirty-nine officers and men of the militia, at the worst season of the year in Maine, and when, too, it was known that the uniforms issued to the troops were not sufficient to protect them from the cold; but an extra issue of "heavy red shirts and pea-green jackets" made the men more comfortable. General Scott and staff on their way to the scene of trouble stopped at the Augusta House, Augusta, in March and honored the militia by a visit.

Dissatisfaction with the militia laws was again expressed after the ending of the Aroostook war, and to such an extent that in 1841 we find the adjutant-general again complaining of the failure of officers to attend to their duties at inspections and reviews ordered, of the neglect of officers to review the troops, of the short time allowed officers to hold commission (then for five years only), the consequent difficulty in finding officers willing to serve for so short time, and of the hardship imposed on the troops in requiring them to furnish their own arms and equipments.

(To be continued.)



BEFORE BREAKING CAMP.

OUTING'S MONTHLY REVIEW

OF

AMATEUR SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

FOOTBALL.



THE coming Football season, its relations and expectations, can scarcely be gauged without a backward glance at least to the facts and memories of the season of 1895, which was not altogether satisfactory for several reasons. In the first place Yale and Harvard had some differences which led to the omission of their annual game, and both Yale and Princeton refused to play Pennsylvania. Harvard filled the blank left by Yale's loss by arranging a game with Princeton. Cornell had games with all the big teams but Yale.

The result of the play was as follows: Yale, after barely escaping defeat at the hands of several smaller colleges, and after the most disastrous preliminary season's record ever made by a Yale team, finally defeated Princeton by a rather decisive score. The game showed the result of good coaching, and the Yale team at that time displayed, perhaps, the best form of the year. The team work and the use made of kicking tactics being especially fine.

Princeton and Pennsylvania both defeated Harvard, the latter team showing the results of poor handling. The team improved greatly toward the close of its work, and its game against Pennsylvania showed that the unsuccessful season was not due wholly to poor material.

Princeton's team made a good record, losing only to Yale, her line being very strong, but her backs only fair.

Pennsylvania certainly earned the right to dispute with Yale the title for first place. Her team was very strong in all points, and had the best record of the season, winning all its games, and being scored on by but two teams.

The season was remarkable for the fine show-

ing made by the teams of the smaller colleges and the athletic clubs. All the larger college teams had narrow escapes from defeat at the hands of their smaller rivals, and the number of smaller teams that succeeded in scoring against Harvard, Yale and Princeton, was much larger than ever before. The season as a whole showed good, clean football, with an almost entire absence of rough play and bad feeling. It was again demonstrated that the kicking game is the winning one, and the present season shows all the big colleges paying especial attention to this branch of the game.

Summer practice seems to have been very largely given up this year. Yale, Harvard and Princeton had a few backs keeping themselves in condition during September, but no actual practice was attempted. Pennsylvania, however, in spite of the fact that her team went "stale" last year in mid-season, called her candidates together this year and held regular practice for some weeks before college opened. As a consequence her team is now in excellent condition, though just how beneficial the plan will prove in the end cannot, of course, be determined as yet.

This year's rules are more satisfactory than those of 1895. It will be remembered that at that time there were three distinct sets in the field—a state of affairs which might have caused much inconvenience, had not all parties shown a willingness to compromise wherever two teams that had been using different sets came together for a game. This spring the University Athletic Club called upon the large colleges to send representatives to meet and agree on rules for the coming season, and the result is a set which has been unanimously adopted by the colleges throughout the country.

The new rules show but few changes and none of these are of a radical nature, their tendency

being generally to stop mass and momentum plays, and to encourage a kicking game—two movements which will certainly make the game more interesting to the spectator and, perhaps, less dangerous to contestants. The kicking game was bound to come at any rate, for the success of the teams employing it had conclusively shown its value as a means of attack and defense alike. As to the momentum and mass plays they were not used very frequently last year, and we can get along without them.

The changes in detail are briefly as follows: No player shall take more than a single step before the ball is put in play, except that one man may be in motion toward his own goal. This will certainly stop momentum plays and put a stop to all kinds of "flying interference." Then there must be at least five men in the rush line and if there are five men besides the quarter behind the line, they may not bunch inside the tackle positions. So that a mass play this year is practically limited to four men, which does not destroy all chances for push plays, but certainly makes it improbable that they will be so successful as to be too frequently used. The rules offer more encouragement for making fair catches by providing a penalty of fifteen yards for throwing the player making such a catch, and compelling opponents to retire ten yards from the spot marked by the catcher, who must "heel" the ball at once on catching it if he wishes to claim a fair catch. The increase of the penalty for interference with the player making a catch is an excellent idea. The old five-yard penalty was too small and did not prevent the slamming down of the defenseless back whenever his opponents thought such a course might tire or intimidate him.

A rule that should lead to plenty of drop-kicking provides that when one side has attempted a goal from the field on the first down from within the twenty-five-yard line and the result has been a touch-back, the ball shall be kicked out from the ten, and not the twenty-five-yard line as formerly. Under the old rule no team cared to try a drop-kick for goal except as a last resort, because the opposing team would almost invariably allow the ball to go over the line and then have a free kick from its own twenty-five-yard line. Such a rule made a try for goal hardly a paying venture except on a third down. The new provision should change all this and we should see more drop-kicking this year than ever before. To make such a kick successful requires not only a skillful kicker but the very best of team-work in protecting the man while he is getting in his kick. The play is far from being nothing but the exhibition of skill on the part of a single individual that it is popularly supposed to be, and the rule-makers did well in formulating this rule for its encouragement.

The quarter-back kick degenerated last year into so short and carefully planned an affair as to make it quite easy for a team to execute it and keep the ball for a first down, without giving opponents anything like a fair chance at the ball. In fact, it became in some cases a sort of long pass, executed with the foot instead of the hand, and destroying to some extent the rule that the side having the ball must advance

it five yards in three tries or give it up. Recognizing this trouble, the Rule Committee have provided that such kicks shall send the ball "beyond the line of scrimmage." The rule is a little vague, and it is hard to determine its exact meaning, but it is certainly intended to give opponents "a fair and equal chance" at the ball on all kinds of kicks.

Nearly every one who has ever attended a football game has seen the side carrying the ball deprived of the benefit of a long run by the fact that an opponent had committed some foul. The practice in such cases has been to allow the side carrying the ball but five yards, the penalty laid down by the rules for a foul, the result often being to make a run of perhaps five times that distance of no value at all. This very apparent injustice has been remedied by a rule providing that the side having the ball need not accept the five-yard penalty if it be to their disadvantage to do so, but may instead claim their run up to fifteen yards.

The center rush is also favored a little by a new provision that opponents shall not interfere with him or the ball till the ball is actually put in play. This provision does away with one of the most fruitful sources of delay in the game of football, and should make it impossible for opponents to prevent the side having the ball from playing a fast game.

THE EASTERN TEAMS.

The prospects for a team at Yale are only fair so far as the material is concerned. The team has lost by graduation and other causes, a center, a guard, and all of last year's backs. Fincke at quarter, has returned to college, but up to the time of writing has not been able to play, owing to illness. It is now expected that he will take his old place at quarter. Fincke is a very steady, reliable man, and Yale is exceedingly fortunate in having such a player to run her team. He will be especially appreciated this year when both center and all the other backs are comparatively green men.

Yale's tackles and ends are experienced, and have already shown that they are fully qualified to fill places on a first-class college team. Captain Murphy and Rogers make a very strong pair of tackles, as their work last year proved. They are strong at all points of the game, and will prove particularly useful this year as aids to the inexperienced backs in carrying the ball. The present end candidates are Hazen, Bass, and Conner. The first two have had considerable experience on Yale teams, and Conner was a most promising end on last year's freshman team. The coaches have thought so well of these men that they have taken Hinkey, who has played end for the last two years, from his place, and are trying to make a full-back of him.

The center trio is giving more trouble. Chadwick fills one guard's place to perfection, and is undoubtedly one of the strongest men in the position now playing football. For the other two places the men are a little light and lack experience. Chamberlain is playing very steadily at center, and though rather light for the place will probably develop into a satisfactory center. Murray and Sutphin are working hard at the other guard, and one of them will probably be worked up for the place. Mc-

Farland and Bennett are also candidates for the center positions, and Rogers may even be moved in to guard if a good man can be found for his place at tackle. The line has steadied wonderfully in the past ten days, and has shown some very fine defensive work, notably the holding of Brown for four downs within the five-yard line.

Behind the line things are less promising, and the chances for a good strong team seem rather poor. Hinkey is playing at full-back, where he punts well, but is not much of a success as a ground gainer. The half-backs are a good average lot, Benjamin and Van Every being the best, the latter a very heavy man whose plunges into the line have proved very hard to stop. Chauncey, Mills and Goodwin are the best of the substitutes, and the last, a freshman, has the making of a very fine back. At quarter, Ely is playing a very strong game, but Fincke can undoubtedly have the place if his health allows him to play. On the whole, Yale promises to be very strong at end and tackle, and fairly strong in the center. The team will be hard to score against, but does not now look like a good scoring team.

The Yale schedule is as follows: October 31st, West Point, at West Point; November 3d, Boston A. A., at New Haven; November 7th, Brown, at Providence; November 21st, Princeton, at New York.

Princeton's team is very much the team of last year and with about the same characteristics.

Cochran and Thompson, last year's ends, will again occupy their old places, and Church will again play tackle. Tyler started in at the other tackle, but has been moved in to fill a weak spot at guard, and Hildebrand, of last year's Andover team, is taking his place. Hildebrand is big and strong and fairly active, and should fill the place well. Gaily is again at center, and Armstrong and Tyler are filling the guards' places.

This makes a very strong, heavy line, and all the men but two have had experience on 'varsity teams. The great trouble at present seems to be that the big men are a trifle slow. Their work on the defense is good, but they do not move about quickly enough to aid the backs by getting into the interference. As the men improve in condition and get to working together better, this trouble will probably disappear.

Behind the line, most of the men are experienced. Baird, of last year's team, will again play full-back. He is a very steady, cool-headed player, and especially strong in his kicking. Of the half-backs, Rosengarten, Bannard and Kelly have all had experience on the Princeton 'varsity in big games. They are all rather better than the average, and Rosengarten is a first-class man, barring a tendency to fumble the ball, which often proves costly. He will probably play one half-back, and Kelly and Bannard, together with Wheeler, of the entering class, and Reiter, will fight it out for the other. Princeton is well off for backs, so far as numbers are concerned, but the team relies very much on the tackles to help advance the ball.

At quarter there are four candidates: Poe,

'97, who played that place in '94; his younger brother, of 1900, who enters with a great reputation; Smith, and Suter, who played the place last year very satisfactorily. With such a lot of experienced men, the task of picking a quarter is difficult, rather because of so much good material. Suter and the younger Poe are perhaps the favorites at present, though the latter is very light.

The team as a whole shows promise of a strong, heavy line, the only difficulty being in the place left vacant at tackle by the removal of Tyler to guard. The team, like Yale's, is not a very strong scoring one, but with good team-work the heavy line should be able to make up for any weakness of the backs by its work in opening up holes in opponent's line.

Pennsylvania is almost overstocked with good material, and her team is even now practically picked and playing with some sort of a team game. The university is at present very enthusiastic over football, and as most of last year's team are in college the prospects for a strong team are exceedingly good. The team has, in Wharton and Woodruff, two very unusual guards, both being very strong and heavy, and yet so quick and active that they may be used to great advantage carrying the ball. Woodruff is also a fine punter and drop-kicker, so good in fact that there is serious thought of putting him in at full-back. Both these men have had several seasons' experience.

For the center there are three good men, all of some experience—Overfield, Stannard and Stearns. They all have the necessary weight and activity, and any one would be a satisfactory man. Farrar, of last year's team, and Uffenheimer are the favorites at tackle, and are playing there regularly. At the same time McCracken is too good a man to keep off the team, and Coach Woodruff is trying to find him a place. All of the tackle candidates are heavy enough to play guard, so that the line is composed of an unusually strong and heavy, and yet active, lot of men. The ends will be taken care of by Boyle and Hedges, of last year's team, with B. Dickson probably as good as either of them. At the same time, Gelbert, considered by many the best end now playing, is on hand, but is filling a place back of the line, where he does the best work of all of the backs. Minds, of last year's team, is playing at full-back, with Morice and Jackson filling the other places. Minds is only a fair punter, but runs strongly, while Morice kicks well, but is not a success as a ground gainer. Jackson is a strong, fast man, who is running finely, but lacks experience. The whole combination is not working well at present, the kicking being weak and the handling of opponents' kicks very poor. K. Dickson is playing a very steady, satisfactory game at quarter.

The team as a whole promises to be very strong on the offensive, and even now runs up large scores against fairly strong opponents. The material is undoubtedly the best in any of the colleges, and Penn's chances for a championship eleven would be excellent if she had a chance to show her strength against Yale and Princeton. The former was duly challenged and declined, giving no especial reason.

The following is Penn's schedule: Wednesday, October 28th, Brown University, at Philadelphia; Saturday, October 31st, open; Saturday, November 7th, open; Saturday, November 14th, open; Saturday, November 21st, Harvard, at Philadelphia; Thursday, November 26th, Cornell, at Philadelphia.

Harvard has practically a new team to make, and consequently is more backward about the selection of her men.

F. Shaw, and his very efficient substitute, Doucette, are back, and one of them will play center and the other probably at guard in the place left vacant by Holt, who has left college. N. Shaw will fill his old place at the other guard, and thus give an experienced center. All of these men are heavy, and fairly active and energetic. Jaffrey, Hoague and a half dozen other men are also trying for places in the center, but they are all too light or too inexperienced to be promising for this year.

No really good tackles have yet appeared. Donald and Haughton, last year's substitutes, are on hand, but seem to lack the strength and endurance to play a good game at tackle. Merriman and Wheeler seem the favorites at present, and both have the strength but do not seem to show very good judgment in playing their positions. Swain, Barrie, Mills and Lee are also at work, but all are young and inexperienced. The ends are playing poorly. Cabot is, of course, one of the best ends that ever played, but he is being tried behind the line, so there are two places to fill. Moulton, Richardson, Irwin-Martin, Davis, Lewis, Graydon and Warren are all being tried for the places. The first two have had some experience, but are not at all satisfactory as tacklers or interferers. Cabot will probably have to fill one place, and some man as yet unselected will be put in the other. The outlook for that end is not at all good. The line as a whole is light and not very quick, and, of course, plays no sort of a team game.

Behind the line only one man is settled on, and that is Wrightington at half-back. As captain of the team he is showing himself the best player on it, and an excellent leader in addition. Brown and Cabot are trying for full-back. The former is a fine punter and drop-kicker, his kicking being very accurate and fairly long. His running is strong but not fast. Cabot has been injured too much to allow him to get much practice. For the other half-back, Sullivan, Dunlop, Warren, Weld, Cozzens, Dayton and Livermore are all at work, with Sullivan now the best of the lot. None of them are better than average, and all are light. At quarter, Beale is the best man, though Dibble, a new man, is improving rapidly, and Wadsworth and Cochran are doing fairly well. Beale is very steady and has had plenty of experience, but lacks the snap and nervous energy to drive a team to its best work.

On the whole, the prospects for a team are not at all good. The men are light and inexperienced, and the time before the Princeton game is getting short. There is one very encouraging feature of the play. There is no man on the team who can be called a "star," and this the men realize, and the result is a better working together for a team than has

been seen at Cambridge for some years. The schedule is:

October 31st, Carlisle Indian School, at Cambridge; November 7th, Princeton, at Cambridge; November 14th, game undecided; November 21st, University of Pennsylvania, at Philadelphia.

Cornell's team has not yet played very many games and its prospects are hard to get at. The men are heavier than for the past few years, and some of last year's best men are back and playing. At the time of writing, however, it seems probable that her team will hardly rank with the big four, and it is doubtful if it will be able to hold its own with those of some of the smaller colleges.

Brown's team is showing up very strongly, though not quite so well as last year. Some of the best men have graduated, but the team as a whole is a very close match for any of the big teams and plays very fast football.

Lafayette is the surprise of the season, and her 0-0 game with Princeton showed that at present her team is a match for any team now playing. Just how it will stand at the close of the season is of course hard to say. The team has in Rhinehart a very fine guard, and in Walbridge and Barclay, perhaps the best pair of backs now playing together. The games of this team will be worth watching. In the New England Association, Williams and Dartmouth are unusually strong, while Amherst seems to be suffering from a lack of interest on the part of the students. The contest between Williams and Dartmouth should be very close.

The schedules for 1896 show that some of the troubles of last year are still unsettled. It will be practically impossible for any one to choose a champion for the coming season, because Yale is not to meet Harvard or Pennsylvania, and Princeton is not to play Pennsylvania. The trouble between Yale and Harvard, and Yale and Pennsylvania, bids fair to blow over in another year; and we may have some sort of an arrangement in the future that will bring the two best teams of the year together for the final game of the season.

The following are the scores of some of the principal games up to date:

Lancaster, September 25th, U. of P., 24; F. and M., o.
 New Haven, September 25th, Yale, 6; Trinity, o.
 Philadelphia, October 3d, U. of P., 40; Bucknell, o.
 Princeton, October 3d, Princeton, 44; Rutgers, o.
 Ithaca, October 3d, Cornell, 22; Syracuse, o.
 Cambridge, October 3d, Harvard, 6; Williams, o.
 Easton, October 7th, Princeton, o; Lafayette, o.
 New Haven, October 7th, Yale, 18; Brown, o.
 Annapolis, October 7th, U. of P., 8; Naval Cadets, o.
 Cambridge, October 7th, Harvard, 34; Trinity, o.
 Princeton, October 10th, Princeton, 16; Lehigh, o.

HASTINGS HOLYOKE.

IN THE MIDDLE WEST.

LAST SEASON.

The University of Michigan team, premier of the Middle West in '95, was about the only one which had a comparatively even record for the season, and its 12-10 victory over Purdue's not specially strong team, came very near being a bad "blot on the escutcheon." The only further classification of the Middle Western teams which could lay any claim to accuracy would probably be to say that Minnesota, Pur-

due, Illinois, Chicago, Northwestern, Missouri and Wisconsin followed in a class, above the other colleges of the section, but with such varying and irregular records as to baffle utterly any effort to rank them absolutely. Wisconsin beat Northwestern 12-6. Ames beat them 36 to 0 and then lost to Wisconsin 26 to 4. Minnesota lost to Grinnell, 6-4; then beat Wisconsin, 14-10, though the latter had beaten Grinnell, 14-4. Northwestern, Purdue and Missouri, too, vied with one another in their efforts to befuddle the hapless individual who tries to rank the teams on the basis of scores in games. Missouri beat Purdue, 16-6; Northwestern beat the Indiana men, 26-6; then the Missouri tigers sprung a surprise on the Evans-ton team in the shape of a 22-18 victory. As if to further mix matters, Purdue beat Minnesota, the vanquishers of Chicago, 18-4, played Michigan's sturdy team, 12-10, closing by beating Illinois, 6-2, after the latter had administered a terrible drubbing to Northwestern. And so the story goes. The fickle wind was not so unreliable as these erratic kickers. But the surprises made the season the more interesting and left the results of every game doubtful to the call of time, so that the supporters of this or that eleven were hopeful to the end.

THE COMING SEASON.

The season of '96 promises at the outset to be even more interesting. At first blush it would seem that Michigan, Minnesota, Illinois, Northwestern, and Wisconsin were to be quite strong, with Chicago, Purdue and Missouri falling off somewhat from last year's showing. But the situation changes more suddenly here than among the matured Eastern universities. Some of those big, ungainly, Western children shoot up with a great jump, while others, who have grown too rapidly, suffer some pretty severe setbacks. It may be said, however, that the Universities of Michigan, Minnesota and Wisconsin are large enough, and have been long enough at the game to warrant the expectation of steady work from them this year.

Michigan has the prestige of last year's successes, and with Captain Senter, Carr, Villa, Henninger, Farnham, Richards and Ferbert back, they should be able to get together a very strong team. They have able subs to put in the vacant guard positions, and their line should be their strength. Few better men than Senter, Carr, Villa and Henninger, in their respective positions, can be found on any field; but behind the line Coach Ward will have a hard time to find suitable backs. Richards is a fair quarter, and Ferbert a good little runner, but they have no man who can punt and hit the center like Bloomington, and it will be hard work to develop two good backs.

At Wisconsin the situation is exactly reversed, and backs, good ones, too, are plentiful, while the lack of "weight" for the line is causing much anxiety. Captain Richards, Nelson of the '94 team, and Atkinson, formerly of Beloit, are all very strong ground-gainers, good defense players, and the last-named, and Captain Richards are excellent punters. Besides these, Brewer, Peele, a Canadian player, and O'Dea, a younger brother of the rowing coach, are

all showing well, but the line candidates are all light. Of the '95 team Alexander, tackle, Riordan, guard, and Sheldon, end, who are now back and playing, were the lightest of last season's line men, while Comstock is not heavy for a center. The new candidates, besides being light, are mostly inexperienced, though they strive hard to make up in enthusiasm and work for their lack of weight.

Coach Jerrems, at Minnesota, is very well satisfied, for he has, in the line of the old men, Harding and Finlayson, guards; Fulton, center; Captain Harrison, end, and Wyllis Walker at tackle—certainly a strong nucleus for a big line. Behind the line Loomis is the only veteran; but the candidates, both for line and backs, are numerous, and of good quality.

The opening games of all three of these teams were disappointments; but they give little indication what the real strength of the teams will be in November, when Michigan and Minnesota and Minnesota and Wisconsin will meet.

When one sees plenty of big men on an Eastern campus, he will, strange to say, look in vain for half the number at a Western university. Probably Minnesota, Michigan and Northwestern are the most fortunate ones in this particular this year. The latter, with Captain Van Doozer and Potter as halves, and Pearce, Levings, Andrews, Gloss, and others in the line, promises to show a much steadier game than in '95, when the team went to pieces utterly toward the close of the season. Chicago has only Roby, Nichols and Hirschberger, who are real good veteran players; but Stagg is a careful, painstaking coach, and has already brought about decided improvement in the team's work. Of the new men, Kennedy at tackle is playing a strong game.

It is interesting to note that of the four largest institutions in the West, hiring Eastern coaches, two, Michigan, with Ward and McCauley, and Wisconsin, with Phil King, have relied on Princeton, and will try the tiger's style of play, while Chicago, with Stagg, and Minnesota, with Jerrems, assisted by Winter, Heffelfinger and McClung, pin their faith to Yale. Illinois has a good little team, always sure to play gamely to the last, which will be under the direction of Huff, a former Illinois (and Dartmouth) guard, and a good coach. Among the second-class teams Beloit, Lake Forest, and De Pauw are showing strongly, and the latter may be a surprise to some of its opponents ere the Thanksgiving turkey of '96 has been properly disposed of. The teams of Grinnell and Iowa Agricultural College (Ames), as well as of Iowa State, Missouri and Oberlin also promise well. The latter is more or less of an unknown quantity outside of Ohio, but will be better known later, as it meets some of the big Western elevens this fall.

All in all, there is every reason to believe that between now and November 26th will be played the most interesting series of games ever participated in by the teams of the Middle West. No one of the big elevens will meet all the others, but there will be games enough to afford a fair standard of comparison.

Geo. F. DOWNES.

ATHLETICS.

KNICKERBOCKER ATHLETIC CLUB.



THIS club, which is the successor of the old and the new Manhattan Athletic clubs, gave its first open amateur outdoor games September 10th, on the Columbia Oval, Williamsbridge, New York, which has been leased for the use of the club's members. Although horse-racing, bicycling, cricket games and athletic sports in many neighboring places were stopped by rain and wind, the Knickerbocker meeting escaped the storm and enjoyed pleasant weather. The attendance was entirely by invitation, the club in this point wisely following the lead of the New York Athletic Club, the result being an assembly unusually large in number, and of a higher grade than is ordinarily seen at athletic meetings. The track is a quarter-mile in circuit, with one straight side prolonged at either end into a 220-yard straightaway. The field and path were in good condition, and a light wind was with the finishes of all races but the 50-yard run. The committee did well in making their programme somewhat shorter than usual, and prompt management ended the meeting at 5 P. M., allowing the spectators to reach home in time for dinner. The prizes were models in their line—wreaths of gold, silver, and bronze, on plaques of solid oak, making beautiful mementos of victory, without any pawning value. In addition to the games in the field, there was a 25-mile race, starting at Stamford, Conn., and finishing on the track. These roads are somewhat hilly, but were in fair condition, being used by many wheelmen during the day, and the times of this 25-mile race proved that the winners were not above tenth class. The discus throwing showed that the Greeks, with whom this is a national game, are physically inferior to Americans, for the three placed men in this competition, none of whom had learned the game more than two weeks before, easily beat the best performances of the Greek champions.

50-yard handicap run (limit 3 yards)—Final heat, B. E. Mulligan, Knickerbocker Athletic Club, 8 feet, 5 2-5s.

150-yard handicap run (limit 9 yards)—Final heat, J. E. Reilly, Institute A. C., Newak, N. J., 7 yards, 15s.

600-yard handicap run (limit 25 yards)—T. E. Burke, Boston Athletic Association, scratch, 1m. 11s.

This race started near the top of the 220-yard straightaway. The men ran down 160 yards of the straight to the ordinary finish line, and then once around the quarter-mile path. Burke ran with excellent judgment, and at an even rate throughout the race, and was comparatively fresh at the finish. The time, 1m. 11s., is now the world's best amateur record, supplanting 1m. 11 2-5s., made by three men—by L. E. Myers on a third of a mile path at the Manhattan Polo Grounds, New York City, July 1st, 1882; by W. C. Downs, on a quarter-mile cinder

path at the Berkeley Oval, New York City, May 17th, 1890, and by E. C. Bredin, on a quarter-mile path at Stamford Bridge Grounds, London, England, June 10th, 1893.

1-mile handicap run—A. R. Tomlinson, K. A. C., 70 yards, 4m. 31 1-5s.

25-mile road race, from Stamford, Conn., to Columbia Oval, Williamsbridge, N. Y., and 600 yards around the path.

J. J. McDermott, Pastime A. C. 3:25-55 3-5

H. Gray, St. George A. C. 3:28-27.

L. Liebgold, New Jersey A. C. 3:36-58 4-5

Twenty-eight runners started, and eighteen finished.

440-yard hurdle race (10 hurdles, 2 feet 6 inches high)

—J. Buck, K.A.C., 56 2-5s.; P. J. Corley, N.W.S.A.C., 2, by 15 yards, fell at ninth hurdle. Buck's time, 56 2-5s., now becomes the world's best amateur record, supplanting 57 2-5s., made by P. J. Fineran, at Cambridge, Mass., Oct. 16, 1891. Hurdle races at this distance are common in England and Australasia, but always with higher hurdles—3ft. or 3ft. 6in.

110-yard sack hurdle race, 10 hurdles, 18 inches high

—Final heat, C. M. Cohen, K.A.C., 21s.

Running high jump—C. U. Powell, K.A.C., 5ft. 7 5-8in.

Throwing the discus—R. Sheldon, Yale U., 111ft. 8in.;

G. R. Gray, N.Y.A.C., 107ft. 5 3-4in.; B. E. Mulligan, K.A.C., 102ft. 2in.

The discus is a solid wheel of lignumvitæ, 8 inches in diameter, 2 inches thick at the center and half an inch at the edge, which is shod with a steel tire. The complete instrument weighs 2 kilos, which is the same as 4.4092 lbs. avoirdupois, or, in round numbers, 4 2-5 lbs. The thrower stands in a 9-foot square, out of which he must not step until the discus alights, and is at liberty to throw in any manner he pleases. The throw is measured from the fall of the discus, perpendicularly to the front side of the square, produced if necessary for that purpose, so that oblique throws lose in measuring, and accuracy as well as distance is essential.

Pole vault—C. F. Hamilton, N.J.A.C., 10ft. 6in.

Running two hops and jump—J. B. Connolly, S.A.C., Boston, Mass., 49ft. 1/2in. Connolly's performance, 49ft. 1/2in., now becomes the best American amateur record, supplanting 44ft. 7in. by P. Looney, at the Manhattan Athletic Club's Eighty-sixth street grounds, New York city, Sept. 29, 1888.

NEW ENGLAND ASSOCIATION OF THE AMATEUR ATHLETIC UNION.

Their annual championship meeting, held Sept. 26, on the Fair Grounds, at Lowell, Mass., was only partially successful. The weather was fine, but the half-mile trotting-track was in poor condition, and a strong breeze hindered the runners. The majority of the events were foregone conclusions, and some of the officials were ignorant of the rules governing the meeting.

100-yard run—T. Burke, East Boston Athletic Association, 10 1-5s.; H. C. Kennington, E. B. A. A., 2; J. E. Sullivan, Fitchburg Athletic Club, 3.

220-yard run—T. Burke, E. B. A. A., 22 3-5s.; W. J. Holland, E. B. A. A., 2; S. M. Nathan, F. A. C., 3.

440-yard run—T. Burke, E. B. A. A., 52 4-5s.; W. J. Holland, E. B. A. A., 2; S. M. Nathan, F. A. C., 3.

880-yard run—A. L. Wright, E. B. A. A., 2m. 1 1-5s.; J. Delaney, Worcester City Guards, 2; J. M. Jackson, E. B. A. A., 3.

1-mile run—A. L. Wright, E. B. A. A., 4m. 43 3-5s.; J. Delaney, W. C. G., 2; J. J. McKinnon, Suffolk A. C., 3.

3-mile run—A. L. Wright, E. B. A. A., 16m. 22s.; J. J. McKinnon, S. A. C., 2; D. C. Hall, E. B. A. A., 3.

120 yard hurdle race—Final heat, T. McQueeney, W. C. G., 17s.; E. H. Clark, Newton A. A., 2; J. B. Connolly, S. A. C., and D. McTaggart, W. C. G., ran a

dead heat for third place, and McTaggart won by a toss.

220-yard hurdle race—Final heat, T. McQueeney, W. C. G., 29s.; H. C. Kennington, E. B. A. A., 2; J. B. Connolly, S. A. C., 3.

1 mile walk—C. V. Moore, Newton A. C., 7m. 8 3/5s.; L. O'Toole, E. B. A. A., 2; E. H. Clark, N. Y. A. C., 3.

2 mile bicycle race—J. W. Dempsey, Burke A. C., 6m. 22 4/5s.; J. C. O'Neil, B. A. C., 2; F. W. Stevens, B. A. C., 3.

Running high jump—F. B. Looney, B. A. A., 5 ft. 1/2 in.; J. B. Connolly, S. A. C., 5 ft. 2 1/2 in.; E. H. Clark, N. Y. A. C., 4 ft. 6 in.

Running broad jump—J. F. Bennett, E. B. A. A., 20 ft. 7 in.; J. F. Driscoll, E. B. A. A., 20 ft. 5 in.; H. C. McGrath, E. B. A. A., 20 ft. 4 in.

Putting 16-lb shot—H. H. Parker, F. A. C., 40 ft. 6 1/4 in.; F. Smith, E. B. A. A., 38 ft. 1 in.; E. H. Clark, N. Y. A. A., 37 ft. 2 in.

Throwing 16-lb. hammer—F. Smith, E. B. A. A., 115 ft.; E. H. Clark, N. Y. A. A., 111 ft.; R. J. Washburn, E. B. A. C., 94 ft.

Throwing 56-lb. weight—B. Doherty, E. B. A. A., 24 ft. 1 in.; J. F. Driscoll, E. B. A. A., 21 ft. 5 in.; F. Smith, E. B. A. A., 20 ft. 5 in.

NEW YORK ATHLETIC CLUB.

Their fifty-seventh games, held September 26th, at Travers Island, were much like others of a long series. The weather was magnificent, track and grounds in good condition, management excellent, competition spirited, and performances of high class. One world's record was beaten and another equaled, and all this in the presence of an assembly, composed largely of ladies, which overran the seating capacity of the grounds.

During the games Wefers ran his trial heat of the 120-yard race about two feet behind 12s., took the final heat in 11 4/5s., won the 300-yard race in 30 3/5s., and ran his quarter mile in the relay race in 4 3/5s., which was a remarkable afternoon's work for one athlete.

120-yard handicap run (limit 8 yards); final heat, B. J. Wefers, New York A. C., scratch, 11 4/5s.; J. J. Keane, Jr., Catholic Club, Newark, N. J., 6 yards, 2, by half a yard; H. S. Lyons, N. Y. A. C., 6 yards, 3, by 2 feet; 2, by a yard and a half; J. H. Reilly, Institute A. C., Newark, N. J., 6 yards, 4.

Wefers' time in the final heat, 11 4/5s., is faster than the previous American amateur record, 12s., by L. E. Myers, in New York City, May 30, 1882, and just equals the best British records made by W. P. Phillips, London, March 25, 1882; F. T. Ritchie, Oakengates, Sept. 18, 1883; C. A. Bradley, Fartown, June 17, 1893; C. A. Bradley, London, April 28, 1894, and A. R. Downer, London, May 11, 1895.

300-yard handicap run (12 yards limit)—B. J. Wefers, N. Y. A. C., scratch, 30 3/5s.; H. S. Lyons, N. Y. A. C., 10 yards, 2, by 9 yards; J. J. Keane, Jr., C. C., 11 yards, 3, by 4 feet.

Wefers' time, 30 3/5s., now becomes the world's best amateur record, supplanting 31s., made by himself, at Bayonne City, Sept. 7, 1896.

600-yard handicap run (limit 20 yards)—W. S. Hipple, N. Y. A. C., 15 yards, 1m. 13 2/5s.; P. J. Corley, New West Side A. C., 18 yards, 2, by 8 yards; J. J. Storms, Jr., Knickerbocker A. C., 20 yards, 3, by 2 yards.

1,000-yard handicap run (40 yards limit)—C. H. Kilpatrick, N. Y. A. C., scratch, 2m. 13 2/5s.; J. F. Cregan, N. Y. A. C., 25 yards, 2, by a foot; A. B. Dalby, N. Y. A. C., 32 yards, 3, by 5 feet.

2-mile steeplechase handicap (limit 30 seconds)—G. W. Orton, N. Y. A. C., scratch, 12m. 17 1/5s.; E. H. Baynes, K. A. C., 30s., 2, by 500 yards; A. R. Darby, N. Y. A. C., 30s., did not finish.

1-mile relay race, teams of four men—New York A. C., W. S. Hipple, H. S. Lyons, C. H. Kilpatrick, B. J. Wefers, 3m. 25 3/5s.; Athenian A. C., of Philadelphia, Pa., 3m. 37 2/5s.; St. Bartholomew's A. C., 3m. 41s.

30-yard hurdle race handicap, on grass (8 yards limit)—E. B. Bloss, N. Y. A. C., 5 yards, 17 2/5s.; M. P. Halpin, N. Y. A. C., 6 yards, 2, by 10 yards; J. E. Underwood, N. W. S. A. C., 8 yards, skipped one hurdle.

220-yard hurdle race, handicap (limit 12 yards)—Final heat, P. J. Corley, N. W. S. A. C., scratch, 27 1/5s.; J. T. Fitzgerald, National A. C., 12 yards, 2, by 2 yards; G. G. Winship, N. Y. A. C., 12 yards, 3, by 1 1/2 yards.

2-mile bicycle handicap—O. V. Babcock, Harlem Wheelmen, 20 yards, 5m. 16 1/5s.; H. T. Bedell, River-

side W., 40 yards, 2, by 9 yards; H. M. Hoffman, Parkway W., 60 yards, 3, by 2 yards.

Three standing long jumps—B. E. Mulligan, K. A. C., 33ft. 8in.; A. P. Schwamer, N. Y. A. C., 33ft. 7 1/2in.; J. T. Fitzgerald, N. A. C., 30ft. 8 1/2in.

Running broad jump, handicap—E. B. Bloss, N. Y. A. C., 22ft. 7in.; S. E. Alvord, L. A. C., 9 inches, 21ft. 4 1/2in.; J. W. Cross, Y. M. C. A., 2 feet 9 inches, 18ft. 11in.

Pole vault, handicap—S. K. Thomas, K. A. C., 3 inches, and C. T. Van Winkle, N. Y. A. C., 3 inches, tied at 10ft. 5 5/8in., and in the vault-off Thomas won at 10ft. 3 1/4in.; J. Balz, New York Turn Verein, 9 inches, 9ft. 11in.

Putting 12-lb. shot, men of 160 lbs. and under—R. McElgall, Varuna B. C., 43ft. 9 in.; L. Steinberg, Y. M. C. A., 41ft. 10in.; G. Wolf, N. Y. T. V., 41ft.

Throwing 16-lb. hammer, handicap—B. C. Davis, N. J. A. C., 15 feet, 112ft. 11in.; J. A. Larkin, Xavier A. A., 25 feet, 102ft. 4in.; W. D. Hennen, Harvard University, 15 feet, 99ft. 9in.

THE CANADIAN AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIPS.

The nineteenth annual meeting for the decision of the amateur athletic championships of Canada, given for six years by the Montreal Lacrosse Club, and since then by the Amateur Athletic Association of Canada, was held Oct. 5, on the grounds of the Montreal Amateur Athletic Association, at Westmount, Montreal, Q. The path, a third of a mile in circuit, with properly banked curves, was well-made, and is always well kept, but was unavoidably a trifle slow from recent heavy rains. The cold raw weather and chilling wind were uncomfortable for the scantily-clad athletes, and made record-breaking impossible.

In scoring for points, 5 are allowed for first place, 3 for second place, and 1 for third place. Calculating on this basis, the club score of this meeting is as follows:

	First.	Second.	Third.	Total Points.
New York A. C.	7	3	2	46
Montreal A. A.	1	3	3	17
Boston A. A.	3	1	1	10
Toronto Police A. C.	1	1	1	8
Pastime A. C., New York	1	1	1	8
Knickerbocker A. C.	1	1	1	8
Toronto A. C.	1	1	1	8
St. John (N. B.) B. and A. C.	1	1	1	7
Moncton (N. B.) A. C.	1	1	1	2
Pastime A. C., Montreal	1	1	1	1
Ecole Gymnastique, Montreal	1	1	1	0
Montreal Bicycle Club	1	1	1	0
Montreal Lacrosse Club	1	1	1	0
McGill University	1	1	1	0
Totals	13	13	11	115

Canada won 4 firsts, 5 seconds, 8 thirds—48 points. United States won 9 firsts, 8 seconds, 3 thirds—72 points.

100-yard run; first round; first two in each heat to run in final—First heat, B. Glendenning, Moncton (N. B.) Amateur Athletic Association, 12 3/5s.; B. J. Wefers, New York Athletic Club, New York City, U. S. A., 2.

Second heat, E. B. Bloss, N. Y. A. C., 10 2/5s.; J. W. Humphrey, M. A. C., 2, by 5 yards; A. E. Battle, Montreal A. A. C., 3. Final heat, Wefers, 10s.; Bloss, 2, by 5 yards; Humphrey, 3; Glendenning, 4.

220-yard run—Final heat, B. J. Wefers, N. Y. A. C., 24s.; H. S. Lyons, N. Y. A. C., 2; J. W. Humphrey, M. A. C., 3.

440-yard run—B. J. Wefers, N. Y. A. C., 50s.; C. H. Kilpatrick, N. Y. A. C., 2; A. W. Gifford, M. A. A. A., 3; H. S. Lyons, N. Y. A. C., 4; G. Stephen, M. A. A. A., 5; B. Glendenning, M. A. C., 6; S. W. Woodley, McGill University, Montreal, Q., 7.

880-yard run—C. H. Kilpatrick, N. Y. A. C., 2m. 7 5/8s.; A. W. Gifford, M. A. A. A., 2, by 6 yards; W. S. Hipple, N. Y. A. C., 3, by 2 yards; G. Stephen, M. A. A. A., 0; J. W. Woodley, McGill University, 0.

1-mile run—A. Brodie, M. A. A. A., 4m. 26s.; R. Grant, Toronto (Ont.) A. C., 2, by 16 yards; G. W. Orton, N. Y. A. C., quit on last lap, having broken down in the ankle which he sprained in the steeplechase at Travers Island a week before.

2-mile run—R. Grant, T. A. C., 10m. 37 5/8s.; S. A. Finley, M. A. A. A., 2, by 20 yards; A. Brodie, M. A. A. A., 3.

120-yard hurdle race; first round; first two in each heat to start in final—First heat, F. W. Coombs, St. John (N. B.) Bicycle and A.C., 17 2-5s.; E. H. Clark, Boston (Mass.) A.A., 2; M. P. Halpin, N. Y. A.C., 3. Second heat, E. B. Bloss, N.Y.A.C., 17 3-5s.; L. O. Howard, M. A. A. A., 2; T. Matthews, Montreal Lacrosse Club, 3. Final heat, Bloss, 17s.; Clark, 2, by 2 yards. The conduct of the final heat was unsatisfactory. The pistol was fired unintentionally, and Coombs and Howard ran through, while Bloss and Clark stopped when so ordered by the starter. The heat was declared void and the men ordered to run again, which Coombs and Howard refused to do, and the other pair were sent off without them.

Running high jump—C. U. Powell, Knickerbocker A.C., New York, 5ft. 10in.; E. H. Clark, B.A.A.A., 5ft. 8in.; F. W. Coombs, St. J. B. and A. C., 5ft. 6in.

Running broad jump—E. B. Bloss, N.Y.A.C., 21ft. 5 1/2 in.; H. P. McDonald, M. A. A. A., 20ft. 5 1/2 in.; F. W. Coombs, St. J. B. and A. C., 20ft. 4 1/2 in.; E. H. Clark, B.A.A.A., 20ft. 3 1/2 in.; D. Robinson, Toronto Police A.C., 18ft. 9in.

Pole vault—F. W. Coombs, St. J. B. and A. C., 9ft.; C. U. Powell, K.A.C., 8ft.

Putting 16-lb. shot—J. W. Gray, N.Y. A.C., 42ft. 10 1/2 in.; F. H. Clark, B.A.A.A., 37ft. 10 1/2 in.; A. Smith, M.A.A.A., 37ft. 4 1/2 in.; H. Pelletier, Montreal Bicycle Club, 35ft. 7 1/2 in.

Throwing 16-lb. hammer—J. S. Mitchell, Pastime A.C., N.Y.C., 128ft. 4 1/2 in.; W. Nicol, T.P.A.C., N.Y.C., 126ft.; E. H. Clarke, B.A.A., 104ft. 7in.; J. Corley, P.A.C., Montreal, all throws foul.

Throwing 56-lb. weight, final contest—W. Nicol, T.P.A.C., 30ft. 7 1/2 in.; J. S. Mitchell, P.A.C., N.Y.C., 20ft. 8in.; J. McHugh, Pastime A.C., Montreal, 26ft. 5 1/2 in.; J. Corley, P.A.C., M., 24ft. 10 1/2 in.; J. Lauzon, Ecole Gymnastique, 22ft. 5 1/2 in. In the first attempt to decide this championship some of the contestants used Nicol's private weight, which the careless officials measured after instead of before the competition, and found it three inches too long; so the contest was declared void, and the men took a second bout.

THE CHAMPIONSHIPS OF THE PACIFIC NORTHWEST.

The third annual meeting for the award of these honors was held September 19th, at Seattle, Wash., with track and grounds in good condition, weather fine, attendance large, and a strong wind with the sprinters and hurdlers. The Multnomah Athletic Club of Portland, Oregon, won the club championship, as it did at the two previous meetings.

100-yard run—Dickson, Tacoma A.C., 10 1-5s.; Coyne Multnomah A.C., 2.

220-yard run—Dickson, T.A.C., 23 4-5s.; Connor, Seattle Y.M.C.A., 2.

440-yard run—Coyne, M.A.C., 53 3-5s.; Burnett, M.A.C., 2.

880-yard run—Burnett, M.A.C., 2m. 5 2-5s.; Morford, S.A.C., 2.

1-mile run—Burnett, M.A.C., 4m. 42s.; Quackenbush, T.A.C., 2.

120-yard hurdle race—Morgan, M.A.C., 16 2-5s.; Gould, T.A.C., 2.

220-yard hurdle race—Morgan, M.A.C., 27 4-5s.; Hill, T.A.C., 2.

1-mile walk—Young, T.A.C., 7m. 32s.; Cooley, S.Y.M.C.A., 2.

Running high jump—Kerrigan, M.A.C., 5ft. 8in.; Atkins, S.Y.M.C.A., 2.

Pole vault—Palmer, S.A.C., 10ft.; Kennedy, T.A.C., 2.

Running broad jump—Barreger, T.A.C., 20ft.; Brazee, M.A.C., 2.

Throwing 56-lb. weight—Flanagan, M.A.C., 23ft. 8 1/2 in.; Hayden, T.A.C., 2.

Throwing 16-lb. hammer—Flanagan, M.A.C., 122ft. 7in.; Hayden, T.A.C., 2.

Putting 16-lb. shot—Flanagan, M.A.C., 33ft. 7in.; Morgan, M.A.C., 2.

2-mile bicycle race—Bartholomew, T.A.C., 5m. 8 2-5s.; Jones, T.A.C., 2.

MONTREAL, Q., AMATEUR ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

Their customary fall handicap games were held September 19th, with rainy weather and a slow track. The absence of any rule governing the decision of ties protracted the high jumping contest, and left the final decision to a toss. It

would be wise for the Canadian authorities to adopt the rules of the A. A. U. on this point.

100-yard handicap run—Final heat, P. J. Leduc, Tucker School, 9 feet. 10 1-5s.

220-yard handicap run—P. J. Leduc, T. S., 12 yards. 22 4-5s.

300-yard run, boys under 14 years—G. Bain, Oak A. A. A., 41 2-5s.

440-yard run, boys under 16 years—P. Gomery, 57 4-5s.

440-yard handicap run—G. Stephen, M. A. A. A., 5 yards, 51 3-5s.

880-yard handicap run—G. Stephen, M. A. A. A., 7 yards, 1m. 59 3-5s.

1-mile handicap run—A. Brodie, Jr., M. A. A. A., scratch, 4m. 35 1-5s.

120-yard hurdle handicap—L. O. Howard, M. A. A. A., scratch, 20s.

Half-mile bicycle handicap—Final heat, H. A. Coussirat, Wanderers' Bicycle Club, 10 yards, 1m. 15 1-5s.

1-mile bicycle handicap—Final heat, W. A. S. Ayerst, Montreal B. C., 15 yards, 2m. 28 4-5s.

2-mile bicycle lap handicap; positions at end of each lap count as follows: First, 5 points; second, 2 points; third, 1 point—H. A. Coussirat, W. B. C., scratch, 1, in 5m. 39 2-5s.

Running high jump, handicap—J. O'Brien, Oak A. A., 6 inches, 1; H. Boon, M. A. A. A., 1 inch, 2. Four men tied for first place. In the jump-off O'Brien and Boon tied again, and as both were tired and it was raining heavily they tossed for first place, O'Brien winning.

Running broad jump, handicap—H. P. McDonald, M. A. A. A., scratch, 20ft. 2in.

Putting 16-lb. shot, handicap—H. Pelletier, M. B. C., 7 inches, 37ft. 5 1-2in.

Throwing 56 lb. weight, handicap—J. Lauzon, E. G. M., 2 feet, 25ft. 10in.

AN UNSUCCESSFUL ATTEMPT.

Mr. B. J. Wefers made a public trial against the 300-yard running record on the Readville, Mass., trotting track, October 1st. The path was in excellent condition, but the weather too cold for record breaking, and the fresh raw wind blowing across the grounds was slightly against the runner, who did not finish in his usual style, and ran in 31 4-5s., being 1 1-5s. behind his own record.

FIXTURES.

Nov. 14—Thirteenth Regiment, N.G.S.N.Y., Games in their armory, Brooklyn, L. I.

Nov. 17—New West Side Athletic Club and Company G, Twelfth Regiment, N.G.S.N.Y., Games

Nov. 23—Brooklyn Athletic Club and Company E, Forty-Seventh Regiment, N. G. S. N. Y., Games in the Armory, Brooklyn, L. I.

Nov. 27—Twenty-Second Regiment, N.G.S.N.Y., Games in their armory, N. Y.

W. B. CURTIS.

LAWN-TENNIS.

INTERCOLLEGIATE LAWN-TENNIS ASSOCIATION.

The fifteenth annual tournament of the Intercollegiate Lawn-Tennis Association opened Tuesday, October 6th, on the grounds of the New Haven Lawn Tennis Club, at New Haven, Conn. The following colleges were represented: Harvard, University of Pennsylvania, Georgetown University, Amherst, Wesleyan, Brown, Williams, Cornell, Princeton and Yale.

The "singles" was won by M. D. Whitman, Harvard, who beat in the finals T. A. Driscoll, Georgetown, 6-2, 6-4, 6-2.

The "doubles" were won by Ware and Scudding, of Harvard, over Whitman and Forbes, the scores in the final standing 3-6, 6-3, 6-3, 6-7, 6-1.

The annual business meeting of the Intercollegiate Tennis Association was held to day. The following officers were elected for the coming year: President, S. G. Thompson, Princeton; Vice-President, L. E. Ware, Harvard; Secretary and Treasurer, C. P. Dodge, Yale. It was voted to hold the annual tournament of 1897 at New Haven, the first week in October.

GOLF.

THE WOMAN'S CHAMPIONSHIP.



THE COX CUP.
WOMAN'S CHAMPIONSHIP TROPHY.

THIS but five years since, in the pages of *OUTING*, the first plea was published in the United States for "Golf for Women," and to-day by one hundred links as many thousands have been following with intense and intelligent interest the play of the candidates for the woman's blue ribbon of the links. In view of the high character of the play exhibited by nearly all the contestants it is almost impossible to believe that the sport has had so short a career. The entries for this year were nearly double those of last year, twenty-nine, representing sixteen clubs, having secured the right to contest at Morristown, viz.:

Country Club of Brookline—Mrs. F. E. Zerrahn. Country Club of Westchester County—Mrs. W. B. Duncan, Jr. Misquamicut Golf Club—Miss F. A. Clarke. Agawam Hunt—Mrs. G. Richmond Parsons. Newport Golf Club—Miss Anna Sands. Baltimore Golf Club—Miss F. K. McLane. Baltusrol Golf Club—Mrs. W. Fellows Morgan. Oyster Bay Golf Club—Mrs. Devereux Emmet. Philadelphia Country Club—Miss F. C. Griscom and Miss E. Cassatt. Seabright Golf Club—Miss Alice Strong. Essex County Country Club—Miss Anabel Green. Cincinnati Golf Club—Miss Clara Longworth. Morris County Golf Club—Mrs. William Shippen, Miss Alice D. Field, Miss Louisa F. Field, Mrs. Arthur Dean, Miss Edith R. Catlin, Miss Alice Post, Miss Helen Shelton, and Miss Elizabeth N. Little. Shinnecock Hills Golf Club—Mrs. Arthur Turnure, Miss F. Ethel Wickham, Miss Beatrix Hoyt, Mrs. H. W. McVickar, and Mrs. Henry E. Coe. New Haven Golf Club—Miss E. M. Wylie. Albany Golf Club—Miss Elizabeth Oliver and Miss Cora Oliver.

Twenty-seven put in an appearance on October 6th. Two rounds each were made over the short nine-hole course at medal play, i. e., counting by strokes, to determine the eight best, to whom only the subsequent stages of the contest were open. The following was the result of the first day's play:

- Miss Beatrix Hoyt, out, 47; in, 48—95.
- Miss F. C. Griscom, out, 53; in, 49—102.
- Mrs. William Shippen, out, 52; in, 50—102.
- Miss Anna Sands, out, 47; in, 56—103.
- Miss F. K. McLane, out, 50; in, 55—105.
- Miss C. L. Oliver, out, 53; in, 52—105.
- Mrs. Arthur Turnure, out, 49; in, 56—105.
- Miss Helen Shelton, out, 56; in, 55—111.
- Mrs. F. E. Zerrahn, out, 62; in, 51—113.
- Miss Elizabeth Oliver, out, 62; in, 54—116.
- Mrs. W. Fellows Morgan, out, 59; in, 58—117.
- Mrs. H. W. McVickar, out, 58; in, 60—118.
- Miss Alice W. Post, out, 60; in, 62—122.
- Miss Louise Field, out, 60; in, 62—122.
- Miss Ethel Wickham, out, 64; in, 61—125.
- Miss E. N. Little, out, 64; in, 63—127.
- Miss Alice Strong, out, 60; in, 68—128.
- Miss Clara Longworth, out, 67; in, 62—129.
- Miss F. A. Clarke, out, 64; in, 65—129.
- Mrs. H. E. Coe, out, 65; in, 65—130.
- Mrs. H. E. Coe, out, 69; in, 64—133.
- Miss E. R. Catlin, out, 68; in, 67—135.
- Miss Anabel Green, out, 69; in, 68—137.
- Miss E. M. Wylie, out, 90; in, 71—161.
- Mrs. G. Richmond Parsons, out, 77; in, 85—162.

The weather on the second day, October 7th, was perfect, and the play by holes. The eight qualified competitors were reduced to four by Miss Sands winning over Mrs. Shippen after a tie at the eighteenth hole, Miss Hoyt winning over Miss McLane, Miss Oliver over Miss Griscom, and Mrs. Turnure over Miss C. Shelton.

The final contest was reduced to a three-cornered duel by Miss Sands defaulting to Miss Hoyt. Mrs. Turnure first defeated Miss Oliver, after a very close game in which the scores were:

Mrs. Turnure—										
First round.....	5	6	6	5	4	6	5	7	5	—50
Second round.....	4	6	10	6	7	4	4	6	5	—52
Total.....	102									
Miss C. Oliver—										
First round.....	7	7	5	6	6	5	5	6	6	—53
Second round.....	5	5	7	6	7	5	3	6	7	—51
Total.....	104									

The final struggle was, therefore, between Mrs. Turnure and Miss Hoyt, both of whom played excellent golf. Miss Hoyt won the championship and cup. Following are the scores:

Miss Hoyt—										
Out.....	5	5	7	6	8	4	5	5	5	—50
In.....	4	6	6	7	5	8	4	5	—45—95	
Mrs. Turnure—										
Out.....	4	6	7	6	5	5	6	5	4	—48
In.....	5	4	8	7	5	4	9	7	—49—97	

It looks well for the future of "golf for women," when the championship is held by one so young as Miss Hoyt, who is scarcely seventeen years old.

Ardley Casino Golf Club.—The George Gould Cup contest September 26th, drew a large gathering to the links. It was won by C. F. Judson, Secretary of the Club, with a net score of 82. The summary:

- J. F. Judson, gross, 112; handicap, 30; net, 82. E. S. Jaffray, 105, 22, 83. H. W. Bull, 101, 17, 84. M. Graham, Jr., 92, 8, 84. R. Terry, Jr., 92, 4, 88. De Lancey Nicoll, 92, 4, 88. W. H. Sands, 86, scratch, 89. Dr. G. A. Richards, 99, 8, 91. H. M. Billings, 95, 4, 91. E. Griffin, 121, 30, 91. W. J. Worcester, 102, 10, 92. N. B. Burr, 97, 4, 93. A. DeW. Cochrane, 110, 16, 94. J. E. Sheffield, 114, 20, 94. Gerritt Smith, 106, 10, 96. O. H. F. La Farge, 120, 23, 97. H. S. Brooks, 117, 16, 101. Dr. Roderick Terry, 108, 4, 104. J. T. Terry, Jr., 121, 17, 104. J. Warren Bird, 120, 11, 109.

Shinnecock Hills Golf Club.—At the annual tournament of the Shinnecock Hills Golf Club, which opened Tuesday, September 29th, the President's Cup was played for. The players making the best eight scores were qualified to continue the contest at match play. The eight best scores were as follows:

- Lindsay Tappin, Westbrook Golf Club, 181; James A. Tyng, Morris County Golf Club, 186; E. H. Moeran, Jr., Shinnecock Hills Golf Club, 187; R. M. Thompson, Shinnecock Hills Golf Club, 189; R. H. Robertson, Shinnecock Hills Golf Club, 191; L. E. Larocque, Shinnecock Hills Golf Club, 192; C. Wheeler Barnes, St. Andrew's Golf Club, 195; H. G. Trevor, Shinnecock Hills Golf Club, 196.

The scores made by the other competitors who failed to qualify were as follows:

- Robert Goodbody, 205; C. L. Tappin, 205; H. E. Coe, 206; T. G. Congdon, 207; E. H. Moeran, Sr., 208; N. D. Lord, 210; J. C. Lee, 213; L. F. H. Betts, 215; C. D. Barnes, 216; C. F. McKim, 217; R. E. Schirmer, 219; S. Waller, 221; J. B. C. Tappin, 225; W. Burlington Cocks, 229; G. E. Armstrong, 225.

The eight players who qualified September 29th, continued the contest September 30th and October 1st, and it was won by James A. Tyng over Laroque, by a score of 84 to 87.

Essex County Club.—The season of the Essex County Club of Manchester, Mass., as far as scheduled events are concerned, closed Saturday, October 3d, with a mixed foursomes contest. Miss Elsie F. Carr and Samuel Carr were the winners, with a net score of 97. The summary:

- Miss Elsie F. Carr and Mr. Samuel Carr, gross, 117; handicap, 20; net, 97.
- Mrs. R. C. Hooper and Mr. R. C. Hooper, 116, 16, 100.
- P. H. McMillan, 125, 15, 110.
- Miss Hamlen and Mr. G. S. Curtis, Jr., 115, 9, 106.
- Miss Sargent and Mr. J. F. Curtis, 108, 5, 103.
- Miss M. Tucker and Mr. R. F. Tucker, 134, 20, 114.
- Miss M. W. Carr and Mr. T. B. Gannett, Jr., 126, 8, 118.
- Mrs. G. S. Silsbee and Mr. A. B. Silsbee, 138, 18, 120.
- Mrs. Lester Leland and Mr. E. S. Grew, 138, 14, 124.
- Mrs. T. Dennie Boardman and Mr. Reginald Boardman, 147, 14, 133.
- Mrs. E. A. Boardman and Mr. G. D. Boardman, 155, 20, 135.
- Mrs. P. Dexter and Mr. P. Dexter, 153, 15, 138.
- Miss F. D. Boardman and the Hon. James McMillan, 140, scratch, 140.
- Mrs. Walter T. DeNegre and Mr. William Tucker, 159, 13, 146.

Paterson Golf Club.—Saturday, October 3d, two competitions were held, one for the Hewat medal, and the other a team match with the Tuxedo Golf Club team. Nine handed in scores in the competition for the Hewat medal, which S. M. Allen won with a total of 94. The summary:

- S. M. Allen, 94; G. E. Armstrong, 97; A. Graham, 103; W. Scott, 104; J. M. Mazie, 106; M. Gordon, 107; W. D. Kirker, 111; N. B. Lewis, 116; B. Gherhardt, 120.

The team match was won by a score of 27 to 20. The summary:

PATERSON.		TUXEDO.	
Larkin	0	Rushmore	2
Hewat	0	E. C. Kent	0
Graham	0	Talbot	10
Goodbody	0	Dinsmore	4
Allen	2	Van Cortlandt	0
Scott	5	Smith	0
Rosencrantz	7	R. Chandler	0
Griggs	0	D. Chandler	1
Gordon	6	Warren	0
Knox	0	W. Kent	10
Total	20	Total	27

St. Andrew's Golf Club. These veterans of golf had brilliant weather and good play in the contests for the President's Cup, the Club Cup, and the Consolation Cup, which were held October 7th, 8th, and 9th.

The result of the St. Andrew's and Consolation Cup rounds were:

St. Andrew's Cup Tournament: First round—James Park, St. Andrew's, beat J. M. Krapp, Westbrook, 4 up and 2 to play; W. F. Menzies, St. Andrew's, beat W. H. Sands, 2 up and 1 to play; G. E. Armstrong, St. Andrew's, beat Jasper Lynch, Lakewood, 2 up and 1 to play; A. L. Livermore, St. Andrew's, beat James A. Tyng, Morristown, 6 up and 5 to play; A. E. Paterson, Richmond County, beat E. H. Moeran, Jr., Shinnecock, 3 up and 2 to play; S. M. Allen, Paterson, beat B. S. de Garmendia, St. Andrew's, 5 up and 3 to play; H. R. Sweny, St. Andrew's, beat H. M. Harriman, Ardsley Casino, 5 up and 4 to play; James Brown, St. Andrew's, beat H. M. Billings, Ardsley, 1 up.

Second round—Menzies beat Park, 4 up and 2 to play; Livermore beat Armstrong, 5 up and 4 to play; Paterson, beat Allen, 1 up (10 holes played); Sweny beat Brown, 4 up and 3 to play.

Consolation Cup—J. W. Lockett, Washington, beat W. E. Hodgman, 4 up and 2 to play; J. O. A. Johnson, St. Andrew's, beat Alexander Morton, Ardsley, 4 up

and 3 to play. Byes drawn by C. H. Wildes, St. Andrew's; I. K. Taylor, St. Andrew's; C. B. Kerr, Lakewood; G. Fox Tiffany, Westchester; John Reid, V. R. Innis, J. C. Ten Eyck, J. B. Upham, St. Andrew's; O. Hockmeyer, Richmond County; J. R. Chadwick, Richmond County; H. D. Cheever, Rockaway; C. S. Cox, Fairfield County; Henry E. Coe, Shinnecock, and Beverly Ward, Jr., Baltusrol.

First round—Wildes beat Taylor, 2 up; Cox beat Cheever, 4 up and 3 to play; Ward beat Coe, 2 up and 1 to play; Tiffany beat Kerr, 1 up; Ten Eyck beat Hockmeyer, 6 up and 4 to play; Upham beat Chadwick, 1 up (19 holes); Innis beat Reid.

Some of the best individual scores were:

Park—	
Out	5 3 4 5 6 5 7 5 4-44
In	5 3 5 5 5 4 7 4 4-42
Total	86
Knapp—	
Out	6 3 4 5 6 4 8 6 64-8
In	5 4 4 4 5 6 8 4 44-4
Total	92
Armstrong—	
Out	5 4 5 5 4 3 6 6 4-42
In	5 5 4 5 5 5 6 5 4-44
Total	86
Lynch—	
Out	5 4 3 5 5 7 6 6 4-45
In	5 3 5 6 4 4 7 6 3-44
Total	89

In the third round for the St. Andrew's, Livermore beat Menzies, by 3 up and 2 to play; Sweny beat Paterson, by 1 up.

The final round and cup was won by Sweny over Livermore, by 3 up and 2 to play.

In the third round of the Consolation Cup series, C. H. Wildes, St. Andrew's, defeated Alexander Martin, Ardsley Casino, by 1 up; G. F. Tiffany, Westchester Country Club, defeated W. R. Innis, St. Andrew's G. C., by 3 up and 2 to play; J. B. Upham, St. Andrew's G. C., defeated J. C. Ten Eyck, Dyker Meadow Golf Club, by 4 up and 3 to play; C. S. Cox, Fairfield County, beat Beverly Ward, Jr., Baltusrol, by 5 up and 4 to play.

In the fourth (semi-final) round C. H. Wildes beat G. F. Tiffany, 2 up; C. S. Cox beat J. B. Upham, 2 up and 1 to play.

FIXTURES.

- Oct. 31—Essex County Country Club, Orange, N. J., President's Cup.
- Oct. 31—New Brunswick Golf Club, New Brunswick, N. J., Handicap for Members' Cup.
- Nov. 3—Baltimore Golf Club, Baltimore, Md., Club Championship Tournament.
- Nov. 3—Essex County Country Club, Orange, N. J., Governor's Cup.
- Nov. 3—Paterson Golf Club, Paterson, N. J., Competition for King Cup.
- Nov. 3—Philadelphia Cricket Club, Finals for Annual Golf Cup.
- Nov. 3—St. Andrew's Golf Club, Club Championship, for the John Reid Gold Medal.
- Nov. 4—Essex County Country Club, Orange, N. J., Ladies' Cup.
- Nov. 9—St. Andrew's Golf Club, Final Handicap, for the Winners in All Monthly Handicaps, for the Vice-President's Cup.
- Nov. 11—Essex County Country Club, Orange, N. J., Ladies' Cup.
- Nov. 14—Essex County Country Club, Orange, N. J., Handicap Foursome.
- Nov. 18—Essex County Country Club, Orange, N. J., Ladies' Cup.
- Nov. 25—Essex County Country Club, Orange, N. J., Ladies' Cup, Finals.
- Nov. 26—Paterson Golf Club, Paterson, N. J., Competition for King Cup.
- Nov. 28—Essex County Country Club, Orange, N. J., President's Cup, Finals.
- Dec. 12—Essex County Country Club, Orange, N. J., Handicap Foursome, Finals.

C. TURNER.

CYCLING.

PRACTICAL WHEELING.

(There is a science and an art in cycling. Bicycles drive away care, but demand some care for themselves.)—OUT-ING PROVERB.

UNCRATING.

UNLESS a new bicycle is purchased from a local dealer it will come securely packed in a wooden crate, with the handle-bar fastened to the frame, and the pedals, tools, repairing outfit, etc., in a small box, built generally in the upper left-hand corner of the crate. The wheel is released by removing the slats from one side and loosening possibly one or two cords, when it may be lifted an inch or two to clear the cleats on the bottom. Be careful to leave no nails projecting from the top or sides to scratch the machine as it is removed. The handle-bar and pedals should be first taken out, and the box containing the tools opened. The putting of the bicycle together is then a matter of but a few minutes, requiring nothing more than the knowledge of a wheel's construction which every rider should possess.

It is always well to preserve the crate; on a long journey it may save the bicycle from serious injury. Ordinarily the dealer will supply a crate for a new bicycle free of charge.

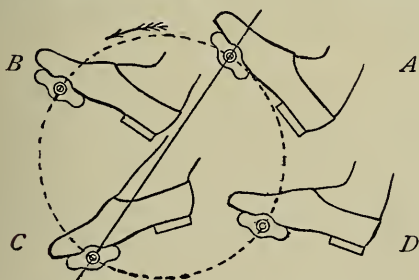
THE CHOICE OF SHOES AND STOCKINGS.

The care of the feet is a very important part of the hygiene of the cyclist. Every day, especially on a long tour, they should be washed and dried with scrupulous care. Low, loose-fitting shoes are to be preferred except in cases of weak ankles, as they allow the freest possible ventilation, which will do more for the foot of the wheelman or wheelwoman than the art of the chiropodist.

The perfect fitting of stockings (which should be much heavier than those of ordinary wear, to make up for the shorter costume) demands careful attention, the neglect of which has much to do with the complaints of sore and tender feet. A stocking that is too short in the foot is as uncomfortable as it is harmful, while one too long is sure to crease somewhere and irritate the skin.

PEDAL SCIENCE. (SEE ILLUSTRATION.)

Proper pedaling is the first essential of easy and graceful cycling. The rising pedal should be caught just before it reaches the height of the stroke, and pushed almost to the lower "dead center," easing the foot immediately



PROPER PEDAL AND ANKLE ACTION.

after that point is passed, so as to take full advantage of the interval of rest, and not to weight the rising pedal. The heel should be slightly dropped at the height of the stroke, which helps the crank over the upper "dead center;" then the force is again applied through half of the circle. In the illustration, "A" shows the foot ready to push the pedal to "C"; at "B" the power applied reaches its maximum; at "C" the stroke is practically finished, and at "D" the foot rests easily while the crank's momentum completes the revolution. A little practice in the art of proper pedaling will add much to the ease, speed and pleasure of riding.

BEFORE PUTTING THE WHEEL AWAY.

The spokes, the chain, and other minor parts of the bicycle are apt to rust during the late autumn and winter, especially after a summer at the seashore. The best preventive of this condition is frequent rubbing with a slightly greasy cloth; or, in case the wheel is to be put away for some time, an application of a very thin coat of vaseline. Every part of the machine should be freed from mud, dust and moisture, and the bearings taken out, cleaned and freshly oiled before storing. A bicycle should be stored in none but a dry place; the garret is much preferable to the cellar.

MULTUM IN PARVO.

Dry mud should never be wiped off the enameled parts of a bicycle. Dampen the surface with a wet cloth, and, after standing a minute or two, the mud may be easily removed without marring the finish.

Do not grip the handle-bar too tightly while riding through sand. Keep the machine under full control, but allow the resiliency of the tire to adapt itself to the ever-varying surface.

A loose bearing is always disagreeable and often dangerous—sometimes allowing the bicycle to get out of alignment. If too tight, it increases rather than diminishes friction, and very quickly wears out the parts with which it comes in contact.

Every rider should be able to adjust the minor parts of his machine. In case the frame or forks get out of order, however, only a competent mechanic with the proper facilities can repair them.

The chain should be well cleaned two or three times a week—oftener on long tours—and graphite or some other good lubricant applied whenever the links grate as they engage the sprocket teeth. A small toothbrush is very serviceable for reaching parts of the chain inaccessible with a cloth.

Even with the most careful management, the several nuts on a wheel will become loosened by continuous jolting over rough surfaces. It is well to examine all bolts and try the nuts occasionally.

AMERICAN AMATEUR TRACK RECORDS.

New American track records from five miles to the hour, in competition, were created at the Chicago Coliseum on September 22d by Forrest H. Wilson, of the Chicago Cycling Club. The event was a 25-mile race, in which fourteen men started with tandem pacing. Wilson rode

in wonderful form from the start, and the competition was prolonged in order to allow him to establish a new hour amateur record, which he did by covering 27 miles 775 yards. The following table shows the times by miles :

Miles.	Time.	Miles.	Time.
One 2:10	Fifteen 32:40 1-5
Two 4:15 2-5	Sixteen 34:49
Three 6:22 3-5	Seventeen 36:54 3-5
Four 8:34 3-5	Eighteen 39:07 1-5
Five 10:48 2-5	Nineteen 41:21 3-5
Six 12:58 2-5	Twenty 43:37
Seven 15:07 2-5	Twenty-one 45:53
Eight 17:24 3-5	Twenty-two 48:03 3-5
Nine 19:34 3-5	Twenty-three 50:13 1-5
Ten 21:47 4-5	Twenty-four 52:24 1-5
Eleven 24:01 4-5	Twenty-five 54:35
Twelve 26:07 4-5	Twenty-six 56:51 2-5
Thirteen 28:18	Twenty-seven 59:01 3-5
Fourteen 30:24 2-5	One hour amateur record,	27 miles 775 yards.

The order at the finish was : Forrest H. Wilson, first; G. H. Lovell, second; J. H. Schroeder, third. Time for twenty-five miles (the scheduled distance), 54:35. Distance covered within the hour (prolonged for record), 27 miles 775 yards.

The following important road records have recently been abolished by the Century Road Club of America :

Chicago-New York, 5 d. 17 h. 21 m., A. E. Smith, June 28-July 4. Course record.

Chicago-Buffalo, 2 d. 11 h. 34 m., A. E. Smith, June 28-July 1. Course record.

500 miles, 2 d. 8 h. 5 m., A. E. Smith, June 28-July 1. American record.

Cleveland-Buffalo, 15 h., A. E. Smith, July 10.

Colorado Springs-Pueblo Century Course, 5 h. 53 m. 45 s., P. Carlton Wright, May 24.

WORLD'S RECORDS IN ENGLAND.

Record breaking by amateurs has been a more prominent feature of English than of American cycle racing during the past season. New road and track times have been made with such frequency that hardly an 1895 mark remains to-day. The most notable long-distance competition of the year was the 100-mile scratch race on the Catford track for the " Bath Road Cup." The eleven starters included the best amateurs of the English path—R. Palmer and F. D. Frost—and the race resolved itself into a match between these two. Amateur records were broken from the ten miles to the finish, and as will be seen from the appended table, all world's records, amateur and professional, went from the 58 miles upward. Frost led until the 93d mile, when Palmer passed to the front, and finished strong in the remarkable time of 3:37:57 4-5. Frost was second in 3:38:39 4-5, with A. W. Turner third, and A. F. Ilsley fourth.

The 10-mile record was afterwards still farther lowered by Palmer to 20:19 2-5 at the Middlesex County Club, on the Wood Green track.

TABLE OF AMATEUR WORLD'S RECORDS.

Miles.	Leader.	Time.	Miles.	Leader.	Time.
1 Frost 2:14 4-5	55 Frost 1:55:13 3-5
5 " " 10:19 4-5	60 " " 2:06:16
*10 " " 20:32	65 " " 2:17:20 2-5
15 " " 30:47 3-5	70 " " 2:28:49 4-5
20 " " 41:09 1-5	75 " " 2:40:34 1-5
25 " " 51:33 4-5	80 " " 2:52:26 2-5
30 " " 1:01:57 4-5	85 " " 3:04:35 2-5
35 " " 1:12:25 3-5	90 " " 3:16:24 1-2
40 " " 1:23:09 3-5	95 Palmer 3:27:19 4-5
45 " " 1:33:36	100 " " 3:37:57 4-5
50 " " 1:44:21 4-5			

Leader. Hour Distances.

*1 hour Frost 29 miles, 120 yards
*2 " " " 57 " 375 "
*3 " " " 83 " 245 "

* Amateur records from here to end.
† World's records from here to end.

OTHER ENGLISH RECORDS.

On September 19th the annual 12-hour competition for the " Anchor Shield " was run on the Herne Hill track under the auspices of the London County Club. At 210 miles, which were covered in 9h. 26m. 46 2-5s., the former amateur records, made by George Hunt in the same event last year, began to fall before the pace of M. Balian, of the Surrey Bicycle Club. At 220 miles the leader dropped outside of the former times, but picked up the record thread at 254 miles, losing it finally at 258 miles, finishing with 262 miles 962 yards, over two miles behind the amateur 12-hour record. Summaries :

	Miles.	Yards.
1. M. Balian 262	962
2. A. P. Pepper 244	775
3. J. G. Gibb 243	360
4. H. E. Mogridge 227	1250

Hour distances :

	Miles.	Yards.	Miles.	Yards.
1. Hunt 25	1530	7. Balian 158 960
2. Balian 49	420	8. Balian 179 1720
3. Balian 72	960	9. Balian 199 1700
4. Balian 95	475	10. Balian 220 790
5. Balian 116	650	11. Balian 242 130
6. Balian 138	1250	12. Balian 262 962

The fifty miles annual championship of the Catford (Eng.) Cycling Club was also run on September 19th, with seven entrants. 24 miles 730 yards were ridden within the first hour, and S. T. Meager finished first in 2h. 6m. 30 1-5s., twenty yards ahead of E. James, the Welsh amateur champion.

Times and leaders of each five miles :

Miles.	H. M.	Sec.	Leader.	Miles.	H. M.	Sec.	Leader.	
1	0	2	39 3-5	James	30	1	13 53 2-5	James
5	0	12	35 2-5	Stiby	35	1	26 7 3-5	James
10	0	24	51 4-5	Stiby	40	1	39 3 3-5	James
15	0	36	46 3-5	Stiby	45	1	52 43 2-5	James
20	0	49	21 4-5	Stiby	50	2	6 30 1-5	Meager
25	1	1	35 1-5	James				

Howard E. Raymond, former chairman of the Racing Board of the L. A. W., who was present at the International Championships held at Copenhagen and has visited nearly all the great capitals of Europe, believes that American bicycles will enter into competition with foreign makes next season to a surprising extent. So far as his experience goes, he considers wheels made in this country are in every way superior to those of foreign manufacture.

THE PROSPECTS OF EVOLUTION.

The mechanical evolution of the bicycle is nearly complete. There is to be an attempt made by several of the manufacturers to dispense with the chain on a portion of their 1897 models, and while this experiment will undoubtedly prove to a certain degree successful, the present driving mechanism will continue in general use. The gear case, which has been used in England and on the continent since the introduction of the safety type, will be seen on

many American wheels next year. OUTING has always contended that perfect alignment and the best of bearings could not produce a faultless driving gear while mud and dust were allowed to reach the chain-links and sprockets, and cling to their lubricated surfaces. The modern gear case is light and easily removable, and forms a perfect shelter for the propelling mechanism, from the rear hub to the large sprocket. Its general adoption would add much to the pleasures of the pastime.

The bicycle is the result of over twenty-five years' constant experimenting. It has now reached that stage of approximate perfection where its eighteen to twenty-seven pounds of steel and rubber will carry a rider of either sex and of any weight swiftly and safely over a smooth track surface or up the steep grade of a mountain trail. It is not probable that the bicycle of 1900 will show any material advance in construction over that of 1896.

MORE TESTS OF THE ARMY CYCLE.

To the bicycle corps of the Twenty-fifth Infantry, U. S. A., stationed at Fort Missoula, Mont., belongs the unique distinction of being the first armed body to cross the Rocky Mountains a wheel. Under the command of Lieutenant J. A. Moss, whose enthusiasm in the cause of military cycling Major-General Miles commends, this company made the trip from Fort Missoula to Mammoth Hot Springs, Wyoming, a distance of 323 miles, over the poor roads of almost virgin territory, in fifty-three hours of actual wheeling. They toiled up hills, walked over sandy trails, and forded rivers, while carrying an equipment weighing (with the machine itself) from sixty-four to eighty-seven pounds, the average being seventy-seven and a half. Under these circumstances, the pace was over six miles per hour, equivalent to a day's march of some sixty miles over bad roads. Stonewall Jackson's famous marches, which earned for his troops the name of "The Foot Cavalry," seldom exceeded thirty miles per day with good weather and over fairly good roads. Cycling troops that can move across country at the rate of sixty miles a day would be a new and interesting feature in modern warfare.

The first military road race ever held in America was run at Springfield, Massachusetts, on September 21st, by Company B, Second Regiment, Massachusetts Militia. There were twenty-one starters, attired in the regular light marching uniform, with campaign hat and leggins; and strapped to the wheels or carried on the persons of the competitors, the regulation fire-arm, cartridge belt, bayonet and scabbard. The distance was thirty-seven miles over roads varying from good to poor. Thirteen men finished within the time limit of 3:30:00, the best time being 2:45:00, made by Private John Ouimette. M. H. Ransom finished second in 2:48:00, and S. E. Smith third in 2:51:00. Considering the heavy equipment of the competitors, the variable roads and considerable grades, head winds and adverse weather conditions generally, the performance was an excellent one, demonstrating the efficiency of the bicycle in military service.

Separate paths for bicycles in the parks of

our larger cities are a necessity. According to a special report of the Director of Public Safety, 139,000 entered Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, during August last, an increase of over 200 per cent. in a single year, and an average of over 5,000 for each pleasant day of the month. Already pleasure carriages are greatly outnumbered by bicycles, while the ratio of the latter to pedestrians is constantly increasing. The streets and roads of the present were planned before the advent of the wheel; and while riding on the crowded driveways is becoming more and more dangerous, the use of the sidepaths is denied the cyclist even as he (or she) trundles the machine along by hand after a forced dismount.

It is likely that within a year signboards for the guidance of cycling tourists will be put up along many of the important routes in New York State. Its division of the L. A. W. is now placing metal plates with raised letters on the roads of Queens and Suffolk counties; other sections will soon receive attention. The example is worthy of imitation throughout the country.

The probable early retirement from the Chairmanship of the L. A. W. Racing Board of George D. Gideon, of Philadelphia, will remove perhaps the most valuable officer the organization ever had. Mr. Gideon took charge of the Racing interests of the United States at the most unsatisfactory period in the history of the sport; and to his courage and efficiency has been due very largely the separation of the amateur and professional threads, interwoven so intricately in that nondescript Class B, which legally went out of existence at the last National Assembly of the L. A. W.

The practical extinction of cycle racing for women is due very largely to Mr. Gideon's efforts. At the opening of the present season, the Racing Board determined to crush out female competition, and any track running such events was persistently refused further sanction. The Canadian Wheelmen's Association heartily co-operated in this movement, with the result that this travesty on the sport has been practically eliminated.

Pneumatic tires on all classes of vehicles promise to be in general use. Cabs and pleasure carriages in the larger cities now use them extensively, and the increasing demand proves satisfactory service. The driving public is learning to appreciate the vast difference between riding (in a brougham, for instance) with and without rubber-tired wheels. The comfort in air-shod vehicles, especially those of more than ordinary weight, is beyond the most sanguine expectations of the inexperienced, and the noiseless, easy motion adds a new pleasure to riding or driving.

American cyclists touring in Europe during the past summer were often compelled to pay duty on their bicycles upon entering Germany. United States Consul Waller, stationed at Cologne, took the matter up with the imperial customs officials, and the Department of State at Washington now reports that a ruling has been obtained exempting from duty such bicycles as are satisfactorily proven to be *bona fide* vehicles of travel.

THE PROWLER.

EQUESTRIANISM.

THE HORSE SHOW.

FIXTURES.—National Horse Show Association of America, at Madison Square Garden, New York City, November 9th to 14th inclusive; J. G. Hecksher, secretary. East Orange Horse Show, at the Riding and Driving Club, East Orange, N. J., November 4th to 7th inclusive; James B. Dill, secretary. San Francisco Horse Show Association, at San Francisco, Cal., December; George A. Newhall, secretary. St. Louis Horse Show, at St. Louis, Mo., November 2d to 7th. A. E. Ashbrook, secretary.

THE prize-list for the great event of the year in horse-show circles, the National Horse-Show Association of America's annual exhibition for 1896, has been issued, and it shows a total amount of premiums to the sum of \$33,000, an advance of \$3,000 over last year's prizes. The association now numbers over eight hundred members. Its officers are as follows: Mr. Cornelius Fellowes, president; Mr. Lawrence Kip, vice-president; Mr. George Peabody Wetmore, vice-president; Mr. John G. Heckscher, secretary; Mr. H. H. Hollister, treasurer; Mr. J. T. Hyde, assistant-secretary. Directors: Mr. Cornelius Fellowes, Mr. John G. Heckscher, Mr. Lawrence Kip, Mr. W. C. Whitney, Mr. Thomas Hitchcock, Jr.; Mr. H. H. Hollister, Mr. E. D. Morgan, Mr. F. A. Schermerhorn, Mr. F. K. Sturgis, Mr. Frederic Bronson, Mr. A. Newbold Morris, Mr. George Peabody Wetmore, Mr. A. J. Cassatt. Honorary Vice-Presidents: Mr. A. Taylor, Jr.; Mr. H. W. T. Mali, Mr. J. H. Bradford, Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt, Mr. Prescott Lawrence, Mr. H. L. Herbert, Mr. H. DeCourcy Forbes, Mr. William Edwards, Mr. J. D. Cheever, Mr. E. Lamontagne, Mr. Francis T. Underhill, Mr. David Bonner, Mr. Rensselaer Weston, Mr. Charles H. Kerner, Mr. Hamilton W. Cary, Mr. De Lancey A. Kane.

One of the features which will be introduced this year will be a new method of judging. When a class is to be judged the Ring Committee will ballot for two out of the three judges, who will render their decision, the third judge to cast his vote in the event of any difference of opinion. When the next class is to be judged, the Ring Committee will ballot which of the two judges shall retire in favor of the third. It is thought that this method will be more effective and less confusing than the old one by which each of the three judges possessed an equal vote.

The French coach-horse will be another feature. In previous years this breed has received very scant recognition either in the show-ring or from the breeders of this country; and, perhaps, some of the experiments that were attempted with him contributed to failure in that they were poorly devised, and thus bound from the start to be failures. The horse Cogent, who vanquished a fine class last year and thus attracted an enormous amount of attention, is to be largely thanked for the recognition which is now to be accorded to the breed from which he comes on his dam's side. Cogent, who is the property of the well-known breeders, C. J. & H. Hamlin, will, if reports speak truly, be a still more prominent feature this year. It is, of course, difficult to make reasonable predictions

at a time when the entries have not closed; but if any one has a horse that, as the beau ideal of a carriage-horse can beat the son of Mambrino King, he has been lucky in securing a wonder.

Mr. M. W. Dunham, who has the Oaklawn Stud in Illinois, will probably be the most notable exhibitor of French coach-horses. In the herd and stallion classes of this breed, the horse that beats Mr. Dunham's Indre will have to be something quite out of the common. Indre, who is one of the finest specimens of this breed, that allies the thoroughbred with the old saddle-horse blood of France, proved himself invincible at the Columbian Exposition in 1893. He took championship honors against all the crack horses of the different carriage breeds arrayed against him; and previous to being exported from his native country, he won the first prize at the Paris World's Exhibition of 1889. On that occasion sixty stallions, representing a variety of breeds and virtually all the horse-breeding countries of the world, were shown against him, so that the test was, in reality, one of the most extraordinary severity. Indre can now claim the honors of being a three times champion winner over all breeds, and eight times winner of first prize.

The French coach-horse has been generally misunderstood and overlooked, and the National Horse Show Association has made a timely innovation in according him a fair share of classes. The development of the harness horse is the leading problem among American breeders at large. The American trotter has in every way earned his world-wide reputation, and yet there is a very definite limit to his usefulness as a harness horse apart from his racing qualities unless the mingling of his blood with other breeds gives him points of action, weight and substance which are now lacking in the majority of cases. And the importance of this point can be best estimated when it is remembered that the best authorities concede that at least ninety per cent. of trotting-bred horses can never be valuable for speed alone. In Cogent is seen the successful mingling of trotting blood with a strain which supplies knee and hock action and substance, which may be reasonably expected to be absent in the pure-blooded trotter.

The hackney is beginning to live down the opprobrium that was unjustly heaped upon him by critics that did not understand what his real sphere of usefulness was. The classes of this breed are sure to be as well filled this year as ever. But perhaps particular interest attaches to the herd classes, in that great efforts will undoubtedly be made to bring about the defeat of the famous old hero of many showing battles, Matchless of Londesboro. Last year in the herd class for stallions, four years old or over, shown with four of their get of any age, the gay old sultan carried all before him; but in the class for stallions, shown with four of their get not exceeding two years, he had to strike his colors to one of his own sons, imp. Berserker. This caused some surprise at the time, but it was a case where youth was served.

Among the coming horses of hackney blood

the name of Cadet must not be forgotten, especially in connection with the herd class, in which he was second last year. He has a remarkably brilliant son in Four Striper, an aptly named son of the mare Blue Ribbon. Four Striper beat a good class in the Hackney Produce Prize, against Forest Beau, Sparke, Lord Rattler and others.

In the mare classes, Mr. H. McK. Twombly is liable to do at least as well as last year, when he more than held his own; and unless something exceptionally good materializes it is probable that the Jersey exhibitor will virtually carry everything before him. Among the hackney mares there is one that presents a rather interesting problem. This is Mr. A. J. Cassatt's Lyric, who, if she has grown up to her two-year-old promise, will take a lot of beating in any company. As a two-year-old she won the highest praise from Mr. Harry Livesey, who had come across the Atlantic to act as judge. He went so far as to say that it would be worth while to ship her over to London for competition there; but last year she had not come on as expected, and in the three-year-old class for mares she had to play second fiddle to Canny Maid, a neat, toppy chestnut. If the Chesterbrook mare has done well she is nearly sure to turn the tables, as with a year's good growth on her she looked like becoming an all-round smasher. Among the two-year-old fillies, Frills and Lady Lynnewood, on their yearling form, seem to stand rather alone. In Frills, who is a daughter of that gay old dandy Fashion, Mr. Prescott Lawrence has something more than useful, especially if a year's growth has corrected her most noticeable fault, lack of size.

Apart from what has already been said about Cogent it is hard to prophesy about the harness classes. The competition was so keen last year that it is quite on the cards that some of the exhibitors have something wonderful up their sleeves. It is and always will remain a mystery to the uninitiated where these showing paragons in horse flesh are procured. Let anybody with a well-filled pocketbook try to draw any of the crack dealers for "something extra, all quality, fit to go anywhere," and if he can get his ideal the figure named will startle him. And the chances are, to start with, greatly in favor of his not being able to do so. First-class prize winners in harness classes are necessarily rare in any country, and their values are not to be wondered at. Naturally a dealer if he finds he has a real wonder does not feel like uncovering him just before show time, as he knows that if he can land his horse "inside the ribbons" he can demand his own price, and that a blue will mean a young fortune.

Of course we will see out a number of old friends, and by the same token any new-comers will have to be pretty good sorts to get away from such as Ruth, Meteor, Dash, Blazeaway and Golden Rod, and if there are strangers with a good chance to do this, the judges will have a mighty lively time in making their awards. Remarkable as the single classes have been of late years they will certainly be of even higher standard this year. The single classes are always more interesting, as a dashing goer has a better chance to extend him-

self when alone, especially with a man behind him who knows his business.

So far as one can foresee, there is no reason to expect any marked improvement in the saddle-horse and hunter classes. As regards the latter, imported specimens have more than held their own in past years, and will probably do so again, and yet even these horses are not, taken as a lot, anything out of the way. There are many hunters so-called, but there are uncommonly few that are the real thing.

The pony classes will be weakened this year by the absence of that clinking little pair, Spot and Lightfoot, with which Mr. R. F. Carman was so successful. Mr. Carman has sold them to go to San Francisco, and it is not apparent whence anything will come to take their place. A good move, however, has been made in instituting classes for genuine polo ponies. If these classes are patronized as they deserve, they should be of such general interest as to lead to the association's branching out considerably in the encouragement of the high-class blooded pony that can gallop, trot, jump and stay, and is as good in the shafts as over a country or in the park.

As usual there is only one class for thoroughbreds, that for stallions. Trotters, both breeding and driving classes, are most liberally treated, as are the roadster classes.

There are sixteen classes for hackneys, which have always been a strong feature of the New York show, and one for half-bred hackneys. The usual championship cup, value \$500, for the best hackney stallion in the show is offered. This must be won two years in succession to become the property of an exhibitor, and the stallion Rufus, Jr., has a partial claim to it, as he won it last autumn. Then there is the junior championship prize for stallions of \$250, the championship for mares of \$200, and the junior championship for fillies of \$200. The other classes for "horses in harness," saddle horses, ponies, cab and delivery horses, police horses, etc., are much the same as usual. An innovation this year will be the revival of high jumping which has been practically obsolete at horse shows for several years. The jump will be limited in height to 6 feet 6 inches.

The pacer will receive his share of attention at the St. Louis Horse show, which begins November 2d. There are three prizes of \$200 each for pacers, the same number as allotted to trotters.

POLO.

The final Polo Association tournament of the season in the East was that of the Buffalo Country Club, which began Monday, September 28th. The first game between the Buffalo Second Team and the Meadowbrook Second Team was for the Polo Association Cups, and resulted in a victory for the Meadowbrooks by a score of 13 to 11½. The Buffalo team was allowed eight goals by the handicap and earned four, which brought their score up to 12, less ½ goal penalty. The Meadowbrook First Team defeated the Buffalo First Team on Friday, October 2d. Buffalo had the advantage of two goals in the handicap, and lost largely on account of the poor exhibition of Harry Hamlin, who played badly. Maurice Duval's play

was the most skillful of the game, but Seward Cary's horsemanship was the boldest. H. T. Davis, of Buffalo, was knocked from his pony in the struggle for the sixth goal of the second period, receiving a mallet blow in the forehead. He continued in the game, although the blood flowed in a stream from his face. Harry Hamlin was forced from his pony, and took saddle and girth with him. Duval made a goal in fifteen seconds, catching the ball on the throw-in and driving it in front of the goal with one stroke. His pony was the speediest and he reached the ball ahead of the rest, scoring with an easy stroke. The teams, with the handicaps, were:

Buffalo.—H. T. Davis, 1; Seward Cary, 5; Charles Cary, 5; Harry Hamlin, 2. Total, 13 goals.

Meadowbrook — W. C. Eustis, 5; H. K. Vingut, 4; C. R. Duval, 1; M. Duval, 5. Total, 15 goals.

The score follows:

Earned goals.—Buffalo, 8; Meadowbrook, 15. Buffalo received two goals on penalties. Buffalo penalized half a goal for safety. Total score: Meadowbrook, 15; Buffalo, 9½.

The Buffalo team won their match against Chicago and the Challenge Cup, 18 goals to nothing.

The teams were made up as follows:

Chicago—No. 1, H. G. Strong, no handicap; No. 2, M. V. Booth, 3 goals handicap; No. 3, G. H. H. Scott, 1 goal handicap; back, Walter Farrell, 1 goal handicap.

Buffalo—No. 1, Seward Craig, 5 goals handicap; No. 2, Charles Cary, 5 goals handicap; No. 3, Craig Wadsworth, 1 goal handicap; back, J. N. Scatcherd, 4 goals handicap.

Polo at St. Louis is in quite a flourishing condition, as indeed it is throughout the West. The St. Louis team met the Chicago team twice during the summer with the result of one victory and one defeat. Eighteen new ponies have been purchased for the St. Louis team this autumn. Its members are practising regularly, and the prospects for the game are altogether quite encouraging.

At a recent meeting of the newly-formed Staten Island Polo Club, Mr. Henry T. Boody was elected president, and the following gentlemen were selected to constitute the board: Messrs M. W. Smith, Percival Griffiths, E. N. Nichols, C. H. Robbins and J. C. Wilmerding, Jr.

The latest list of handicaps issued by the Polo Association shows very little change from the one issued in July. The Devon, Pa., team has progressed in the estimation of the handicapper somewhat, and three of its players have been moved up one goal, making their handicaps as follows: L. C. Altemus, 4; George W. Kendrick, 3d, 3; C. R. Snowden, 2. Similarly C. H. W. Foster and E. M. Weld, of the Dedham team, are rated at 6 and 7 respectively, instead of 5 and 6. In the Buffalo club Dr Seward Cary has been increased from 4 to 5, and T. H. Davis reduced from 2 to 1, while J. E. Doane and G. A. H. Scott have advanced from zero to 1. In the Meadowbrook Club Thomas Hitchcock, Jr., has been increased from 8 to 9; E. W. Roby, 3 to 4; C. C. Baldwin, 6 to 9; W. C. Eustis, 3 to 5; H. K. Vingut, 3 to

4; and G. P. Eustis, 5 to 6. These, with a few similar changes in the Morris County, Rockaway, Myopia and Westchester teams constitute the new handicap under which the tournaments at Buffalo and St. Louis were played.

Taking the results of all games played this season into consideration, with the form showed in the championship games which were played without handicaps, it is apparent that the handicap system has worked very well, and American polo players are to be congratulated, not only upon its success but upon their handicapper, Chairman H. L. Herbert, of the Polo Association, whose efforts in this direction have certainly been very successful. In order to properly handicap a number of individual players, such as the various clubs which constitute the Polo Association contain, the handicapper must not only possess a wide and thorough knowledge of the game itself, but he must watch closely the form in which each member plays. In view of these difficulties, Mr. Herbert is greatly to be praised for his happy results.

STEEPLECHASING.

Fixtures: Meadowbrook Hunt Club Race Meeting, November 7. A. M. Stevens, secretary, Hempstead, L. I.

One of the most sporting events of the past month was the annual race meeting of the Rose Tree Fox-hunting Club, near Media, Pa. This meeting is one of the old-time fixtures of Delaware County. The club is the oldest hunt club in the United States, and its members are all hard riders and good sportsmen. Not only is the sporting element always well represented, but the farmers from miles around drive to the meeting bringing their dinner with them, and make a day of it. The programme this year consisted of five races and a jumping contest, as follows: A farmers' race on the flat; a members' race, five-eighths of a mile, on the flat; a hurdle-race for qualified or gentlemen riders of two and one-half miles; an open handicap hurdle-race of about the same distance, and a farmers' hurdle-race of about one and three-quarter miles. The hurdle-races were practically steeplechases, only they could not be run as such under the National Hunt Rules, under which the races were run. The stewards of the meeting were Messrs Thomas R. Lewis, William Little, Samuel D. Riddle, Simon Delbert, Jr.; N. S. P. Shields and Charles A. Dohan. John H. Hawkins was clerk of the course.

The Meadowbrook Hunt Club's meeting, which is scheduled for November 7, will be somewhat mixed in character, as the card for the day calls for a trotting race in addition to four steeplechases. The events are: Steeplechase for Meadowbrook Cup, steeplechase for the Hunt Cup, steeplechase sweepstake of \$75 each, steeplechase sweepstake of \$10 each, and a farmers' trotting race for the Club Cup. The Committee of Management is as follows: Messrs. R. N. Ellis, M. F. H.; A. Stevens, and O. W. Bird. The stewards are: Messrs. W. Rutherford, Perry Tiffany, E. C. Potter, S. D. Ripley, F. O. Beach, T. Hitchcock, Jr.; E. L. Winthrop, Jr.; H. Duryea, H. L. Herbert, H. B. Hollins, R. N. Ellis, M. F. H.; A. Stevens and O. W. Bird.

UNIFORM GAME LAWS.



MOST worthy brother Charles Hallock has devised a scheme for the protection of game. He proposes to divide the United States, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, into two concessions, along the line of the fortieth parallel of latitude, or near it. Each of these concessions shall have uniform laws and uniform close season, the whole to be under the police surveillance of the National Association for the Protection of Game and Fish. The close time for the northern concession to be from January 1st to September 1st, and for the southern concession from February 1st to September 1st. During these

close times no shooting shall be allowed at any game, except woodcock and shore birds, which may be shot during August. The general close time for all fresh-water game fishes, to be from October 1st to June 1st, with the exception that the Salmonidae and the trouts may be caught in April and May. Mr. Hallock's claim is that "these close seasons conform very nearly to the distribution, habitat and breeding season of the various fauna," * * "and where they do not, special exceptions may be made, if deemed expedient. The laws which are to dominate will inhere by legislation; uniform in all the States, and co-operative throughout. Emergencies and bodily stress will always stand in plea for exemption from penalty for violation of the laws, when well proven."

Sufficient is here given to enable the reader to understand Mr. Hallock's scheme, which, however, I am not prepared to indorse offhand, and possibly, many other sportsmen will agree with me. Let us play that the scheme is all right so far as the fishes are concerned—a man will so seldom find a water in which bass and trout may be killed during May, that the rod will hardly require watching. In the case of the feathered part of the scheme things are different. About the shore birds I do not care, as he proposes to protect them in the spring, while the man shooting on the beaches during August, is unlikely to have opportunities at game other than shore birds. I do not like the idea of woodcock in August. Outside of the weather, and the poor condition of the birds, there is a good argument against it. The man after woodcock will frequently find himself among a lot of bobtailed, young ruffed grouse. Some men can't, or *won't*, distinguish between cock and young grouse, especially when the cover is so thick that the men believe that other men cannot see them. In these days of almost noiseless and smokeless powders, a dash of the lead-us-not-into-temptation sauce imparts a wholesome flavor to game laws. Hence I should favor woodcock in September, so as to leave no excuse for a man being in cover out of season.

But the great objection to Mr. Hallock's well-

meant scheme lies in the fact that his proposed open season is entirely too long. An open season of four months would mean too much destruction. Furthermore, it would bear hardest upon the quail—our best game bird, all things considered, and the one which should outlast all other feathered game, if properly protected. At least half of our northern quail are mere "squeakers" during September—poor little wretches which the boy with a cur can catch, and which the rankest duffer can pot so easily that nothing of sport marks the performance. It will not do to rely upon a proper sporting instinct to protect such helpless birds. Men with the proper sporting instinct hardly require game laws. It is the fellow with the *killing* instinct we want to guard against, and I regret to say that he is *very numerous!*

Again, the cold end of the proposed open season is too long. Snow gives the tracker, trapper, and pothunter too many opportunities. It would be better to have an open season which ended December 15th instead of January 1st.

I am merely making such objections as occur to me offhand, in the belief that fair, open discussion is best in such an important matter. Mr. Hallock is too good a sportsman to misunderstand me, and may rest assured that I'll help him my poor little best whenever I believe that he has a scheme which sportsmen generally approve of, and which promises to afford the protection that our game so badly needs. Readers of this department may render valuable assistance in a worthy cause by writing me their opinions on the subject. They may also aid Mr. Hallock, for the freer the discussion the better should be the result.

THE BENEFIT OF GAME PRESERVES.

I well remember the howl that was raised when first a preserve was spoken of in one of our best shooting counties. It was many years ago and game was very abundant. Some of the best shooting was at geese and ducks, and a man was likely to get from 75 to 125 or more ducks in one day. In such an excellent game region there were naturally many keen sportsmen. The majority of them were bitterly opposed to the idea of a preserve, claiming that the few men in favor of the scheme were simply hogs who wanted the cream of the sport for themselves. It was also claimed that the preserve would present a tempting opportunity to wealthy outsiders, who would gradually secure control and eventually squeeze out all local sportsmen. The opposers of the scheme were more or less correct in their views, for men who organize preserves are not supposed to be philanthropists. What had been predicted speedily came to pass, and the local men hated the preserve and its owners with one of those red-hot sorts of hate which last—especially after a few trespassers had been haled to justice.

As time passed all sorts of accusations were hurled at the preserve, chief of them being that the members *baited* the middle section of their broad marsh, and thereby enticed all the ducks from adjoining non-preserved marshes. This

was probably partly true, for certainly the task of making a big bag outside the preserve became more and more difficult with each succeeding season.

At last things became so bad that the "kickers" grabbed what few good points were left and made smaller preserves of them. Soon after this the open shooting practically ended. To-day excellent sport may be had upon the preserves in question, but nowhere else in that vicinity. Have those preserves accomplished good or evil? They have accomplished a power of good.

In the first place, the reason for the ducks flocking to the big preserve was not so much the *baiting* as the comparative quiet and safe sanctuary. When guns were roaring all over the open marshes from sunrise till sunset, the harassed fowl naturally sought the place where enemies were least numerous, so the "kickers" actually drove the game to the hated monopolists. The said monopolists shot wisely and not too well, a reasonable moderation was the

rule, while at irregular periods, as sportsmen came and went, the ducks were undisturbed. At such times the preserve was a veritable city of refuge. Had the preserves not been established the destroyer would have got in his work long ago; as it is, a respectable number of men enjoy very fair sport, which will even improve in seasons to come as the lakes rise to their old level. Upon the principle that it is better to have sport for a few than to have no sport at all, the preserves are good. And there is another side to their usefulness. When the full complement of guns stirs up the fowl an outsider can get a chance. There is no law against his going to the boundary of the preserve, and ducks in a hurry don't respect boundaries. Thus an outsider may have a bit of fun now and then. Hence, wherever there is a preserve, marsh or forest, there is apt to be a certain overflow of the preserved creatures which will fall to guns outside the boundaries. The sport so obtained may not be very good, but it is better than nothing.

Ed. W. SANDYS.

CRICKET.



THE Australian cricket team of '96, although one of the best combinations ever sent out from the Antipodes, has not, so far, during their tour been seen in their most brilliant form. Nor is it to be expected that they will, during their visit here, answer to the reputation which they made in England. Their play in every detail is excellent, but when they came to this country they had practically finished the business end of their engagement, and are making a very agreeable end to their tour by combining pleasure with cricket. This is the usual method adopted by the average cricketer, but teams such as our friends from Australia cannot keep

up the high reputation they have earned and deserve, by combining too much pleasure with their game. Dinners, dances and late hours do not tend to improve the eye, that all-important organ to the first-class cricketer; though, when one thinks of the sixteen-weeks cricket that our visitors have passed through, a little diversion in the way of frivolity is most certainly excusable.

The opening match of the tour was played at Manheim, on the grounds of the Germantown club, September 18th, 19th and 21st, against the Gentlemen of Philadelphia. It resulted in a win for the visitors by 123 runs. Special credit is due to E. W. Clark for his two excellent not-out innings. Without his help the Philadelphians would have made a sorry showing. G. Giffen gave a first-class exhibition in the visitors' first innings; and in their second, J Darling showed some of his hitting powers by placing a ball on the club-house chimney; his innings of 69 included ten fours, two balls being lifted clean over the ropes. H. P. Baily and H. I. Brown shared the wickets of the visitors' first innings, taking 5 for 61 and 5 for 45 respectively; in their second innings, E. W. Clark took 4 at a cost of 40. H. Trumble and G. Giffen disposed of the home team in their

first innings at 4 for 50 and 5 for 67 respectively, and in the second innings G. H. S. Trott took the lion's share of wickets, 6 for 39.

The scores were :

AUSTRALIANS.	
<i>First Innings.</i>	<i>Second Innings.</i>
F. A. Iredale, ht. wk., b.	c. King, b. Clark.....23
Brown.....25	b. Clark..... 69
J. Darling, b. Baily..... 2	
G. Giffen, c. Patterson, b. Baily.....62	c. and b. Baily.....42
C. Hill, b. Brown.....42	c. Biddle, b. King..... 8
S. E. Gregory, c. Muir, b. Baily..... 7	run out..... 0
H. Graham, c. and b. Brown..... 0	b. Clark..... 5
G. H. S. Trott, c. King, b. Brown.....16	b. Clark..... 0
J. J. Kelly, b. Baily..... 4	not out..... 3
C. J. Eady, b. Brown..... 2	c. Brown, b. Baily..... 1
H. Trumble, c. Biddle, b. Baily.....12	c. Ralston, b. Brown.....15
E. Jones, not out.....11	b. King..... 1
Byes, 4; leg byes, 4; no ball, 1..... 9	Byes, 8; wides, 3; no balls, 2.....13
Total.....192	Total.....180

GENTLEMEN OF PHILADELPHIA.	
<i>First Innings.</i>	<i>Second Innings.</i>
L. Biddle, l. b. w., b. Trumble 6	b. Trott..... 0
J. W. Muir, b. Giffen..... 5	b. Giffen..... 5
J. B. King, c. and b. Giffen 4	c. Trott, b. Giffen. 0
G. S. Patterson, b. Trumble 3	b. Trott.....15
W. W. Noble, b. Giffen.....15	c. Hill, b. Trott.....31
F. H. Bohlen, b. Trumble 4	c. Gregory, b. Trott.... 3
E. W. Clark, Jr., not out..38	not out.....35
F. W. Ralston, b. Giffen.. 7	st. Kelly, b. Trott..... 6
E. M. Cregar, b. Trumble 8	c. and b. Trumble.....11
H. I. Brown, run out.....22	st. Kelly, b. Trott..... 5
H. P. Baily, b. Giffen..... 5	c. Gregory, b. Trumble 8
Byes, 5; wide, 1..... 6	Byes, 2; leg byes, 4; wide, 1..... 7
Total.....123	Total..... 126

The second match of the tour was played at Bergen Point, on the grounds of the New Jersey A. C., September 23d and 24th, against a team representing the New Jersey A. C. Thanks to the club, cricketers in and about New York were afforded an opportunity to see the Australians play. In previous years the Metropolitan Cricket League have taken charge of all matches of an international character, and we regret that there should have been any

exception to the rule in this instance. It is far more satisfactory that the team selected to oppose any visitors should be an All-New-York team. It creates much more public interest, and affords an opportunity for most of the clubs to be represented. No single club is capable of placing a team in the field fit to cope with such a combination as our visitors, although great credit is due to the N. J. A. C for their effort on this occasion. We trust that the League will weigh the matter of the next international match more carefully, and not leave New York cricketers to be represented by one club, however good that club may be.

The home team started the batting, and with the exception of Tyers, the club's professional, the whole side played below their standard. The bowling of Jones, the Australian's crack trundler, was not of the quality that the local batsmen had been accustomed to, and his record, even for him, was remarkable. He took 8 wickets for the small cost of 6 runs; the whole side were dismissed for 28.

The Australians were not long putting together 253 runs, during the compilation of which Trumble, Trott and Darling gave a very good exhibition of their hitting powers, taking with equal ease all the bowling that the local players could produce. Balls were lost in the little wood just outside the grounds; others were sent over the fence, on to the grand stand, and boundaries were particularly common.

The home team came well up to their proper standard in their second innings, but on this occasion Jones had been left off the bowling list, and 126 runs were made, leaving the visitors easy winners by an innings and 99 runs. The scores were:

NEW JERSEY.

<i>First Innings.</i>	<i>Second Innings.</i>
Tyler, b. McKibbin..... 10	b. Trumble..... 8
C. J. Byers, b. McKibbin..... 2	b. Donnan..... 15
C. P. Hurditch, b. McKibbin..... 2	st. Johns, b. Trott..... 28
M. R. Cobb, b. Jones..... 7	b. Trumble..... 9
F. E. Kelly, c. Trumble, b. Jones..... 0	c. Johns, b. Trott..... 27
H. C. Wright, b. Jones..... 0	b. Trumble..... 0
J. Adams, b. Jones..... 0	b. Trumble..... 5
H. C. Clark, b. Jones..... 2	b. Gregory..... 4
F. C. Calder, b. Jones..... 0	Hit wkt., b. Trott..... 1
W. D. Hickie, b. Jones..... 1	c. Trumble, b. Trott..... 0
J. Forbes, b. Jones..... 0	Not out..... 4
A. Gunn, not out..... 2	b. Trott..... 12
Bye..... 1	Byes..... 12
Leg bye..... 1	Leg bye..... 1
Total..... 28	Total..... 126

AUSTRALIANS.

H. Trumble, c. Hurditch, b. Tyers..... 54
S. E. Gregory, l. b. w., b. Tyers..... 25
H. Donnan, c. Tyers, b. Cobb..... 6
T. R. McKibbin, b. Cobb..... 21
A. E. Johns, b. Cobb..... 4
G. H. S. Trott, c. Byers, b. Kelly..... 53
J. Darling, b. Calder..... 48
H. Graham, c. Tyers, b. Calder..... 0
E. Jones, run out..... 0
C. Hill, b. Kelly..... 13
C. J. Eady, not out..... 0
F. A. Iredale, b. Kelly..... 0
Byes, 25; leg byes, 1..... 26
Total..... 253

The remaining games arranged for the Australians are: Two more against the Gentlemen of Philadelphia, one against Chicago, and one at San Francisco, where they play their last

match before leaving this country. These matches will be recorded in next month's issue of OUTFIT'S MONTHLY REVIEW.

CANADA.

The Canadian cricket team visited Chicago September 16th to 21st, and played against the Wanderers' Club and a picked eleven of Chicago. The game against the Wanderers, which was played September 16th and 17th, resulted in a draw in favor of the visitors, the Wanderers needing 88 runs to win and having only one wicket to go down at the call of time. The Canadians in their first innings made 169, and in their second declared with the score at 97 for six wickets. The Wanderers in their first attempt made 79, and in their next 100 for nine wickets.

The second game should have started on September 18th against All Chicago, but rain prevented play until the next day, when the Canadians, batting first, made 105. Chicago responded with 68. In the second innings the Canadians were all dismissed for 20. Chicago needed only 58 runs to win, but they were unequal to the occasion and were disposed of for 37 runs, thus leaving the Canadians victorious by 20 runs.

T. C. TURNER.

PACIFIC COAST.

On August 30th, the Pacific-Alameda match, at Alameda, was won by the Pacific team after a close and exciting game. Alameda scored 151 runs. The Pacific eleven just beat this with a total of 119 runs for nine wickets, with three minutes to spare before the call of time.

On the same day, at the Golden Gate ground, the Bohemians easily defeated the California team. To the Bohemian total of 153, W. Robertson contributed 82. The Californians scored 67.

On September 6th, in the Bohemian Pacific match, the Bohemians scored 51 in their first innings, and 45 in their second. H. Richardson, of the Pacifics, beat the score for the first innings of the Bohemians, off his own bat, making 53 runs out of the Pacifics' total of 82, which gave them an easy win on the first innings.

On September 6th, the Alameda-California match at Alameda, was won by the former with 186 runs for eight wickets against 99 runs.

On September 13th, the Pacific team piled up the fine score of 246 runs for four wickets in their match at Golden Gate against the California team, H. Richardson retiring with 105 to his credit, and J. Myers making 100, not out. The California total was only 57.

On September 20th, at Alameda, the Bohemians signally defeated the Alameda eleven, with a score of 183 runs for five wickets against 47. For the Bohemian Club, J. J. Moriarity made 73, and Dr T. Bowhill 50.

On September 27th the game between Alamedas and Pacifics ended in a draw. Alamedas batted first and scored 150. The Pacifics ran up a total of 118 for seven wickets.

The game between Bohemians and Californians on the same day resulted in a very easy victory for the Bohemians, who ran up a total of 306 for three wickets—W. Robertson, 153; Dr. Bowhill, 110, not out. Californians were all dismissed for 53 runs.

ARTHUR INKERLEY.

KENNEL.

TWENTY-EIGHT English setters and twenty-five pointers are entered for the United States Field Trial Club's Winter Derby for whelps of 1895, to be run at West Point, Miss., Jan. 18, 1897.

Low prices ruled at the recent sale of Col. A. B. Hilton's kennel. The well-known bulldog, King Orry, brought \$160; while the bull bitches, Iolanthe and Grosvenor Lass, brought respectively \$50 and \$35. The collies, Hatfield Don, Ormskirck Susie, Hempstead Dorothy and Sallie brought \$65, \$40, \$55 and \$27.50.

The famous English setter brood bitch, Ruby's Girl (Gladstone-Ruby II.), died recently. Her best progeny included Eugene T., Ollie T., Count Gladstone IV., Allene, Domino and Lady Mildred. She was whelped in 1837.

The bench show held in connection with the Worcester (Mass.) North Fair, had about 100 entries and scored a success.

Coming kennel fixtures are: New England Beagle Club's trials, Oxford, Mass., Nov. 2; Union Field Trial Club's trials, Carlisle, Ind., Nov. 2; Northwestern Beagle Club's trials, Columbus, Wis., Nov. 10; Peninsular Field Trial Club's trials, Leamington, Ont., Nov. 10; Central Beagle Club's trials, Waynesburg, Greene Co., Pa., Nov. 10; National Fox Hunting Association's trials, Bardstown, Ky., Nov. 16; Eastern F. T. Club's trials, Newton, N. C., Nov. 16; International F. T. Club's trials, Chatham, Ont., Nov. 17; U. S. F. T. Club's

trials, Newton, N. C., Nov. 23; Dixie Red Fox Club's trials, Athens, Ala., Dec. 14; Continental F. T. Club's quail trials, Jan. —, '97; U. S. F. T. Club's trials, West Point, Miss., Jan. 18.

Queens County Agricultural Society's first bench show, held at Mineola, L. I., scored a pronounced success. The entries numbered 338, and the dogs were benched by Spratts in three tents 80x40 each, making three sides of a hollow square. The fourth side was closed by canvas, and the space within formed an excellent exercising ground. This may be a hint to some clubs which have not the best of buildings. The judges were Messrs. R. H. Burrows, C. D. Bernheimer, H. Clay Glover, A. Belmont Purdy, A. C. Pickhardt, H. W. Huntington, A. C. Wilmerding, A. D. Lewis, C. G. Hopton, Perry Tiffany, L. A. Burrirt, Lawrence Timpson, Geo. B. Post, Jr., German Hopkins and R. F. Mayhew. A number of these gentlemen made their debut in the judging ring, and it is interesting to know that their verdicts gave general satisfaction, though a dog exhibitor is about the hardest man on earth to satisfy.

Milwaukee Kennel and Pet Stock Association's second annual show was a success, and a marked improvement over last year's attempt, in number and quality of entries and also in attendance. Major J. M. Taylor judged all classes, while Superintendent Jno. D. Olcott hustled to the satisfaction of all concerned.

DAMON.

YACHTING.

THE RACING RULES.

THE committees of the New York, the Larchmont, and the Seawanhaka-Corinthian Yacht Clubs, and the Yacht Racing Union of Long Island Sound, are all at work in pursuit of that yachtman's *ignis fatuus*, the perfect racing formula. It is evident something will have to be done, or the "fin-keels" will have all the racing to themselves; and there are not a sufficient number of persons devoted to racing to support a large racing fleet. *Colonia* now has it all her own way among the large schooners; *Amorita* and *Quissetta*, among the smaller ones. *Norota*, whose bottom is about the same as *Quissetta's*, is practically alone in her class. Even among the Boston knockabouts, which were built under rules calculated to develop a class of "single-hand" cruises, the Herreshoff *Cock Robin* won the thirteen races she entered.

It is desirable to have a number of extreme racing boats, in order to show the fullest possibilities of speed; but such boats should be raced among themselves, and when they meet the all-round boats they should be taxed so that the crews of the various contestants shall be placed upon nearly even terms.

That "things are seldom what they seem" in the framing of formulas is evinced in the flat failure of the new system of measurement adopted last season in England. The Yacht Racing Association formula was constructed after more than a year's private and public dis-

cussion; the girth measurement was introduced as a tax on extreme draught. The whole scheme was a failure, and all the prominent yachtsmen of the Solent have petitioned for its repeal.

The committees have before them, perhaps, the most difficult problem which has ever been presented for expert decision. The designers should be consulted, and perhaps employed to devote sufficient time to this work. The Commodore of the Seawanhaka Club recently invited the prominent designers to meet his committee for a conference on this question.

Mr. Irving Cox, one of the firm which produced *Norota* and *Quissetta*, presented a formula which is certainly ingenious and worthy of study by the experts. If it should be acceptable, it would be fortunate as being rather a modification of, than a radical departure from, the present rule based on water-line and sail area. It proposes to tax excessive draught and overhangs, in addition to excessive sail area.

Mr. Cox finds that in the fast and seaworthy yachts which he has studied, there may be figured a normal ratio between draught and water-line length, between over-all length and water-line length, and between sail area and water-line length. He estimates these ratios to be respectively: 1.4 times the square root of the water-line, for draught; 1.33 times the water-line, for the over-all length; and 1.05 times the water-line length, for the square root of the sail area. In his letter to the committee, he says:

"Let A equal excess of draft on 1.4 multiplied by the square root of the load water-line.

"Let B equal excess of over-all length above 1.33 multiplied by load water-line length.

"Let C equal the excess of the square root of the sail area above 1.05 multiplied by load water-line length.

"Then A multiplied by 3 plus B plus C plus the load water-line length and the square root of the sail area divided by 2 equals the racing length.

"Excess of length has a value of six as against the value of one for excess of length and excess of the square root of the sail area, because depth and length are as six is to one, and inversely the square root of the sail area is supposedly equal to length in speed value.

"To illustrate this point compare the dimensions of *Amorita* and *Iroquois*. *Amorita* is, roughly speaking, 99 feet over all, 70 feet on the water-line, 13 feet draught, and 80 square root of the sail area. Her racing length is 75 feet. *Iroquois* is 97 feet over all, 80 feet on the water-line, 10 feet draught, 84 square root of sail area, racing length 82 feet.

"The new formula for *Amorita* will be A equals excess of draught over 1.4 of the square root of the sail area equals 13 minus 1.4 multiplied by 836 equals 1.3. B equals excess of over-all length above 1.33 multiplied by load water-line equals 99 minus 1.33 multiplied by 70, equals 5.90. C equals excess of square root of sail area above 1.05 multiplied by load water-line length equals 40 minus 1.05 multiplied by 35 equals 3.25.

"Then the formula will work out as follows:
 $3 \ 9 \text{ plus } 5.90 \text{ plus } 3.25 \text{ plus } 70 \text{ plus } 80$

equals 83.47 racing length.

"The *Iroquois* has no excess of length over these dimensions that are suggested to get taxed, and her racing length is the same under both rules."

Above all things it is to be hoped that by a concerted action one formula may be adopted among all clubs.

AMORITA-QUISSSETTA.

The match races of the 75-foot class schooners were sailed September 24th and succeeding days, for a cup offered by the Larchmont Yacht Club for the yacht winning two out of three races. Committee, John F. Lovejoy, G. A. Cormack and W. C. Hall. *Amorita* measured 75.06 feet, and *Quissetta* 71.29 feet racing length, the former allowing 3m. 16s. The course was twice over a 15-mile triangle, from Larchmont S. S. E. 2 miles to a buoy in Hempstead Harbor; thence N. E., $\frac{3}{8}$ E., 6 miles to a float in the middle of the Sound; thence W., $\frac{3}{4}$ S., 6 miles to the starting mark. On the first trial the course was given in the above direction; in all the other races, in the reverse direction. For a description of the yachts see pages 172-4.

First attempt, September 24th. Wind, moderate, W. by S. Tide, flood. Both yachts under club topsails and other light sails. Start, 11:35 A. M. Three minutes allowed for crossing. *A.* crossed the line, 11:37:50; *Q.*, 11:38:58 (see page 172). The first leg was a broad reach, *Q.* following close on the weather quarter of *A.* Half way across, *Q.* changed large main-topmast staysail for a smaller one. The gybe around the first mark: *A.*, 11:55:21; *Q.*, 11:55:37 The second leg was down the wind, both lowering spinnaker booms to port. Spinnakers were not set, however, as a battle royal began for the weather berth, which lasted for twelve minutes, both yachts luffing off the course. *Q.* then bore away under *A.*'s stern, and both set spinnakers. The second mark was turned thus: *A.*, 12:36:50; *Q.*, 12:37:03, the latter gaining 3s. on the run. *Q.* broke tacks with *A.*, standing for the Long Island shore on the starboard tack at 12:40:20; *A.*, which was to windward, tacking shortly afterward. *Q.* pointed higher than *A.*, and was

gaining when she lost her jib-topsail sheet, and was obliged to lower that sail to recover it. *A.* was seen to go off the wind, bearing down towards *Q.* The owner of the latter yacht called for room, but the request was not complied with. Commodore Gillig, on the *Q.*, called attention to the fly at *A.*'s main-top, which stood across the yacht. At 12:55 *Q.* attempted to tack under *A.*'s stern, and caught her bowsprit on *Q.*'s main-boom, and thus carried away the former spar. Captain Norman Terry was at *Q.*'s wheel. Both yachts displayed protest signals. *A.* continued over the course alone.

The committee sustained *Q.*'s protest under the rule: "A yacht shall not bear away out of her course so as to hinder another in passing to leeward." As *Q.* failed to take advantage of her option to finish the course after the disqualification of *A.*, who from the moment of her breach of the above rule was out of the race, the committee ruled that there had been no race.

Second attempt, September 25th. Course as above, reverse direction. Wind light E. by N. at the start, followed by almost a calm; at the end of the first leg a S. W. breeze started up. Start, 11:35 A. M. *Q.* got the better start, crossing at 11:36:27; *A.*, 11:37:15. The first leg was a beat, both yachts taking short tacks along the shore to keep out of the tide; both carried small jib-topsails and main-topmast staysails. *Q.* drew ahead, and when the S. W. wind set in at 12:50 P. M., she had a lead of three or four minutes. *A.* caught the breeze first. The first mark was turned thus: *Q.*, 1:11:15; *A.*, 1:12:25. The second leg was also a beat, because of the shift of wind. *Q.* started on the port tack toward the north shore; *A.* continued on the same tack, luffing at the mark, toward Long Island. *Q.* shortly afterward went about. On nearing the Long Island shore both tacked. Shortly afterward, at 1:29 P. M., *A.*'s bobstay parted and her bowsprit snapped short off. Although very much more than the cup depended upon the result of these races, Mr. Harris declined to continue alone, and as the committee boat with the *A.* in tow passed his yacht he gave notice to that effect. The crew of the disabled yacht lined up for an appreciative and lusty cheer.

Third attempt and First Race, September 27th. Course as above. Wind, S. W. Start 12:35 P. M. There was some pretty manoeuvring before the start, *A.* trying unsuccessfully to blanket *Q.* The start was made as follows: *Q.*, 12:35:35; *A.*, 12:35:38. The first leg was a quartering run, *A.* still endeavoring to get on *Q.*'s weather quarter, the latter continually luffing out and shaking her off. At the first mark, *Q.* was only 1m. 41s. ahead. They rounded, *Q.*, 1:14:17; *A.*, 1:16:01. The second leg was a beat to windward, *Q.* increasing her lead. The turn was made thus: *Q.*, 2:04; *A.*, 2:07:33. The last leg, a broad reach, was ended thus: *Q.*, 2:22:45; *A.*, 2:26:45. The elapsed time for the first round was *Q.*, 1h. 47m. 10s.; *A.*, 1h. 51m. 07s. The leeward mark was turned, *Q.*, 2:54:35; *A.*, 2:57:40. On the windward leg *Q.* tacked only once, *A.* twice, the Hempstead mark being weathered thus: *Q.*, 3:41:05; *A.*, 3:45:03. The finish of the race

was as follows, *Q.* winning by 4m. 50s. elapsed and 8m. 6s. corrected time:

	Finished.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Quissetta.....	3 59 40	3 24 05	3 20 49
Amorita.....	4 04 33	3 28 55	3 28 55

Both yachts suffered through the stretching of the new headgear.

Second and Final Race, September 28th. Wind, light E. N. E. Captain Haff, who had been sailing the *Amorita* in connection with Capt. Sherlock, was obliged to be absent. Vice-Com. Postley, who had been a guest on the *Quissetta* during the other races, was also away. The course was the same as before. The first leg was a beat; the second, a run under spinnakers and huge main-topmast staysails and balloon jibs; the third leg was a reach. On the run during the second round, the wind having hauled to the eastward, spinnakers were not set. The starting signal was given at 12:05 P. M. Just before the signal both yachts were running away from the line on opposite tacks. *Q.* came about and *A.* gybed for the line about the same time. Both evidently feared they were too near the line, and slacked sheets and ran down the line. They crossed as follows: *Q.*, 12:05:20; *A.*, 12:06:05. Both were on the port tack, and both broke out jib topsails and main-topmast staysails. They immediately tacked, *A.* taking in her main-topmast staysail; after ten minutes both tacked once more, *A.* setting this sail again. Before the end of the windward work the breeze freshened. The first mark was turned, *Q.*, 1:14:45; *A.*, 1:15:54. *Q.* had gained 24s. in the windward leg of six miles. The run was made under a cloud of light canvas. *Q.* took in her spinnaker for a time, luffing until the wind was fairly aft, then setting it again. *Q.* gained on the run 1m 44s., the times at the mark being: *Q.*, 2:01:58; *A.*, 2:04:51. On the reach to the home mark *Q.* gained 49s, and the times for the first round were: *Q.*, 2:22:50; *A.*, 2:26:32.

The elapsed time for the round was: *Q.*, 2:17:30; *A.*, 2:20:27; *Q.*'s gain for the round being 2m. 57s.

Q. continued to gain on every leg and on every point of sailing. The times of the round were:

	First Leg.	Second Leg.	Finish.
Quissetta.....	3 39 10	4 17 43	4 36 20
Amorita.....	3 44 21	4 24 00	4 43 00

Q.'s gains were: 1st leg, 1m. 29s.; 2d leg, 1m. 06s.; 3d leg, 0m. 13s.

The times for the race were:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Quissetta.....	4 31 10	4 27 54
Amorita.....	4 36 55	4 36 55

The accidents to the bowsprits put both yachts at a disadvantage, and it is to be hoped that these swift little vessels will again be seen together next year.

EASTERN YACHT CLUB.

August 18th. Race for thirty-footers and knockabouts. Fresh breeze and moderate sea. Among the thirty-footers, J. R. Hooper's *Handsel* beat G. Owens, Jr.'s, *Anoatok* by 2 min. 45 sec., but owing to a protest which involved a missing mark the race was given to *Anoatok*. W. E. C. Eustis's *Cero* was disabled, and *Katonah*, Oliver Ames (3d), *Zeruah*, G. C. Cur-

tis, and *Mabel F. Swift*, George Bruce, withdrew.

August 19th. The same classes as above. Wind, N. W., moderate; smooth sea.

SEVENTH CLASS—SLOOPS.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Cero, W. E. C. Eustis.....	3 20 15	3 13 23
Handsel, J. R. Hooper.....	3 30 48	3 14 00
Anoatok, G. Owens, Jr.....	3 30 21	3 15 16
Katonah, O. Ames, 3d.....	3 32 30	3 29 30
Mabel F. Swift, G. Bruce.....	3 33 59	3 33 59

KNOCKABOUTS.

Water Lily, H. M. Sears.....	2 01 30
Bo Peep, L. M. Clark.....	2 02 57
Sally, D. C. Percival.....	2 04 34
Jack Tar, T. E. Jacobs.....	2 04 39
La Chica, C. V. Souther.....	2 04 57
Dorothy, F. Brewster.....	2 05 22
Tautog, W. O. Gay.....	2 05 34
Comet, A. Lawrence.....	2 06 17
Torpedo, A. J. Souther.....	2 06 17
Maia, E. Paine.....	2 06 37
Mayona, C. O. Stearns.....	2 13 30

September 19th. Special races for yachts, 30 to 35 feet water-line length, and for knockabouts. *Asahi*, Bayard Thayer's thirty-footer, which had sailed so successfully on Long Island Sound and at Newport, had been towed around to Marblehead to meet *Handsel* and *Anoatok*. Neither of the latter was present, the *Anoatok* having been laid up. *Asahi* therefore sailed to Boston and went out of commission at Lawley's.

The knockabouts raced as follows: Wind, fresh from S. W. Course, Light House Point, Marblehead Neck, to Pig Rocks; thence to mark boat, 2½ miles S. E. from start; thence to Pig Rocks, and return to the start. Nine miles.

Elapsed.

Cock Robin, C. S. Eaton.....	1 54 05
Jack Tar, T. E. Jacobs.....	1 57 06
Bo Peep, Clark & North.....	1 57 31
Tautog, W. O. Gay.....	1 59 09
Sally, D. C. Percival, Jr.....	2 01 26
Water Lily, H. M. Sears.....	2 01 41
Maia, Everett Paine.....	2 03 10
Bonito, Bart ett Bros.....	2 06 00
Dorothy, F. Brewster.....	2 06 04
Nike, C. A. Cooley.....	2 08 52
Ruth, E. Wiggin.....	2 13 12
Mayona, C. O. Stearns.....	2 15 09

CORINTHIAN YACHT CLUB OF MARBLEHEAD.

The one hundred and fifth regatta and the third championship of the Corinthian Yacht Club, was sailed August 22d, in a fresh S. W. wind, some of the smaller yachts being reefed. The Herreshoff knockabout *Cock Robin*, sailed as a jib-and-mainsail boat with the third class.

CLASS A.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Barnacle, C. F. Lyman.....	1 27 20	1 27 20
Eugenia, I. S. Palmer.....	1 29 34	1 28 34
Metric, J. G. Paine.....	1 32 37	1 28 34
Rowena, W. H. Rothwell.....	1 31 15	1 29 15
Vagrant, W. H. Harvey.....	1 40 44	1 35 44

CLASS B.

Itasca, C. B. Tucker.....	1 38 18	1 38 18
Niobe, A. Brackett.....	1 41 15	1 40 15
Comus, J. Kirtledge.....	1 45 54	1 42 54
Edith, F. M. Wood.....	1 47 40	1 44 40

CLASS C.—KNOCKABOUTS.

Dorothy, F. Brewster.....	1 33 55	1 32 55
Sally, D. C. Percival, Jr.....	1 35 31	1 34 31
Maia, E. Paine.....	1 37 40	1 34 40
Comet, A. A. Lawrence.....	1 38 20	1 36 20
Water Lily, H. M. Sears.....	1 36 30	1 36 30
Ruth, R. B. Wiggin.....	1 42 27	1 37 27
Carl, C. H. W. Foster.....	1 43 25	1 39 25

SECOND CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Susie, J. F. Cole.....	28.06	2 12 12	2 12 12

THIRD CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Cock Robin, C. S. Eaton...		2 01 12	
Reaper, H. P. Reaper.....	24.01	2 07 30	
Exit, A. H. Higginson....	21.04	2 15 22	

FOURTH CLASS.

Koorali, R. S. Robbins...	23.10	1 25 22	1 25 22
Maggie, A. W. Stevens....	22.04	1 27 07	1 25 55
Egeria, R. Tucker.....	23.05	1 30 08	1 29 48

August 29th. Postponed open Regatta.
Wind light, E. by S.

FIRST CLASS—25 TO 30FT. L. W. L.

Ida T.....	1 58 23
Barnacle.....	2 16 37

SECOND CLASS—21 TO 25FT. L. W. L.

Rex.....	2 18 15
Susie.....	2 21 32
Marina.....	2 23 13
Metric.....	2 26 16

THIRD CLASS—JIB AND MAINSAIL.

Cock Robin.....	1 53 15
Snipe II.....	2 00 40
Exit.....	2 06 10
Mephisto.....	2 21 22
Natoye.....	2 25 56

FOURTH CLASS—KNOCKABOUTS.

Bo Peep.....	2 05 38
La Chica.....	2 07 39
Sally.....	2 07 43
Water Lily.....	2 09 52
Vishnu.....	2 11 09
Atruna.....	2 12 28
Mai.....	2 13 56
Mayona.....	2 14 15
Dorothy.....	2 15 32

FIFTH CLASS—CATBOATS 18 FT. AND UNDER
21 FT. L. W. L.

Cleopatra.....	2 01 57
Maggie.....	2 06 16
Egeria.....	2 13 39
Edith.....	2 25 41
Koorali.....	Did not finish.

SIXTH CLASS—YACHTS UNDER 18FT.

Circe.....	1 54 52
Crab.....	2 09 52
Luna.....	2 14 10
Swallow.....	Withdraw.

SEVENTH CLASS—DORIES NOT OVER 17FT. L. W. L.

Faith.....	2 10 34
Sylvia.....	2 17 47
Pauline.....	2 17 52
Hope.....	2 19 12
Oswego.....	2 23 56
Madeline.....	2 24 17
Lillian.....	Did not finish.

ATLANTIC YACHT CLUB.

A very unfortunate dispute arose out of the *Choctaw-Penguin* races for the Adams Cup, June 6th and 13th, which were recorded in July OUTING. The discussion was concerning the measurements of the yachts at the time of the races. Both races had been awarded to *Choctaw*, but the owner of the *Penguin* claimed the first race. After a good deal of trouble about the measurements, *Choctaw* failing to appear for remeasurement, the committee ordered a third race to be sailed September 5th. An injunction was served upon the committee by J. Montgomery Strong, owner of *Choctaw*, restraining them from sailing the race. It is reported that Mr. Strong has been persuaded to take the matter out of the court to which he made recourse, and that the affair will be amicably adjusted. Recourse to law in a matter of sport is unusual and most unfortunate. The regatta committees of the large yacht clubs are almost invariably men of experience and scrupulously fair. Any appeal from their decisions should be settled by arbitration as in the celebrated *Valkyrie-Defender* case.

September 5th.—Races for sloops and cat-boats were sailed in a fresh southeast wind over a triangle in the upper bay.

SLOOPS. Elapsed. Corrected.

Gaviota.....	2 09 37	
Awa.....	2 14 42	
Moccasin.....	2 16 32	
Eclipse.....	2 25 53	

CAT-BOATS—CLASS 1.

Squaw.....	2 00 41	2 09 33
Dorothy.....	2 01 21	2 01 21
Estelle.....	Did not finish.	

CAT-BOATS—CLASS 2.

Scat.....	2 12 42	2 09 11
Streak.....	2 11 02	2 11 02

September 7th.—Race for sloops, for a prize won by a sail-over by the sloop *Eclipse* in the annual regatta and offered for another race by L. J. Callanan. A race for a prize which was won and returned by R. B. Lynch, sloop *Lynx*. The cup also offered second and third prizes. The race proved to be a drift. The cat-boats gave it up, and only the sloops *Awa* and *Moccasin* finished.

September 8th.—The above cat-boat race postponed until the following day, was sailed as follows, the leading boat *Dorothy* being disqualified for fouling a mark :

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Dorothy.....	2 48 21	2 48 21
Scat.....	2 58 42	2 50 43
Streak.....	2 59 44	2 55 16
Squaw.....	2 55 54	2 55 46
Estelle.....	3 00 25	2 58 54

RIVERSIDE YACHT CLUB.

September 2d.—Special races were sailed in fluky winds which were variable in force and direction. In addition to the class races a special match was arranged between *Uvira*, *Norota* and *Eidolon*, in which *Norota* was the winner.

CUTTERS—51FT. CLASS.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Uvira.....	1 46 07	5 00 51	3 14 44	3 14 44

CUTTERS—43FT. CLASS.

Eidolon.....	1 46 37	5 12 38	3 25 41	3 25 41
Norota.....	1 50 00	5 05 55	3 15 55	3 15 06

SLOOPS—36FT. CLASS.

Volant II.....	1 48 10	5 32 00	3 43 50	3 42 13
Acushla.....	1 49 19	5 18 17	3 28 58	3 28 58

SLOOPS—25FT. CLASS.

Vaquero.....	1 52 44	4 52 42	2 59 58	2 59 58
Eos.....	1 50 58	5 03 52	3 12 54	3 06 07

CABIN CATS—25FT. CLASS.

Penelope.....	1 55 00	Did not finish.		
Presto.....	1 53 47	4 59 39	3 05 52	3 05 52
Scat.....	1 52 09	4 58 33	3 06 24	3 03 42

15FT. CLASS.

Yola.....	2 00 00	4 20 09	2 20 09	2 20 09
Trilby.....	2 00 00	Withdraw.		

R. B. BURCHARD.

MODEL YACHTING.

The well-considered move of the American Model Yacht Club in establishing a station on salt water at the foot of Thirty-fourth Street, South Brooklyn, has already borne fruit.

While still retaining the old Station on Prospect Park Lake for the convenience of those residing near at hand, the new float and boat-house on Gowanus Bay has a growing attendance, and members note with satisfaction several new additions to the fleet, attracted by the increased facilities for "finding the finest form."

Here the winds are frequently both hard and true; seaways are encountered such as must be overcome by larger yachts, and tides met which properly receive large consideration from the ablest navigators.

In other words, the conditions of actual yacht sailing are faced and opportunities afforded to

study effects upon both forms and handling not even to be hoped for on fresh water anywhere.

That this latest step by the Americans is a long stride in the direction of real progress there can be no question, and it has already developed a determination to test the relative values of miniatures and larger craft in the most practicable manner and establish beyond disputation the efficiency of form irrespective of size.

Commodore Lane announces that plans or half models submitted by any member of the club, drawn or cut to a scale of two inches equaling one foot, will be considered by a committee shortly to be nominated; that the three best designs will be built as models and fully tried out in actual racing, until some one model proves to possess superior all-round abilities, when the club will immediately put the plans in charge of a reputable builder, and an actual vessel will be built at the club's expense to compete with all other clubs in the one-rater class.

This class, by the rules of the Seawanhaka-Corinthians, for instance, must not exceed 25 feet racing length, the square root of the sail area being added to the load line and the product divided by 2.

On the proposed scale, then, of two inches equaling one foot, the plans for models will call for boats *not exceeding fifty inches racing lengths*, and another season will see a small fleet of model racers in the American Club comparing favorably with the best the country can produce.

Of recent races, a match was sailed off Thirty-fourth Street, on Labor Day last, between George W. Townley's *Star* and William Wallen's *Ripple*, of the Wave Crest Model Yacht Club, for the American Club's Challenge Trophy—a handsome solid silver anchor and champion belt combined, with artistic effect.

Secretary Piggott put the *Star* over the course with the better seamanship, and Referee Mitchell, of the Philadelphia Model Yacht Club, awarded him both heats and *Star* the championship for the season of '96.

The Brooklyn *Daily Eagle* Perpetual Challenge Trophy and the OUTING Challenge Cup

were also sailed for the same day; the first event was called off Thirty-fourth Street in the morning, and the last off the Wave Crest Club at Bay Ridge in the afternoon.

The American representative *Gracie* won the first heat from her opponent, *Streak*, in a closely contested trial, but was promptly disqualified in the second for finishing outside of buoys marking the line; and, while leading again to the finish in the final heat, lost the trophy by a scant two seconds on time allowance.

The Wave Crest Champion *Wave* again demonstrated her superiority, and successfully defended the OUTING Challenge Cup against the American's *Minerva*, which had to give ten seconds time allowance.

A much more interesting event, however, was sailed off Bay Ridge on September 27th, when O. L. Gray challenged for the OUTING Cup with his crack sloop *Mabel*, the defender, of course, being again the *Wave*, in accordance with the deed of gift, which, for the purpose of an accurate relative record of performances, prescribes that the boat winning the cup must defend it or surrender it to any challenger within thirty days.

By no other means could comparative or relative progress be continuously gauged, and, while it has been asserted that no progress is possible under such a condition, it should be at once obvious that, if any vessel of a winning club might be pitted against the challenger, no quantities could be considered as known, but would always remain variable, and the successful defender in one match might easily be infinitely inferior to the unsuccessful challenger in a previous event, or *vice versa*.

In the race of September 27th the *Wave* again won the cup, but obviously only by the poorer handling of the *Mabel*, as the latter took the first heat with minutes to spare, and only lost the last two heats by a few seconds, showing that, with models as well as with vessels of considerable size, the individual elements enter very largely into ascertained results, and the more salt-water sailing is encouraged the more real progress will at least be possible.

FRANKLYN BASSFORD.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

L. M. D., Ithaca, N. Y.—You can find the "Rules of the Road at Sea" in any book on yachting—for instance, Lieut. Qualtraugh's "Yachtsman's Manual," \$3.50, or Capt. Howard Patterson's "Yachtsman's Guide," \$5.00. Both may be gotten through this office. Nautical Almanac also gives these rules. Charts can be obtained, also Nautical Almanac, from U. S. Geodetic Survey, Washington, D. C., or from John Bliss & Son, 128 Front Street, New York. The cost of charts is about fifty cents per sheet.

C. M., New York.—(I.) Female cycle racing has been under the ban of the governing bodies of American cycling from the beginning, and now it is practically extinct, because any track allowing such competition is refused sanctions by the Racing Board of the L. A. W. Female professional racing still lingers in indoor com-

petition, but entirely on a dime-museum basis. (II.) Mrs. Reinhart, of Denver, Colo., has ridden 200 miles on the road within 24 hours. The best track record for the mile is 2:27, made at St. Louis in 1895. The London-Brighton and return is held by Mrs. B. Ward, in 7h. 26m. (III.) New York, Boston, and Washington, 1879, I think. (IV.) About 2,500,000, judging from statistics of manufacturing. (V.) No. (VI.) Time for mile, 2:17; eight miles on the road, Gloucester to Manchester-by-the-Sea, Mass., eight miles in 31m. 25s; twenty miles 1h 32m. 8s. (VII.) The first one to ride an American machine was the wife of Smith, the Washington manufacturer.

S. G. M.—You can obtain the designs from the designers mentioned in August OUTING, if they can be obtained at all. We know no other source.



Hermann Simon

Painted for OUTING by Hermann Simon.

(See "Hunting the Mule-Deer." pp. 229-231.)

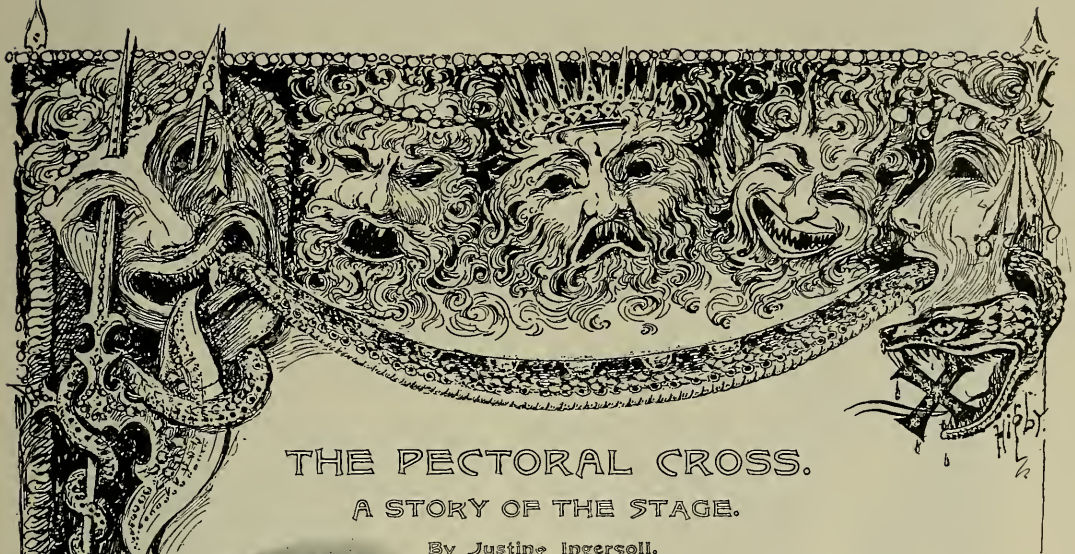
"FOR A WEARY HOUR I LABORED."

OUTING.

VOL. XXIX.

DECEMBER, 1896.

No. 3.



THE PECTORAL CROSS.

A STORY OF THE STAGE.

By Justine Ingersoll.



Photo by A. Steegitz.

WE had been dining, *en atelier*, with Farquhar. There were Crichton, a dramatic critic, Kitty Kilthyme, a young Irish singer—"The Limerick Lark," they called her—Farquhar, a Scotch water-colorist, and I, Gwendoline Goldgirdle, an actress for whom Crichton had

prophesied great things after he saw me as *Juliet* on the night of my *début* in America.

It is one thing to attract, but quite another thing to recognize, and Crichton having the greater gift, I found myself famous. I, having been my own heroine for want of a better, must perforce speak more of myself than good taste permits. I was young; I had temperament, as well as timely training; my face, by day, was plain—a wide brow, a firm chin and a straight nose with sensitive nostrils, and for background a sallow skin. "Homely" I had heard myself called—by day, that is—but at night I flashed into beauty, after art had put color and softness upon my cheeks and deepened the shadows under my eyes into an ophidian seductiveness, and my non-descript hair was hidden under the warm tints of a Titian wig.

The curtain never rose upon me, after that beneficent hour with the rouge-pot and the pencils and powder, that I did not hear a rapturous murmur in the house over my loveliness. I think the knowledge that it was spurious—a thing to be put on and off—gave me a



Painted for OUTING by A. W. Van Deusen.

delight in it which no beauty by right of birth could bestow. Nor did I care for clothes as the woman of fashion cares for them. It was my delight to go about all day in dowdy old duds, but when night came and the flash of the footlights fell upon me I loved to rustle over the stage in brocades and velvets and cloths of gold; yet the lights once out, and the theater empty, and my finery hung on its pegs in my dressing-room, I bade farewell to my vanity and became once more plain Jenny Gold, for that was my real name. The grandiloquent Gwendoline Goldgirdle was, like the beauty and the picturesque raiment, all a part of the art and the artifice which I loved. Thanks to a Jewish grandpapa, whose name I never knew, I was endowed with a faith in myself and my power to accomplish my ambitions. So far, I had succeeded; but of late there had come upon me a saddening sense of incompleteness in my art. I had begun to wonder if Crichton and the critics who followed where he led, were in the right when they accredited me with glory to come.

But to go back. We had dined, as I said, and were now drawn around the open fire which burned on Farquhar's hearth. Two long wax-candles from Notre Dame, which Kitty had stuck in tall Turkish candlesticks from a Mohammedan mosque, gave the only light to the studio, except that of the fitful flare of the pine-logs. We sipped our coffee and Chartreuse in one of those blessed silences which are the secret of sympathetic souls. It was Christmas eve, I remember, and it having fallen on a Sunday Kitty and I had the evening to ourselves. It was Crichton who broke the silence by saying:

"I tell you it's all bosh, this everlasting talk about the intellectuality of actors. The actor must be endowed with intelligence, rather than with intellect; if he had more of the latter he could not act."

"Oh, come," spoke Kitty, turning her pert profile to him; "a sweet gentleman you are, calling us all fools and ijots."

"Hush, Kitty; don't interrupt," said I. "Tell us, Mr. Crichton, what you mean, please."

Crichton took a deep pull at his pipe and went on. "What I mean is just this: That the first great possession of the actor must be *animal* magnetism. Dante, Shakespeare, Byron, Tennyson,

Carlyle, Longfellow, Emerson," he went on, enumerating them by name, "had in pre-eminence that quality which people in their stupidity ascribe to the great actor. Put them, your poets and philosophers,—all or any one of them,—on the stage, and what a sorry strutting of sticks you would have. A stage manager would not give a place in the back row of the chorus to the greatest amongst them, and why? Because they are intellectual, and rule by right of *spiritual* magnetism? Who ever heard of an actor swaying his audience by spiritual magnetism? Animal magnetism then, being of the body, cannot go hand in hand with intellect, for intellect is purely of the soul, is the white heat, in fact, which burns its incasement of clay."

Kitty, with her yellow hair stuck full of joss-sticks, gave vent to an emphatic, "Faith, did you ever hear the like?"

Farquhar's eyes were with the fantastic little creature as she flitted about the room, but his ears had been with us, for he eagerly asked, "How about morals? Eh, Crichton? I suppose you'll go on and strip them of every shred of virtue next."

"Trust him for that, Mr. Farquhar," said Kitty, who looked like a midsummer fay with a rush of fireflies to its head; "sure he'd begrudge the poor devils so much as the top button of Joseph's shirt."

"By the way," went on Farquhar, "I read a horrible thing to-day, and speaking of morals reminds me of it. It was an account of a murder in Vienna. I found it in a torn journal, wrapped about some prints which came from Germany the other day. The woman, Betti Bauer by name, was a girl of the street. She had disappeared from the beer gardens and the cafés which she usually haunted, and the police took up the case. I don't recollect exactly why, but at all events, on breaking the door of her room, in the Rothen Laternen Strasse, they found the table set as if for supper. The covers were laid for two. The head of the woman was arranged on a pewter platter in the middle of the table; her clotted hair was wreathed with white roses, whose withered petals showed here and there where the murderer's hand had pressed. Fancy their horror at finding that one of the glasses on the table showed by the incrustation on its rim that the human ghoul had actually drunk of his victim's blood."

"Oh horrible! horrible!" we cried. "Did they find the murderer?"

"No. There is no clue whatever to him, notwithstanding a reward of five thousand thalers offered for him by the Austrian Government. He is one of Lombroso's hideous moral deformities. Possibly, if we could run him to earth, we would find him sufficiently degenerate to fill our friend Crichton's idea of what the truly great and popular actor should be."

Crichton did not answer, but softly smiled to himself and crossed the floor to a table, where lay a confused collection of photographs of American and foreign actors. He looked them over carefully, and when he joined us he held in his hand the presentment of a man in the costume of Medieval Italy. Kitty and Farquhar leaned over my shoulder to look at it, for he had placed the picture in my lap. "You told me that you had seen him, I think."

"Yes. When I was out here five years ago, I saw him as *Cassius*, as well as *Paolo* in "*Francesca*."

"Good. Tell me what you thought of him."

"Well, to be honest, I left the theater after each performance impressed with a sense of his propriety as an actor, rather than his plasticity. In those days I had to sit in the family circle, and I remember how the women munched away at chocolate caramels which they carried in rattling, brown-paper bags. To be sure they did applaud, but the hand-clappings were as well regulated as the love-making on the stage. Yes, he was a scholarly actor, but he never started the cold shivers up and down my back. And yet there was an exquisite sense of correctness in all that he did and said."

"Very well put, Miss Goldgirdle. Now listen you two. She is the judge, and you the jury." He crossed again to the table and returned with another picture. This time the man whose face looked out at us was robed in the soft folds of a Roman toga.

"Ah," I cried, without waiting for Crichton to speak, "how great he was! I saw him as the *Gladiator*, as *Virginus*, and as *Othello*. He moved me as no other has ever done, before or since. And the people, how they loved him. His smile would set them in a frenzy; their shouts and cries still ring in my ears."

"And did the women munch their caramels?" said Crichton.

"I never noticed. I saw nothing, heard nothing, but that magnificent creature. Often I have gone without my dinner in order to hear him. Oh, if I could find some one like him to go hand in hand with me in my work, I might be all that you say I can be; but it will never come, unless I find him." I spoke with sudden, passionate earnestness.

Crichton looked at me long and sadly. "You have answered me. This," touching the picture which lay in my lap, "had power to move you in life, and has power to move you even in death. You have given me the victory by your confession. Here," taking up the first picture, "was intellect; and here, intelligence," raising the second from its place. "Here, high thinking and pure living; here, low desires and illiterate libertinism. If you must find your artistic greatness through the smirch of such an inspiration, I pray that God will strike you dead before he permits you to find him. Now remember, my child." Kitty and Farquhar had disappeared in the dusk of one of the corners of the studio, and Crichton's hand had closed upon mine. "Now remember, that great danger would come to you if such a monster were to cast his slime upon your pure soul."

The chimes of old Trinity were ringing in the Christmas as he spoke; and Farquhar and Kitty, from the window-seat in the corner, cried out that the cab, which was to carry us to our up-town apartment, was waiting below.

"Not yet," cried Crichton, with my hand still in his. "Jenny"—he spoke the real name with a tenderness which made a lump in my throat—"Jenny dear, I wish I had never written the things of you which I have; they are taking you from me, dear. Give up this life of the stage, and come to me."

"Isn't that a rather commonplace view to take of a young woman for whom you prophesied such great things, Mr. Crichton?" I replied, with a laugh and an untwisting of the locked fingers.

"It's the only wholesome view to take of you," said Crichton, tucking me up in my long fur cloak; "and by Jove, Jenny, you'll agree with me some day."

"Good night, Mr. Crichton."

"Good night, Miss Goldgirdle," as the cab door closed upon Kitty and I.

Kitty and I lived together with one little housemaid, Mary Martin, and it was she who announced that a "gentleman" was waiting in the sitting-room.

"A gentleman, Mary, at this time of night," cried both Kitty and I.

"Oh, nonsense; nothin' of de kind," broke in a brisk voice; "it's only me, Miss Goldgirdle, Peter de property boy."

"Well, Peter, I am glad to see you. What is it?" for I saw he was under some great excitement.

"I've found him for you, Miss, and he's a corker." Pete's eyes grew big, and I began to wonder if he'd been drinking. "You see, Miss, I was off wid de boys to-night, and we goes down to Macdougall Street to a bang-up place where dey gives you a dinner for tirty cents wid wine, Tessa's dey calls it, and at one of de tables I sees a queer-lookin' chap, dat I spots as a actor. I couldn't make out what country he belongs to, 'cause he talked Eyetallian wid a tenor singer, and Spanish wid a mandolin player, and French wid a artist, and Dutch wid a fiddler; and I'll be blowed if dere weren't a chap dere what nobody could understand, but he pitches into him, and talks wid him in a lingo dat dey said was Roomaynian. So den I tries him on de English, and Miss, he spoke elegant. Well, Miss, I found dat he was a actor, but busted, dead broke. He looked kinder white about de gills, and I found dat he hadn't had a bite in two days, so I blows him off to beer and bolonies; and den I suggests dat he will be so good as to blow us off to some Shakespeare, *Othello*, for instance, for I had you and Mr. Matthews, de manager, in me mind, knowin' as how you was stuck and couldn't find your man nowhere. Well, he just stood up, and in a few minuts he had de hull of de boys wid him, every one of us on our toes. I've heard all of de great ones, you knows I has, but I never, never, never did hear nobody like him. How dey cheered him, and how he did make de frankforters and beer slide down his trote on a bike. He's de man for you, Miss, and I've told him to be at Mr. Matthews's office in de mornin', and I come to tell you to be on hand too; good night." And he was off, before I could slip a Christmas *pourboire* into his honest hand.

"Strange if that uncultivated fellow should have found the *Othello* for whom

Mr. Matthews and I have been searching for over a year," I said, as I let down my hair. Still, I said to Kitty that I would wait for Mr. Matthews's calmer and more cultivated judgment. I knew he would be sure to summon me if he found anything at all in Pete's discovery.

It was bound to be a night of surprises, for just as I was ready for bed, with my mind in a whirl over the Crichton conversation, little Mary came to my door with a package which "came for you this afternoon from Levison's, Miss,"—a pawn-shop where marvelous curios could sometimes be picked up. With eager hands I broke the string and tore off the wrappings, wondering as I did so who could have remembered me at Christmas. The last piece of paper peeled from the parcel, the thing itself remained hidden in a bag of cham-ouis skin; this was, however, quickly removed, and my eyes beheld that which by its beauty so astonished me that all I could do was to cry out, "Oh, Kitty, Kitty, come here; come here and see!"

Kitty, in her night-gown, found me in mine with my hands clasped about a cross. It was massive and made of gold. The yellow luster of the metal had the glow of an Italian sunset. The hand which had shaped it into the symbol of faith must have loved its task, for by love alone could such beauty be wrought. Jewels were set deep in its surface, and they flashed into a gemmy glitter as I held the marvelous thing to the light, but that which had caused me to call out was the stone which lay between the two arms of the cross. It was a ruby. Its red effulgence seemed to stream out from unfathomed depths of color. It stirred me with a sense of things spiritual: the Divine Passion, the Rose of Sharon, the Holy Grail. Kitty, who was a good Catholic, crossed herself, and the whisper in which she spoke was full of awe.

"The Saints save us, but where did it come from, Jenny dear? Sure it's a Bishop's cross, the cross that he wears at the Blessed Sacrament."

"Right you are about its being a Bishop's cross; read this," and I handed her a slip of parchment which had fallen, in my excitement, unheeded to the floor.

"No. 123. A Pectoral Cross, worn by the good Bishop Alipius during the reign of the Medici, Florence, A. D. 1512. (From the Gioberti Collection.)"

No more, no less. Kitty and I went down on all fours and rummaged in and out among the papers, but that was all; no word or sign to tell the secret of the giver.

"And where will you be putting it for the night?" said Kitty, as we parted.

"Under my pillow," said I; and so I did, and fell asleep with it there, and the sleep I slept was sound and sweet, with no shadow of ill to come.

It was well on to twelve o'clock when Kitty awoke me the next morning, with word from Mr. Matthews, the manager, to come to the theatre, between one and two of that day. There was only time, by the clock on my mantel, for a hurried toilet and a hasty breakfast; and, with a look at my cross and a kiss to Kitty, I was off, with a sense of exhilaration. On the steps of the theater, which was near our apartment, I met a gentleman who looked like a Church of England clergyman. His brown hair and whiskers had an ecclesiastical cut; his chin and the top of his head, when he raised his hat to me, presented,—like his manners,—a polished surface. The few people who had succeeded in "getting up close" to him, as the Americans say, have declared that there was always a fresh smell of shaving soap about him. Such was Mr. Matthews.

"Good marning." He also copied the clergy in his pronunciation of this word. "Good marning, Miss Goldgirdle. I wish you a merry Christmas. Will you step into my private office, if you please? I have troubled you to come here," he said, as I took my seat on one of his red leather armchairs, "beause I want your opinion on this, er, well, fellow, Von Ostroi,"—so that was his name,—"before I sign this," pointing to a contract which lay on the table. "I know of him very well as an actor; he is called the Salvini of Germany, but I was unprepared for the art of the man, when I heard him recite this morning. You will recognize it as something remarkable. But I hear very damaging things of him as a man: that he is utterly irresponsible; that his being here now is due to his having yielded to a sudden whim which made him, one night, in the *entr'acte*, walk out of the stage door of the theater in Vienna, leaving his manager and his audience to do as best they could without him. I am also told he is an

inveterate gambler. The day of his arrival here in New York he dropped a small fortune on the cards. But between ourselves, Miss Goldgirdle, I could forgive these freaks, as eccentricities of genius, if it were not for an air of lowness which hangs about him. As you know, I take pride in the fact that the ladies and gentlemen of my company dress and deport themselves as such, but this fellow is a cross between a Third Avenue car-driver and a Bowery low comedian." Mr. Matthews looked down at his well-manicured finger-tips and heaved a sigh of distress, in which I joined, for his words were a confirmation of Crichton's argument of the previous night. "And then there is another thing against him. He is a remarkable linguist, and my experience has taught me to put no trust in the man of many languages. Facile tongues are sure signs of slippery morals,"—and noiseless footsteps too, it seemed, for even as he spoke the man of whom he spoke came into the room. Notwithstanding his size, which was that of a Samson, a spider could not have entered more silently.

Mental photography has its flashlights, and as he stood there with his back to the window, a huge blot upon the sunshine, I took in at a glance many things: That he had no overcoat, although the day was cold; that the clothes he did wear were shabby; that the hands, which hung flabbily from soiled wristbands, were the hands of a butcher, coarse and sodden in brutality—the fingers stopped short, in their insensitive growth, by horny nails, black with the scrapings of many unclean things. His forehead, which was a size too large for the rest of his face, projected over small, greenish brown eyes. I thought of bubbles rising to the top of some dank pool. In his effort to look me square in the face, the bubbles crossed, revealing as they did so the obliquity of the soul from whose turbid depths the sense of sight had struggled to the surface.

The antipathy which took possession of me was so overmastering that I turned from Herr Von Ostroi abruptly, and with but a scant recognition of Mr. Matthews's presentation. They both followed me through the empty theater, on our way to the stage, which was set for the night's performance of

"Romeo and Juliet." Before I had reached the temple of my aspirations it made felt its humanizing influence, and I turned to Von Ostroi with a remark which, in spite of my effort to be polite, only succeeded in sounding perfunctory. He seemed, however, to have heeded me less than I him, for with a reply which was boorish in its brusqueness, he brushed past me, leaving us standing in the dark corridor.

Art is nothing if not arbitrary. Herr Von Ostroi, with neither appeal nor preamble, without so much as a propitiatory glance in our direction, broke into a long soliloquy from Schiller's "Robbers." It was in German, but that did not matter. Had it been in Chaldaic the effect upon me would have been the same, for he spoke the language of that transcendent region where words are nothing, meaning everything; indeed as I listened, it seemed as if the words dropped away from the thoughts, as the husk from the grain. Hitherto, actors had been "merely players" to me, but now for the first time I found myself listening to a man who was great enough to liberate thought from its obscuration of words. With his first utterance the man was transformed into the artist. His presence grew noble, the light of high Olympus played upon his face; the dignity and sadness of the "homeless sea" surged in his voice and swept my very soul with its vibrant rhythm. Almost unconsciously I found myself drawn by some subtle sympathy to him, with *Desdemona's* words on my lips: "My heart's subdued even to the very quality of my lord."

From that moment and during the week which followed, up to the night when we presented "Othello," did I become a creature of vacillation. The soul of the artist is sensitive, and so it was that I found myself subject to fluctuations of feeling in which a psychologist would have delighted, but which took the flesh from my bones and the bloom from my resolutions. As I look back upon that experience, it seems incredible that it was I, who up to that time had been possessed of nerves of steel, who found herself gradually reduced to a poor, palpitating pulp of emotion. Swift successions of heat and cold will undermine the stoutest physical constitution. As it is with the body, so it is with the soul; so it was

with me. At one moment chilled to my heart's core with horror of the man, the next aglow with enthusiasm for the artist. Giving way to a sweet, strong exaltation at finding myself in the arms of *Othello*; and yet when we stepped from the stage, and art was left behind, had he so much as laid his hand on the fur of my cloak, I should have shrieked aloud in my abhorrence. At no time during our association as *artists*, did this aversion of the woman for the man leave me, except once, and then, thank God, the means of deliverance were given me, and in my victory over the animal I became a better woman, if not a greater actress. But I am rushing too far and too fast ahead. I don't know how long I stayed there on the stage, that Christmas day; I knew but one thing, that at last I had found that for which I had sought.

Dusky December shadows were now creeping over the stage and settling on the painted Veronese streets; attachés of the house were stripping from the boxes their shrouds of white linen, and putting the theater in readiness for the players to tell over again the story of passion to the men and women who came to listen and forget. The vacant chairs, row upon row, stretching away in the gloom seemed to me like a ghostly Stonehenge; a graveyard where tablets were raised to the memory of efforts which had perished in the doing. My mood was morbid, a sure sign of a depleted vital force. It was the voice of Pete the Props which called me back to realities.

"Yer ain't got no right to wear yer-self out so, Miss Goldgirdle, and yer having to go on ter-night, and a rehearsal in de morning fer 'Oteller.' I never seen yer look so played out. Lemme call a cab fer yer, please do."

"Nonsense, Pete; I am only a little chilled and a trifle hungry. I shall be quite myself after dinner," but my voice fell upon my ears with a dead sound. It was a relief to find that I need not exert myself to say good-night to Von Ostroi. With his noiseless tread he had vanished—his only evidence, the smoke of a bad cigar. The smell of that bestial tobacco, attesting as it did to the low nature of the man, made me sick and faint. I was glad when the fresh air of the frosty street swept the taint from my nostrils; but I did not feel

safe from an unreasoning fear lest he should overtake me, till I found myself on the threshold of my own door. With my feet on the stairs, I recollected that Crichton and Farquhar were to eat their Christmas dinner with Kitty and me.

I stood for a moment with the key of the door in my trembling fingers, for I heard Crichton's voice inside and somehow I shrank from letting him see how let down I was; it was he, however, who opened the door, followed by Kitty and Farquhar. The door once open, and my eyes resting on the faithful faces and the pretty room, with its mistletoe and holly, the ground-swell of emotion, which had been gathering in my heart, rose to my lips, broke there in a mighty sob, and receded in a torrent of tears.

Between Kitty, who was Irish and loved a scene and got as close to me as she could without smothering me, and Farquhar, who was Scotch and hated a scene and got as far from me as he could without tumbling out of the window, I should have fared badly, with my English stolidity gone, had not Crichton, who was circumscribed by the crotchets of no country, come to the rescue and bestowed upon my tears a thoroughly international course of treatment.

"Come, cheer up, both of you girls," he said with a laugh. "Christmas tears bring Michaelmas kisses; let that be a sop to your superstitious soul, Mistress Kiltyme." Kitty smiled and I had swallowed my sobs; and, before we knew it, Kitty had got me into a comfortable house-gown and Farquhar had rolled the lounge before the open grate-fire, and I was stretched out among the soft cushions to give myself up to an hour's relaxation among them. The dinner-table with its Christmas roses and candles was placed close to my couch, and whilst Kitty served the soup, Crichton made me drink a wassail of his own brewing, malt and brown stout. Lulled by it and the happy voices I lay there calm and content. Once, when I would have drowsily spoken, Crichton laid his hand on my lips; from there it found its way to my head, and his touch on my hair sealed my compact with sleep. A wave of slumber crept from the soles of my feet to the crown of my head, and brought with it a renewal of life and its forces. It was the voice of Kitty, fresh and ecstatic, which heralded the passing of

my hour's repose. She was singing that dearest of old songs, "The Heart That Has Truly Loved." Farquhar, leaning over the piano, had lighted his cigar, but his eyes were fastened on the singer. Crichton and I were virtually alone. He sat by my side whilst I ate my dinner. In his hand he held the Pectoral Cross.

"How beautiful it is," he said; "and do you know, Miss Goldgirdle, that while you slept, and the sunflower over there was turning to its god, I made a discovery. See,"—and he held the cross towards me,—"see if you can find anything peculiar about it."

But I could not, although I turned it this way and that.

"Look through this," and he held a magnifying glass over it. I looked and beheld, encircling the ruby, a row of letters, very much worn, and quite undecipherable to me. I did not understand Latin, but Crichton did, and he said the inscription was in old Latin. We still held the cross between us, but coax him as I would, he would not tell me the meaning of the words he had found.

"It's a command, dear; and if the day comes when you will love me enough to do as this bids you, then and not till then will I translate it for you. And so do not bother me about it till then. And now, Miss Goldgirdle, tell me what you think of your *Othello*?"

"As a man?" said I, somewhat reluctant to leave the fascination of my curiosity about the inscription.

"Yes, as a man."

"He's a beast."

"And as an artist?"

"He's a god."

"Take care; a god who is half a beast is a dangerous thing to play with."

"Not to me, Mr. Crichton," said I.

"Yes, to you; doubly so to you who are as sensitive and as pure as——"

"As what, Mr. Crichton?" said I, mockingly. It was growing very sweet to me, this half-acknowledged love of his for me, and for that reason, I suppose, I found pleasure in treating it lightly. He rose and walked to the window. I could see, as he held the curtains apart, that the sky was of steel and no stars shone.

"Ah! Heaven is good to me and sends me the simile which earth could not supply. Come here, come here,

my Lady Superior, and look," and he pointed to the snow which was sifting itself slowly down on the roofs and the street below,—“as pure and as sensitive as that, my sweet one.”

The curtain fell and shut us away for a moment from the others. His face was near mine, but before the faces met, I had slipped back into the light. “Yes, and as cold, Mr. Crichton,” said I, with a laugh. He followed me to the table, where we had left the cross.

“Promise me, Miss Goldgirdle, that when you play *Desdemona* you will wear this on your breast. It’s only a fancy of mine, a foolish one, perhaps, but I should like to feel that it is near you; it will exorcise unclean spirits.”

I promised, calling him a goose as I did so, and then we made ready to start out. We all went our ways together, laughing and talking in a sweet unconstraint, as children might, but seldom do.

My theater, “The Romance,” was already lighted, and its myriad lamps were blinking at the snow, which was now falling heavily. Mr. Matthews, who never let the managerial grass grow under his feet, had the bill-stickers at work, placarding the stands in front of the theater with the announcement that Shakspeare’s tragedy of “Othello” would be presented on New Year’s night, with Miss Gwendoline Goldgirdle as *Desdemona*, and Herr Otto Von Ostroi as *Othello*.

Reading this announcement was a man, almost the only one about at that early hour who could lay claim to the faintest approach to fashion. But this young man was *comme il faut*. His face would have been a bright one, had it not been for the utterly *blasé* expression of his eyes. With an apology to me Crichton crossed to this man, and there was a muttered conversation between them. I overheard this much: that the man would wait for Crichton in the foyer.

As Crichton and I walked to the stage door he told me that this was Brooks, a remarkably clever writer who had just been taken on the paper with which he was connected. In spite of his rather stupid looks, Brooks, it appeared, had stumbled upon a “sensation,” one that would shake the country, and he wanted to talk it over with Crichton.

In a corner of the alley which led up

to the stage door, a man and a woman were talking, as Crichton said good night to me. The light from a swinging lamp, which burned dimly as it swung in the wind, fell upon the woman’s face. It was a pitiful face, once pretty, but sharpened by want and avarice; and sin had blotted out its womanhood. The man who stood towering above her and pushing his face into hers was the man who shared with me the distinction of being starred on the bills. With no word from me, Crichton divined that it was he. We both saw the sinister smirk with which he answered the rapacious leer on the painted face of the woman. It was over in a moment, this hideous tableau of vice, for finding that he was observed, Von Ostroi shoved the woman back into the deepest shadow. I waited for Crichton to speak.

“My God,” he exclaimed, “this is horrible!” He fairly groaned in agony of spirit. “Of course,” he went on, “I know that such beasts are and must be, and that is not the thing that kills me; it is the thought that art gives him the right to be your equal, to share with you its honors, to be one with you in the eyes of the people. I could curse art for making such an alliance possible.”

He spoke in quick, low tones, and I noticed how his voice quivered with indignation. Our hands had again found their way to one another, as they had a way of doing whenever an unwonted earnestness swayed our souls. I let my hand lie passive in his, with a sad conviction that he was more than half in the right.

“It galls me,” he went on, “to know that you have chosen a profession where propinquity, so fraught with peril, is the inexorable law, and that you are content with the conditions it imposes.”

“Ah, but be consistent,” I cried; “be consistent! Remember how, at the first, it was you who gave me the faith in myself to go on. I was half-sick of it all when your own words brought me back to my ambitions.” I was sorry that I had said so much. It seemed ungenerous, when I saw the pain my words had caused.

“I told you last night, dear, how I repented my own words; I tell you now, once and for all, that I wish my hand had withered before it had written those words. Can you not see, dear, that you were then merely the actress

to me; and that now you are the woman, and being that, you have grown so sacred the very thought of you is a sanctification?"

The wind, as he spoke, brought a great swirl of snow into our faces, but Crichton's lips lay against my ear for one moment; the next, he was gone. But not until he had told me that he loved me.

That night I played the mock love badly, for reason of the real love which sang in my breast and filled it with its harmonies; and yet, the next day, and the next and the next, and up to the night of the performance, I was at the theater; I threw myself into my work with that passionate energy which they know who work to achieve. The rehearsals were long and arduous, but never irksome. I found myself, under the direction of Von Ostroi, gaining day by day in my art.

I lived, during the fever of those days, aloof from everybody. Crichton kept away, but not a day passed that something from his hand did not find its way to mine. The bunch of violets which I found on my dressing-table, when I came worn and spent from the theater, were from him, and the hothouse grapes which I found on my breakfast-table were from him. That I grew daily more haggard, my mirror told me. My disposition grew as pinched as my looks; once when Kitty ventured to break out in a tearful protest on the change in me I snapped out a reply which effectually put an end to anything like outspoken sympathy on her part.

An artist, when the creative mood is on, is not a pleasant household companion, and so it was with me throughout that feverish week, every day growing greater in art and, alas, weaker in womanhood. It stirred my pride as an artist to know that I was winning Von Ostroi's admiration. More than once those unctuous lips of his had murmured words of adulation which, to my shame be confessed, seemed as sweet to the artist as Crichton's words of love had seemed to the woman. Once when he told me that my *Desdemona* would be the greatest on the stage, I was simply intoxicated with pride, and the knowledge of an ambition accomplished.

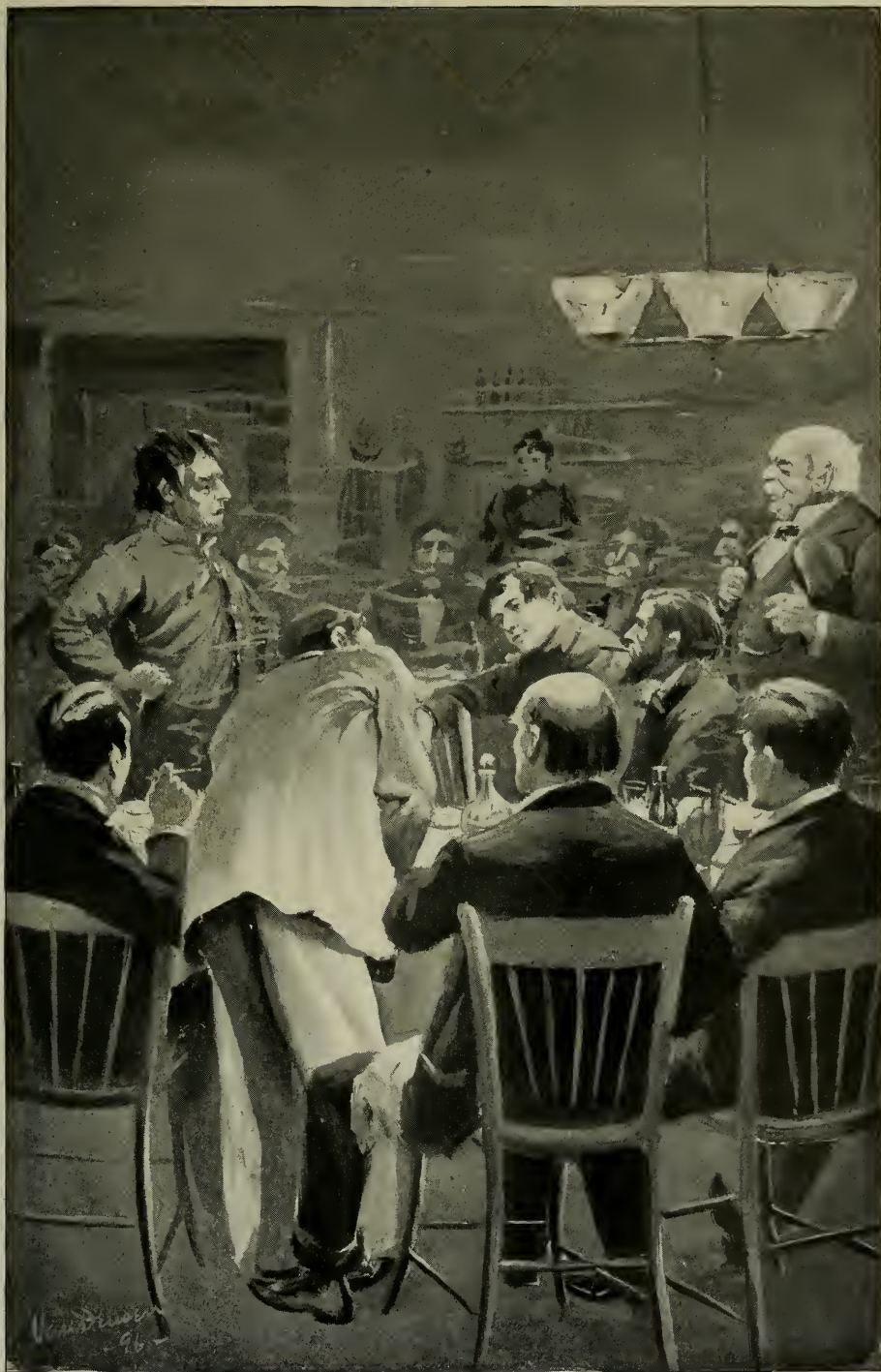
Von Ostroi, whom nobody in the company liked, was much with the young journalist, Brooks, during those days. They were inseparable. The green-

room gossips had discovered the secret of their sympathy; they both were inveterate gamblers. I heard this without heeding; but when I learned that this same Brooks was on equal terms of intimacy with Crichton, then I came out of my clouds to marvel. I found myself wondering if Crichton was no stronger in his consistency than the rest of the disappointing herd of human beings who made up my world of art. If this were so, then the universe would be to me as the egg in the nursery song; once fallen from its wall, "not all the King's horses nor all the King's men" could ever establish it for me again.

It was at last the night of my hopes and aspirations, and as little Mary and I drove past the theater, from my carriage-window I had seen Crichton and Brooks walking arm-in-arm and talking in all earnestness together. The night, I remember, was cold and clear; and bent in the sky, like a benediction over the city, was the thin new moon. I stood before my mirror in my dressing-room, in the Venetian gown which *Desdemona* wears. The jeweled girdle at my waist and the gold net whose meshes held my hair were my only ornaments. I drank in a proud consciousness of my own loveliness. The Pectoral Cross lay on the dressing-table. I wanted to think only of my part, but somehow the old sad refrain kept ringing in my ears, "Not all the King's horses nor all the King's men;" and Crichton himself stood in the room. I gave a little cry of joy at the sight of him.

"You are very beautiful to-night," he said, as he took my hands, "and I have brought you this, to make the Pectoral Cross complete. I have not forgotten your promise to me," he said, taking from its box a curiously wrought chain of gold. Attaching it to the cross he placed it about my neck. "There! now you are perfect," he added, as he fastened the clasp. "Hush! not a word. Don't talk to me now. I will see you after the performance. Act as well as you look, and you will be as great as you desire."

As he turned to leave the room, he and Von Ostroi met face to face. Crichton barely nodded, and failed to see the hand which the actor held out to him. As he strode down the passage, Von Ostroi looked after him with an evil light in his eye.



Painted for OUTING by A. W. Van Deusen.

WHERE VON OSTROI WAS FOUND. (p. 215.)

"I don't like that critic," he said, with a shrug of his leonine shoulders. "Why should he meet me, Von Ostroi, the greatest *Othello* in Europe, in such a way? Bah! these American *canaille*, what manners they haf." As he stood looking scornfully after Crichton, I had time to observe the consummate art of the man's make-up. The picture he had made on the background which nature had given him was one which filled me with æsthetic delight. *Othello, the Moor*, had wiped out every suggestion of Von Ostroi, the Austrian.

The picture, however, was Oriental rather than barbaric. The flesh of the face, the arms and the neck looked as if it had sucked in the sunshine of burning skies. Its mellow brown gave the key-note to his costume. The soft fabrics of which this was composed ran into one another as naturally as paints on the canvas of a great painter. Yellows of a sulphurous hue lost themselves in shadows of brown; broke forth again in pale gold, to be submerged in a blue that was almost black; flashed forth once more in their original tint, but vitalized into a lustrous green, vivid as that of an Egyptian lizard. He wore this color about his waist in a broad silken sash, on which were webbed and woven interlacing palm-leaves of gold and silver. Massive clasps of silver, studded with turquois and wrought by hands long since turned to dust, held together in lines of unstudied symmetry, a dress which, by the beauty of its abandon, bade defiance to the "curled darlings" of the Venetian Court.

Beholding him thus, is it any wonder that *Desdemona* should have dedicated herself to him? "To his honours and his valiant parts did I my soul and fortunes consecrate." I stood gazing upon him, dazzled, fascinated, with the spell of the unreal upon me. The orchestra in the front of the house were crashing out Rubinstein's *Bal Masqué* music, the cruel, sensuous *Danse Andalouse*. As he stood there in the terrible strength of the animal, teeming with the love of life and life's passions and pleasures, he seemed the embodiment of the music. I could not take my eyes off him, but his were riveted, not on me, but on the Pectoral Cross, which rose and fell in rhythm with my heart-throbs.

Von Ostroi came near to me, so near that his breath was on my face. With

a gesture of greed he reached out one hand; he would have laid it on the cross had I not drawn back; nay, it seemed for one moment that, had we been alone, he would have put those great hands about my throat and strangled the life out of me, so rocked was he by the lust of gold.

"Gott in Himmel!" he muttered, "but you could sell him for a big price. How much you pay for him already, hay? Brooks, come here," he cried; "come here and see all the dollars my *Desdemona* wears on her neck."

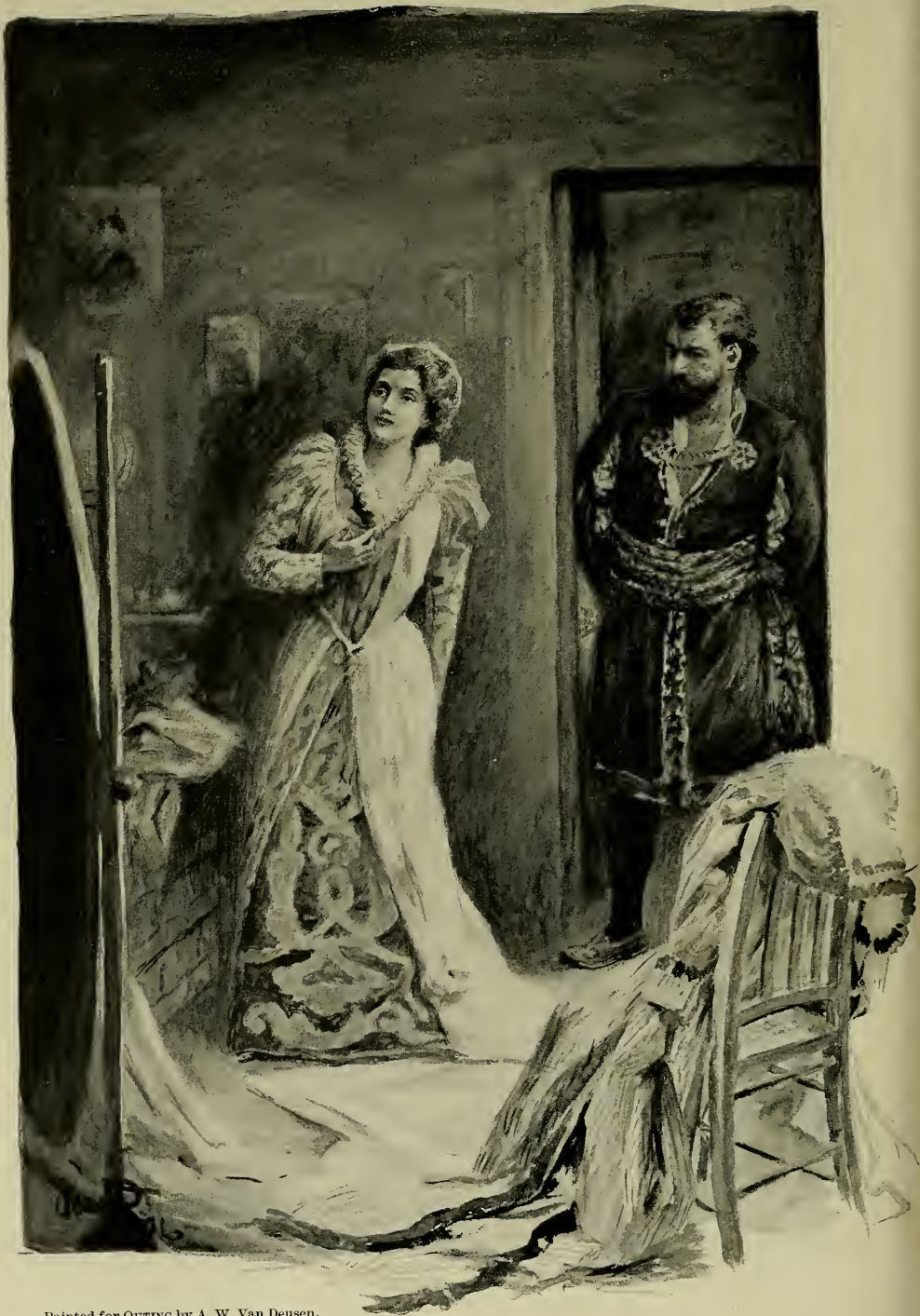
The vulgarity of speech, when he spoke as the man, jarred upon every sensibility, but it was one of the strange contradictions of genius that when Shakespeare spoke through his medium, the English fell from his lips with an enchanting purity of accent which his every-day speech utterly lacked. Brooks, however, did not seem to mind this distortion of the vernacular, and, as usual, he was not far away from his familiar. He seemed—if that could be—even more tired of life than ever. He did, however, rouse himself sufficiently to admire my cross, and to ask Von Ostroi, in German—for he was as great a linguist as his companion—to show us both the dagger with which *Othello* stabs himself in the last act. It seemed to me that the request annoyed the actor. Brooks was persistent, pleading that he had seen the scimitars of Fechter and all the other great *Othellos*, but to no avail; the dagger of this *Othello* was not on exhibition.

I was glad of the call-boy's "Ready to begin." I would have banished the thought of everything but my part from my mind, as I sat there waiting for my call, but there suddenly flashed upon me a wild legend of Pete the Props, to the effect that no one had ever set eyes on that dagger, the one with which *Othello* stabs himself. Actors are superstitious, and it appeared that Von Ostroi believed that if human eye should rest on the weapon it would break the charm of his performance. Pete had discovered that by day and night the knife lay against his heart, hidden from mortal gaze, till he drew it in the last act. I wondered if there could be any truth in Pete's yarn. The confusion of a first night behind the scenes dropped into silence and order as the play began. I could hear the applause



Painted for *OUTING* by A. W. Van Deusen.

"AS I STOOD WAITING FOR MY CUE." (p. 225.)



Painted for OUTING by A. W. Van Deusen.

"WHERE TWO FACES MEET IN THE SAME MIRROR." (p. 225.)

which greeted *Iago* on his entrance; he was a favorite, and it was loud and long. Then all was still once more, till there came a mighty storm of sound, which told me that the Austrian actor had at first sight compelled his audience. From the volume of the applause I knew not only that the theater was packed from stall to gallery, but that every man and woman there was with *Othello*, and would be to the end.

As I stood waiting for my cue in one of the dark wings, I saw again the little new moon. It shone through a great window at the back of the stage. As I looked up at it, so high, so pure, so tender, *Brabantio's* lines fell on my ear, "a maiden never bold; of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion blushed at herself." Was it of his daughter he spoke, or of her prototype in the sky? I waited there for the long speech of *Othello* so that I might be imbued with something of the strength, simplicity and dignity with which it was spoken. Then with a last look at the little silver moon over my shoulder, I glided from the dark into the light. Crichton afterwards told me,—and I can speak of it now with no vanity, all these things having passed out of my life,—that I seemed to him like nothing so much as the new moon, as he saw me in my long gown of blue, caught in its girdle of silver, and my fair hair blown about my face from its jeweled net, and on my breast the cross.

The night, with its music, and lights, and applause, filled me with an ecstasy of art. The audience, which lay beyond the enchanted boundary of the foot-lights, was to me as an ocean from whence came great waves of inspiration and encouragement. I moved from scene to scene as a soul may move after its dissolution from the body. I was conscious of but one thing, that at last my spirit had found its artistic liberation, and that the man who, by the might of his animal magnetism, held his audience, held me, for the time, in a thralldom as terrible as it was sweet. Kitty, who had rushed over from her theater, between songs, to see the fourth act, was all a-quiver when she came with Farquhar to my dressing-room. She and he and they all told me, everybody in the theater was talking of the wonderful change in my acting.

"Oh, but, Jenny dear, it's killing

you; it's beyond anything that I ever dreamed you could be, but I wish it could stop to-night, dear; that's the truth. That monster will eat the soul out of you."

But I did not heed her, I heeded no one, nothing but the exaltation of acting with an artist as great as Von Ostroi. Two hours of unreality with him were worth a lifetime of reality with any other man, I thought in my flush of gratified ambition. I stood before my mirror, clad in the long white death-gown of the last act. Cypress-flowers were embroidered on it, and about the waist was a girdle of gold.

It was while I was fastening its clasp of malachite that I raised my eyes, and in the mirror, looking into my reflected eyes with eyes which burned with an unclean fire, I beheld the face of my *Othello*. One glance in his face revealed to me the fact that the man had made of my enthusiasm for the artist a personal affair. The horror with which I recognized this was indescribable, but for reasons of my own I nerved myself not to betray it to him; so looking as best I could with the fear that was upon me, straight into the glass, I said:

"This is a bad omen, Herr Von Ostroi. When two faces meet in the same mirror it means that one of the two must die."

"Well, and why not?" he exclaimed, with an amorous smile. "You love me, and I will be your lover, and I will kiss you, and the woman who is kissed by me, Otto Von Ostroi, need not fear to die," he murmured, as he adjusted the folds of his white burnous in the mirror, relegating with true German egotism the evil in the omen to me. Thinking that safety lay in trifling, I ignored the insult which his words and manner conveyed, and, looking smilingly in the eyes in the glass, I said:

"Ah! Herr Von Ostroi, that is what you have to do in the next act. You are too great an artist to attempt making the unreal real. It is only stupid people who do that," emphasizing my remark with a daub of the powder-puff.

"Bah! I am sick of stage kisses, and, by God, before the curtain is rung down to-night, I will give you a kiss that shall make you mine. I swear it!" He caught me roughly by the arms as he spoke. "You are beautiful and you love me. All my *Desdemonas* have been beautiful and have loved me, and I have made

love to them, and that is how they have become great actresses."

Burning with shame I tore myself from his grasp. Had I been struck in the market-place, before all the people, my humiliation would have been less. The hot flush which swept over me, it seemed, must brand me for life. I escaped somehow from the room. To this day I cannot endure the smell of cosmetics; it brings back with a poignancy that sickens me that horrible night when he and I stood at my dressing-table with our eyes looking out from the same mirror, and Kitty's words ringing in my ears: "When two faces in the mirror lie, this is sure, that one must die."

It seemed as if the curtain would never ring up on the fifth act. I longed to be once more on the stage by the side of the man from whose brutality I was quivering, for so strong was my faith in his greatness as an actor that I knew I should be safe there. Not for the temptation of a thousand women would he sacrifice his art. I lay on *Desdemona's* bed at the back of the stage. The lamp above my head burned dimly, and I could see through the window that the little moon had forsaken the sky. The scene was set in "one," the street scene of the drunken brawl. *Cassio* was "almost slain and *Roderigo* dead," and then the scene-shifters began their work. The great pieces of painted canvas parted in the middle and slid with a faint rumble into their grooves, and the bed chamber of *Desdemona* was discovered. I lay there with *Iago's* line of portent in my ears: "This is the night that either makes me or fordoes me quite." Then *Othello* entered and stood gazing with ineffable tenderness upon his sleeping wife. It seemed that I was right in thinking that here I should be safe from Von Ostroi. In spite of his threats that he would kiss me, the kisses that he rained on my hair, eyes, lips, hands were of a piece with the rest of the theatrical make-up, falling on his own thumb, and as false as the color of my hair or the pallor of my cheek. It is the ephemeral which rules in the soul of an artist, and so I lulled my apprehensions to rest with the conviction that the episode in my dressing-room had passed as completely from his mind as though it had never been. For the time I, too, forgot it, and threw myself heart and soul into the spirit of the scene. They

said afterwards—and the story still lives in that realm of forgetfulness, the theater—that never had the awful scene been played as he and I played it that night. I cannot tell. In the light of that which came upon me, memory grows blurred and dim; this only comes back to me, and will be with me to the day I die, that, at the end, when I lay on the bed, the dead *Desdemona*, at the mercy of the man who knew that I could make neither outcry nor resistance, as helpless and as alone, with the gaze of that multitude upon me, as though I had been in the Garden of Gethsemane—it was then that I realized that the passion, held in abeyance by art, would break its bonds; that at the end the man would keep to his oath, and in its fulfillment there would be that on my lips which would forever stand between Crichton and me. With the thought of him came a swift rush of intelligence. I thought of the cross; I prayed to it; I besought it to aid me. Stealthily the hand lying out of sight of the audience stole up to it, closed upon it and clung there. Fortunately, Von Ostroi had ordered the lime-light to be thrown, not about my head, but on my feet, so that they, by their spasmodic contraction, would reveal the death agony. The shadows of the dark stage had settled upon my head and shoulders. Through my half-closed eyes I could see that the monster towering over me was gloating on my face. Then his butcher hand closed upon the dagger, and, thrusting it into his heart, he breathed his last lines: "I kissed thee ere I killed thee; no way but this, killing myself to die upon a kiss;" and then he fell, not upon the lips he had hungered for, but upon the Pectoral Cross of the good Bishop Alipius. My lips, fastened upon the great ruby, clung there with all the strength of my soul and my body. His, seeking their prey, descended upon the reverse side of the cross and lay there for a moment; and then, with a mighty sigh of disappointment which shook the massive frame at my side, the head sank down upon the pillow, still and at peace.

So Von Ostroi lay when the curtain rolled down, and the men and women on the other side broke into a tumult of applause. So he lay when the clapping and the cries compelled it to roll its green length slowly up into the flies.

Three times it rose and fell upon the dead lovers lying there, and yet the man at my side made no sign. Too great in his art, I thought, to disturb the picture of death for mere plaudits. Three times did that curtain rise and fall, but at its fourth uprising the noise rose with a mighty crescendo. Mingling with the bravos and hand-clappings came shouts and cries for him and for me. It was an ovation too overwhelming in its spontaneity to be longer ignored.

"Herr Von Ostroi," I whispered, "listen, hear; they are calling for us; we must go down to the front,"—for I saw that the glittering bow of the foot-lights was transformed into a Rosamonde's bower of bloom; laurels and roses and lilies and all the flowers of the spring awaited our coming. In one of the boxes I saw the face of a young girl; there were tears on her white cheeks, and she was tearing the violets from her breast to throw to us. The indifference of the man stretched out at my side angered me. It was boorish of him, I thought, to lie there in the face of that splendid recognition and give no sign; so raising myself on my elbow, I shook him by the arm. "Listen to me, Herr Von Ostroi; you must make your acknowledgments; it is ungracious not to; give me your hand and let me lead you to them, if you will not lead me. I say, give me your hand; you must, you shall," I repeated, wrought up to a frenzy of nervous excitement. I slid my hand into his, but my fingers met no responsive clasp. I leaned over him to look into his face, and then it was that I saw upon it what drove out the anger from my heart, and made me signal to the prompter to ring down a quick curtain. As it descended, the lights on the stage flashed up; and in their garish glare the faces of the actors and actresses, as they rushed half-clad from their dressing-rooms, begrimed with the grease-paints of their make-up, looked withered and worn. I saw them all, gathering about in clusters, leaving the stage to the awful presence there. I saw the shudderings and whisperings, and how they all drew away from the thing which lay stretched on the very couch where, but a moment ago, Von Ostroi had mocked that power which now held him in its mighty hand. The swarthy face was upturned to a screeching gas-jet which burned just

over it. The glare fell upon the wide-open eyes with no resistance from their sightless stare.

And then I saw coming towards me Crichton, and with him the man Brooks. No! Was it Brooks? This man of the keen face and the alert eye, who spoke with an air of authority to two men in the uniform of the Police, and who wore on his breast the badge of the Secret Police Service of Austria. He and the officers stood in the wing opposite to me, and I saw the flash of steel as the light fell on the group, with their handcuffs and drawn revolvers. Crichton made his way across the stage to the spot where I stood, a little out of the glare of that awful light. I think I was glad to know that he was by my side, although in the unearthly calm which possessed me, all personal feeling seemed to have ceased. But the other man, with his mask of desuetude dropped, approached with an eagerness from which they all shrank. With avidity he hung above the parted lips. The curse which he uttered told me that he found no breath there. Then he tore open the shirt and placed his hand upon the heart.

"Good God," he fiercely cried, "he has stopped breathing! But his heart beats!" With one last mighty convulsion, in which it flung itself against the gigantic breast as though it would break its bonds of flesh, the heart of Otto Von Ostroi yielded up its evil, and lay still beneath the hand of its Nemesis. The detective kneeled, but not in reverence, by the side of the body. Ruthlessly, and with no regard for the dignity of death, he tore the dagger of the dead *Othello* from the fingers which held its hilt in their stiffened clutch. I saw how, trembling with excitement, he held it under the screeching gas-jet; and then I saw how the man's look of disgust at the loss of his prey gave place to one of exultation, as he scanned the filigree-work with which the handle was flimsily embroidered. Holding the knife in one hand he pointed to a small spot just above the blade, from whence a bit of the filigree had disappeared. In his other hand, between his thumb and forefinger, he held a small piece of fretted gold, hardly larger than an English guinea. Then he spoke.

"Two months ago, in Vienna, a woman was murdered."

"Betti Bauer," I whispered to Crichton.

"She was the fourth of her class murdered within a month. The murderer left no clue, and as the detectives had nothing to work on, the crimes remained a mystery; but, in the clotted hair of one of the women, Betti Bauer by name, I found this." They all jostled and crowded about him to see the tiny piece of gold which he held in his hand. "And now I have found this," he went on, holding up the dagger and restoring to its place the lost bit of filigree. Then he turned and went back to the dead man. "And now I have found you, you miserable vagabond," he cried, as he shook the knife in his face. "You have cheated me in death, as you have cheated everybody in life. With nothing to work upon but this tuppenny piece of tinsel," he said, speaking again to the others, "I have dogged that carrion by day and by night. I shadowed him over half Europe, and across the Atlantic, always keen for a sight of the dagger; but he was a deep one. I set every trap for him ever devised—wine, women, cards—but he steered clear of them all; no one could get a sight of this," looking at the dagger. "He was the ugliest job I ever had to tackle, and now all I've got to show for the devilment of the last two months is his filthy carcass."

Then Brooks walked over to where we stood. "Good night," he said to Crichton, holding out his hand, "and good-bye; I sail in the morning. Good-bye to you, Miss Goldgirdle. Thank your stars that you got off with a whole skin from that homicidal maniac," and, lighting his cigar, with a smile and a nod which took in the whole corps dramatique, he was gone.

I still stood there, wondering why it was that I did not cry out or faint, or find refuge from the horror that seemed turning me to marble, in one of the many ways that are vouchsafed to women. I heard the voice of Mr. Matthews assuring the throngs of people, loath to leave the theater, that it was nothing. The great German actor, overwhelmed by their kind reception and worn out by his artistic ardor, had succumbed to a sudden syncope; that was all. And then I heard the orchestra break out in a gay dance-tune; and, with its cynical changes in my ears, I heard

the words: "Sudden death by asphyxiation, but from what cause I cannot tell," from the lips of a distinguished physician, who had been summoned to give his opinion on the mysterious finale. And then the walls of my brain seemed to fall together with a crash. I saw, heard, remembered nothing more. For days, and weeks, and months I lay in the shadow of the dark kingdom—reason for a space asserting itself, only to fall back into a more hopeless oblivion. And so the seasons swung themselves into summer, and with the roses and the skies of June I gained the strength to shake off the lethargy which narcotized my brain. The rest of those dull insensate days was good for me. I awoke from them with a clear brain and a healthy body, and with a very deep and abiding love for Crichton. We were sitting in the pretty room, talking of the approaching nuptials of Miss Kitty Kilthyme and Mr. Malcolm Farquhar; that those of Miss Gwendoline Goldgirdle and Mr. Archibald Crichton were to follow or precede the other solemnization was a foregone conclusion on his part, and strange to say, I found myself giving way to his decision in this as in all the orderings of my life. The windows were open, and the sunlight was softened by the awnings and sweetened by the boxes of mignonette and geranium which were set in the window-framing. I suddenly thought of the Pectoral Cross. Crichton unlocked a cabinet, where it had lain since the direful night when they took it off my neck. He laid it on my knees; we both looked at it; then I spoke.

"I wonder where it came from, dear?"

"From where all the beautiful, and good, and useful things are coming for the rest of your days, Miss Goldgirdle," he replied, with a laugh; "and if you had not been the most obtuse young woman in the world you would have known this long ago."

"How wonderful it was that it came from you to me just when it did, and that I should have worn it that night," said I, softly. Then we were both silent for a little, the thoughts of each going back to the night of my farewell appearance, for such it had proved to be, and the mysterious death of Von Ostroi—"poor" Von Ostroi it was now, death having softened even his infamous memory.

"I want to ask you something, Jenny, dear," said Crichton, in a tone which was reluctant in spite of its tenderness. "I want to ask you, my sweet one, if that brute kissed you just before he died. I know he did not in the beginning of the scene, but at the very last I suffered the tortures of Purgatory, for I thought that his lips closed on yours."

"No, no, no! Oh, how could you think that if they had I would ever have come to you?" I cried out in vehement negation at the mere suggestion.

"Thank God, my sweet one, my saint. Tell me," holding me close to him, "how did you save yourself?"

"With this; with your cross. See! I laid it on my lips, so. I pressed hard on it, like this," and I pressed my lips again to the ruby, just as I had done in the agony of that awful night. A startled cry from Crichton, whose face had paled as he looked at me, brought me to my feet, and the cross fell to the floor. Crichton made no move to raise it. His voice was hoarse with some horror which I could not comprehend. I would have stooped to pick up the beautiful thing lying at my feet, but he stopped me, saying, almost harshly:

"Don't touch it; for God's sake, don't touch it. Where is the paper that came with it?"

I found the bit of parchment. He read it as one may read in a dream:

"'Florence, A. D. 1512.' The Medici were masters of Florence at that time," he said, thoughtfully; and then, as though it was a scorpion, he picked up the cross. He held it so that the full force of his thumb fell upon the great red stone. "Look," he said, and in less time than it took me to draw a breath, there darted from the reverse side of the cross a fang of steel. It seemed to me, in the rapidity of its movement, sharper, finer than any needle and more venomous than the tooth of a viper. With the quickness of a spark struck on flint, it scintillated before our eyes for a moment and was gone. Crichton and I looked from the cross to one another. "God bless the good Bishop Alipius. He guarded you well, my darling. We will build an oratory to his blessed memory, in which his cross shall be enshrined," he murmured, with his lips on my hair.

"With 'Poison' written under it in big letters," I said, between a smile and a tear. "And now translate for me, my dear, the inscription on the cross. You said you would when, when——"

"When what, Miss Goldgirdle?"

"When I loved you well enough to do as it bade me, you said." But he evaded my request. All he said was "Kiss me." I did.

"There, dear. You have made a free translation of it yourself: 'Kiss me!'"

HUNTING THE MULE-DEER.

By Rollin Smith.



"IT is snowing on the range, Mr. S.," said one of the men at the mine one day in November of the past year. Since leaving the Okanagon country, Washington, the writer had been tossed about by contrary winds, until finally landed high (5,000 feet) in the upper Missouri River valley, in a mining-camp fifty miles from Helena, Montana.

As yet we had not had snow enough for deer-hunting. I had been out several times, and made good bags of blue grouse with my rifle, but what the men in camp wanted was venison, and I was as anxious to kill it as they were to eat it.

Sure enough, it was now snowing on

the range, about eight miles away, and as it looked like snow in the valley also before night, I borrowed a pony from a neighboring rancher, and made preparations for an early start on the following morning. My cabin was a few minutes' walk from the "bunk-house" and kitchen, so I borrowed the cook's alarm-clock, agreeing to waken him at five o'clock.

On looking out the next morning I was delighted to see the ground covered by an inch of snow. After duly arousing the cook and making necessary preparations, I was in the saddle before six o'clock; the east had not yet begun to brighten, as I urged my reluctant "kayouse" into a trot.

Such a morning's ride can be enjoyed

only by an enthusiastic sportsman; to anyone else it would seem a hardship; I really enjoyed it. Strange pictures the freshly fallen snow made on the mountains, foot-hills and valleys as the day dawned. As I ascended, the valley broadened until miles of it lay below me, streaked here and there by the glittering serpentine course of the river. Beyond the valley rose several minor ranges of mountains, and in the distance the peaks of the Yellowstone Park completed the picture.

Upon reaching the edge of the timber on the mountains, I picketed my pony where he might root around in the snow and graze,—these Montana ponies are used to that,—and then started up.

Four inches of snow had covered every tree and bush; in a few minutes I, too, was covered, and later in the day when it grew warmer, my clothing was wet from shoulders to feet.

For more than an hour I did not see a sign of game, but finally came upon the tracks of three deer. I followed them, and in a short time found three beds, and long jumps leading from each towards the top of the mountain. Again I followed, this time keeping well to one side of the tracks; but the deer turned in my direction after going some distance, and evidently saw me, for on the top of the mountain I found where they had stood and then gone over on the other side with longer jumps than at the first start. I now gave them up, and moved along the mountain-side near the top in search of tamer deer.

After a half-hour's tramp I discovered the tracks of a medium-sized buck, and by their holding a straight course, rightly judged that he was looking for a place in which to lie down.

The trail led through a growth of young firs and over ground which made walking easy. By taking the up-hill side I could keep the trail in sight, while not being nearer than thirty or forty yards. For half an hour I tracked in this way; then the trail led into a slight depression.

I had no idea the deer would lie down in a place not commanding a good view of the surroundings; but, nevertheless, I moved cautiously, and when near the bank I saw him go bounding up the other side. Through the branches he appeared twice as large as he was.

He quickly disappeared, and I stood

for a few seconds thinking he might reappear, then slowly stooped down to be able to see under the lower branches of the trees. About one hundred yards away I could dimly make him out, with head and back hidden by the branches.

I quickly decided to risk a shot rather than take the chances of waiting for a clearer view; so sinking into the sitting position I aimed for the middle of the faint outlines and fired. With the smoke the deer vanished, and without a sound.

I felt sure he had not seen me, so reasoned that he must be hit or he would not have gone without first knowing where the noise came from.

After waiting a few minutes to give him a chance to lie down should he be badly hit, I went up to the spot where he had stood. The snow showed a few small bunches of hair, but not a drop of blood; however, the jumps were not as long as they ought to have been, and after a few yards they became quite short. Twenty-five yards from where he had stood were two imprints in the snow, with a little blood in one of them, where he had lain down; twenty yards down the hill, against a clump of bushes, lay my buck, a two-point mule-deer.

Quickly descending and pulling him around with the head down-hill, I plunged my hunting-knife into his breast, bleeding him perfectly. In a short time my game was dressed, and, after tying a small rope around the horns, I was ready for the downward trip; but I first wanted to find out the distance over which the shot had been fired. It had seemed to be about one hundred yards, but on carefully stepping it off I was surprised to find it only seventy-five yards.

The bullet, a .40-65-260, fired from a Winchester carbine, had struck in the middle of his left side and ranged forward, hitting the heart, and then out through the opposite shoulder, low down. The two holes in the skin were of the same size.

It was not yet noon when I began the descent of the mountain, dragging the deer. For a weary hour I labored until I reached a small stream to which it might be possible to bring the horse.

Leaving the deer I went down the gulch for two miles, picking out the most open course, to where the horse had been picketed. After saddling him up I left my coat, rifle and belt; for my

clothing was wet through, and as the back trip would be up-grade I wanted nothing more to pack than was absolutely necessary.

I got the horse to where the deer had been left, but doubted my ability ever to get him out with a load, even should I succeed in getting the deer upon the saddle. As I dragged the deer to the side of the horse I imagined the picture presented there : the hunter standing in the snow among the pines, the mountains rising on either side ; the pony tied to a tree and pulling back at the sight of the deer ; and the deer lying between the hunter and the pony. The picture might truly be called "The Dilemma," for such it really was.

The work began, and the pony stood like an old-timer ; by means of the rope and a great deal of hard lifting the pack was finally secure, but I was more ready for a rest than for a six mile tramp to camp, two miles of the distance being

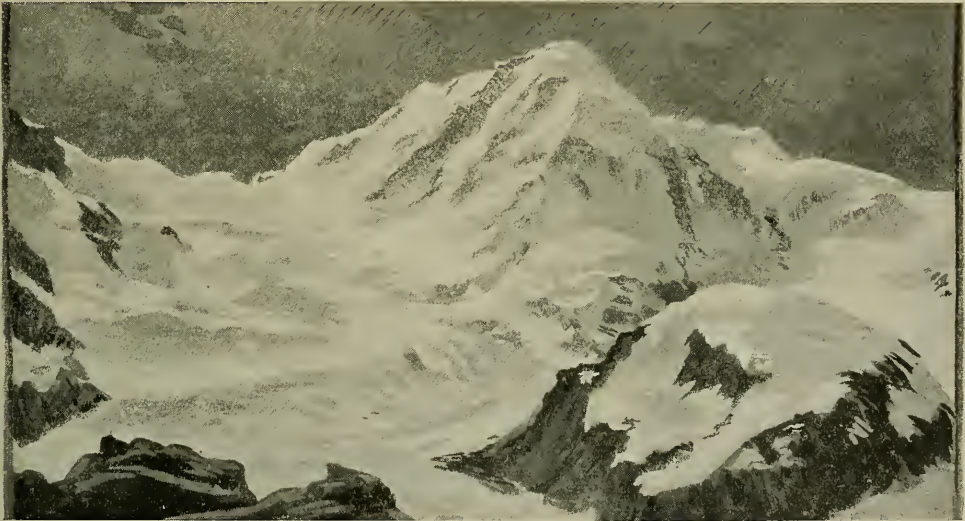
through a rough, timbered country without a trail.

The trip down to the edge of the timber was a rough one, but it was made without accident. The rest of the route was through open country and down-grade ; the snow had disappeared in the valley, making walking easier.

Camp was reached at 5:30 o'clock. I had been on the move for nearly twelve hours, and had walked eighteen miles.

I can truly say that this was a hard day's work : and in the evening as I was relating the experience of the day one of the men asked : "Mr. S., do you hunt for pleasure?"

I meekly replied : "I do not know." The pleasure, however, derived from a day's hunting must outweigh the hardships often endured, or we would give up hunting. After a few days the fatigue and annoyances are forgotten, and only pleasant memories of a day well spent remain.



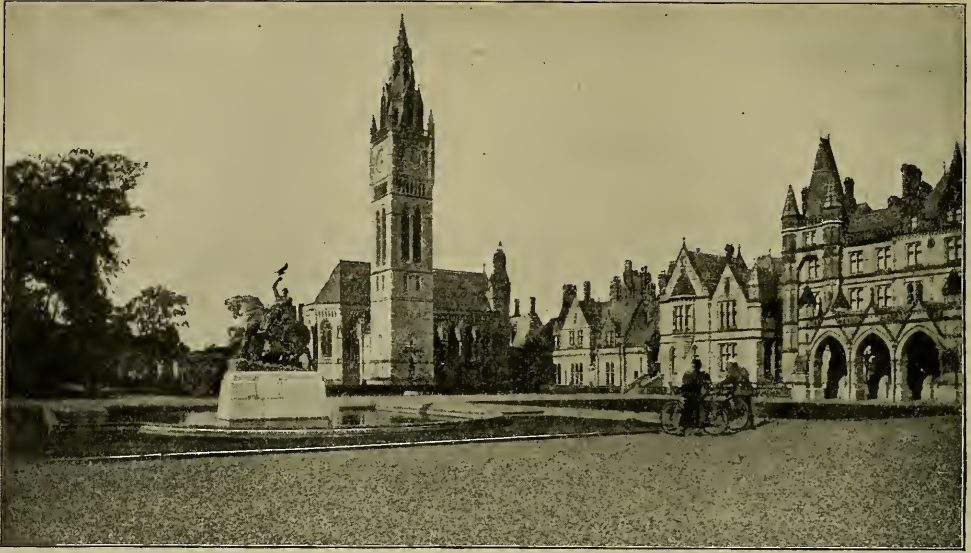
'MID ETERNAL SNOW.

A LONE, amid the wild secluded heights
Where Winter holds his solitary sway,
We wrestle with the fury of the storm,
The savage sleet and passion-laden gale :
A sleeping avalanche beneath our feet
And ice-capped giants menacing the way.
Behold, athwart the ebon brow of night
The "fire-zoned orb" with beauteous light
illumes
A distant mountain's iridescent rim ;

And morning flits with swift, impetuous step,
Adown the snow-clad slopes, benignant, free.
Below us lie the valleys, urns of gloom,
Concealing nature's precious treasure trove.

From thence an hundred peaks
Proclaim the royal conquest of the dawn ;
All rosy-robed and golden-crowned they stand,
Their rich prismatic splendors softly limned
Upon the dappled curtain of the sky.

CORA C. BASS.



“ EATON HALL ”—EIGHT MILES FROM A PUBLIC ROAD.

A BOHEMIAN COUPLE AWHEELING THROUGH WEST ENGLAND.

By Alice Lee Moque.



CHESTER will always hold a high place in the memory of the American Bohemian a wheel, partly from its intrinsic interest, but mainly because it is to so many the first impression received of the antique; but travelers, especially they of the wheel, will find the Marches of the West of England from Liverpool to Land's End abound in open-timbered houses of the middle ages, gabled and dormered Elizabethan mansions, castles and towers, ivy-clad ruins and stately homes. We were reminded of this many a time and oft; and yet our first experience after leaving Chester in search of the picturesque was a disappointment. It was Eaton Hall and *all new*. Of course we had heard of Eaton,

the home, or rather one of the homes, of the Duke of Westminster; who has not? Its fame has girdled the earth, and so, though out of our way, we must needs turn into the grounds. The guide-books say they are extensive, and they are, but the books do not give that more exact information, so useful, that when six miles from the entrance-gates you see no signs of a house. We were afraid we could not afford to be so curious another time. Eight miles from the entrance we at last arrived at the collection of beautiful houses that might be properly styled palaces, I suppose, built of gray stone. They looked lonely and forbidding to us, as they were uninhabited at the time, except for the few servants. Certainly the Duke will not be troubled by visitors on foot, as the distance we rode to get out was more than the number of miles we traveled to get in. The grounds seemed unending, and beautiful as they were, they hardly repaid us for the time lost.

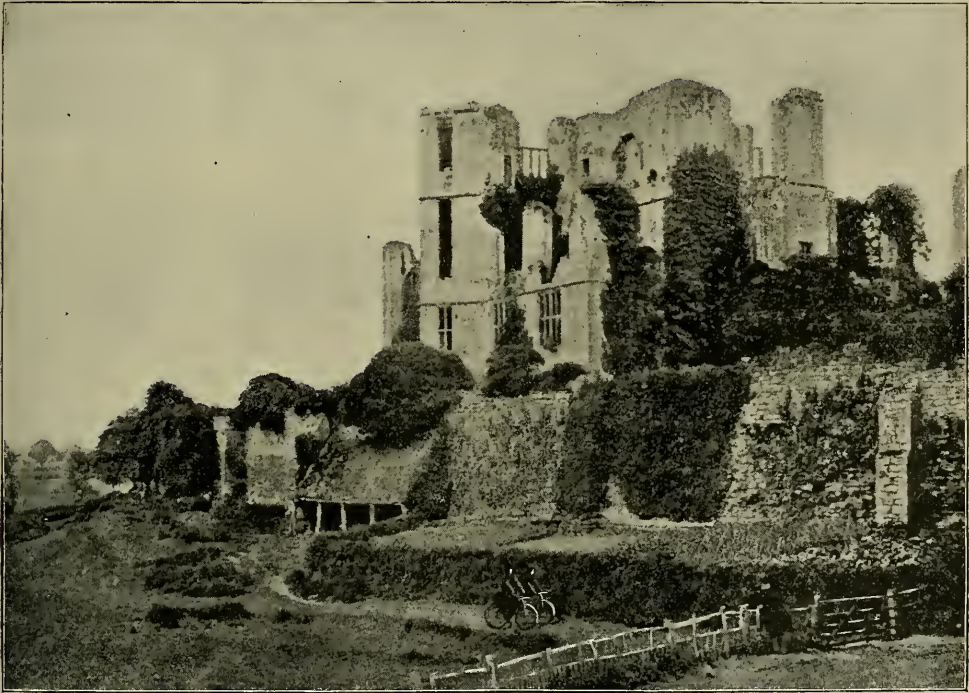
To add to our tribulation we found, to our dismay, about two miles from the

outer gate, that the road had been newly fixed, and was, in consequence, only a rough, uncrushed mass of ragged and jagged stone. To go on was the lesser of two evils, however, for by no amount of fortitude could I stand the pain of walking in my thin-soled shoes. Could our tires stand it? was the question, which my wheel soon answered in the negative by getting punctured.

My husband decided at once that we needed a rest anyway; so down under one of the Duke's grand old trees we sat, while he got out the repair kit and fixed what proved to be our first and last puncture. John is a born philosopher, and he smoothed all the rough places by his imperturbable good hu-

to make anything intelligible from the peculiar replies we received. Our questions had to be repeated over and over, before the slow country folk seemed to understand. From the surprise which we two modest cyclists occasioned in some of the little villages and hamlets through which we passed, we judged that but few of the wheelmen from the cities had been seen in them.

Beeston Castle can be seen for miles away. It is a ruin on the top of a picturesque hill outlined against the sky. Not being "visitors' day," we were told at the lodge we couldn't go into the grounds, and, to tell the truth, I was very thankful to have an excuse not to climb up.



KENILWORTH CASTLE.

mor, and, as in this instance, made light of what might have been thought a great hardship. When the cement was dry we walked carefully on the grass, to save our feet and our wheels, until at last the good road began again; and mounting, we were soon on our way to Beeston Castle.

We had to inquire the way frequently, and had many a good laugh trying to make our English understood, as well as

We stopped at the Beeston Castle Inn for lunch and rest. In the homelike little dining-room were a number of hunting pictures and portraits of the several masters of the hounds. Woman-like I looked at everything, and enjoyed the old English style of the inn as much as we did the good lunch they set before us. We chatted with our pleasant English hostess, the daughter of the innkeeper, and found her a nice, cheery



GUY'S CLIFF, WARWICK.

body, but she amazed me by asking "Is that a secret society badge? It's pretty," pointing to the American flag in my cap. "That?" I answered. "No, we are not a secret society, for there are sixty-five millions of us by the last census. That is the American flag." "Well, is it now?" she said, surprised in turn. "Well, I thought you weren't English." "I knew it at once," cried her father, overhearing the conversation, "when I heard your man say he 'guessed' he'd put the wheels in the yard." We all then laughed, and became good friends. The term "your man" is often used for husband in rural districts.

While not in any sense an Anglo-maniac, and on the contrary rather a pugnacious partisan of everything American, I confess to being agreeably surprised by the kindness and pleasant manners of the English middle class; and if the cousins of higher degree are as warm-hearted, they cannot be as disagreeable as some of them had appeared. The few English gentlemen we chanced to meet, while visiting friends in England, were most cordial and pleasant, and seemed to admire what they called our "American pluck." The English women are fine housekeepers, but not such vivacious, companionable

girls as ours, though more dignified and with a greater awe of their lord's authority. I'm afraid my American independence shocked them a little.

We reached Crewe before sundown, and decided to ride on a ways, for it was a smoky little railroad town, dirty and unattractive, and then too, we knew that better accommodations were to be had outside, at one of the road houses, than in the hotel, and for less money. We wheeled on. We put up for the night at Sandbach, a funny little place; and if ever there was a tired cyclist, it was the wheelwoman who that night went to sleep on a big feather bed, without rocking. Not until the morning, when, refreshed and rested, I took a survey of the place, did I know what a pretty room we had; and it was a delight to have a hot bath before starting on once more. Our hostess and her daughters saw us to the door, and took a snap-shot of us with my camera, making me promise to send them a print when we returned to America.

By good pedaling we made Birmingham that afternoon, and had time to catch a glimpse of its great cutleries and labyrinth of big chimneys before nightfall. We stopped here overnight, and in the morning arose to find the

ground wet, and the air heavy with foggy rain.

Warwick was our destination, but we decided, as it was clearing off, to make a slight detour and "take in" the ruins of Kenilworth Castle, more picturesque in the photographs we are familiar with, I think, than they are in reality. Scores of holiday-making visitors, who literally swarmed over every nook and cranny in the place, shortened our visit; and I was not able to reconstruct the home of poor ill-fated Amy Robsart out of the few scattered remnants that remain, nor able to dream of the love of Queen Bess for Leicester, with a horde of noisy sight-seers rushing about.

Two Englishmen, long ago, were called upon separately to name the prettiest bit of road in England. One said, "It is the road from Warwick to Kenilworth;" the other, "The road from Kenilworth to Warwick." It is indeed a lovely ride, and one on which many charming bits of rural scenery are met with, besides being a well-traveled road, on which the wheelman will meet many cyclists and see numerous swell English turnouts, if he cares for such things. Some one has well said "All rich people are alike—uninteresting." We are such confirmed Bohemians that we prefer to

see and study "the people;" and in consequence troubled ourselves not at all about the grand dames sitting up in rigid state in their carriages, who I have no doubt looked down upon the dusty wheelers as being "very common individuals"—but we were happy, nevertheless, and wouldn't change with one of them.

At the pretty Crown Inn at the corner of two roads in Warwick we put up for the night.

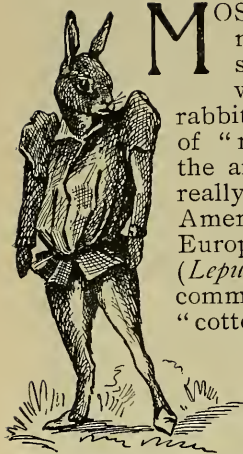
There are few handsomer castles in England than Warwick, and the situation is superb, the Avon River winding round the castle's walls and then losing itself among the willows and leafy hills beyond. Don't expect the Avon to be a majestic river, as I did, or you will be woefully disappointed. It is a pretty, narrow, winding stream, nothing more; but as it is always associated with the Bard of Avon, its size is unimportant, and it makes up in picturesqueness what it lacks in grandeur.

Sunday morning we crossed the bridge over the Avon, as we departed, and got a charming view of the castle, leaving Warwick behind us, as we set our faces towards the Mecca of every tourist—Stratford-on-Avon, the home of Shakespeare.



HARES AND HARE-HUNTING.

By Ed. W. Sandys.



MOST country people, and many sportsmen who should know better, will speak of "white rabbits," "jack-rabbits," and of "rabbit-hunting," when the animals referred to are really hares. The nearest American approach to the European wild rabbit (*Lepus cuniculus*) is our common gray rabbit, the "cottontail" (*L. sylvaticus*).

The European rabbit, the plump, frolicsome, burrowing rascal that has worked such mischief since his introduction into Australia, may yet figure prominently in American covers. He is the best of his race for the table, and affords excellent sport; but, as he has no special connection with this article, he may be dismissed without further notice.

The curious sage hare (*L. callotis*), of the Western plains, is by everyone dubbed "jack-rabbit," presumably on account of his large ears, which may have caused some naturalist in the rough to think of a jackass. This hare is not at all like the large, well-rounded animal which has for so many years furnished sport oversea. A respectable European hare, such as Cowper loved, would in all probability refuse to be introduced to an "ornery" American jack-rabbit, for the latter is at best a sorry-looking affair. But, in spite of attenuated figure and ridiculous ears, he possesses the hare's characteristic speed; and in fact, he can run, as I've heard it put, like a greased ghost. I am inclined to think that he can cover ground faster than any of his kind, though the European hare is wonderfully fleet.

The jack runs in a peculiar, bouncy manner, moving something like a lively rubber ball might upon rough ground. He appears to waste a lot of energy and to be too much in the air for great speed; yet, if a fleet dog be slipped to him, his real speed will be at once discovered. When not pushed to his full power, he frequently bounces away upon

three legs, and no ordinary dog can make him use the fourth. When pressed, or whenever he decides to square away and do his utmost, he can do a short burst at an amazing rate. His powers of endurance are, perhaps fortunately for him, limited; because if he could stay the pace for long distances he might set himself afire, or at least pull all the hair off himself.

I presume that he can swim like others of his kind, but there is so little water in his favorite haunts that he would seldom be called upon to exercise any natatory ability. The only good quality he possesses is his speed, for this admirably fits him for coursing. His flesh is poor and sagy from his diet, and his skin is, so far as I know, worthless. But thin and worthless as he is for all except coursing, he has done more than any other American animal could to develop the breeding and running of greyhounds in the West. Where but a few years ago coursing was unknown, we may find to-day prosperous clubs, and dogs which represent the best coursing blood in the world.

The jack-rabbit is not worth shooting, so he need not be considered in connection with that form of sport. He is also too fleet for any dogs except greyhounds, so he properly belongs to coursing. It is, however, possible to get a little fun out of him if you happen to be carrying a repeating rifle, and choose to pump lead after him as he bounds away. A ball sent close enough will cause him to put down the fourth foot and give a fine exhibition of speed. This sort of thing amuses the man and doesn't hurt the rabbit, for to hit a jack on the run is no easy task.

In portions of the Southwest the jacks are very destructive, and are kept down by a method which has too often been referred to as sport. This is the "rabbit-drive," which as a necessity is excusable, but which is simply a butchery and not sport. A crowd of men and boys surround a tract of country where the jacks have become too numerous, and drive the unfortunate animals into an inclosure, where the reducing process is finished with clubs.

Not many seasons ago, while looking for some scattered grouse, I chanced to start a jack. He rose, thin and long, like a wraith of the last of his race, and started for the next township. The ground was level and the cover sparse, and while I watched the fleeing jack, my ears caught a hiss of wings. A medium-sized hawk dashed past me and on after the jack at a rate which allowed of no time for identification. Whether the jack saw and feared his winged pursuer, I am unable to state; certainly he ran at his top speed, dodging from side to side as he went.

The hawk swept along, twisting in its course as the jack dodged; and twice the bird rose a few yards and then stooped in an apparently determined manner. It did not, however, actually strike its mark; and eventually the jack entered taller grass, whereupon the hawk swung far away. It was a very pretty chase, though I am inclined to the opinion that the hawk was pursuing merely in sport, for the quarry seemed much too large for the pursuer.

I had never seen a similar case, and it set me to thinking. Before my mind's eye rose a picture of another plain—the distant East, where sinewy men of an older race still prick forth with stout-hearted hawk on fist, and keep alive the grand old pastime which once warmed the noble blood of mighty kingdoms. It was a right pleasant picture too, that sunny plain with the small antelope speeding like a wind-driven leaf in the foreground; the fearless hawks winnowing the air in desperate chase; the hot-blooded steed of treasured lineage drumming the parched soil with tireless hoofs, and the statuesque rider, lean and brown and keen, flashing a pair of eyes well worthy of a hood, as he cheered on his feathered pets with the clarion call of the wild, free, desert-born.

A picture of semi-barbaric sport, say you? True, but a picture with freedom, strength, courage, and grace in every line of it—and such things are not so very undesirable, even in these advanced days. We have in our broad, sun-parched West the scope, the ground, the jacks for quarry, men and steeds native-born; the hawks swing free round many a Northern rock and strike at will 'mid buzzing grouse and swerving wild fowl—but we have lost the art of the ancient falconers. The roar of villain-

ous saltpetre has stilled the hiss of jesses and the silvery note of the falcon's bell.

The most typical of American hares, the so-called "white rabbit," the Northern hare (*L. americanus*), is a more interesting animal to the sportsman. He is a child of the snow, for whom the deep-piled drift and biting blast have no terrors. He is a resident of the wilds, where vast forests spread unbroken, where tangled thickets net the doubtful way, where wrecks of piled trunks mark the tornado's path, where dusk swamps lie under the shadows of lonely hills.

This hare is harmless to tilled soil's products, and would have been utterly defenseless had not Nature noted his helplessness and conferred three special gifts upon him, of speed, coat, and foot. His long, narrow body is admirably calculated for readily passing between close-growing saplings, and of this, and his running powers, he knows well how to take advantage. As he is not robust enough to force his way through yielding snow, Nature has blessed him with the snow-shoe foot, and upon his great furry pads he can lightly patter over snow of any depth. His coat is a beautiful protection—light and warm as softest down. During the warmer months it is thin and brown as the roots and bark which shield his "form."

When the winds grow chill the coat thickens, and with the coming of the snow, it gradually changes color. The brown pales to a cream, and the cream whitens till only a darkish stripe down the back, and patches about the big, round eyes remain to tell of the summer garb. Soon these too fade away till the hare is so nearly pure white that he may squat amid the snow and so closely match his surroundings as to escape even practiced eyes.

It is well for him that this is so, for he has several deadly foes. Fisher and marten are lithe and sudden and swift in action. They can climb and drop if needs be, and their noses are very persistent on a trail through fallen stuff and hollow logs. They are powerful too, and they know not mercy.

There are others! Suppose we go in fancy to the edge of the broad, black cedar-swamp, and, when the moon rides high, conceal ourselves where the last wave of cedars breaks against the boles

of the beeches and maples stationed on the hillside. Below our stand lies a frozen pond, white and level as a ball-room floor. The dark ring of cedars makes it appear as well lighted as though sun instead of moon hung above it. Such a spot might well serve as a playground for snow-elves, and it does.

A white shape silently hops into the arena. See, it has reared upright, and is quite distinct against the dark border. Now it is off in a frolicsome race. Silent, ghostlike it flits over the snow, dodging here and there, frisking like a young lamb, kicking up its heels, now rushing for yards, now abruptly halting. An absurdly light-hearted performance—but then this is a merry snow-elf indeed. There comes another. See the pair as they chase about—saw you ever the like for comical wiggings, boundings and kickings? The snow-elves are joyous to-night.

Now, glance under yonder maple. There is a faint shadow upon the snow, which is not cast by the tree. That shadow has been there only ten minutes, but it is there for a purpose! Cannot you see it move? Gauge it by the tree-trunk, and you will see that it is slowly, very slowly, sliding down the slope. Now the front of it reaches a splash of moonlight, and you can see a sharp point bearing straight for the players, while above the point are two other points pricked forward. It looks like the shadow of a fox, and events will surely follow that shadow!

Now, it has entered the fringe of cedars. Fix your eyes upon the players—you will not have long to wait. There! did you see that dark line rush into the light, while those two white streaks flashed towards the friendly cedars? Reynard failed in his first charge, but he is strong and swift, and no doubt hungry as well, or he would hardly do what he is now doing—attempting the long chase.

Slight noises from the cedars tell where the terrified quarry and eager spoiler are straining every nerve to increase and lessen the few yards which now separate them. A gentle life is the stake for which they race here under the heartless moon. Click, tick, you can just hear them as they bound, and rush, and swerve, from stump to clump, from open to cover, their soft coats parting

the growth, their feet muffled in snow. What a pace they show! They have circled the broad opening in a few seconds; they are swinging this way through yon tangle of taller growths. Hark! Did you hear that explosion of hollow thunder, that whipping and crashing of twigs? They ran too near a dozing grouse, and he roared up and bored through the cover on swift, strong wings before he had got his eyes open. He knows, and well he knows! The last time he was bounced out of bed he left two plumes from his big fan-tail under a nimble paw. They all know Reynard, and they stop not in the order of their going.

Ah! The race is ended. That sharp cry of anguish, as pitiful a sound as ears ever heard, ringing through the black mystery of the cedars, tells the story—"Red and all Red" has won. Some disturbed snow, a tinge of pink, a long-eared skull, two pairs of snowshoes, a few tufts of silky fur—these will tell the searching mink to-morrow that the master-hunter was afield by moonlight. And the mink will take the head to his hole by the brook, and will swear to his wife that he killed the game, after a desperate chase, and that he was unable to carry the heavy carcass through all that snow!

Let us in fancy speed to another and similar swamp, and again take position above the playground. Here the quaint white folk are out in numbers—two—four—five—quite a party! Again the play and funny caperings as the ghostly frolic proceeds.

Do you see that bowed tree arching that narrow opening—that tree with the large brown knot upon its upper side? Rather curious that a knot as large as a half-bushel basket should have no snow upon it when all the rest of the trunk is white? Things are not what they seem in this case. That knot is surely a fixture; it does not move one hair's breadth; it has not even quivered during half an hour. Never mind; it will quiver a *hare's* breadth presently. Do you mark the smaller, rounded protuberance at one end? Watch it, for a hare is hopping this way. There!—that round knob moved, following the direction of the hare. Now see those two wicked-looking yellow lamps, blazing like small incandescent lights. The fierce intentness of their glare almost makes one's

flesh creep. A peculiar form of knot—a knot that throbs with hot life and twitches with steely strength. We are tracing a chain of destruction, and that knot's one of the *lynx*!

Look! look! knot's gone—swift, silent, down to the snow below—and again that agonized cry.

We have yet time to visit a third swamp. Here we are, the same old moonlit scene and Hare-Pierrot busy in the center of the stage. Upon the crest of the hill beyond the swamp great trees rear their bare arms, it seems, to the sky. "Ho-ho-ho! Hoo-hoo!" A gruff hail cleaves the frosty air and is whispered back from the woods behind. It is repeated at intervals, and it rolls through the woods like the hoarse questions and answers of befogged steamers. "Skr-e-a-k!" That grating, uncoiled voice might well belong to a fiend, but it does not. All this ho-hooing and skr-e-a-k-ing is merely the ordinary conversation of a pair of great horned owls. Mr. Owl thinks it about time for supper, and is asking the good lady concerning the prospects.

A silent, drifting shadow overhead, a click as of claws upon bark, a creak of a swaying branch, and we see a black lump upon the top of a tall elm. As the moonlight touches it, we can even see the trim, feathery horns. Presently another shape shows upon another tree. The last looms larger than the first—it is Madam Owl, for, contrary to the usual run of things, she is bigger and stronger than her lord. The uncanny conversation has ceased, for big eyes are busy examining the landscape. The hare still plays about, unconscious of his deadly peril.

Only the faint creak of the branch tells when Madam leaves her airy perch. It may be a blur of the eye, or it may be her gliding shape which seems for an instant to show against the sky. She has gone—where? A shadow weaves among the trees; a mysterious, silent thing with great fans of wings passes our heads, so close that we might have touched it with a stick. Not a sound marks its progress. The white puffs of our breath are not more silent than that marvelous, gliding flight.

Something dark swings in a lightning sweep low behind the cedars. Over their tops it comes, like a puff of sooty smoke. A soundless, zigzag cutting

downward, a swift forward bounce, a waving of dark fans upon the snow—and again that cry, half-strangled by the iron grip of deadly hooks. Alas! Poor Pierrot!

We have observed the methods employed by a few other enemies of poor puss. Let us now see how man plays his part in the deadly game. Great numbers of hares are taken during the colder months by means of fixed and spring snares. This, of course, is not worthy of the name of sport, being rather an occupation for professional trappers and for country boys desirous of earning a few dollars by the sale of their victims.

Any duffer who can make a noose of brass or copper wire and can affix his noose to a spring-pole or to a growing sapling can snare the white hare, for this reason: The tracks in the snow tell him everything and enable him to determine at a glance where to place his snare. Hares are great travelers, and, like the deer, they have regularly used crossings and runways. The snaring is not worth further discussion. But to hunt the hare fairly with good dogs is quite another matter.

This branch of sport has a host of earnest supporters throughout the Northern States and Canada, and many fine dogs are kept for the sole purpose of driving the white fellows. Some hunters use native foxhounds and cross-breeds, such as are used to drive deer. Needless to say, the man who regularly hunts deer and hares will keep certain hounds for each kind of work. Hounds schooled to drive hares are a nuisance on a deer hunt, owing to their tendency to follow the lesser game when the greater is wanted. Smart harriers are excellent for hares, but perhaps the best dogs for the purpose are good-sized beagles. These enterprising fellows are unexcelled as trailers and have fine voices, while they are just large enough to have the necessary speed. The very small beagles will trail enthusiastically and make fine music, but they are comparatively slow. Moreover, their short underpinning is not the best pattern for work in deep snow, in which the cream of the hunting is usually to be had. The very small beagle is a dear little dog, true, game and interesting, but he shows to best advantage on the trail of the "cottontail."

The started hare very frequently has a broad tract of country at his disposal,

and he may run straight away and never come back. As a general thing, however, he runs in a big circle, returning, if missed by the gun, more than once to his starting-point.

The handiest gun for hares is a twelve-gauge of good make and weighing from seven to seven and one-half pounds. Such a gun will shoot from three to three and one-half drachms of good powder to the ounce of number six shot, without pounding its owner. The load given will stop any hare within forty-five yards, if the gun be held right.

The popular method of hare-hunting is to seek a suitable cover and set the dogs to beating for the game, while the hunters idle about till one of the dogs opens to a find. The hare goes away like the wind with the dogs tonguing in hot pursuit. While the clamor of the chase is dying away in the distance, the hunter or hunters move towards the spot where the game was bounced from his form. Convenient logs and stumps offer more or less commanding elevations, and upon these the guns take positions. They wait for perhaps many minutes before the increasing music of the hounds proves that the hare has turned and is speeding back.

At last the tongues fill the woods with noisy music—they are within one hundred yards now. He comes—which way? A white thing like a snowy comet shoots across a narrow opening. One of the guns cracks, and a hare has been secured, or lost—quite often the latter, for a snap-shot from the top of a log is apt to be rather uncertain. Should the hare be missed, the hounds chase on, follow him round perhaps a much greater circle, and eventually bring him back to a surer gun. The sport is better than any printed description of it, for the coldest of men will glow with excitement when the eager dog-voices sweep down and he knows that the doubtful opportunity for a clean kill is at hand.

One of the best of places for a gun to be posted is upon one of the narrow bush-roads which so often traverse a swamp of large extent. In such ground the hares are sure to have fixed crossing places, and as three flying skips will take a hare from cover to cover, a quick shot has just enough time for the proving of his skill. I well remember two such swamp-roads, one a short journey

from Toronto city, the other away back in the wilds of Michigan. These two swamps held many hares, so many in fact, that guns would score from five to fifteen during a short winter's day.

One entirely unexpected run may be worth recording. A sudden thaw had melted every vestige of snow and filled creeks and ponds to the brim. I was out with a liver-colored pointer after the last quail of the season. During the tramp we came to a brush-covered knoll of about three acres and surrounded by water. Here some quail were found and a couple knocked over. The pointer was unsteady to shot, and an inveterate chaser of fur. I put him down in a slight hollow, gathered the birds, and was ready to move on, when a big hare bounced from a hollow log and went away as if Auld Hornie was at its short tail. The dog did not see it start, but there was fun to come. The white hare was very conspicuous upon the wet leaves, while the liver-colored dog was the reverse.

The hare ran all around the knoll, being continually turned by the water. I watched the bobbing white as it worked further and further round until it was headed straight for the crouching dog. The hare never saw the dog till it had actually leaped over him; and the dog never dreamed of the hare's presence till the white body landed close beside him. Then there was a rush, and a yiff-yaff-yiff! most improper in a pointer.

Away they went about three yards apart, lickety-split. I yelled "Ware fur! you blankety-blank fool, you!"—but the dog paid no heed. He had read the cook-book and he was bound to do it, though it took a leg. In a moment I was laughing, for the dog was not much good anyway. But he was a runner, if nothing else, and before they had gone two-thirds of the way round the knoll, he had his paws on the hare. Such a wailing you never heard, for the dog would not kill. When I got to them, the hare, between the fright and the pawing, was so used up that I had to kill it. That fool-dog was so tickled, and so satisfied that he had done something clever, that I hadn't the heart to wale him; besides what little damage could be done to such a brute, had been accomplished by my failure to stop him at the start.



Painted for OUTFIT by Hermann Simon.

THE END OF THE RUN.



THE MIDNIGHT SUN.

AT THE TOP OF EUROPE.

By E. M. Allaire.



A NORWEGIAN BRIDE.

enjoy a scenery in many respects without parallel. Leaving Bergen, a pretty town on the west coast of Norway, the sail is through a succession of very beautiful land-locked sounds and channels, the entrances to a group of bays, or fjords, as they are called, known as the Søndemøre fjords. After touching at Trondhjem, the ancient capital of Norway, and passing Torghatten, an island of rock, rising eight hundred feet out of

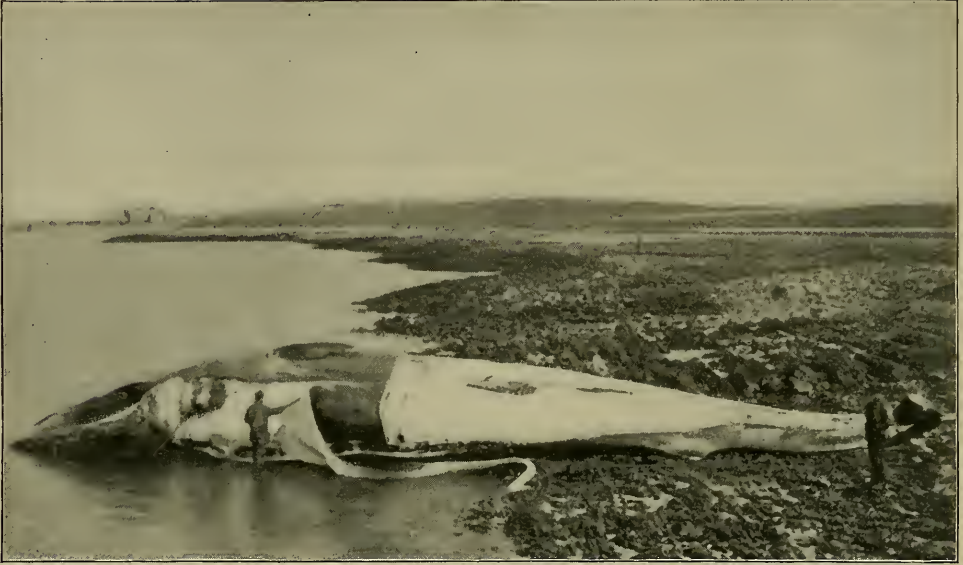
the water, with a natural tunnel varying from sixty to two hundred and fifty feet in height directly through it, the "Seven Sisters," a series of mountain peaks each one higher than the last, are left behind. Then the vessel crosses the Arctic Circle and passes the Lofoten Islands, the seat of the great cod fisheries of Norway. By this time the piercing and frosty air on deck will cause the traveler quite to realize that he is approaching the regions which have fascinated so many ardent explorers from Franklin to Greely and Peary. The wind is keen and sharp as a knife-edge, and there is a decidedly Arctic look about everybody who comes down to "thaw-out" in the comfortable cabins. But it is worth an effort to remain on deck, for now comes the grand and glorious Raftsünd, one of the finest bits of scenery on the whole trip. Great rugged peaks rise straight out of the water, streaked and crowned with snow, while lower down, torrents are pouring from their slopes. The fjord twists and winds about the bases of these mountains, foaming and seething against their jagged sides and about the huge rocky islands scattered in all directions; the channel



WHERE WINTER LINGERS IN THE LAP OF SPRING.



THE HAVEN.—HAMMERFEST.



ONE OF THE LEVIATHANS OF THE DEEP.

being, in many places, so narrow and so completely hidden by the succession of points round which it passes that one is indeed puzzled to tell where the steamer will turn the next minute. In some parts, the precipitous sides of the rocks are scarcely fifteen feet away from you ; and, passing on, now to the right, now entering into another arm of the fjord by a narrow inlet to the left,



THE HOME OF THE FJELD-LAPP.

the projecting rocks almost immediately shutting out from view the passage through which you came, it seems as if the steamer were fairly lost among that forest of snow-covered mountain peaks.

So silent it is, too! Such a cold and awful silence! Only a few poor little houses scattered here and there in the sheltered clefts of the mountains as you approach the fishing villages, and once in a while a few gulls rise from the crevice of a rock and fly along near the steamer, with a wild scream that is quite as lonesome as the dreadful stillness. Here four or five cannons are usually fired at intervals, to give an opportunity of noticing the wonderful echoes; and as these come thundering back, from one mountain after another, it seems almost as though some old Norse god might appear and launch a thunderbolt at the venturesome tourist invading his ice-bound fastnesses.

In the early morning the steamer reaches Tromsø, a thriving commercial town of some six thousand inhabitants, on an island separated by a sound from the mainland. And after a hurried breakfast, all is busy excitement on board, for at Tromsø there is a Lapp encampment to be visited, and every one is eager for a first glimpse of this curious people. The boats are soon alongside, and in a few minutes there is an expectant crowd of tourists landed at

the foot of a snowy mountain which seems to stand guard over the little harbor on the fjord, and about the base of which, some few poor little wooden houses are clustered.

A twenty-five minutes' walk is rather an encouraging prospect as you stand there shivering, and the party starts forward through a bleak and desolate tract of land—so barren, so cold and cheerless-looking! At last, when exercise is beginning to make every one feel a little more comfortable, on a hill straight ahead, there appear what seem like a few bundles of sticks covered with a coarse white cloth, and a dozen or more queer little figures running about, or squatting on the ground, scarcely to be distinguished from the Esquimau dogs, nearly as numerous as the figures.

The encampment of about forty or fifty Lapps constitutes one branch of the Tromsø encampment, which, as is the case with all the Lapp tribes now in existence, is given permission by the



A MOUNTAIN LAPP.

Swedish Government to make these temporary homes wherever their inclinations may lead them within the limits of a certain area of territory. For though the Norwegian and Swedish governments are one, as regards the king and general matters as to their mutual safety and dealings with foreign countries, they have separate systems

for the arrangement of their internal affairs and individual finances; and Sweden has the right to say where the Lapps shall build their poor little huts and fence in their reindeer till their wandering habits or the lack of food shall drive them elsewhere. On this occasion we found almost the whole encampment out in front of the tents selling a handful of native curiosities to those of the party in advance; and an odd-looking group they made! Flat and expressionless faces, with high cheek-bones, broad noses, and twinkling blue eyes, and with skins that look more like light-brown wrapping-paper than anything else. They seem like queer little pygmies, and it is a general matter of astonishment to find them so small. Their dress is mostly of skins, except their caps and a short kind of jacket which they wear underneath. A pair of clumsy leather shoes, skin or leather trousers reaching to the ankle and bound with thongs, a fur coat with long sleeves and sometimes a hood, and a blue or red wool cap; and you have a genuine Laplander's "swellest" costume.

The women look exactly like the men, in fact, you have some difficulty in telling them apart; and the babies are wrapped and bound into a sort of bark cradle, called a "kumso," very much as our Indians do with their papooses.

Inside the little huts a few sticks were burning, and water was boiling in two or three small iron pots, while a pile of reindeer skins thrown in the corner showed what the Lapp's "downy couch" affords in the way of warmth and comfort. They had a few spoons and knives made of walrus teeth and of bone, for sale.

A little way off they had fenced in a small space for the safe-keeping of some seventy or eighty reindeer, and after showing the sleds and harnessing two of the deer, they, for a small fee, turned all the rest of them loose and sent the dogs and the boys after them, to chase them up and bring them back again; and a pretty sight it was to see the deer bounding away in all directions, the dogs having plenty to do to bring them once more into quarters.

The Lapps, whose origin many people consider quite as great a puzzle as that of the Basques, or of our Ameri-

can Indians, follow their peaceful occupations of hunting and fishing quietly among themselves in these little villages or encampments, and they still number about twenty thousand in united Norway and Sweden. A quiet, sturdy and industrious little people, their habits are not of the most cleanly, and they rarely, if ever, divest themselves of those skin coats, which form the chief article of dress. Each Lapp has a *spoon*, given him in early childhood, which he always carries with him and cherishes as his one great treasure; and when he dies his spoon is buried with him.

Tromsö itself is a much more bustling town than one would dream of finding away up in these desolate regions. Of course the inhabitants are all of the hardy fisher class, though a great many are engaged in trading and shipping the beautiful skins and furs, which are so handsome as to make one almost envious of the animals that wore them. The foxes, white, blue, and the valuable silver, are here seen at their best, together with the cormorant and the lovely eider-down, looking like the most beautiful, long-piled, fluffy velvet, of an exquisite gray and white color.

The six thousand inhabitants of Tromsö are, taken as a whole, a better-looking people than those in the majority of the Norwegian cities. All have the unvarying pink and white complexion one finds among these Northern races, notwithstanding the high winds and the glare of the snow and the water, generally supposed capable of producing a beautiful crop of tan and freckles.

Of course, in these poor, little, frozen places there is not very much to be seen but the harbors. So after a walk through the one main street of Tromsö, and through a few narrow passages between the wretched little houses at the end of it, one will learn with surprise that there is a museum yet to be seen. *A museum* in that little town, built in between those snow-covered rocks!

After climbing up the steep stairs of a large two-storied house, it is with surprise that you come upon five large rooms filled with a really interesting collection: All sorts of stuffed birds, including the eider-duck, and others about which, unfortunately, the Norwegian ticket attached can tell you nothing; a large case of some of the curious fish of the Polar waters, including fine

specimens of the gigantic tusks of the narwhal, and one monster himself, reserved as a *pièce de résistance*; Lapp exhibits and curiosities galore, which would prove all the more interesting and attractive had not the live specimens themselves been so recently under inspection, but still not without interest in making one more familiar with what little these poor creatures have to make life pleasant; curious old wood figures, evidently taken from churches, probably remarkable in nothing except in demonstrating a crude idea of art.

Here at Tromsø, if one is fortunate as to weather, the Midnight Sun, or as someone has called it, "that most curious freak in the museum of nature," should be seen to good advantage, shining steadily after a few minutes' dip below the horizon shortly after midnight.

On the following morning, or rather the same morning later, you awake to find yourself in Hammerfest, the most northern town in the world, comprising something like two thousand inhabitants, principally interested in the whale-oil business, and one of the most picturesque little places to be met with on the entire trip. Its single street runs along the water, and is festooned in many places with long rows of fish—herring and cod—hanging from racks to dry in the wind, and skins of animals and birds are spread out and hung in all directions, so that the air is hardly as sweet and fragrant as it might be.

By this time you have grown accustomed to *fish*. From the time the trip in Norway begins you get *fish* in everything. You breathe *fish* with the first breath you draw in any new place. You detect a new and varied flavor perhaps, but still *fish*, in every inhabitant of the place who passes. You find it in your room at the hotel and the sheets on your bed, while the towel upon which you attempt to dry your face in the morning, gives you a chance to see how you relish it combined with soapsuds. When you come down to breakfast, you feel quite sure that your napkin had been used to boil the cod or salmon which constituted the first course after the "*Smørbrød*" at yesterday's dinner; and the same, ever-present tang greets you in your hot coffee and in the fried potatoes. How the *butter* escapes is a mystery; but escape it does, for more delicious butter is rarely to be met

with than is to be had everywhere in Norway.

One looks in vain for some little souvenir to bring away from Hammerfest. Lapp spoons everyone buys at Tromsø; the pretty skins and furs are not in the most carriable condition, and after meditating hopelessly over the assortment of fishing-tackle, stout boots, tin and pewter plates, blankets and sou'-westers which each shop contains, you give up in despair.

Shortly after leaving Hammerfest, the steamer passes the great bird-cliff, the Stappan, and everyone is on deck to see this home of myriads of sea-birds of every description. It is a magnificent cliff, cut into a series of jagged peaks, the sides rising perpendicularly out of the water and worn by its action into notches and holes, in every one of which some bird has its home. As you look at it with the glass on the approach of the steamer, it presents a most curious appearance, and seems as if the entire rock were dotted over with tufts of white cotton, and only when quite near can you see that each tuft is alive! Stopping a little distance off, the steamer fires a gun, and while its echoes are yet sounding among the mountains, there arises almost a scream from the twittering of millions of birds that now fly up into the air. The sky and the water are absolutely clouded with them, and still many more remain quietly sitting on the rock, where so few ever disturb them.

And now comes the climax of the voyage. Mountains six thousand feet high on the one hand, the open sea on the other, you slowly approach the very top of Europe, and finally draw in sight of the North Cape itself. Two great headlands jut out into the green waters, with a series of snow-capped peaks, in strong contrast to their black masses, stretching away into the desolate region behind; the sharp outline of the Cape itself stands clearly out against the cold, leaden sky, and such a solemn and impressive stillness reigns over everything that it seems like a protest against any further investigation of those mysteries which Nature chooses to freeze up around the undiscovered Pole.

To land and climb to the top of the Cape is of course everybody's ambition; and then, having gazed upon what

seems infinity itself, and the purpose of the journey being accomplished, the steamer is ready to return.

Leaving behind the North Cape in its grand and solitary beauty, you soon enter the Lyngenfjord, renowned for its superb scenery, and probably the finest of all the Norwegian fjords. It is passed at a distance on the northward trip, but now the steamer traverses its entire length, then turns and passes out into the open again. Of the Lyngenfjord it is only possible to say that all the most magnificent portions of a Switzerland, the snow-covered mountains and dividing valleys, with their accompaniments of glaciers and mountain-torrents, are here to be found with all that additional charm which water always adds, in the reflection of the mountain-peaks and deep valleys between.

Three opportunities of seeing the Midnight Sun constitute a most fortunate trip. One at Tromsø, where at midnight the sun sinks below the horizon for just a few minutes; one at Hammerfest, where it sets and immediately begins to rise again; and the third, at the Cape itself, where at midnight dark glasses and sunshades are as much in requisition as at midday. Of all months for the Cape trip, July bears off the palm.

After repassing Tromsø, you awake in the morning, realizing by the early ringing of the breakfast-bell that one

more excursion is at hand; and within a quarter of a mile of the steamer lies the famous Svartisen glacier, said to be the largest in the world, except the one in Alaska, its great white mass seeming to extend quite down to the waters of the Svartisen-fjord. A much less Arctic temperature makes it easier for the party to be off betimes; and while on landing it is a matter of some surprise to find that a good mile walk lies between the glacier and yourself, it is not long before you are picking your way over the loose stones and boulders and across the muddy streams at its foot. At last, crossing a great hill of bits of ice, stones and sand, which have been amassed there for ages, and climbing upon a projecting ledge of ice, you are actually upon the Svartisen. A glorious picture meets the eye as you pause to look around. The fjord winds in, through an almost imperceptible passage among the tall white mountain-peaks, all the more beautiful because their lower slopes are covered with green grass and low bushes, so much warmer is it; and the water, as placid as a lake, reflects the mountain-tops and the steamer lying out in the middle.

Starting in huge blocks of ice at your feet, and sloping backward over two mountains, to a height of twelve hundred feet, lies the glacier, a dazzling mass in the bright sunlight, full of crevices and caverns, formed by the cracking and crowding of the enormous



SVARTISEN GLACIER.

mass, and showing the loveliest tints and shades of that deep blue color peculiar to ice-caverns.

Another great beauty of the Svartisen glacier, besides its lovely position, and the satisfaction of being able to stand directly at the foot, and look to, or rather toward, the top, is the straightness of the line which it cuts through the green border of grass and bushes on either side. In the glaciers of Switzerland, framed in by rocky borders, there is no such contrast of color, of the white and blue tints and the bright green surroundings, as can be seen at the Svartisen. Numerous smaller glaciers formed on the neighboring mountain-peaks, join this great one, which measures altogether *thirty-five miles* in length, and *ten miles* in width.

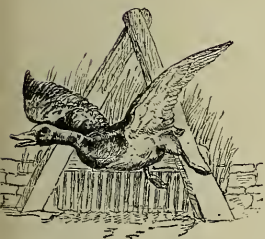
A small river flows from underneath the glacier, at the foot; and by following this up, and clambering as best you may over the crumbling and melting snow, you come to a small lake in the glacier itself, across which a boat will take you to the ice-caverns on the other side. By the time these have been explored, with wet feet, bedraggled skirts, and a good appetite, you are tired enough to make a speedy return to the steamer desirable; and there is a noticeable lack of energy among the passengers during the rest of that day.

The memories of the Svartisen will not be effaced by any scenery on the return, and after repassing Trondhjem and Molde, the delighted tourist arrives at Bergen, just two weeks from the time he sailed away.



A WINTER DAY WITH THE DUCKS.

By James R. Benton.



THROUGH one of the hill-shadowed valleys of central New York flows a narrow, rapid river. It is one of those clear, shallow, willow-bordered streams with pebbles which reflect the sunshine, while upon its banks are pleasant places where one may lie beneath the trees and listen to the murmuring ripple, or dream and doze through the summer afternoon, undisturbed except by the sandpiper's whistle or the rattle of the kingfisher.

From spring to late autumn a duck is a rare visitor to the stream, but in the winter, when all the lakes and ponds

are frozen over, many of the so-called winter ducks seek their food in the rapid shallows of the river, where ice never forms. Of these ducks the most common are the goosander, the mergansers, the bay-breasted, and the smaller, but more beautiful, hooded variety. Not infrequently a bufflehead's rotund little person appears for a short visit. The black and long-tailed ducks occasionally drop in, and now and then an unmistakable music of wings tells that a whistler is somewhere within a radius of half a mile.

The shooting is most difficult. The birds, naturally shy, have been trained by the experiences of autumn and early winter until they are almost unapproachable. Every feeding flock has a sentinel, whose keen glance is a well-nigh infallible safeguard to his

companions. His vigilance gives you frequent opportunities to practice holding your temper.

You may be stealing up to get a shot, and you raise your head ever so little to peer around. The watchful lookout in the river at once detects you; there is a faint gabble, a quick splashing, and you watch a small triangular bunch of objects disappear in the cold, gray distance. If you are good-natured you say with Bryant, "Vainly the fowler's eye would mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong," but, generally speaking, you are not in the mood for poetry, although you feel very keenly the force and meaning of the quotation.

One cold, clear, winter morning I set out in company with a friend to ascertain what might be the result of a day's trial of human wits against wildfowl instinct. The weather during the past week had been severe and the unfrozen places in the river were few and far between.

We had planned to walk across country to an open stretch some three miles down stream, and thence hunt up the valley as far as daylight, tendency to weariness, or our success might decide for us. The sky was cloudless, and the frost crystals sparkled in the moonlight like miniature reflections of the stars.

There was a strong crust, and as we stepped briskly along, the creaking snow and tingling air confirmed the thermometer's report of "five below." There was just light enough for shooting when we reached our destination. The overhanging branches of the willows were thickly floured with frost. The falls of the mill-pond above made a thin noise like hissing steam, while the mist rose so thickly from the open space before us that the water was invisible.

The ducks' eyes, however, were better than ours, for we had not walked many paces along the bank when we heard a splash and flutter, and eight birds took wing. As they cleared the mist our four barrels rang out. Three birds whirled over into the water and one struck the ice with a sounding thud.

This was a cheerful beginning, and while the professor acted the part of retriever I watched the four survivors making up the valley. After flying a quarter of a mile they circled and alighted. They were now well roused and alive to their danger, and the posi-

tion they had taken rendered approach wellnigh impossible.

The professor, thinking that when flushed they might fly back down stream, preferred to take the easier chance. He concealed himself behind a fence and proceeded to trust to luck. The laborious part fell to me.

I walked from the river until I reached a point opposite the ducks and about three hundred yards from them. I then started directly toward the fowl, stooping as I drew nearer; then creeping on hands and knees, and finally lying flat and crawling like a snake.

It was cold work, but I cautiously wriggled along until within fifty yards of the stream; then I leaped up and ran swiftly toward the birds, or rather toward the place where they had been, for when I reached the bank, expecting to use both barrels, there was nothing to use them at.

For a second I stood wondering, but my wonder was soon changed to that state of mind in which men say things they afterward regret, by the sound of a distant splash. The ducks, suspecting danger, had paddled a long distance up stream, and when I made my rush they promptly flew away, still heading up the valley, thereby leaving the waiting professor in the lurch also. As I stood watching them I began to realize that it was a cold day.

We started again in pursuit, and soon a single buffle-head rose wild, and after flying a few hundred yards dropped into the middle of a long, open shallow. He swam a few feet, first in one direction and then another, as though to try the strength of the current; next with quick dips he gave himself a small bath, and then, shaking off the drops, he stood up on his tail with breast thrown out, as though inhaling a few lungfuls of the cold, pure air. After a dab or two at his plumage he raised his head and looked about, as much as to say, "Guess I'm all right," and I guessed he was too.

The bank was scarce six inches high, and there was no tree or stump near it. In the middle of the stream, however, just below the duck, I noticed an old log with thick and spreading roots attached, that had stranded in the shallows. Here was my only chance. Getting upon the ice, I carefully kept the old root covering the duck. Soon I reached the end of the ice, and had

to step into the water, which almost reached the tops of my high boots. I waded nearer and nearer, until I finally crawled up behind the stump.

After a moment's pause to brace my nerves I slowly raised my head. The quick little duck could scarcely have seen my cap before he was ten feet in the air. But I was ready for him. A glance over the barrels—a puff of smoke—and another victim yielded to the incontestable argument of a charge of number sixes. As I picked up the little duck I must have dropped our luck, for though we walked until late in the afternoon our game-bags grew no weightier.

Once we climbed to the summit of a long ridge that rose like a relic of the mound-builders from the plain and ended abruptly, making a steep bluff at the river-bank. From this was an extensive view. The winding course of the stream here and there flashed out as if for light and air, and then again hid in the darkness beneath the ice. The wide meadows stretched on either side, with their straggling fences and snow-capped haystacks. The great white hills were shaded with gray woods of beech and maple, deepened by dark and shadowy hemlocks.

No ducks were visible, but a flock of snow-birds flew twittering by, and the whistle of shore-larks came plaintively from a weed-grown pasture. As we stood listening we heard the mellow voice of a hound among the hills, and saw him, a dark spot upon the snow, plodding across the open fields. At least a half-mile ahead another moving speck told us that Reynard was afield, and that some honest gunner was likely awaiting the sly fellow's coming along a well-known runway in the shadowy woods.

We walked on again, mile after mile, until finally, filled with chilly disgust, we turned our backs to the river and set out for home. But, as Silas Wegg says, "Upon the hill I turned, Mr. Boffin, to take one last fond look, sir." We gazed down the valley long and earnestly, with that anxious intensity that fills the sportsman's eye when he is about to give up the last chance of seeing game—a gaze that, if there be any truth in the theory of hypnotism, ought surely to bring game from the uttermost horizon; and in this case it did.

Just as I gave a sigh of resignation

and was about to turn my disappointed eyes away, I saw, far in the distance, a few dark specks move across a cloud; then they were lost in the haze. Again they came into view, and, as they grew upon our sight, they soon established their identity as a small bunch of ducks flying rapidly up the valley.

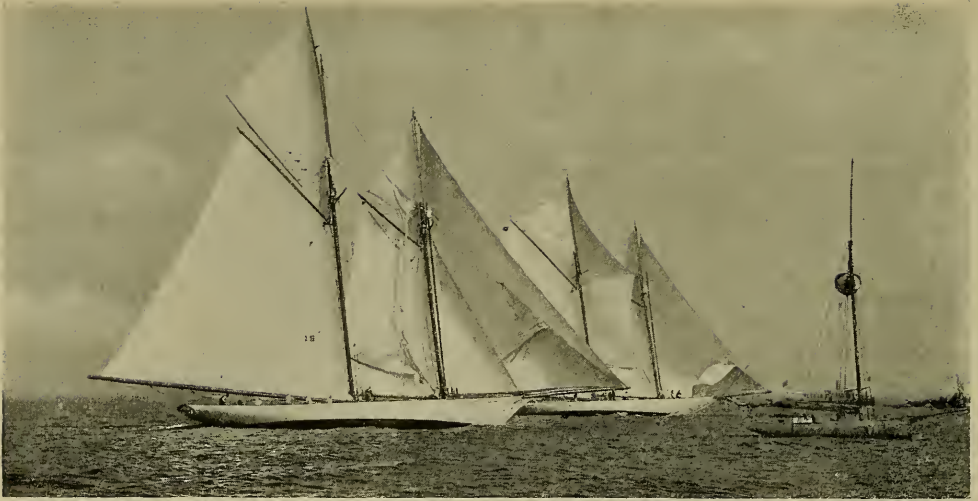
Crouching behind the fence we watched them pass, circle and alight at the upper end of an old mill-pond where, on either bank, a scanty growth of swamp-willows straggled to the water's edge. Taking advantage of this cover, we stole toward the stream; but we were still a long shot away when we heard the warning splash, and leaped up just in time to see the birds clear the water.

It was a hard chance, but our last. We snapped our guns to our shoulders, and two charges whistled after them. A few white feathers whirled down to the water, the last of the flock wavered, recovered, wavered, lurched, and tumbled "splashily" into the shallows, while the survivors turned back whence they came and vanished in the twilight.

We again turned our faces homeward, and, in order to prove that old saying, "the longest way round is the shortest way home," to be rank nonsense, we took a short cut across the ice at the end of the pond.

Now, it is a fact that if you are seeking for the thickest, strongest ice you must not look for it under the snow-drifts along the edge of a stream. Entirely oblivious of this, we boldly started to walk across a small mill-race. As we stepped upon the bordering snow-bank there was a sudden yielding sensation, a quick, impulsive movement, and we struck bottom, having descended through three feet of exceedingly cool water on the way down. For a moment we stood as if dazed, while the chilly liquid gurgled cheerily into our boots. Then, as our eyes met and each saw his ridiculous appearance reflected in the other's face, we smiled in spite of ourselves. As we splashed out the professor grimly remarked that there were several ways of going "ducking," and we were trying them all on.

Our moist condition hurried our return, and we stepped along at a lively gait, to the musical accompaniment of the water "sloshing" in our boots.

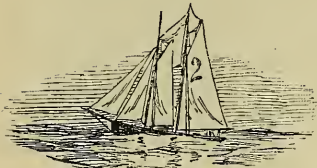


Photograph by J. S. Johnston, N. Y.

A LARCHMONT START.

RACING SCHOONERS.

By R. B. Burchard.



THE large expenditure of money and brains on yacht-racing during the last quarter of a century has elevated the craft of yacht-designers among the ranks of scientific professional men. In old times the designer and builder were one and the same man. A block model was whittled out and submitted for approval; it was then sawed into sections, the lines taken off and "laid down," and the boat built more or less accurately in accordance with them.

After the trial-trip, a process of cutting off and adding on was commenced, which frequently lasted throughout the life of the yacht. The nature of the materials now used, and the methods of construction employed, would alone preclude the unlimited continuance of this practice, although in the case of some of our finest yachts we frequently hear of experimental alterations. These, however, generally apply to trim and ballast and that portion of the keel which is really extraneous to the hull. The nicety of calculation in such a vessel as the *Defender*, built largely from materials previously not thus employed, floating

exactly upon the predetermined water-line, and carrying her enormous sail-spread at about the expected keeling angle, is a triumph of scientific procedure.

The construction of the sail-plan is quite as important as that of the hull. A mast "stepped" a foot or two out of place will always be a source of trouble. When hulls were boxes such points made little difference, save in the strain on the arms and backs of the helmsmen; but in the yachts with short water-lines and deep fins, an error in figuring the relative positions of the center of effort of the sails, and the center of the lateral resistance of the hull to the water, will result in the vessel's sailing in all sorts of directions independent of the rudder. In the little boats, which are, in their way, affairs quite as scientific as the big ones, the designer tries to dodge the difficult problem by contriving a centerboard which may be moved fore and aft as well as up and down. To meet the varying conditions as the centers change on various points of sailing, this is a useful device; but it would be impracticable in the large boats unless a racing-machine were devised such as man has not yet seen.

Theoretically the center of effort should be located directly over the

center of lateral resistance. But designers depart from this rule in accordance with their originality and their experience, and the location of the centers is the last of the secrets to be divulged concerning a yacht. If a schooner is planned and trimmed so as to have a weather-helm in a light air she will wear out a man an hour in ordinary sailing. If she trims while sailing on the wind so that her owner may gracefully handle her with one hand and without breaking his starched collar, the vessel must have a slight lee-helm in very light airs. This means that the center of effort has been moved forward.

But these centers, so readily located on the plans, do not remain fixed in the vessel herself. Therefore, all calculations are more or less approximate. As the momentum of the vessel increases, it is found that the center of resistance moves aft, and of course the center of the sails varies with every varying position of the boat. This is one of the reasons why yacht-designing must always be an art as well as a science.

Everything about the form of a boat—sail-plan, hull, keel, centerboard, rudder—rounds up in the problem of the location of the centers. The trial-trip is an event fraught with anxiety even to the most expert, and happy is the designer whose vessel “hangs” and “trims” right from the start. Certain it is that the work done in the last two or three years has been wonderfully accurate in this regard.

After the yacht is finished the troubles of the skipper begin, and there are many of them which he keeps locked in his stalwart breast, only to be unfolded in the confidences of the cabin. For racing-yachts are like mettlesome horses, and have tricks to be mastered which are frequently unsuspected and difficult to explain. More than once have yachts of the largest and swiftest types been known to take the bit in their teeth, so to speak, and run away with their astonished skipper, until they were rounded up by letting all the fore-sheets fly.

Sometimes a boat with an obedient



Photograph by J. S. Johnston, N. Y.

SHAMROCK.

weather-helm on a beam wind will, when the wind blows hard over the quarter, take a notion to do surprising things in the way of yawing off in a perilous fashion, and sometimes becomes unmanageable. This was noticed years ago, especially in the very deep, narrow cutters which were developed under the old English measurement rule. The deep, fin-keels of latter-day build are said to occasionally be guilty of the same perverseness. Some of the old schooners were terrors to steer down the wind and at times required two or three men on the wheel. The yachts of the new type, in ordinary sailing, steer easier and truer; but it is the unusual conditions that are dangerous, and one is safer not to vex the capricious dispositions of the modern beauties with the annoyances of the high-seas.

Among the modern schooners which embody a happy combination of speed, comfort and seaworthy power the *Lasca* is a notable example. Her dimensions are as follows: Over-all length, 119 ft.; water-line, 89.9 ft.; beam, 23 ft.; draught, 10.8 ft. Her gross tonnage is 121.23, and net tonnage 115.17 tons. The *Lasca* is a steel centerboard schooner, built by Henry Piepgras at City Island in 1892, from the plans of A. Cary Smith. That this yacht is not of the type whose value is cut in two or quartered as soon as they are beaten on the racing-course is evidenced by the fact that after her owner, Mr. John E. Brooks, had had four seasons' use of her, during which he had cruised over 15,000 miles in American and foreign waters, he sold her to Mr. James S. Watson, of Rochester, N. Y., for nearly \$40,000.

The *Lasca* was designed as an ocean cruiser, and was therefore built with great fullness at the lower part of the cross-section. She has an easy bilge with nearly straight lines from water-line to keel, or with no hollowing out under the floor. This form is radically opposed to the latest idea of speed and stability as exemplified in the newest racing-yachts, but it is essential in a seagoing yacht. Such a vessel will ride the sea with ease where a boat which has hard bilges and is cut hollow underneath the floor would be in a precarious condition. The yachts of the latter type are popular for the present, because, when ballasted by a deep keel, they are fast in smooth water. Caught, however,

in a heavy sea with no wind to steady her, a boat of this type would be in a fair way to "slat" her masts out.

The *Yampa* is another example of A. Cary Smith's seagoing yachts. She is practically an enlarged *Iroquois*, and was built for Mr. Chester W. Chapin, the former owner of the latter yacht. Her dimensions are: Over-all length, 134 ft.; water-line, 110.9 ft.; beam, 27 ft., and draught, 14 ft. The *Yampa* is now owned by R. Suydam Palmer, and was, last season, chartered to Edward Browning, of Philadelphia. Her frames, like those of the *Lasca*, make a straight V from keel to water-line, and she is a very comfortable vessel in a seaway. That she is fast under favorable conditions is shown by the record of a run, under full lower sail and topsails, of 595 nautical miles in fifty hours, from Teneriffe to Cadiz.

The last of the remarkable fleet of schooners designed by A. Cary Smith previous to the building of the *Amorita* is J. Berre King's *Elsemarie*.

The *Shamrock* was the forerunner of the *Emerald*. She was built in 1887 as a sloop, four years after the *Grayling* and the *Fortuna*, and six years before the *Emerald*.

The form of her hull indicates the transition between the old yachts and the new. She has the long, low, rock-ered keel of the old type, but all her ballast (about thirty tons), excepting a little trimming lead (about a quarter of a ton), is on the outside. It is distributed throughout nearly the entire length of the keel, running aft to the stern-post. She has a long clipper stem of the old type, with hollow bow lines. There are only 4.4 ft. fore overhang, and this measurement is taken well out on the figurehead. The aft overhang, however, is 9.1 ft. The stern is narrowed down to 8 ft. in width. The extreme beam of the yacht is 20.3 ft. The topsides tumble home from abaft amidships to the stern.

The *Shamrock* was designed by her original owner, J. Rogers Maxwell, and she, with the *Sea Fox*, designed by A. Cass Canfield, are notable examples of modern racing-yachts which have been both designed and sailed by Corinthian yachtsmen. Mr. Maxwell has sailed in nearly all of the important regattas in New York Bay and Long Island Sound since 1865. His first boat, the 30-ft.

sloop *Black Hawk*, was originally a catboat built by Harry Smedley, then a noted builder, for Harry Haydock. This boat was of the type then popular, with straight stem and transom, measuring the same on the water-line as on deck. Mr. Maxwell's second boat was the cabin sloop *Black Hawk*, which was 34 ft. water-line and 38 feet over all. Next he owned the sloop *Peerless*; then the open sloop *Carrie*. He built the sloop *Daphne*, 48 feet over all, in 1868. She was sold in 1871, and re-named *Christine*. The same year the 54-ton sloop *Peerless* was built, and afterwards changed into a schooner. Mr. Maxwell built the schooner *Crusader*, 118 tons, in 1880. She was dismasted in a race off Sandy Hook, and then rebuilt. He owned the sloop *Daphne*, which he sold in 1887 to Commodore G. C. W. Lowrey, so that she became subsequently the flagship of the Larchmont Yacht Club. It was therefore with no 'prentice hand that Mr. Maxwell undertook the designing of a great racing-sloop in 1887.

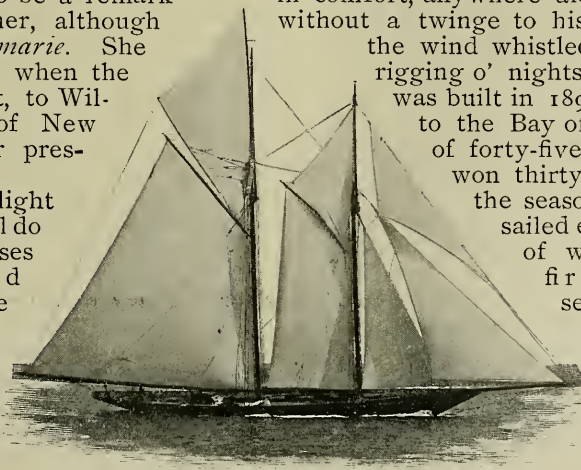
The *Shamrock* was originally a wood sloop, built by J. F. Munn and H. C. Wintringham at South Brooklyn, from the designs of her owner. She was subsequently altered into a schooner by Mr. Wintringham and her form somewhat improved. She was given a new bow, being entirely rebuilt for about fifteen frames from the stern. Her water-line was lengthened about two feet, and she was given a harder bilge. To accomplish the latter alteration the planking was taken off and a crescent-shaped piece secured to each timber. She proved to be a remarkably fast schooner, although beaten by the *Elsemarie*. She was sold in 1893, when the *Emerald* was built, to Willard P. Ward, of New York, who is her present owner.

To show what a slight increase of sail will do for a boat, the cases of *Elsemarie* and *Shamrock* may be cited. The *Elsemarie* at first had a very short main-topmast, and in a race with *Shamrock* was beaten to

windward. The reason was that the club-topsail was set too low down, and the peak could not be set up as it should be, because it would at once spoil the topsail. The consequence was *Shamrock* beat her easily. The betting was at once on *Shamrock*, for it was known that she could beat *Elsemarie* on a broad reach, or before the wind. At once a new foretopmast was made for the *Elsemarie* eight feet longer than the old one, and so much more sail put in spinnaker and balloon jib-topsail. At the same time a No. 2 jib-topsail could be set in the place of the "baby." The next meeting the *Elsemarie* ran away from *Shamrock* before the wind.

The *Marguerite* is a centerboard schooner built in 1888 for R. Suydam Palmer by G. Lawley & Son, Boston, from the designs of the late Edward Burgess. She is now owned by Henry W. Lamb, of New York. She is 96.11 ft. over all, 79.11 water-line, 21 ft. beam, and 11 ft. draught. In 1895 she beat *Mayflower* and *Mon Reve*, July seventeenth, Eastern Yacht Club, on actual and corrected time, winning the first prize of the club and the Puritan Cup. She was second to *Emerald* at Larchmont, July fourth, and also at the American Yacht Club on the following day. She was fifth in the Commodore's Cup race July twenty-ninth, and on the following day she was beaten by *Ariel* and *Iroquois*. On August third she defeated *Iroquois*, but lost to *Ariel*. On August fifth she was second to *Ariel*.

The *Elsemarie* like the *Iroquois* is a little vessel in which one might cruise in comfort, anywhere along the coast, without a twinge to his nerves when the wind whistled through her rigging o' nights. In fact she was built in 1893 for a cruise to the Bay of Fundy. Out of forty-five races she has won thirty-two. During the season of 1895 she sailed eighteen races, of which she was first in two, second in ten, third in two, sixth in one, and in one race with *Amorita* she did not finish.



LASCA.

ZINTO:

AN EPISODE OF GREAT SLAVE LAKE.

By H. T. Munn.

ZINTO, a Couteaux Jaunes Indian, sat cross-legged before the burning logs in his lodge, smoking his pipe and gazing thoughtfully into the fire. Overhead, hung on poles lashed crosswise from door to back, were long black strips of deermeat, brown "dépouillés" or backfats, tongues, half-dried red-looking sides with the rib-bones taken out, long marrowfats, and over all, two heads placed there to keep the brains from freezing, till such time as they might be used in the tanning of the deerhides to leather.

Zinto was contented, and he looked it. Bales of dried meat were piled round the back of the lodge, his dogs were in good trim to undertake the coming musk-ox hunt, he had warm clothes to wear, and enough tobacco to last him with care till the Christmas foregathering at the far-away Hudson Bay fort. Perhaps the only thing that troubled him was the fact that he had no children, for the Couteaux Jaunes Indians believe that a bad devil possesses a childless lodge.

The flap-door was swung back, and a good-looking sturdy girl entered, and flinging down a network bag, made of fine "babiche" (or rawhide), and gayly trimmed with tassels of bright wool, proceeded to dust the snow off her moccasins, leather leggings and short skirt. From the bag she took three whitefish, and placed them on the cross-poles overhead, where the smoke was curling upwards in blue wreaths.

"It is far to go to the nets," she remarked, "and the deer are passing seldom; Salteethi says the musk-ox hunt starts when the moon is a week old."

"Wagh!" grunted Zinto. "To hunt a day sooner in the deer month is to hunt a day less in the month of the big wind! I am ready to-morrow."

Gloona (the White Mouse) threw off her deerskin capote, and squatting down before the fire, reached for a half-laced snow-shoe, and commenced weaving the "babiche" with deft fingers.

"Ateachili does not go," she said, without looking up from her work; "he

has the sickness in his back, and cannot travel fast."

"Huh!" responded Zinto. "His back was well until he killed the six otter by the Big Lake; he is lazy, now he has enough fur to trade for a little tobacco and tea. You join his mother's lodge while we are away."

Some two weeks later the camp was astir and busy. The shrill cries of the women, from lodge to lodge, mingled with the wail of children and the yelping of dogs, the jingle of many sleigh-bells forming an under-current of sound, as the dogs shook themselves in their newly donned harness, or fought with a rival team, to the confusion of traces and tie-strings. Farewells were exchanged in profusion—for an Indian of these tribes never goes away for even a few days without taking an elaborate good-bye of all his relations—and the party of eight dog-sleighs and twelve men wound their way across the lake hard by the camp, till they looked against the sky-line like a long, black serpent on the white snow. Then the lodges were all struck, and the old men, the boys and women, moved down to a fishing place ten miles away, to await the hunters' return.

Days, then weeks, passed by, and they began to look anxiously to the north for the returning hunters. Fish were scarce on the usual feeding grounds, and the nets and trout lines had to be set far out on the lakes, necessitating a weary cold tramp, often in freezing fog or against biting winds. Ateachili, whose back had very soon got better after the departure of the hunters, would do for Gloona this woman's work, and in many other ways make her life (for an Indian woman) one of comparative ease; and when, in the evenings after Ateachili's deaf old mother was asleep, they would talk together, he was ever mysteriously hinting at "bad medicine" that was on Zinto's lodge, and expressing his willingness to aid Gloona if she needed it, till her superstitious Indian nature wrought in her the belief that trouble was before her.

Shorter and shorter grew the days,

lower and lower to the south sank the midday sun, and presently furious snow-storms, thick fogs and howling gales announced that the month of the big wind was at hand. And when the moon was two weeks past the crescent shape she had been when the hunters departed, which is six weeks of time, sleigh-bells were heard on the frosty air, and half the musk ox hunters, among whom was Zinto, trailed slowly, wearily into camp.

Zinto and three more Indians with their dog-trains had, it transpired, separated from the others while far out in the musk-ox country, and their hunt had been a failure. Of the twelve good dogs belonging to them, only six staggering shadows answered the feeding call, and weakly fought for the scanty portion of food allotted to them; only one beggarly musk-ox robe apiece would each of the four lodges have to trade at Christmas. "Yes," said Gloona to herself, that night, "I feared that bad medicine was on the lodge. Did not a 'karchough' (an Arctic hare) that I had placed securely on the cross-poles fall into the fire and the fur burn before I could save it?"

From Zinto she heard a terrible story next day. After the party had separated, Zinto had left the line of march, as usual, to look for musk-ox sign; he walked far and fast, and at dark found himself yet some way from the place agreed on to camp. While crossing a little lake, he had happened to look back and perceived against the sky-line a large and shadowy thing following in his line of march. Though Zinto ran as he never ran before, the thing was behind him till he reached the camp, yet when he shouted to his comrades and they came out, they saw nothing. He could not describe the thing, and did not seem sure whether it had two legs or four, but its size grew with each telling till it assumed gigantic proportions.

Now all through the North there is a story believed, of the presence of an evil spirit, called *The Enemy*. No one who has seen it can ever describe it, and very few see it and live to tell the tale, while ill-luck and misfortune must dog the steps of whoever has once seen this thing, till it chooses to withdraw its evil influence.

Gloona did not say much, but she was quite certain in her mind that Zinto had seen *The Enemy*; and when some few

days later the rest of the musk-ox hunters returned and announced that they had made a good hunt, and showed their loaded dog-trains and well-fed dogs, Gloona was more than ever sure that Ateachili was right when he told her that bad medicine was on Zinto's lodge. Then remembering her childless marriage, she wept bitterly, for she loved Zinto well.

Christmas came, and Zinto and his companions went to the fort, as had always been the custom, for the *Jour de l'An*; but it was only the necessities, such as powder, ball, fish-twine, and the like, that he was able to buy.

Even Zinto noticed that the "sickness in the back" was only with Ateachili when a party was formed to go on any long journey; and, perhaps, he was the only man in the camp who did not know of the admiration Ateachili had for Gloona.

Zinto rallied Ateachili on his laziness, and when, on his return, he found that Ateachili had trapped two valuable foxes—a black and a silver—he congratulated him heartily and told him his sickness in the back brought him good luck.

Zinto's ill-luck persistently stayed with him through the winter, and he made less fur than any of the others, and Gloona felt very miserable, for she loved good clothes, and tea and tobacco; and she thought, too, that Zinto was not so kind to her now.

The winter days grew longer and longer, the snow got wet and heavy, the caribou commenced to return from the big woods, on their journey to the sea, and though fur was rather scarce, the lodges all had abundance of meat.

With blustering March at their heels, those Indians who had plenty of dogs arranged another musk-ox hunt, and Zinto was unable to go as he had but two dogs. This proved a successful hunt.

Again did Gloona think of Ateachili's often repeated words, "Bad medicine is on Zinto's lodge," and she sighed heavily.

Zinto's canoe was the most empty looking of them all when the Big Lake once more carried them lightly on its bosom, and the Indians started on their journey to the spring gathering at the fort. On this journey Ateachili's old mother died, and Zinto hospitably welcomed him into his lodge.

It was about two weeks after their arrival at the fort, when Ateachili entered the lodge and sat down before the fire where Gloona was hard at work.

"Zinto is at the big house," said Ateachili; "he has very little fur, and his debt is large. The master," he continued, "has given me much for my foxskins; I have tea and flour and tobacco in plenty, and two new blankets."

Gloona sighed; Zinto was sick, had no new blankets and very little tea.

"I have also some new knives, and a shawl and a bright petticoat like the interpreter's wife wears."

"You have no wife," said Gloona, turning a shade darker as she spoke. "Why do you buy those things?"

Ateachili bent forward and caught her hand. "Come with me," he whispered; "come to my lodge, and all is yours. See, you have no warm clothes, no tea, no tobacco, no new knives or axes, no new blankets. All these I have, and much more; I have new iron traps that will catch the black foxes easily next winter, I have plenty of powder and ball to kill the caribou. Come with me, little one, and we will join another tribe far away!"

Gloona shook her head. "Zinto is good to me," she said; "it is not his fault we have no fur to trade."

"No," Ateachili replied intensely; "bad medicine is on his lodge. He will never dream good dreams. No children will ever come to hunt and trap for him. *He has seen The Enemy, and evil will ever be on him.*"

Gloona shuddered. With the children of the North superstition is deeply a part of their nature, and she believed that evil was on Zinto's lodge, and perhaps must ever remain there if he had seen this thing. A great dread fell on Gloona. She felt sure something dreadful would happen to Zinto. If it did, why — Ateachili was a lucky hunter, and she would have to find another man or go as drudge in some lodge she disliked. But when she thought of strong, tall, brave Zinto, her mind was instantly made up, and she said, nervously, "No, Ateachili; while Zinto lives he is my hunter; you must not ask me this thing again, for I love him, and will not leave him. Forget that these words have been spoken, and share our lodge as before." A moccasined footfall sounded softly outside, and Zinto entered.

Gloona's tireless fingers still weaved the hunting bag and she sighed moodily.

"The master is hard to deal with this year; he will give me no more debt except a little powder and ball. I have had bad luck since the musk-ox hunt."

* . * * *

It was a week or so later than this when Ateachili proposed to Zinto they should go together to an island he knew of on the Big Lake, where he had seen birch trees straighter and bigger than anywhere else, and they would together make canoes for the summer caribou spearing.

"But," quoth Ateachili, "only to you and Gloona will I show this place, or all the Indians will come and take bark, and there will be none left for another year."

"I will get Tsziena's light canoe," remarked Zinto.

It was the tenth day after leaving the fort that the little canoe was headed towards a small rocky island far to the southeastern side of the Big Lake. They were out of the track of all Indian travel and in the middle of a big bay quite unknown to Zinto.

Gloona had objected to taking the journey, and her obstinacy had even compelled the good-natured Zinto to resort to persuasion with a willow stick before she sulkily gave in.

"This cannot be the island," he objected; "it is small, and there are no birch trees on it;" and as he spoke the sound of his voice awoke a cloud of gulls and terns, that came circling and screaming towards the canoe.

"No," said Ateachili, "but we will get some eggs here; they are plentiful. Let Gloona stay in the canoe. I will show you a strange thing on this island."

The canoe ran alongside a shelf of rock, and the men stepped out and commenced to search in the tufts of grass for eggs.

Gloona sat in the canoe, one hand holding it off the rock, lest a jagged edge should pierce its tender side. Before she realized what Ateachili was doing he had sprung into the canoe and pushed it clear; then, taking a couple of strokes with his paddle, he swung round and called:

"Ho, Zinto! The strange thing I would show you has happened. We leave you to pick up the eggs. Gloona and I have

our lodge-poles to set up many days' journey from here."

Zinto turned round, and for a moment failed to realize what had happened.

"You will not leave me here; you dare not! Come back, come back," he cried, "or worse will happen. Gloona, little one, it is not you who do this thing. Come back!"

Gloona had sat like one dazed, yet at his cry she snatched up a paddle and would have turned towards the island, but Ateachili raised his paddle threateningly, and, seeing she intended to persist in her efforts, struck her so heavy a blow that she pitched forward, a senseless heap, and the paddle, falling from her hand, splashed noisily on the calm water.

"Good-bye," he cried, mockingly. "May 'The Enemy' leave you before the lake is frozen over!"

Zinto raised his head. "It has left me now," he said, slowly. "I see it behind your canoe. May it be with you sleeping and waking, eating and drinking, hunting and trapping, till we meet again." He turned on his heel and walked over the rocks, not even looking back at the canoe and its two occupants.

Ateachili headed to the westward, taking no heed of the huddled woman before him; and the bright drops of water, as he threw his paddle from side to side of the canoe, looked like blood in the red glow of the brilliant sunset.

* * * * *

Knife or any other steel implement Zinto had not—nothing, indeed, of the white man's civilization save the trowsers and shirt he stood in, and the red handkerchief tied round his head; yet from the moment he found that he had been tricked and deserted, the indomitable perseverance of his Indian nature was strong within his heart, and he bethought him how he might outwit his foe.

Zinto was superior to the other Indians in endurance, and as has been explained, also less superstitious: If he *had* seen *The Enemy*, why should it hurt him? He had done nothing wrong; he had never thrown sticks at the caribou, and at every feast he had always put a little bouillon from his plate into the fire. His enemy was Ateachili, and

him he would yet live to outwit. For a white man the prospect of such a consummation would have seemed remote indeed. It was the month of June; the chance of a passing canoe seeing him, in this sparsely populated wilderness, was too small to be even considered; it would be nearly six months before the big lake would freeze over and allow him to escape, and the gulls and few ducks breeding there would leave for the South in three months or so; he had no clothes to face the cold, no moccasins but the pair he stood in, to save his feet from freezing.

Zinto's first act was to take off his moccasins—fortunately new ones—and carefully put them under some dry sprucebark; they at least would not be needed for four months. Under a small bank in the middle of the island he dug out a hole with his hands, and lined it with warm sun-dried moss. The island was nearly circular and about a hundred yards in diameter; the tufted grass that grew about half way round, was full of gulls' nests and a few ducks' nests, of the smaller breeds; and a shallow, sandy beach on the far side from where he had landed was evidently the fishing-ground that, together with the grass, attracted the birds to this desolate rock. In the center of the island grew a small clump of stunted pine, and a few crowberries and blueberries struggled for an existence among the clefts and crannies of the rocks.

Making himself a hiding-place near the sandy beach, Zinto set about his preparation for supplying himself with food for the long time that he knew would elapse between the departure of the gulls and the freezing safely of the Big Lake, living meanwhile on ducks' eggs, and young ducks cooked only by exposure to the sun. As soon as the young gulls and terns began to fly, he caught at night, after many attempts, three old gulls, and every day would peg them on their backs on the sand hard by his hiding-place. Their screams and struggles would soon attract others, who, espying their mates in this sorry plight, immediately swooped down with the full intention of tearing them to pieces, only to find themselves caught by the claws of the imprisoned birds and engaged in a deadly struggle. Zinto would then slip from his hiding-place, and, seizing the captives, wring

their necks and retire to await others. In this way from ten to twenty birds a day were caught. The birds were carefully skinned, the meat was cut in strips and sun-dried on the rocks into leathery and unpalatable food. With the skins a coat and hood of double thickness was made, sewn with a bone needle and the fibrous roots of the spruce trees. His last act before the cold weather set in was to carefully root up every tuft of grass on the island where the gulls might again nest. This took some days' toil.

It is not necessary to follow Zinto through the shortening autumn days, when the Big Lake, lashed to a fury by the storms of the autumnal equinox, would dash against the little island till the spume and spray froze into fantastic castles forty feet high, and the little spruce trees were covered thick with ice, nor when in the bitter cold, the wind would break up the ice far out from shore and pile great ice walls for many a mile across the lake with a crashing and groaning as of an earthquake; but the sound that Zinto liked best, was when at night a dull boom as of distant cannon told him the great lake was being held tighter and tighter in the grip of winter.

It was in the short dark December days that Zinto, taking with him his remaining store of gull meat, left his lonely island and turned his face southward. In this direction he knew he would reach Indians remote from any of his tribe, who would know nothing of his being lost. He toiled on with dogged persistency, sleeping at night in a snow-bank or, if lucky enough to find it, a disused bear-hole. On the twentieth day after leaving the island, he saw across a little lake blue smoke curling up in the keen frosty air, from two lodges. He had seen but avoided a camp, ten days before, lest they should be Indians trading at the same fort as himself, and consequently known to him. Zinto walked or staggered towards the camp, for he was now weak and weary. The children screamed when they saw the matted-haired, wild-eyed man approaching, but the men welcomed him in by signs (for he could not speak their language), and gave him food. These Indians were Swampy Crees, a tribe far from the Couteaux Jaunes, and unknown to them save by hearsay; and their trading fort was one 400 miles away from Zinto's.

At Christmas the men went to their fort, and Zinto found an interpreter who spoke his language. Through him he accounted for his condition by saying that the red sickness (the scarlet fever) had overtaken his lodge when he was far from his tribe, and that he was the sole warrior left. When still weak and ill he had tried to take the canoe back alone, and being caught in a storm had run southward before it till he came to an island, where his canoe had struck a rock, and broken up, he barely saving his life. All the contents of the canoe had gone to the bottom, and he had been held prisoner till the frost came, having to eat his dogs to save himself from starvation. He asked if his new friends would let him stay and hunt with them till he could take canoe and rejoin his own tribe. To this they cheerfully agreed, for he had already proved himself to be a good hunter; and the trader allowed him a little debt to buy what he needed, for he wanted more hunters to trade at his post. Zinto took all the debt he could get, and returned with the Crees, among whom he soon established a reputation for skill.

When the spring came, the Crees begged him to stay and take a woman of their tribe to wife. "You are a big hunter," they said; "stay and teach our young men some new way to catch the fur."

Zinto persuaded a few of the men to go with him to the shores of the Big Lake before the snow left, taking a small canoe on the dog-sleds for his journey to his own people. Here they left him, giving him dried meat and pemmican in abundance.

The bays and narrows were still full of drift ice when Zinto arrived at the island on which he had passed so many dreary months; and first placing his canoe in hiding where he could readily launch it, he relined his mossy bank and sat down and waited. No fire would he light, nor could he in any way disturb the island.

After many long days he saw coming out of the golden west the canoe he expected, for he had argued, with the characteristic subtlety of the Indian, that Ateachili would return in the spring to obliterate any story of Zinto's fate that might have been painted on the rocks and trees.



Painted for *OUTING* by A. W. Van Deusen.

"HE TOILED ON WITH DOGGED PERSISTENCY." (*p. 260.*)

Zinto at once placed his canoe in the water, put fore and aft a large stone, and then with his knife quickly cut a hole through the bottom, and shoved the canoe off into deep water; fifty yards

could see that Gloona's eyes were red with weeping, and could hear the gruff word Ateachili gave her to paddle faster.

As the canoe swung alongside, Ateachili sprang out, and, holding it, or-



"ZINTO WAS CONTENTED." (p. 256.)

from shore it quietly sank out of sight. He then ensconced himself behind a rock hard by the old landing-place, and watched Ateachili steadily draw nearer, till he

dered Gloona to do likewise, but the words were hardly spoken when he was seized round the waist by a powerful arm and thrown bodily into the water

that lapped round the edge of the projecting ledge on the opposite side to that where lay the canoe.

Gloona shrieked and hid her head as Zinto stepped into the canoe and pushed it out, while Ateachili rose spluttering

faced figure that stood dripping on the rocky ledge. "We have met once more, as I said we should. No gulls are here, no nests where you may gather eggs, the berry bushes and the nesting grass have I rooted up; and for you now is



"I SEE IT BEHIND YOUR CANOE." (*p.* 259.)

to the surface and grasped the rocky ledge to pull himself up.

"Do not be afraid, 'yazi' (little one). I am no spirit, but Zinto, come back to you again," said Zinto, softly.

"Ho, Ateachili!" he cried to the livid-

come the time when the hunger shall gnaw at your entrails, and you will die like a dog, even as you would have left me to die. Farewell, Ateachili; the evil spirit of 'The Enemy' has gone for ever from my lodge."

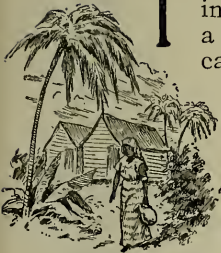


Painted for OUTING by Albert Hencke.

THE TAPIR AT HOME.

A DAY'S SPORT IN COSTA RICA.

By A. H. Verrill.



I HAD resided several months in Costa Rica before I had a chance to hunt the peccaries and other game which abound throughout the country. My first experience was at Jimenez, a small village consisting of twenty-five or thirty houses and shanties near the Atlantic coast.

One beautiful tropic morning in company with John Carillo, a Colombian negro, and the best hunter in Jimenez, which is saying a great deal, I started from the River Platte Company's headquarters. John was armed with a muzzle-loading gun, loaded with a mixture of everything from slugs to No. 10's, while I carried a 20-gauge, loaded with buck, and each of us wore a long machete or cruzado strapped to his belt.

For about a mile we followed the plank road. On either side the forest had been cleared away for a couple of hundred yards, with the exception of a few giant trees left standing along the roadside. As we approached these, large flocks of macaws and toucans would fly out, only to alight on the next tree. Finally John turned down a path to the right, and crossing a small stream we were at once within the dense forest. Underfoot it was damp and cool, for even the burning tropical sun rarely penetrates here. There was scarcely any underbrush, except here and there in little open glades or along the riverbanks. In those spots where the sun's rays fell the ground was rich with brilliant flowers.

We had not gone more than fifty yards from the edge of the woods before John pointed to the ground, turned and whispered "Los warees." True enough, there in the soft damp mould, beside a tiny stream, were the imprints of the sharp little hoofs of a peccary. As we proceeded, I noticed that instead of following the track of one peccary we were following a score. From all sides the tracks came, and converging formed a well-beaten path.

Presently, John showed me the muddy

hollow in which the herd had recently been lying, and explained that they had separated to feed, and we had better follow one of the many paths that led from the bedding-place. He had scarcely finished speaking when happening to glance to one side I caught sight of a moving body; a second later, a herd of nearly a hundred peccaries appeared, not twenty yards from us. They were closely packed together, with an old tusker leading, and apparently had not perceived us, as they were walking quietly along in our direction. John caught sight of them at almost the same instant. There were a couple of flashes from our guns, and a report no louder than a pistol, so deadening to all sound are the heavy forests. The smoke hung low, and as we were unable to see whether the game had taken to their heels or not, we decided to take to a couple of small palm-trees.

Squeals, grunts and snorts came from the direction of the pigs. When the smoke lifted, we saw the herd standing facing us, their little eyes blazing, and every bristle standing on end; but only for a moment. The next instant they spied us, and charged in a mad, demoniacal fury. From that moment I became convinced that the natives were right in saying "the 'warees' are possessed of the devil."

As they reached the foot of the trees and found us out of reach, their rage increased. One big fellow made a jump at me, and I was about to shoot when John stopped me, saying, "Fire only at the herd, Señor, and use your cruzado on single ones." Suiting his action to the word, he leaned down and dealt one fellow a blow across the nose that laid him dead in his tracks. Waiting until they had calmed down somewhat, and had become densely packed, we opened fire simultaneously. This was too much even for "warees," and they scampered off in every direction.

On descending from our perch, we found that our last volley had killed four, while numerous blood-drops showed we had wounded others. John had killed one with his machete, and our first shot had killed the leader. Drawing his knife, John quickly and deftly cut a

piece of meat containing the musk-gland from the rump of each pig, and hung the bodies up to convenient lianas. It is always necessary to remove this gland as soon as the animal is killed, for otherwise the meat becomes so impregnated with the scent that it is unfit to eat.

As we had more than enough pecuaries, we decided to try our luck at deer. For several hours we tramped through the heavy, primeval forest, silent as the grave, save now and then a mountain-hen or quail-dove would whirr from our path, or a flock of macaws or toucans would set up a noisy clattering from the tree-tops. Though we hunted thoroughly, it was some time before we saw any sign of the looked-for game. Finally, in a small open glade, we found the fresh tracks of a doe and fawn, and started on their trail.

For some time it led along the banks of a tiny stream, and then crossing this, suddenly plunged into a dense jungle of reeds, cane and young palms. As we entered these, John remarked, "Muy buena bosca para danta, Señor," and dropping on all fours relapsed into silence. Before we had gone a dozen yards we came across the footprints of a large danta or tapir. The track crossed the trail we were following, at nearly right angles, and disappeared in the cane-brake on either side, without leaving the slightest trace of the animal's passage. I was astonished and unable to understand how such a large and clumsy animal could possibly force his way through the thick cane without breaking a pathway, but afterwards learned that the tapir, apparently so clumsy, is one of the most difficult animals to see or hear; in fact, a tapir will push his way through the thickest brush, a few yards ahead of the hunter, without making the slightest noise or causing any appreciable movement of the canes.

We waited a few moments, and held a whispered council as to whether to give up the deer or the tapir. John said, though we were by no means sure of the deer, yet the chances of the tapir were very small indeed. He explained at great length its wariness, cunning and ferocity when cornered, but the more he talked the more I wanted to shoot a tapir, and especially that particular one. So, cautiously and silently, with our guns ready, we crept or rather crawled along through mud, under briars and

lianas, over the slimy fallen trunks of wild bananas and across streams, most of the time on all fours.

For what seemed hours we followed that elusive danta, and I was just beginning to wish he had never crossed our path when suddenly John stopped with a muttered "Carrajo!" and pointed to the trail. There before me was the crossing we had started from, but instead of a single track there were two!

In a moment I comprehended the situation. The tapir had been leading us in a circle and was just ahead of us, but hidden from view in the thick cane.

Another council of war was held, with the result that John kept on, and I turned and followed the trail back. Coming to a slightly open space I drew myself to one side and squatted down behind a fallen banana-tree to await developments. Silently the moments passed. There was no sound save the soft rustling of the trees and waving canes as they were stirred by the balmy breeze. I kept my eyes riveted on the trail as though the danta were a phantom. Suddenly I started. Four or five paces from where I lay hidden I saw the tall canes silently parted as by an invisible hand, and then through the opening emerged the large black head and small wicked eyes of a full-grown tapir.

For a moment he hesitated as if scenting danger, and, wrinkling his nose, he sniffed the air suspiciously once or twice and started on. In a moment his whole body was exposed to view, and bulky as he was he seemed to glide rather than walk, so silently and yet swiftly he moved. As he came abreast of me I raised my gun cautiously to my shoulder; yet, hidden as I was, the tapir instantly stopped and threw up his head. Taking a quick aim behind his shoulder I fired. With a wild snort he dashed forward, and as he did so I gave him the other barrel, but he was out of sight in a moment and I gave up all hope of ever seeing him again.

As I arose from my cramped position John appeared through the opening whence the tapir had come; he could not have been more than twenty feet behind the quarry. We walked forward a few paces, and found in the path large drops of blood. Rushing ahead, John gave a shout, and there, lying in a heap, his forefeet over a projecting root, was the tapir stone-dead.

LENZ'S WORLD TOUR AWHEEL.*



THE most loathsome member of the interesting company at the Kurd's was a wretched old hypocrite, who rolled his eyes about and heaved a deep-drawn sigh of "Allah!" every few minutes, and then looked furtively at the Sheik and myself to observe its effects. His sole garment was a roundabout mantle that reached to his knees, and it seemed to have been manufactured out of many tattered remnants of other tattered remnants, tacked carelessly together without regard to shape, size or color or previous condition of cleanliness; his thin, scrawny legs were bare; his long, black hair was matted and unkempt; his beard was stubby and unlovely to look upon, while soap and water had to all appearances been altogether stricken from the category of his personal requirements.

The daughter of my host took a great deal of interest in her father's guest and his marvelous *oraba* (cart). She was a tall, fine-looking girl, with a high, cone-shaped head-dress made of black silk, to which were fastened a quantity of gold spangles. A red jacket and loose, white trousers enveloped her limbs and body, while her feet were thrust into some white slippers. If only she had been properly washed, she would have been a very attractive young lady.

She stood for some time curiously

fingering the bicycle, with occasional side glances at its rider. It was her extreme curiosity, perhaps, that finally led her to ask me to come up and explain its peculiar mechanism. Of course I acceded to this request with alacrity and did the best I could with my limited Turkish vocabulary, to initiate her into the mysteries of steering, pedal movement, etc. However unsuccessful I may have been as a bicycle pedagogue, yet I had the satisfaction of feeling that my exhibition of Western gallantry was not wholly lost upon my attractive pupil. But the voice of her father on the outside of the dwelling suddenly made this young lady aware that she would probably receive a scolding if she were found talking with a stranger and *Giaour*. Snatching a bit of Russian sugar which I was holding in my fingers, she uttered a playful laugh and ran off into the adjoining apartment.

"It is a pity that you are not a follower of Islam, Effendi," remarked the other occupants of the room, who had been watching all the while this little by-play. She is tall; she would make a good wife for you."

Before dispersing to their respective quarters for the night, the occupants of the room range themselves in a row and go through a religious performance lasting fully half an hour; they make almost as much noise as howling dervishes, meanwhile exercising themselves quite violently. Having made themselves holier by this performance, some take their departure, others make up couches on the floor with sheepskins and quilts.

Early next morning I sallied forth into the chilly atmosphere and wheeled away westward down the valley of the historic Euphrates—now the eastern fork and called the Murad-Chai—whose meandering course brought it near the mountains, and my road lay over bluffs immediately above it. It was not yet noon when I reached the village of Karakillissa, inhabited by a mixed population of Turks and Persians. Here I was required to show my *teskeie* (Turkish passport) to the *mudir*, who advised me to take the road to Toprakale and make the two sides of a triangle, instead

* Continued by a Special Correspondent.

of going direct to Molla Suliman. This, I was given to understand, would obviate the necessity of crossing the innumerable streams that flood the plain near the confluence of the Iberian and Murad-Chai, which here form the Euphrates.

Descending now toward the Alashgerd Plain, a prominent theater of ac-

peated, becoming rather annoyed at their persistent garrulousness and their refusal to understand. This had the desired effect of reducing them to comparative silence, but they still cantered alongside and covered me with clouds of dust from their horses' heels.

All along the Alashgerd Plain Ararat's



A SUGGESTION OF THE CANTILEVER.

tion during the war of 1877, I encountered splendid wheeling for some miles, but once fairly down on the level, cultivated plain, the road became heavy with dust; villages dotted the broad, expansive plain in every direction; conical stacks of *tezek* were observable among the houses piled high above the roofs, speaking of commendable forethought for the approaching cold weather.

The peculiar disadvantage of being a conspicuous and incomprehensible object on a populous level plain soon became manifest. Seeing the bicycle glistening in the sunlight as I rode along, horsemen came wildly galloping from villages miles away. They immediately proceeded to ply me with all sorts of questions, but as their remarks were mostly unintelligible, I simply replied "*Turchi billmem.*" Instead of checking the impetuous torrent of their interrogations, they cantered alongside and chattered more persistently than ever. "*T-u-r-c-h-i b-i-l-l-m-e-m,*" I re-

glistening peak peeped over the mountain framework of the plain like a white beacon-light, showing above a dark, rocky shore. It gradually faded from view behind the falling curtains of the night and disappeared altogether as I entered the town of Toprakale, the capital of the Alashgerd *sanjak*, and which is situated only a few miles from the invading Russian border-line. This town was the scene, only a few years ago, of a sanguinary drama, which well exemplifies the semi-lawless state of this Alashgerd Plain, over which I am now traveling, and wherein the late Mr. Frank G. Lenz was foully murdered. It is very easy to set in motion the racial animosities of Toprakale.

Some years ago, so I was told by an eye witness to story as related to me, a Kurd was *caimacan* at Toprakale. Through his family wealth and marriage connections with some magnates in Stamboul, he had considerable influence in the district. However, many complaints were made about

his conduct as caimacan and he was removed from his post. His place was supplied by a Circassian. This gave rise to a feud between the ex- and the new Governor and their respective sympathizers. Shortly before my informant's visit to Toprakale the Kurd's father had died and his family were in mourning.

An Armenian peasant who resided in Toprakale was about to be married. It is the custom amongst the Christians in this part of Asia Minor, when the wedding ceremony is concluded to beat drums, hire a band of what they call musicians and fire guns in the air as a sign of general rejoicing. The peasant

sent some servants, who broke in the heads of the drums. The peasant was very indignant. He at once proceeded to the Circassian, the actual caimacan, and related everything that had happened.

"Did the Kurd accept a present from you?" inquired the Governor.

"Yes."

"Very well," continued the caimacan; go back to your house. My servants shall accompany you. Make more noise than before. Get more drums, beat them harder than ever, and do not spare your powder. I will show the people in Toprakale who is caimacan—the Kurd or myself."



WHERE TREACHERY LURKS.

knowing that the Kurd's father had recently died went to the ex-caimacan and asked his permission for the wedding to take place, as it would be impossible to have it without the music, gun-firing, etc.

The Kurd consented provided that he received a present; this the Armenian gladly promised to give. The marriage ceremony began, but when the Armenians in Toprakale commenced beating drums, etc., the noise reached the Kurd's mother's ears. She hastened to her son, asked him how he could allow people to insult his father's memory, and insisted that he should immediately put a stop to the proceedings. The son allowed himself to be persuaded, and

This was done. When it came to the ears of the Kurd's mother, she told him that he must be revenged on the foe, or his father's bones would not be able to rest in peace in the tomb. The Kurd consented. That evening he went to the caimacan's house, accompanied by two of his brothers, and inquired of a servant where his master was.

"In the harem," replied the attendant, much surprised at so late a visit on the part of the ex-caimacan.

"Go and tell him I am here," said the Kurd; then, without waiting for an answer, he pushed aside the man and tried to force a way into the apartment reserved for the Circassian's wives. The Governor had retired at the time.

Hearing the noise, he snatched his sword and rushed to the entrance. The Kurd fired at him with a pistol, the ball going through the Circassian's shoulder, but the latter was able to cut down his foe. The Kurd's relatives now rushed upon the Governor. He called loudly for assistance. His brother who slept in another room hurried to the rescue, and the result of the encounter was that three of the opponents were killed, while the Circassian Governor was left desperately wounded on the scene of battle.

In the meantime hundreds of Kurds who had heard of the disturbances came down from the adjacent mountains. They vowed that they would kill every Circassian in the neighborhood. The Circassians trooped into Toprakale and swore that they would exterminate the Kurds. A dispatch was sent to the Governor at Bayezid asking for troops. They arrived in time to prevent a battle royal between the rival factions, which probably would have ended in the annihilation of every Kurd and Circassian in the district, as neither side was inclined to grant any quarter to its foe.

The Turkish Government has a very difficult task in ruling and pacifying the number of races which it has subjugated within Asiatic Turkey. Even in my own limited travels from the Persian border to Constantinople, I met Arabs, Lazes, Jews, Armenians, Syrians, Yezidis, Kurds, Osmanlis, Circassians and Greeks, all alien and antagonistic in creed and race, but somehow held together, and to some extent governed, by a power which is, I think, by no means so feeble as she is sometimes supposed to be.

One great interest of my journey just at this particular point was that it lay through a country inhabited by three of these conflicting elements living side by side under the same jurisdiction. A rare opportunity was therefore thus afforded for studying these Kurds, Turks and Armenians, both individually and in their relations with each other. It might not be unprofitable, therefore, to stop for a moment among these peoples in the very locality of Lenz's murder, and take a brief glance around.

The Kurds are of two classes: The tribal, who are chiefly nomads, owning no law but the right of the strongest; and the non-tribal, or settled, who having been conquered by Turkey, are

fairly orderly, and are peaceful, except in their relations with the Christians. The strongholds of the tribal Kurds are in the wild mountains of Kurdistan, which are sprinkled with their rude forts and castles. An incurable love of plunder, a singular aptitude for religious fanaticism, a recklessness as to the spilling of blood, a universal rapacity, and a cruel brutality when their passions are aroused, are among their chief vices. The men are bold, sober, and devoted to their kinsmen and tribe; the women are chaste, industrious and maternal. Under a firm and equitable Government, asserting vigorously and persistently the supremacy of law and the equal rights of race and creed, they would probably develop into excellent material.

Of the village Turk I shall have much more to say later on; but for the sake of comparison here I will say that I have found him as a rule, a manly, hospitable, hardworking, kindly, fairly honest fellow, domestic, cheerful, patriotic, kind to animals, usually a monogamist, and usually also attentive to his religious duties.

The Christians, who, in this part of Kurdistan, are all Armenians by race, live chiefly on the plains and in the lower folds of the hills, and are engaged in pastoral and agricultural pursuits. I shall give, later on, a more detailed description of them as dwelling with their animals in dark, semi-subterranean hovels. The men are industrious, thrifty, clannish, domestic, and not given to vices, except that of intoxication when they have the means and opportunity, and the women are hard-working and chaste. Both sexes are dirty, hardy, avaricious, and superstitious, and ages of wrong have developed in them some of the usual faults of oppressed Oriental peoples. They cling desperately to their historic Church, which is represented among the peasants by priests scarcely less ignorant than themselves. Their bishops constitute their only aristocracy.

They are grossly ignorant, and of the world, outside the *sanjak* in which they live, they know nothing. The Sultan is to them a splendid myth, to whom they owe and are ready to pay a loyal allegiance. Government is represented to them by the tax-gatherer and his brutalities. Of justice, the most priceless product of good government, they know

nothing but that it is a marketable commodity. With the Armenian trading communities of the cities they have slender communication, and little, except nationality and religion, in common. This distinction is not always made by Western writers, who have therefore led to the formation of many false opinions.

As a rule these peasants live in villages by themselves, which cluster round churches, more or less distinguishable from the surrounding hovels; but there are also mixed villages, in which Turks and Armenians live side by side, and in these cases they get on fairly well together, though they instinctively dislike each other, and the Turk despises his neighbor both for his race and creed. The Armenians have not complained of being maltreated by the *Turkish peasants*, and had there been any cause for complaint, it would certainly have reached my ears. I cannot insist too forcibly upon this distinction between the Turkish peasant and the proverbially corrupt Turkish official.

On this journey dozens of stories were told me directly or through interpreters, by priests, headmen and others, of robbery by demand, outrages on women, digging into houses, killing collectively and individually, driving off sheep and cattle, etc., etc.

On the whole a condition exists that is more *abject terror* than alarm; and not without good reason. In plain English, general lawlessness prevails over much of this region. Caravans are stopped and robbed; traveling is, for Armenians, absolutely unsafe. Nearly all the villages have been reduced to extreme poverty by the carrying off of their domestic animals; the pillage, and, in some cases, the burning of their crops, and the demands made upon them at the sword's point for

every article of value which they possess, while at the same time they are squeezed for the taxes, which the Kurds have left them without the means of paying. The invariable and reasonable complaint made by the Christians is that, though they are heavily taxed, they have no protection from the Kurds, or any advantage of the laws as administered in Kurdistan. They complain that they are brutally beaten when they fail to produce money for the payment of the Government imposts; and they allege, with great unanimity, that it is common for the *zaptiehs* to tie their hands behind them, to plaster their faces with fresh cow-dung, and throw pails of cold water at their eyes, tie them to the posts of their houses and flog them severely.

I have myself seen enough to convince me that in the main the statements of the people represent accurately enough the present reign of terror in Armenia, and that a state of matters nearly approaching anarchy is now existing in the *vilayet* of Erzerum. There is no security at all for the lives and property of Christians. Their feeble complaints are either ignored or are treated as evidence of "insurrectionary tendencies," and even their lives are at the mercy of the increased audacity and aroused fanaticism of the Kurds. And this is not in nearly inaccessible and far-off mountain valleys, but on the broad plains of Ar-

menia, with telegraph wires above and passable roads below, and with a Governor-General and the Fourth Army Corps numbering 20,000 seasoned troops, within easy distance.

With regard to the Kurds, they have been remorseless robbers for ages, and as their creed scarcely hesitates to give the appropriation of the goods of a *Kafir* a place among the virtues, they prey upon the Armenians at will.



OTHER WHEELS THAN MINE.

AMERICAN AMATEUR ATHLETES IN 1896.

By William B. Curtis.

(Concluded.)

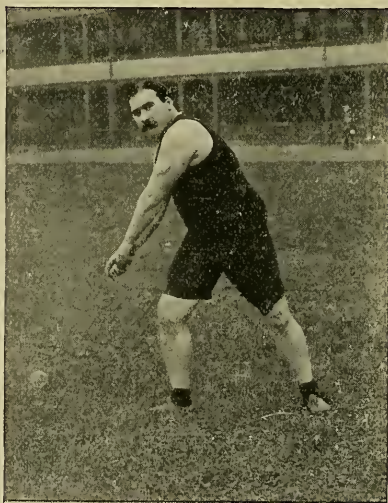


SAMUEL LIEBGOLD.

by himself, with no near neighbors. He was born June 18, 1869, is 5 ft. 8 ins. in height, and walks at 130 lbs. He is one of the fairest walkers ever seen in America, and has rarely been cautioned. His first competition was in November, 1890, and since then he has taken no vacation. This year he has walked a half mile in 3m. 30s., miles in 6m. 53s., 6m. 52 2-5s., 6m. 49 3-5s., 6m. 47s., and 6m. 42 2-5s., and 3 miles in 24m. 24 2-5s., and 24m. 3 3-5s. He won the Canadian championship 3-mile walk in 1894, the Metropolitan championship 1-mile and 3-mile walks in 1893, 1894, 1895 and 1896, the Amateur Athletic Union's special prizes for individual excellence in walking in 1892, 1893 and 1894, and the National championship at 1 mile in 1894, 1895 and 1896, and at 3 miles in 1892, 1893, 1894, 1895 and 1896.

Bert Kerrigan, of the Multnomah Amateur Athletic Club, Portland, Oregon, holds an undivided half of the run-

ning high-jump honors for 1896. Kerrigan was born in Portland, Oregon, in June, 1878, is 5 ft. 5 1/4 ins. in height, and competes at 124 lbs. His mother was English and his father Irish, and their son seems to have inherited the athletic ability of both races. He joined the junior gymnasium class of the Multnomah Amateur Athletic Club in November, 1893, and at his first public competition, April 13, 1894, cleared 5 ft. From this time he steadily improved, clearing 5 ft. 2 1/4 ins. in 1894; 5 ft. 4 ins. and 5 ft. 8 1/2 ins. in 1895; and 5 ft. 9 ins., 6 ft. and 6 ft. 2 ins., in 1896. This last-named jump was at the match between the Multnomah Amateur Athletic Club and the Olympic Athletic Club, of San Francisco, Cal., held June 27, 1896, at Portland. Kerrigan cleared successively at the first trial 5 ft., 5 ft. 2 ins., 5 ft. 4 ins., 5 ft. 8 ins., 5 ft. 10 ins., 6 ft., and 6 ft. 2 ins., but failed at 6 ft. 3 ins., as did his opponent, W.



JAMES S. MITCHELL.

C. Patterson, who declined to continue the competition, and Kerrigan won the jump-off by clearing 6 ft. at his first attempt. Kerrigan has a peculiar style, running straight at the bar, running only 21 feet, which he divides into seven strides, takes off



R W EDGREN.

from the left foot about 5 ft. from the standards, and alights within $8\frac{1}{2}$ ft. or 9 ft. of the spot from which he jumped. He turns his body in the air while jumping so as to face the bar always, and alights with his face towards the bar. He is a clerk in a dry-goods store, working every day from 8.00 A. M. till 5.30 P. M., and practices only after working hours. In addition to his high jumping he has run 100 yards in 11 2-5s., cleared 10 ft. 4 ins. at the pole vault, and 20 ft. 11 ins. at running broad jump. He won the running high-jump championships of the Pacific Northwest in 1894 and 1896.

W. C. Patterson, of the Olympic Athletic Club, San Francisco, Cal., shares with B. Kerrigan, of Portland, Oregon, the running high jump honors of the year, having cleared 6 ft. 2 ins. at Portland, Oregon, June 27. Patterson is twenty-one years old, 5 ft. 9 1-2 ins high, and jumps at 145 lbs. His first competition was in the games of the San Francisco Academic League in 1891. He has tried many games and his best records are as follows: 50-yard run 5 4-5s., 100-yard run 10 4-5s., 120-yard hurdle race 16 3-5s., 220-yard hurdle race 28 1-5s., running high jump 6 ft. 2 ins., running long jump 20 ft. 8 3-4 ins., running hop-step-and-jump, 42 ft. 11 3-4 ins. He won the Pacific Coast Intercollegiate championship running high jump in 1893, 1894 and 1895, the Pacific Coast amateur championships at running high jump in 1895 and 1896 and at 120-yard hurdles 1895. He came East with the team of the University of California in May, 1895, but sprained his ankle in their first competition at Princeton, N. J., and was unable to compete thereafter.

L. P. Sheldon, of Yale University and the New York Athletic Club, has not, as was expected, broken the world's

running-broad-jump record this year, but made amends by winning the individual all-around athletic championship of America, which is one of the most arduous tasks ever undertaken by an amateur athlete. The competition includes ten events, all decided within three hours, and no one who has not tried it can fully realize the strain of such a contest. At ordinary meetings athletes grumble if asked to run four or five short heats in an afternoon, or to compete in three field events, but in the individual all-around championship

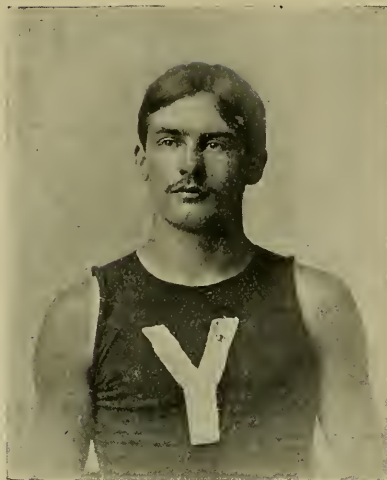
the programme includes two runs, one hurdle-race, one walk, three jumping contests, and three heavy-weight events. Sheldon was born at West Rutland, Vt., is twenty-two years old, 6 ft. 4 1-2 ins. in height, and weighs in condition 185 lbs. In the individual all-around contest his records were: 100-yard run, 11 1-5s.; 1-mile run, 5m. 36 3-5s.; 120-yard hurdle-race, 18s.; half-mile walk, disqualified for running; running high jump, 5 ft. 9 1-4 ins.; running broad jump, 21 ft. 7 1-4 ins.; pole vault, 10 ft. 3 1-2 ins.; putting shot, 34 ft. 10 1-2 ins.; throwing hammer, 97 ft. 5 ins., and throwing 56-lb. weight, 20 ft. 8 ins.



Photo by J. Burton, N. Y.

L. P. SHELDON.

Of course, Sheldon could at any time beat any one of these ten performances, taken singly, but to do them all in one afternoon is an extremely creditable performance. In addition to this contest Sheldon has during the season performed as follows: 220-yard hurdles, 26 1-5s., and 5 ft. behind 25s.; running high jump, 5 ft. 8 1-2 ins. and 5 ft. 9 1-2 ins.; running broad jump, 22 ft. 3 1-4 ins., 22 ft. 3 3-4 ins., and 22 ft., 6 1-2 ins.; putting the 12-lb. shot, 39 ft. 7 ins., and throwing the 16-lb. hammer, 112 ft. 10 1-2 ins. He won the individual all-around championship in 1896, won the running broad jump and tied for first



F. W. ALLIS.

place in the running high jump at the Oxford-Yale match in 1894, won the Harvard-Yale running long jump in 1894 and 1895, the Intercollegiate championship running long jump in 1895 and 1896, the Metropolitan championship in 1895, and the Canadian championship in 1894.

E. B. Bloss, formerly of Harvard University, but now of the New York Athletic Club, and a lawyer in New York City, is especially expert at the running long jump and running hop-step-and-jump, but is also a fine all-round athlete, although he has never competed for the individual all-round championship. He first attracted athletic attention while yet a schoolboy at Phillips' Exeter Academy, by coming to Boston and distinguishing himself at the running hop-step-and-jump. He is short, thick and heavily muscled. This year he competed for the individual all-round championship of the New York Athletic Club, taking fourth place in the 12-lb. shot-putting at 33 ft. 1 1-2 in., second in the 100-yard and one-mile runs, second in the pole vault at 9 ft. 4 ins., second in the hammer-throwing at 95 ft. 6 ins., and winning the running high jump at 5 ft. 4 ins., the running broad jump at 22 ft. 2 ins., and the 120-yard hurdle-race in 18 2-5s., scoring a total of 19 points, and tying with G. G. Winship for the championship. The pair subsequently agreed to decide the tie by a 120-yard hurdle-race, which Bloss won easily. He also in various competitions during the season ran 75 yards in 8 2-5s., 95 yards in 10 1-5s.

and 100 yards 5 yards behind 10s., 8 feet behind 10 1-5s., and in 10 2-5s.; ran the 120-yard hurdle-race in 17 3-5s., 17 2-5s. and 17s.; cleared 46 ft. 3 ins. at running hop-step-and-jump; and at six different meetings 21 ft. 5 1-4 ins., 22 ft., 22 ft. 0 1-2 in. twice, 22 ft. 2 ins., and 22 ft. 7 ins. at the running broad jump. He won the Harvard-Yale running long jump in 1893, the Intercollegiate championship at running long jump in 1892 and 1893, the New England Association championship at 100-yard run in 1892, at running long jump in 1892 and 1893, and at running hop-step-and-jump in 1893; the Canadian championship at running long jump and 120-yard hurdle-race in 1896, and the National championship at running hop-step-and-jump in 1893 and at running long jump in 1895 and 1896. He holds the American amateur record, 48 ft. 6 ins. for the running hop-step-and-jump.

At shot-putting the evergreen George R. Gray, of the New York Athletic Club, is still invincible. He was born at Coldwater, Ont.; is thirty years old,

5 ft. 10 1-2 ins. in height, and weighs in athletic costume 196 lbs. He still lives in his native village, where he is a lumber merchant. His first competition outside of local games was in the Canadian championship meeting, at Toronto, Ont., Sept. 26, 1885, where he won the shot-putting with his first trial, which measured 41 ft. 5 1-2 ins. At that time he was only nineteen years old and weighed less than 160 lbs., while among the men



E. B. BLOSS.

whom he beat were C. A. J. Queck-berner, 5 ft. 9 ins., and 208 lbs.; W. J. M. Barry, 6 ft. 4 1-2 ins., and 247 lbs., and O. Harte, 6 ft. 5 1-2 ins., and 250 lbs. Since that day he has never been beaten except in a handicap, and has been compelled, from time to time, to beat his own records, because no other athlete held any at his game. In addition to his shot-putting he is a tolerable hammer-thrower, one of the best performers at our latest game—throwing the discus—and is a fair all-around athlete, having competed for the individual championship, both in America and Ireland. He won the indoor championship shot-putting of the Metropolitan Association of the Amateur Athletic Union in 1892, and their outdoor championships in 1891, 1892 and 1894; the Eastern championships of the A. A. U. in 1889 and 1890; the Canadian championships in 1885, 1887, 1888, 1889, 1890, 1891, 1894 and 1895; the indoor National championships in 1888 and 1890, and the outdoor National championships in 1887, 1888, 1889, 1890, 1891, 1892, 1893, 1894, and 1896. His longest put, in public competition, 47 ft., which is also the world's best record, was made in 1893, and it is not probable that he will ever equal it, as he is now thirty years old, and beyond the age when improvement is probable at a game of which he has been the acknowledged master for so many years.

In hammer-throwing, James Sarsfield Mitchell, of the Pastime Athletic Club, New York City, is still unbeaten and unbeatable. He was born at Bartoose, Emly, County Tipperary, Ireland, January 31, 1865, is a hairbreadth over 6 feet in height and weighs just now 276 pounds, having gained remarkably during the past five years, as his actual weight at the championship meeting of 1891 was only 197 pounds. He began athletic competition in 1878 as quarter-mile runner and high and broad jumper, but broke both ankles in 1882 and was compelled to give up the lighter games and turn his attention to weight-throwing. In 1884, weighing at the time 168 pounds, he threw the 56-pound weight over a bar 12 feet 3 inches high, which was then the world's best record. In 1895, at the Irish championship meeting, he won the hammer-throwing, 14-pound weight-throwing and 56-pound weight-sliding. In 1886 he won the English

championships at hammer and shot, the Irish championship at hammer, shot, 56-pound weight, and 7-pound weight, and established a new hammer-throwing record. In 1887 he won the English hammer and shot championships, and walked over, unopposed, for the six several heavy-weight contests on the Irish championship programme, and in 1888 won the English hammer championship and the Irish championships with hammer, shot, 7-pound weight, 14-pound weight and 56-pound weight. Coming to America with the Gaelic team in the autumn of 1888, he decided to remain, and his subsequent athletic victories have been too numerous to detail. He won the Metropolitan indoor championship at throwing the 56-pound weight for height in 1892, the Metropolitan championships at shot-putting in 1895 and 1896, and at hammer-throwing and 56-pound weight-throwing in 1891, 1892, 1893, 1894, 1895 and 1896; the Eastern championships with hammer and 56-pound weight in 1889; the Canadian championships with shot in 1892, with hammer in 1890, 1892, 1894, 1895 and 1896, and with 56-pound weight in 1889, 1890, 1891, 1892, 1894 and 1895; the National indoor championship at throwing 56-pound weight for height in 1890, and the National championships at throwing 56-pound weight for height in 1893; at throwing 56-pound weight for distance in 1891, 1892, 1893, 1894, 1895 and 1896, and at throwing the hammer in 1889, 1890, 1891, 1892, 1893, 1894, 1895 and 1896. He has won 5 English championships, 12 Canadian championships and 25 of the various brands of American championships—a grand total of 61 championships. He has broken the then existing records 68 times, and won 399 first prizes, 70 second prizes and 57 third prizes—a total of 526 prizes. Surely no other living athlete can point to such an extraordinary list of performances. Mitchell's record with the shot is 42 feet 3 1/2 inches, with the hammer 145 feet 0 3/4 inch, and with the 56-pound weight 35 feet 10 inches, while his best performances this year have been 39 feet 4 inches with the shot, 135 feet 4 inches with the hammer and 30 feet 7 inches with the 56-pound weight. As he is now almost thirty-two years old and has been a heavy-weight champion for twelve years, he certainly can learn

nothing at these games, and will probably never again come near his old records.

Robert W. Edgren, of the University of California, is unquestionably a first-class hammer-thrower, but the circumstances under which his best reported performances were made have raised suspicions as to their correctness, and delayed their acceptance as genuine records. He is twenty-two years old, 6 feet in height, and competes at 195 pounds. He came East with a team from his uni-

versity in 1895, and competed eight times during May and June—his longest throw being 126 feet. This year he has been credited with 127 ft. $\frac{1}{2}$ in., and 136 ft. 9 ins. (with hammer half a pound light) in open competition, and in public or private trials is said to have thrown the 12-pound hammer 175 ft., and the 16-pound hammer 146 ft., 147 ft. 7 ins. and 148 ft. 5 ins. These performances are now under investigation, and some of them may prove to have been fairly done.

GOLF IN AMERICA TO DATE.

By Price Collier.



H. O. TALLMADGE,
Secy. U. S. G. A.

THE most noteworthy features of golf in America to-day are, the excellence of links so lately laid out, and of the play upon them by men who have been playing for so short a time, men too, be it said, who have learnt the game after boyhood. It is cited, almost as an axiom, on the golf links of Great Britain, that to become a first-rate golfer one must acquire the real golfing style as a boy. There are, however, many exceptions to that rule even in England—one amateur champion among them—and many more such exceptions here. It is perhaps true,

that of the fifteen to twenty best players in this country, six or seven played golf before they played here, notably Messrs. Whigham, MacDonald, Sweeney, Menzies, Tweedie, and Coats. On the other hand such men as Messrs. Thorpe, Toler, Tyng, Sands, Fenn, Livermore, and Dr. Rushmore, have learnt the game here.

An interesting match, by the way of comparison, would be to pit six men who learnt the game abroad, say Whigham, MacDonald, Tweedie, Sweeney, Menzies, and Coats, against Thorpe, Tyng, Rushmore, Toler, Sands, and Fenn, who learnt the game here. The style of such men as Tyng, Thorpe, and Rushmore, is quite different from what

has always been considered orthodox golf in Great Britain. These men succeed in spite of their rather rough methods.

Dr. Rushmore, for example, with whose style of play, among the Americans, the writer happens to be best acquainted, and for whose prowess on his own, or neutral links, the writer has good reason to show all respect, pays little attention to the articles of the Scottish golf creed. In describing his method of play the essential differences between the American style, and the orthodox style, are brought out in clear relief, for the method of Dr. Rushmore is, with individual variations, the method of play adopted by many of those who have learnt their golf in America. It may be taken, then, fairly enough as typical of the American style of play.

This player hits—does not sweep away—the ball, and hits it hard, with a jerk away from his stance after the stroke. The club-head does not describe a circle, nor so much as half a circle, but comes down from a little above the right shoulder, hard and true. To a man who has had the “Swing; don’t hit!” of Great Britain’s experts dinned into his ears for a year or two, who has been told that it is fatal to accuracy to jerk one’s self off his feet, and that the left shoulder must dip a little, rather than be whirled around from right to left, it comes as a surprise, as a heresy, to see the balls that men like Rushmore, and Tyng, and Thorpe, drive from the tee, with these utterly foundation-upsetting methods. The whole theology of golf is, for the time being, at least, neg-

ated by these lusty, and successful, heretics. Through the green, again, they hit and jerk the ball along, uprooting tradition at every stroke. These players have not adopted, but evolved, a golfing style. To hit the ball, to hit it hard, and to hit it every time, is what they endeavor to do, and they do it very well.

There must be some reason for this assault-upon-the-ball style of play evolved here, and we find it no doubt as a result of the hard ground on the links over which we Americans have been obliged to play. It is a common sight in Scotland to see really first-class players who apparently make a practice of getting under the ball with the iron clubs and brassie, and even to a slight degree with the driver, holding that a little earth is better than a deal of air. The hard, sometimes stony, ground over which many Americans must still play, if they would play at all, has produced a habit of flinching, of not going through with the club, of jerking up with the left shoulder, which has shortened the swing through with the play-clubs, and hence necessarily shortened the swing back as well.

A player who finds, time after time, that if his club cuts below the ball the smallest fraction of an inch, the club is almost jerked from his hands by contact with stones, gravel, or hard sundried clay, soon gets into the habit of getting down to his ball very gingerly, and with a tendency to top frequently.

Whether these assault-upon-the-ball players have worked out this explanation for themselves or not, it is undoubtedly true that this hitting of the ball with a short swing from the forearms, is due to the fact that they have found themselves less liable to get under the ball by this device, and therefore less liable to break clubs, jerk their wrists about, and often, not get the ball away at all.

On pretty much all the links in America the tees are built up of earth or clay, rolled hard, and baked by the sun. They are very difficult to stand upon firmly, and a ball teed up on these hard surfaces threatens the player the moment he addresses it. If that left shoulder drops the fraction of an inch too low—though it should always drop perceptibly—if one stands too near the ball, or grips his driver the least bit

further up the shaft than usual, the club-head when it descends, scrapes along the hard unyielding teeing-ground, tops the ball, jerks the wrists, pulls the player off his feet; and there follows in most cases that bitter denunciation of everything in the immediate neighborhood, which has made golf notorious as the most effective of all incentives to efflorescent and lurid rhetoric.

Another effect of these iron-clad teeing-grounds is seen in the fact that the average good player in America tees higher than the player of the same class accustomed to the constantly moistened greens in Great Britain, and the use of the brassie through the green is much more rare here, than there. A short spoon, or baffy style of club, is frequently used here by players who have learnt by hard—hard in both senses—experience that brassie lies are very rare accommodations through the greens of most of our links.

Much the same line of comment applies to the putting-greens here. Most of them are much too small, to begin with. Many of them look, as you approach them, to be very good, but a close inspection shows that the hard-ground problem is as vexatious as ever. Putting-greens covered with a green carpet of grass are all too often hard and bumpy underneath. If you pitch up on to such greens, the ball jumps and bounds and runs at a great rate; if you run up off a cleek, or a mashie, or even a wooden putter, then in spite of the level-looking green, the ball is seen to wobble, and turn, and go astray. If you press your hand down firmly upon the grass you may feel the irregularities underneath. This hard ground underneath even a good covering of grass is the most serious defect of most American links, as it is the principle difference between the links here and the links of Great Britain and Ireland. It is also the cause of the more salient differences of style.

What Mr. Hutchinson calls "turf of the royal sandy nature" is only found here at a very few of the seashore links. Most of our players are obliged to learn the game, and to play the game, over turf which is by no means of the royal kind. This fact alone is more largely accountable for the greater stiffness of stroke of the American player than anything else.

This state of things is a great pity, for beginners at the game are naturally stiff enough, without the hard ground to make them less lithe and free in their play. Then, too, both theory and a century or more of practice have proved beyond peradventure that the long, free, sweeping swing, and not a blow, is the more effective style. There may be exceptions, just as there are exceptions at tennis like Pettit, exceptions at riding like Archer; just as there are great musicians who were deaf, like Beethoven; great writers who were blind, like Milton. But woe betide the beginners at golf who set out to be exceptions; in most cases bunkers and breakages await them, and dufferdom at the end of it all. Nor is it at all a foregone conclusion, that the men who have evolved a style of their own at the game will be at the head or even so near the head of the roll of American golfers five years hence as they are now. Mr. Thorpe's performance at the championship meeting at Shinnecock was very remarkable, but it is yet to be seen whether a similar style will continue to be successful.

It is far more difficult to draw comparisons between American and British players than to note the differences of style, and the differences between the links, on this and the other side.

Though the number of short holes is larger at Shinnecock Hills than at the classic links like Sandwich, St. Andrew's, Westward Ho, Hoylake and others in Great Britain, it is flattering to our progress at the game that at the amateur championship meeting in July some twenty men did thirty-six holes in one hundred and eighty or under, and still more flattering that of these twenty fifteen were men who learnt the game here, and probably had never played outside of America. An average of forty-five for nine holes is good, though not of course first-class, play anywhere, and anything between eighty and eighty-five for eighteen holes is capital play for amateurs anywhere.

Three years ago there were literally thousands of amateurs in Great Britain who could have given any of our amateur players, bar half a dozen, a stroke a hole, and then have beaten him with ridiculous ease. To-day, of the Americans *pur sang*, Thorpe, Toler, Tyng, Sands, Coats, Rushmore, Fenn, Stoddart, Livermore, Bayard and others,

and of our importations, so to speak, Whigham, McDonald, Tweedie, Menzies, Sweeney—none of them would receive much more than the scratch man at Hoylake, St. Andrew's, or Westward Ho, in the old country. The difference between most of these men and players of their own caliber abroad is, that the foreigners would probably play more steadily, and show in a series of matches less variation of play from one day to another. But this superiority is more the consequence of experience and constant practice than of anything else.

As is the case with other games, progress at the game of golf is made by constant practice, and by play against better men than one's self. In America we are at a decided disadvantage in lacking, to some extent, both these aids to better play. Seven months' play in the year at the most is about all that we can expect in our climate, and most of our greens are not in first-rate condition for even that length of time. On the other hand, in Great Britain and Ireland, play is possible for ten months in the year, and in very many places every week in the year. Over a small inland course in Shropshire, for example, the writer has played golf every month in the year, though, of course, the green was not always in equally playable condition.

Again, there are literally hosts of men across the water whose average play for eighteen holes is very little above ninety; while here there are, at present writing—with the large army of exceptions of those who, having done one hole in four, consider that their average for the nine holes is therefore thirty-six—not more than thirty or forty men all told who can negotiate, with any degree of certainty, the eighteen holes of the Shinnecock Hills course in ninety or under. When these thirty or forty men are spread all over the country, it is evident that the opportunities at each club to play against even fairly good men are very small indeed. Golf is an imitative game, and not to see good play, and not to have the opportunity to play against good players, is a serious bar to progress beyond a certain point. One day's play against a Hilton, or a John Ball, Jr., or a Tait, or a Hutchinson is better than a cycle of days of play against indifferent golfers.

It is only of late years that anything

but match play at golf was known. Medal play is an innovation. Many a crusty old golfer in Scotland pretends even now that he does not know what you mean by medal play. He says, "It isn't gowf!" Just as some of them will say, no doubt, of the glories of a better world, that "it isn't gowf!"

We, in this country, have retarded our progress at the game by a too great devotion to medal play. To the beginner, at any rate—and here we all are to a greater or less extent beginners—the long pull of eighteen holes, where a series of mistakes at one or another hole spoils the whole round, is discouraging, and produces a habit of careless and indifferent play, once the score is ruined by that one unlucky hole.

Bogey play, which is only a relentless form of match play, against an imperturbable opponent, who never talks back, is far more general in Great Britain than here. At this style of game the player looks forward to each hole as almost another game. He leaves behind him at each tee his discouragements and mistakes, and sets out anew to retrieve his fortunes. It were well for us, if when our next year's golf season opens we plan for more match play, and less medal play.

It is a good custom too, adopted at our own St. Andrew's Club, as it should be at all of our clubs, to divide the players into classes, thus bringing the men of about the same strength together in one group; otherwise the medals and cups of the monthly handicap competitions, and the club tournaments, become all too often the prey of duffers' flukes, of men who with handicaps ranging from fifteen to thirty, romp in at the head of the list, by the grace of beneficent accidents.

One of the best features of golf, looked at as a game which promises to become more and more popular all over the country, is that it is a game at which women can become very proficient.

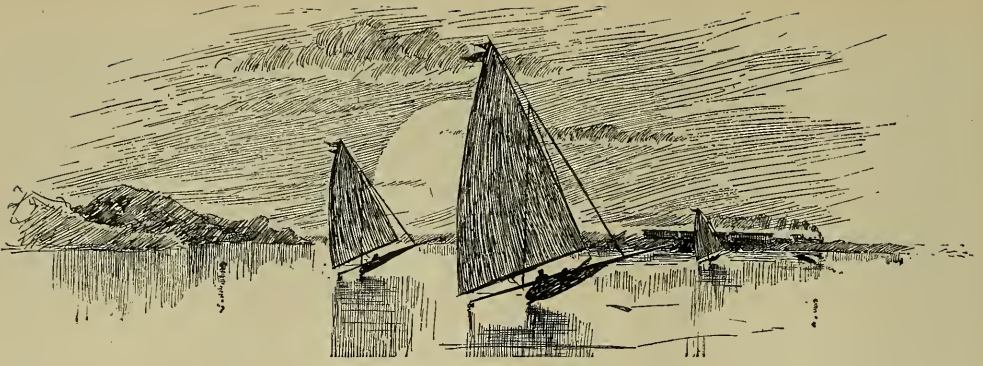
The only rational sanction for sport is, that it develops certain fine and needful qualities that are apt to be left in abeyance in a commercial country. To endure hardship, to control temper, to accept defeat cheerfully, never to take the smallest unfair advantage of your opponent, not to whine and excuse one's self, to be modest when successful, and not to boast or brag of past,

probable, possible, or potential, feats—all these are the possible teachings of honest sport. If, on the other hand, sport degenerates into the mouthings of the prize-fighter, into suspicion and accusation, foul play and jockeying, into love of victory at any cost, into childish anger and bad fellowship, then sport ceases to be of benefit either to individuals or to a nation's wholesome progress. Muscles are of no use in the world, without a head, and a heart, behind them.

Golf, though not such a test of physical endurance as many other forms of sport, is a very peculiarly severe test of moral endurance and nerve. If it were not, it would not be worth playing. To play the game, therefore, and to lose one's temper and self-control, to wrangle with one's opponent, and to look for, and to snatch at, every small advantage, and far worse to take the least unfair advantage, is to deprive the royal good game of golf of every attribute that makes it worth a moment's consideration. He must be but a jelly-spirited sportsman, who does not love victory, but he is no longer a sportsman, if he will accept victory by any but the squarest kind of fair play; if he will do that, he becomes a mere "sport," or "sporting man," who takes all his exercise with his pocket-book, and who poisons every sport in which he takes an interest. It has been well said that there is no surer sign of good breeding than the way in which a man takes defeat and misfortune. No other game is so replete with unexpected accidents to one's self and nerve-shaking bits of good fortune to one's opponent, as golf; and happy is the man who learns to play it, and plays the game, the whole game, and nothing but the game.

Americans who wish to see what champion play is, should study the following score made in half a gale of wind over the Holyoke Course by Mr. John Ball, Jr., at the autumn meeting.

Length. Score.		Length. Score.			
1 Royal Hole..	335	4	10 Far.....	425	6
2 Stand.....	380	5	11 Punchbowl .	320	4
3 Course.....	410	6	12 Alps.....	338	6
4 Stanley.....	200	4	13 Hilbre . . .	310	4
5 Road.....	220	4	14 Rushes.....	90	2
6 Long.....	475	4	15 Field.....	430	5
7 Cop.....	155	2	16 Lake.....	425	5
8 Briars.....	252	5	17 Meols.....	170	3
9 Dowie.....	194	3	18 Dun.....	380	4
Out.....	2621	37	In.....	3088	39
			Out.....	2621	37
			Total.....	5709	76



HOW PEG'S RUNNERS RUSTED.

By Charles Floyd McClure.

EARLY December had brought cold, still days, followed by sharp, windless nights. No snow had fallen.

There was a glare on Mendota the like of which had not been seen in years. From Madison shore to Governor's Island, from the Yahara to the meads of Middleton, the glassy plain reflected a winter's sun by day, the winter stars by night.

Skaters were in ecstasies. Yelling curlers swept imaginary obstacles from the polished path of the whirling stones. Varsity athletes played at polo, pull-away, cross-tag, or skin-the-devil, as occasion prompted or fancy willed. Proper youths glided about in company with fair co-eds and maidens from the town. Small boys swarmed and played at shinney. The ice companies came. They fenced off large acreage and began the harvest of the crystal crop, leaving each succeeding night a new expanse of yawning blackness, which, at each recurring dawn, presented an innocent sheen of thin-skinned temptation whereon daredevil townies and hare-brained preps trifled with destiny.

The sails of *Peg Woffington*, pennant winner of the umpty-five regatta, drooped in a melancholy way off the foot of Francis Street; and her owners, Carnichael, Sanborn and Denslow, gathered about the fireplace in the long room of the Psi Upsilon lodge on Mendota court and growled.

"Are you not going home for Christmas, 'Colonel'?" asked Denslow.

"Not I. I am going to stay right here in this house, and 'Dood' Mayne

and Bert Dorey are to stay with me; and we will take care of *Peggy* for you—if there is a blow.

"You see," he continued, with the enthusiasm of an underclassman, "the mother and sister are somewhere in Southern California, the father is in Washington, and the paternal roof is quite devoid of prospective Christmas cheer. The pater, in a letter containing a Christmas cheque, suggested that it would be a commendable proceeding if his beloved son would devote certain regular hours of the short vacation to a general polishing up in Greek. The beloved son thinks he sees himself bucking out of term-time, he does!"

Christmas recess came on. The lodge on Mendota court joined the neighboring chapter-houses in proclaiming that silence which is said by long-suffering residents of the classic neighborhood to be actually audible during vacation time. *Peg Woffington* was anchored in the offing.

A few days' existence under the new order of things saw the library converted into a sort of Bohemian paradise.

In this retreat the three underclassmen whiled away such hours as were not spent aboard *Peg Woffington*. Here the trio were to be found on the morning of the fifth day.

"Hear the wind," cried White. "Won't the dainty *Peggy* go up in the air to-day!"

"How dark it grows," said Mayne, looking across the lake. "And what a wind! I hope it won't snow."

"Oh, it can't snow," said Dorey.

In half an hour they were out on the



Painted for OUTING by Henry B. Snell.

"GOT TO TAKE IT NOW." (p. 282.)

lake making ready the *Peg Woffington*. The wind came howling out from a bank of copper-colored clouds. It was cold, and keen, and biting. The sun had a ring. Things had a dirty, yellow light on them. The sail flapped and creaked in the gale as they stood the yacht against it. Dorey crawled in. "Colonel" wrenched on the tiller. Mayne caught the plank as she moved away, and came back into the box.

"We'll wish we had some of the fellows out on the runner-plank to-day," shouted Dorey, pressing his cap down over his ears. "We'd better stop and reef as it is, 'Dood.' She'll lift clear off the ice when we get out towards the Point and into the full sweep of this."

"I can tell you one thing," "Colonel" shouted, "and that is that we don't go out beyond the Point to jump that crack to-day. We were only too lucky to make it yesterday where it was only three feet wide. It will spread in this wind so we can never jump it. Gee! But we are spinning!"

The sun went under the mounting clouds.

"No wind at all," scoffed Mayne. "We are enough weight for *Peg* in this puff. Just what we needed to go with the ice. If Carmichael and Sanborn and Denslow and some of the other fellows were here we'd have to knock under and give 'em the boat. We'd better enjoy a good thing while we've got it."

They were running nearer to the Point. The wind seemed to be gaining in velocity. It came in fitful sweeps. The third runner came up in the air with one of them, and seemed inclined to stay there.

"It *is* stronger out here, 'Dood,' I tell you. We'd better go back, and scare up some fellows for ballast. And we'd better come up into it and reef right now."

"What's the use of reefing in this cold?" complained Mayne. "We'll freeze to death, and to no purpose. She'll stand all this blow."

As he spoke, a hard squall struck. The runner went high, the sail lost the wind, and the three were nearly out on the ice.

"Ease her off! What did I tell you!" cried Dorey. "I am no baby, and I know that this is a roaring old blizzard that is crawling up on us."

"It's in the air," shouted "Colonel." "It has a danged uncanny feel. Babies or fools, I want no bath in Mendota this day, two miles from the court. What are you making out there for, 'Dood'? Can't you hold her in on the Point more?"

"Not without going up in the air," grinned "Dood."

"Then come about?" cried Dorey.

The open water was just ahead.

"Don't try to jump; it's too wide!"

Dorey's face blanched through the red of cold and the tan of a week of wind.

"Got to take it now," said Mayne, tersely. "It's all right. I've made it dozens of times."

Dorey reached for the helm.

"Come about!" he cried.

"Let go!" shouted Mayne. "You fool, do you want to drown us?"

The open crack was not ten yards away. The path of black water stood sharply out against the ice. Mayne held her to it. Two runners had the ice; the third was high. A leap, and then, with a crunch and scrape, the boat took the fissure safely. On she sped, quartering faster than a bird.

A white, fine snow began to drive before the wind. There was a hush, and then an angry snarl came from out the blotting whiteness. In the next instant the blizzard struck; the boat shivered, whirled full about in the shrieking blast. Clear from the ice she raised and spun, once, twice, again—then struck and slid, like a crab, back towards the yawning ice-crack. The boom-jaws were sprung from the mast. The sail was whipping helplessly. The jib, with its sheets, cracked and snapped like a pistol. Mayne came hard on the helm. The runner would not stick. Twice he slammed the helm. Twice the runner caught for but a moment, and then slid. The boat neared the open water. Again the helm. Nearer. Again. She held. The boat stopped on the brink.

"Bert!" cried Mayne, "Hold her where is! Hold her! 'Colonel,' the boom! Raise her. Set the jaws. There! Now to reef!"

It was no time for laying blame. No one would have said it, anyway. The icy snow came thicker. It was a fine sift, now. It struck the flesh like needles on the wind. With fingers numb to stiffness the two boys labored with the reefing. The boat shook in the blast.

"She'll never hold," cried Dorey. "How can we cross the crack, when we've no start? What are we to do?"

Mayne shouted hoarsely:

"Beat off, and come about, and down upon it, full tilt!"

This they tried. There was no other thing to do. Again they came upon the ugly, open blackness. Again the good boat took the breach, and three hearts beat the lighter.

"Here's a tale, if ever we get out of this!" cried "Colonel."

"I was scared to death," cried Dorey.

"I'm half frozen," said Mayne. "What a blizzard! The shore-line is blotted out!"

The driving sleet shut out the whole horizon. *Peg Woffington* sped like a sprite. The plank stood in the air.

"Ease her off. Make for the gym. That will loom up through the snow."

A new danger threatened.

"The ice-finders!" shouted "Colonel."

"They must lie right on our course!"

"They're fenced," Mayne shouted. "We can see the fence! Watch out to starboard and ahead!"

"We can't see it either! We can never see it! It is partly down on this side!"

"My God! 'Dood,' come about, and up the bay!"

"We're running to the gym," cried Mayne. "We are not near the fields."

"Mayne! The fence!" White's voice was hoarse with terror. "Come about!" he cried. "The fence is on our left! We are on the field!"

"Port your helm!"

Too late! In her blind flight the boat had struck the dangerous field whose western limits the ice-cutters had left unguarded. Mayne put the helm hard to port. The *Peg*, quick to respond, trembled and careened in the blast as she came about. She slewed, lurched, toppled over, and crashed through the thin ice and into the black waters. Dorey pitched headlong into the lake, half under the sail and boom. White was thrown upon him, but caught the sheet as he fell. Mayne, though plunged to the neck in the icy flood, hung to the helm, scrambled to the edge of the capsized boat, and turned to reach for White.

With the energy of terror and despair Dorey struggled to free himself from the stiffening sail and the ropes that

held his feet. He clung to White with the grip of a drowning man. The two, neither realizing what he was about, fought for a foothold on the boat, each, unwittingly, plunging the other back into the numbing water, defeating struggles that grew more frantic and less availing with each recurrence.

"Courage!" cried Mayne. "Stop that, you fools! Give me your hand; you, Dorey. Now!"

The bleeding hands clutched at Mayne, at the ropes, at the boat, and Dorey lay sprawled across the mast.

"Now, 'Colonel'!"

Mayne fastened his numb fingers in the coat of the drowning boy, and after many efforts hauled him on the boom, then to the mast and to the body of the boat.

Dorey began to crawl along on his stomach across the ice to the right. "Leave the boat," he shouted through the wind. "Crawl this way to me!"

Mayne and White crept out upon the ice. It held to the firmer edge. There the three started, weakly, to run in what they judged to be the direction of the court.

"Five hundred yards to shore!" Mayne tried to shout, his weak voice dying in his throat. "Run for life!"

"My God, I shall fall!" White cried. "My legs are gone!"

"Lock into my arm," Dorey shouted. Mayne clutched White's other arm.

Clinging to one another, stumbling, sliding, sobbing, freezing, falling, rising, reeling on, the three unfortunates neared the shore. By a miracle, it seemed, they came upon the breakwater at their own lodge on the court.

It was an age before the key went in the lock and turned. Groaning in pain, sobbing in hysterical joy, they stumbled into the haven of warmth. Dorey and White fell prone upon the floor.

"Get up!" screamed Mayne, kicking at them, and tearing at his coat with fingers that had no feeling in them. "Get up! Strip your clothes! White, is there any liquor in the house?"

There was a two-quart demijohn of old Kentucky in Denslow's steamer trunk. White knew of it. He stumbled up the stairs in his crackling garments, Mayne and Dorey after him.

They broke the neck just above the wicker. A soapless shaving-mug poured full was portioned among them in fiery

gulps. It was refilled, and quickly emptied. They stripped themselves of their clothes, plunged into a bath—cold to draw the frost—rubbed themselves with alcohol and with roughest towels until the pink of returning circulation began to show. The shaving-mug was filled again and drained. Blood bounded along the limbs and stirred pleasantly in the extremities, but it was pleasure that was much akin to pain. Their hands and feet and faces burned like fire. Their speech was thick. They were very happy.

The mug was quite a joke now. It was really very funny. They began to tell each other how very funny it all was. They did not feel like standing, because the table and the chairs were coming around in circles. So they sat down on the floor in front of the fireplace, and rolled about, and laughed, and joked in a delightfully silly way, and felt altogether very good and very funny.

And just at this time the bell rang.

"Who—who d'you spo—sposh that ish?" said Mayne, making a vain effort to get his legs under him.

"Donnosicare," said Dorey. "Sid-down. Letum freeze outside. We're no sanitarium."

There was a sound of footsteps and voices in the hall. The footsteps came to the sliding-doors of the library.

"It is some of the fellows," whispered White. "Let's be ersleep."

"Come in er stay out, whizzever you please," shouted Mayne.

Carmichael, Sanborn and Denslow stepped into the room.

"You are a nice lot of Freshmen," grinned Denslow, surveying the three culprits, and taking note of the general condition of the apartment.

"Where did you fellows blow from?" Mayne demanded.

"We came in for some ice-boating," said Carmichael. "Have you got any on hand?"

"Yezzir," said Mayne, who seemed fascinated by the fire. "Yezzir, we saved *Peg Woffington* f'm drownin'—drownin' us, we're celebratin' the event."

"Where is the *Peg Woffington*?" demanded Sanborn.

"Her runners is rustin'," the "Colonel" observed. Whereat the graceless youngsters laughed. "Her runners is rustin', an' we're goin' out to put some lather on 'em, by'n by."

Then the story of the escapade came out, and by the time the tale was told in all its glowing particularity, the three heroes of the adventure began to feel a drowsy contentment. They readily fell in with Carmichael's suggestion that they retire and "rest up" for awhile; and they made a grand rush for "Blommy's" big bed. Sanborn followed them.

"Do you know that your father is in town, 'Colonel'?" he asked. "He came in from Washington this morning."

Mayne and Dorey chuckled. The latter punched White in the ribs.

"You'll catch it," he gurgled.

"I might just as well be at the bottom of the lake," "Colonel" groaned. "He will want to know about the Greek polish."

"Give him some la—lather," murmured Dorey.

"What in time is he out here for?" "Colonel" asked.

"He came on unexpectedly to hunt up some evidence in the timberland cases, and he said he would be too busy over at the Capitol to see you till to-night. So don't fret. Have your sleep, and you will be all right when he comes."

Senator White, contrary to expectations, appeared at the lodge on the court at about two o'clock in the afternoon. Sanborn gave him the whole story, and, in company with the three upperclassmen, the old gentleman stole up to the chamber to gaze on the sleeping boy.

The Senator stood very still, and after a silent moment he gave a little sigh that was all pride and tenderness. He smiled, too, a little sadly, and there was moisture in his eyes. Sanborn, Denslow and Carmichael understood. They too smiled at the sleepers; and if they in that moment wished, with a tinge of regret, that their own days of Freshman foolishness were before and not behind them, why that was surely their privilege as upperclassmen.

"I am going in to Milwaukee to-night," the "Colonel's" father whispered, "and then back to Washington. Tell the boy that I saw him, and give him his father's love. Thank God they are not under the ice!"

Mayne stirred uneasily in his sleep, and began to mutter.

The watchers bent forward.

"Courage!" he muttered. "Stop that, you fools! Give me your hand; you, Dorey. Now!"

'Poor little devils!' said Sanborn.



THE NATIONAL GUARD OF THE STATE OF MAINE.

By Captain Charles B. Hall, 19th U. S. Infantry.

(Continued.)

AS showing the peculiar opinions on military matters held way back in the thirties, we find the Adjutant-General in 1839 opposing the issue of arms by the State to the militia on the ground "the probability is that in a very short time they would be rendered useless from want of proper care, as it is usual for people to pay less regard to property furnished in that way than to that purchased by themselves." Sometimes when inspecting arms and equipments I must say I have been inclined to the same opinion, but of course none of us to-day can agree with this same Adjutant-General when further on in his report he says, "If the arms should be stored in an arsenal and the soldiers permitted their use only on days of military instruction, our militia would cease to be the yeomanry of a free republic and become little better than the serfs and hirelings of despotic Europe."

There seemed to be a spirit in the Legislature of 1845, and in fact of previous years, antagonistic to the maintenance of the militia. In the hope of securing favorable legislation and putting the militia in touch with popular opinion, Adjutant-General Alfred Redington, in 1845, prepared and presented the draft of a law placing the militia upon a volunteer system, reducing its num-

ber to about seven thousand, requiring the State to furnish arms and equipment to the soldiers, to pay them also a small compensation for their services, and providing for "an annual inspection, two annual trainings and an annual review." The Committee on the Militia reported the bill favorably to the Legislature, and it received the sanction of the Senate, but was lost in the House by a large majority. The Adjutant-General also called attention to the strong probability of an immediate war with Mexico, and urged the necessity of something being done to revive the military vigor of the State; but evidently his appeal was in vain, for in 1847 he reported the militia law a dead letter, the "militia in a condition of lamentable depression and rapidly tending to utter disbandment, and this, too, when our country is maintaining a sanguinary war with another power and the services of our soldiery liable to be called for at any moment."

On the 19th of May, 1846, the President called upon Maine to cause one regiment of infantry to be enrolled and held in readiness for muster into the service of the United States. The Governor of the State at once issued a proclamation calling for volunteers between the ages of eighteen and forty-five. Most of the companies filled their ranks promptly—sixty-five men being enlisted in each

company. The following is the list of the companies and the places where they were raised; but as the United States never called for their services, no regimental organization was effected, and in due time the companies were disbanded: Company A, Captain John H. Morrill, of Bangor; Company B, Captain John M. Cluskey, of Houlton; Company C, Captain Moses Goodwin, Jr., of Shapleigh; Company D, Captain Charles N. Bodish, of Gardiner; Company E, Captain Jabez T. Pike, of Eastport; Company F, Captain George W. Cummings, of Bangor; Company G, Captain Wendell P. Smith, of Portland; Company H, Captain William Emery, 3d, of Sandford; Company I, Captain James O. McIntire, of Cornish; Company K, Captain Moses H. Young, of Belfast.

So strong was the feeling against the militia law of 1844, which virtually abolished the militia, and among other objectionable things limited the holding of commissions to a term of seven years, that from 1844 to 1849 no military service was performed in the State and no returns were made to the office of the Adjutant-General. In 1849 the Legislature provided for a volunteer corps not to exceed ten thousand men, to be furnished with arms by the State and required to perform annually two and one-half days' service; thus the volunteer service was substituted for the compulsory. A favorable response was at once made, and twelve companies petitioned for organization. In 1850 fifteen companies were reported as composing the militia, and in 1851 twenty-two companies additional, making in all thirty-seven companies of two thousand two hundred officers and men organized as follows: seven of artillery, five of light infantry and twenty-five of riflemen, and all furnished with arms, etc., by the State. In 1852 the Legislature passed an act forbidding the issue of arms to any portion of the militia of the State; but this act was held not to apply to companies already armed and was repealed in 1854. As soon as repealed, the companies took fresh interest in their duties, ranks were filled and officers elected to vacancies. The same year the following companies effected a regimental organization and elected Samuel J. Anderson, of Portland, as colonel: Portland Light Infantry, Captain Harmon; Portland Mechanic Blues, Captain

T. A. Roberts; Portland Rifle Corps (organized 1810), Captain Pierce; Portland Rifle Guards, Captain C. E. Roberts; Portland Light Guard, Captain Green; Saccarappa Light Infantry (Westbrook), Captain Jordan; Harra-seekeet Guards (Freeport), Captain Os-good; Brunswick Light Infantry, Captain Cleaveland; Bath City Grays, Lieutenant Richardson; Gorham Light Infantry, Captain Harding. At that time no finer organization had been seen in the State. The Adjutant-General also refers in complimentary terms to the Bowdoinham Artillery, Captain Fincker; the Saco Guards, Captain Foss; the New Gloucester Riflemen, Captain Weymouth; the Paris Artillery, Captain Carter, and likewise to the other artillery companies at Farmington, Brewer and Harmony under Captains Wheeler, Higgins and Bartlett; neither does he forget to do justice to the troop of cavalry, Captain Barnan, raised in Portland, nor to the Grattan Guards of Bangor, Captain Byrnes, and the Rockland Light Infantry, Captain Berry.

In the Senate of the United States a resolution was introduced in 1854 by the Honorable Hannibal Hamlin, requesting authority for the exchange of the flint-lock arms of the State for those originally manufactured with the percussion-lock, but permission was granted by the Secretary of War to have the flint-locks altered to percussion at the U. S. Arsenal for the actual cost of the work.

A serious riot involving the burning of a church occurred in Bath in 1854, and the Bath City Grays were called upon to aid the civil authority. For two days and nights the company remained under arms, performing the most valuable service. A riot known as "the liquor riot" occurred in Portland in 1855, when two companies, the Portland Light Guard and the Rifle Guard, were called upon to assist the civil authority and protect the liquor agency. These companies were required to face a turbulent mob and were pelted with stones. The Rifle Guard, by an exhibition of thorough discipline and obedience to orders, finally quelled the riot, but not until it had been obliged to fire with fatal effect on the mob.

In 1856 four regiments were organized in the State, and under the militia law of that year *regiments* were re-

quired to perform "camp duty for at least two days" unless sooner discharged by the commanding officer. The First and Second Regiments, Fifth Division, under Colonels Stodder and Harding, encamped, with some attached companies, at Bath for three days in September; the First Regiment, Fourth Division, under Colonel Burns, with attached companies, at Rockland for two days in September; the First Regiment, Ninth Division, under Colonel Norcross, with attached companies, at Bangor for two days in October. All of these encampments were officially reported as highly successful, and an additional convincing proof of the fact that they were so considered is the favorable notices by the local press.

When in 1861 the echo of the guns bombarding Fort Sumter reached the shores of far-distant Maine and called for that instant and intelligent help from her sturdy sons which only a well organized and disciplined militia could promptly furnish, it found the State entirely unprepared for the conflict. Although her muster-rolls showed a militia force of some 60,000 unarmed men, only about 1,200 men were in what could be called an armed and organized condition, able perhaps to respond to any calls for duty within the State, but from the condition of their uniforms, equipments and camp equipage totally unfitted for war service. And the reason for such an unfortunate condition of affairs was, not that there had been neglect in the administration of the militia laws, not that there had been a want of martial spirit in the State, not that the organized companies lacked discipline and instruction or failed to show an earnest desire to acquaint themselves with the duties required of them, but because of the poor policy adopted by the State for years in relation to its militia, and the shortsightedness of Legislatures that simply permitted companies to exist but failed to give them any substantial aid or encouragement. Thank God, much of this cause of complaint has passed away with the coming of a new generation, progressive ideas, and knowledge of the dangers of the past. But is there no fear of our drifting back to the old ways? I trust not, and hope each Legislature will show, by generous laws, that it recognizes the necessity for and takes a pride in the

splendid condition of the small but well-equipped militia force which it has created, and which could to-day be put into the field for any service.

But poorly prepared for war as was the State at that time, a prompt and noble response was made to the President's request of the 15th of April for one regiment of infantry. To comply, it was necessary to depend upon the organized militia because they were formed into companies, were acquainted with the drill-book and therefore could be the more quickly prepared for war, and were the only force available to make an early response. To the lasting credit of the militia will be remembered the fact that within thirteen days from the date of the call to arms, the First Regiment of Volunteers, composed in part of eight of the companies of militia in existence when hostilities began, had completed its organization, and five days later was mustered into the service of the United States for three months. Following are the names of the eight old companies and of the officers commanding them, comprising the First Regiment of Maine Volunteers:—Portland Light Infantry, Captain Albion Witham; Mechanic Blues, Captain George G. Bailey; Portland Light Guard, Captain M. R. Fessenden; Portland Rifle Corps, Captain Charles H. Meserve; Portland Rifle Guard, Captain William M. Shaw; Lewiston Light Infantry, Captain N. J. Jackson; Norway Light Infantry, Captain George L. Beal; Auburn Artillery, Captain Charles S. Emerson. The other two companies forming this regiment were the second company of the Portland Rifle Guard, Captain W. W. Quimby, and the Lewiston Zouaves, Captain S. B. Osgood. May the names of these companies and of the gallant officers and men composing them always occupy an honored place in the history of the State. To the Lewiston Light Infantry belongs the proud distinction of being the first company to offer its services to the State, the Portland Light Infantry being a close second. Every State company in existence at the date of the President's proclamation was represented in the first four regiments mustered into the United States service. The War Department records bear testimony of their gallant service in defense of the Union, and the State is rich in legends

of their noble deeds, of their sufferings, of their victories and defeats, and of their final triumphs, while a Nation joins in mourning for the dead.

In 1868 but two companies, the Portland Light Infantry and the Portland Mechanic Blues, composed the entire organized militia force in the State.

Worn out with the years of arduous soldiering that brought not only a glorious victory but much suffering, the military spirit of the people was content to rest and slumber for a time. The country was never before so rich in war veterans. Every city and hamlet in the State could boast of its heroes who had been baptized in blood, and many of them had won high rank and command on fields of battle. All were competent to teach the art of war to those who had not been so fortunate as to get to the front, and there were thousands of men from whom to form an active militia force that in discipline, military knowledge and physique could never be excelled; so that a few years after the war, when the old soldiers awakened to their interest in matters pertaining to their militia force, and realized the necessity for the organization of companies as a protection to the interests of the State, the trouble was not to find good men to form the militia, but to choose from applicants. Therefore the people welcomed the passage in 1869 of "an act concerning the militia," authorizing the organization under the direction of the Governor of the State of a "number of companies not exceeding ten, of uniformed volunteer militia," to be organized under the militia act of 1865. This law governing the militia was for some good reason left out of the Revised Statutes, and the

printed copies being limited I have not been able to secure one.

The ten companies authorized were to "be selected from the volunteer companies making application for organization under this act," and that had "conformed to the requirements under existing military laws;" and they were to "be selected from such localities as in the judgment of the Governor of this State are most in need of military companies for safety and order, and best calculated for the support and maintenance of military organizations." The companies were to "be armed, uniformed and equipped at the expense of the State, according to the existing regulations of the United States Army, under which clothing is issued to the enlisted men, * * * but each company shall have liberty to choose and provide its own uniform." In case a company did "choose and provide" its own uniform, then "the price of the United States Army uniform not issued shall be commuted to the soldier in money."

Prior to 1861 every volunteer company in the State had its distinctive uniform, many of them very tasty, most of them showy, and all of them endeared to the "old soldier" by early memories of company conquests, associations and friendships. So urgent was the necessity for troops at the front early in 1861, and so limited was the quantity on hand of the regular army uniform, and so difficult to obtain, that many of our volunteer companies were forced to go to war wearing their "city uniforms," and some of them received their first baptism of fire and won fame in their home dress.

(To be Continued.)



OUTING'S MONTHLY REVIEW

OF

AMATEUR SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

FOOTBALL.

IN THE EAST.*

THE play to the middle of November showed several things very conclusively. First, that the kicking game is the winning one, and no team can hope to make a good showing against a rival of anything like equal strength that also plays the kicking

improvement on the game of a few years ago, when, except on a third down, punts were almost unknown.

Drop-kicking, too, has come into prominence, and Princeton, Pennsylvania and Harvard, and one or two of the smaller colleges, have made considerable use of this means of scoring points. Yale does not seem to be paying much attention to drop-kicking at present, having enough to do to perfect her inexperienced backs in other and more important matters.

The new rules have effectually dispensed with momentum plays, but it cannot be said that they have put a stop to mass plays, and substituted for them the open plays that depend for their success upon speed and accuracy. The rule that not more than four men shall bunch inside the tackles, has not prevented the tackles from playing very close to the guards, and the ends very close and a little in the rear of the tackles, so that we have a very compact formation not unlike the opening wedge. This formation is being used very extensively, and generally takes the form of a revolving mass play on the tackles. It is practically a mass play of the kind so much objected to in past years as dangerous, uninteresting, and harmful to the game, because of teaching teams to rely on main strength instead of on quickness and good team play. Princeton and the Carlisle Indians have used this play the majority of the time when they have had the ball; and it certainly is hard to distinguish it from the old play of previous years, in which the ends dropped back with the half-backs, and we had mass plays of all sorts on tackle and guard. Whether the present rules were really intended to put a stop to these revolving wedges, and

game and plays it well, unless it has a good punter, aided by a pair of good ends and backs that can be trusted to handle cleanly the enemy's punts. Against a team with a good line, running alone cannot be safely relied on as a sure means of winning games, for so well-planned has our defense become that the task of forcing the ball half the length of the field is almost hopeless. Of course there are occasional long runs resulting in touch-downs, just as in former years, but, all in all, the work of scoring by hustling alone was never so difficult as at present. The result has been more kicking than we have seen for years; and, in some instances, it must be confessed, the constant exchange of punts taken with the almost entire absence of running with the ball, has proved a little monotonous. Still, the constant shifting of the play from one part of the field to another, the occasionally blocked kick or muffed punt, and the constant danger of these things, all a necessary part of the kicking game, certainly tend to make the play interesting and exciting. The game, as played to-day, is undoubtedly a great

* Though it is not possible for us to hold OUTING'S presses so as to include in this issue the results of the big games of November 21st, we believe that the stages by which Collegiate teams reach their respective positions at the end of the season are of more than passing interest. OUTING reviews the teams fully up to the middle of November in the belief that besides being of current interest such reviews constitute valuable fact for study and guidance in future seasons.

[ED. OUTING.]

failed because they were not worded with sufficient care, can hardly be known until the rule-makers disclose what their intentions actually were. To the average student of the rules it certainly looks as if these had failed to accomplish their purpose, and would need revisions before another season. At any rate, the play which seems to gain most ground just at present is an old-fashioned revolving mass play in the tackles, and just so long as it gains most ground it will be the most used.

The play so far has been particularly free from roughness and foul tactics, and so far as the writer can find out, no member of any college team in the East has yet been ruled off for foul play. At the same time the officials have the men under better control than ever before, and the rules are being very strictly enforced. All this means that the players are showing a better spirit, and that we have arrived at the point where we can play hard, fast football without playing with unnecessary roughness. The Harvard-Princeton game was a model in this respect. Both teams played hard, fast football, but there was not the least trace of any desire to play anything but a good, fair game. Such games are a credit to both sides, and go very far to reconcile the public at large to many of the so-called evils of football.

Among the teams, Princeton seems to be playing the best game, her eleven being a strong, fast, well-balanced one. The center trio is perhaps the poorest part of the team, and that is reasonably strong. Gailey at center is as good as any man playing, but Crowdis and Armstrong at guard are not so experienced as the other members of the team. Still they play a very steady defensive game, and compare unfavorably with the guards of some other teams only in that they do not aid the backs very much by getting into the interference. Church and Hildebrand at tackle are playing a very strong game in all respects, the former being especially useful when Princeton has the ball. Tyler is a good substitute for either tackle or guard. Cochrane, Thompson, and Brokaw play a good defensive game, get down finely in kicks, and interfere nicely for their backs. The last has shown his knowledge of the game by going in at either end which happened to need him, and playing a fine game. Princeton's line is fairly heavy and very active, particularly on the offensive, and has not a single point in it that cannot be fairly called strong.

Behind the line the team is unusually well off. Smith at quarter has distanced all his strong competitors, and is playing a game that is well-nigh perfect in all departments. His passing is very quick and accurate; he interferes finely for his backs and tackles well. Beyond this he runs his team with excellent judgment and gets plenty of snap into his men at all times. At half-back, Kelly, Reiter, Bannard, Rosengarten and Wheeler are all strong, hard-running men, and Princeton seems to be unusually well off for half-backs. None of the men are unusually strong, but all are above the average, and an injury to any one of them does not seem to injure Princeton's offensive play. At full-back Baird is by all odds the best of the

year. His punting is unusually strong and accurate, and he always gets in his kick if he has any chance. His running with the ball is not especially strong, but his handling of opponent's punts is excellent. His drop-kicking is very accurate, and he has succeeded in adding quite a number of points to Princeton's score by goals from the field. The team follows the ball nicely, and all the men get into the interference well, and all tackle well. The great strength of the team lies in the line and Baird's excellent kicking.

Just what has been the matter with Pennsylvania is very hard to find out, but there seems to have been some internal dissension, if all reports can be believed. Whatever the trouble is, it seems now to be all over, and Penn's team is doing its best to make up for lost time. Woodruff's playing at full-back proved a failure, as he could not handle punts.

The line is composed of excellent material and has played fairly well. Overfield is a good center, and Wharton and Woodruff are an unusually good pair of guards, particularly on the offensive, when their work in the interference and with the ball is unusual for such heavy men. Farrar and Uffenheimer make a fine pair of tackles, being especially strong running with the ball. The ends, Boyle, Hedges and Dickson, are all doing good work. McCracken is a very strong player at either guard or tackle, and can fill any vacancy at either of these places quite satisfactorily. The line is very heavy and active, but in the early season was not working well together. Behind the line things have been working rather badly. Three or four men have been tried at quarter, and none proved satisfactory. Fortescue and Weeks were finally brought in from the scrub and are doing very well, particularly Weeks. If he had a little more time he might make a first-class quarter, but at present it looks as if Penn would not be particularly strong in that very important position. At half, Gelbert is an unusually good man, his running and interfering being very strong. Minds, the other half, bucks the line very well, but is not a good punter. Morice is only fair as a rusher but handles punts well, and is improving rapidly as a punter and a drop-kicker, but as yet is not first-class in either respect. Penn's weakness lies behind the line, and is due to poor team work, poor kicking, and poor handling of opponents' punts. With Morice doing the kicking, and a better man at quarter, Penn's team will be very strong, for her line men are unusually strong, and the individuals in the back-field are fairly so. It is unfortunate that the team should have this mid-season "slump," for the material of which it is composed was unusually promising.

Yale's team has been progressing after the manner of all Yale teams at this season, slowly and steadily. The line is light and still unsteady in the center. Chadwick is an excellent guard, but Sutphin is not at all so good, being very inexperienced. Murray is lighter, but more experienced. Rodgers and Murphy and the substitute Alport are all playing a fine game, being particularly strong when carrying the ball. Bass is filling one end satisfactorily, and Hazen and Conner are both doing well at the other end. The line is fairly strong and steady

except at the guards' place filled by Sutphin and Murray. Fincke at quarter is a model quarter in every respect, and handles his team very finely. The backs are not particularly strong. Hinkey at full-back is punting well, and is a fairly good line-breaker, but Van Every is not improving as fast as at the first of the season. He is heavy and strong and hits the line hard, but does not seem to get into the game at all well. Benjamin is the other man, but is not above the average back. Chauncey is the best of the substitutes, and Gilmore and Mills are not far below the other men. Yale's team has a fairly good line, an unusually good quarter-back, but is not particularly strong behind the line. Unless Princeton falls off in her play, Yale's chances in their annual game are not good.

At Harvard, the team has been very unfortunate in losing men from injuries. The center is very strong with F. Shaw and Doucette in the center, and N. Shaw and Bouvé for guards. They are all heavy, active men, and very aggressive. Doucette has been doing some very fine tackling, and Bouvé is most effective in the interference. At ends Cabot and Moulton are doing finely, Cabot especially playing an unusually fine game even for him. Brewer and Lewis are substituting, the former coming out only when needed. The tackles' positions are in a very bad way. Wheeler, Donald, Houghton, and Merriman were injured in rapid succession, and Mills was taken sick. At present Swain, a freshman, and Lee are filling the places, and doing surprisingly well all round, though both are inexperienced. Wheeler should be out by the time of the Pennsylvania game, and will give Harvard one good tackle. At quarter, Beale is playing a steady game, passing accurately, but slowly, and showing good headwork, but no life or dash. Brown is playing fairly at full-back, punting accurately and fairly long, and drop-kicking well. His handling of punts is good, and his running strong, but still slow. Dunlap is playing a very strong game, running and tackling finely. Captain Wrightington was not able to play with his team for three weeks, and his absence was a great loss to the team. Sullivan played well in his place, running and tackling well. His great trouble is that he falls too easily when tackled. Harvard's team, as a whole, is very strong in the defensive, but its offensive play is not yet screwed up to the spot where it works consistently in the face of a strong defence. It fell off badly toward the end of the Princeton game, though the defence was always strong. If Beale can get a little more life into his work, and the men get a little better together on the offensive, the team will put up a game dangerous to any other team in the country. It looks like a very hard contest at Philadelphia the last of November, and if Wheeler and Captain Wrightington get over their injuries so as to play the game out, Harvard should stand a good chance to win.

Cornell's team has not improved very much on its last year's form, and is decidedly a poor match for any of the so-called "big four." The line is light and unsteady, and is not particularly strong in the defensive or aggressive when Cornell has the ball. Harvard and

Princeton both gained ground rather easily against Cornell, and Princeton's score of 37 was certainly too large to be made against a first-class line. Taussig at end is a fine player, but the line does not play together at all well. Behind the line Beacham at half is a first-class man, and the backs as a whole would do fairly well if they had better support and aid from the line. As things are at present, the line makes no good holes, and the interference and team work are very poor. Ritchie at full-back is a fair punter, but was outclassed by Baird, and is not quite equal to Brown, of Harvard. Cornell's play against Harvard was certainly much stronger than against Princeton a week later, making all due allowance for the better game put up by Princeton.

The great surprise of the season is the Lafayette College team. Its record against the rivals supposedly of its own size is wonderful, and it has played Princeton a tie game 0-0 and defeated Pennsylvania 6-4. At this last game Pennsylvania played very poorly, it is true, and lost the game principally on the poor work its back-field made in handling punts; but at the same time Lafayette played very strongly, and that, too, without the services of her captain and best half-back, Walbridge. The Lafayette line is very strong individually, and plays a fine team game both in the offensive and defensive. Rhinehart at guard is particularly strong, and seems to be just where he is wanted at all times. Behind the line Barclay is a very brilliant half-back, while Zeiser, Captain Walbridge's substitute, is only fair. At full-back, Bray is not a long punter, but the rest of his work is first-class. The strength of the team lies in its excellent line and its fine team play. It is doubtful if Lafayette at her best could defeat any of the "big four" as they will be playing at the close of the season; but for a college of three hundred men she has produced a phenomenally strong team, and, what is more, actually has defeated Pennsylvania and kept Princeton from scoring. She should easily defeat Lehigh.

Perhaps the most interesting feature of the season has been the play of the Carlisle Indians. These men attracted attention on all sides last year by their very strong, clean game, and this year they are playing even better than a year ago. They have just finished a four weeks' campaign that no other team we have ever seen would think of undertaking. For the four weeks, ending with November 7th, they played in succession Princeton, Yale, Harvard and Pennsylvania, and not till the last game did they show any traces of the hard work they were doing. The Princeton game they lost by a score of 22 to 6, after they had given Princeton a good scare by outplaying them the first half, and leaving the score 6-0 in their favor. The second game with Yale found them in much better trim, and Yale won by only 12-6, with the Indians deprived of one touch-down by the mistake of an official. The third game with Harvard found them at their best, and they lost by only 4-0, and came within four yards of scoring. In the Pennsylvania game they were clearly very much the worse for their hard work, and did not play their usual game, losing by a score of 21-0.

The last few minutes of this game they took the ball the length of the field by five-yard rushes, and probably time alone prevented them from scoring.

The game these men play is principally remarkable for the strength of their offensive work, it being almost impossible to down the man with the ball until several men have gained a hold on him. The way the runners keep their feet is remarkable. At the same time their plays start slowly, and their defensive work shows little evidence of team play. They have not yet mastered the game, and are easily deceived by a double pass or most any of the plays out of the ordinary run. In addition they have no first-class punter. But their courage is always wonderfully good, and their capacity for hard work tremendous. With another year's experience under a good coach, they will surely be the equals of our very best teams. Their play is always fair and clean, and they are the most popular team with the spectators now playing the game. Their 4-0 game with Harvard was the best game of football, from the spectator's standpoint, we have had for some time.

Brown's team, while perhaps not quite up to the team of 1895, has played very strongly and steadily throughout the season. Captain Colby lost quite a number of his linemen and two of his best backs, but has succeeded in filling the vacancies with new men who play well individually and as a team. The line is lighter than for some years, but is nevertheless very stiff. Captain Colby at quarter handles his team nicely, and has in Fultz one of the fastest and best backs in the country. In most every game Brown has contrived to get him round her opponent's ends at least once, and he is an exceedingly hard man to stop when once in the open. His touch-down against Yale, November 7th, was the result of a run for two-thirds the length of the field. Hall is a long punter, but he and Gammons are not especially strong as ground-gainers. The team is well grounded in the game, and is one of the few teams that can work trick-plays well and without such unusual preparations and ceremony as to excite the suspicions of opponents. Brown's best game so far is undoubtedly the game against Yale November 7th, which Yale won 18-6.

In the New England Association we have a most interesting fight in prospect, the probable result being very much complicated by the unexpected victory of Amherst over Williams. Amherst was generally supposed to have the weakest team of the three, and, when faculty regulations deprived her of several of her best men, Williams's victory was conceded by all hands. Williams was weakened by the loss of Dibble, her best half-back, but lost the game through inability of her backs to handle punts and the failure of her line-men to take advantage of Amherst's fumbles and blocked punts. Williams blocked an unusual number of punts, but her men seemed wholly unable to get possession of the ball on any of them, and the ball went to Amherst. The final score was 6-4, Williams losing by the failure to convert her touch-down into a goal. Amherst's team seem fairly strong in all departments, though Tyler

is the only real star on the team. Williams has a strong line and Draper is a strong back. The team does not seem to have mastered the kicking game, and so lost to Amherst.

Dartmouth's team is lighter than is usual for her, but it has been strengthened considerably during the past month by the return to college of several old players. Captain McCormack is a first-class quarter-back, and has a good line, but only a fair lot of backs. In the light of Williams's play on the 7th, Dartmouth's chances for the championship appear excellent, though it does seem as if Williams, if in good playing trim, should prove a match for her. The chances for an interesting fight are certainly good.

The athletic clubs, while they have not wholly abandoned the idea of running a football team, are not nearly so active as last season. Orange, Elizabeth, Chicago and Boston are all represented by teams of great strength, Elizabeth and Boston having made Yale do her best to defeat them, the Elizabeth score being only 12-6, with Elizabeth deprived of one touch-down by what many consider an erroneous decision of an official. These teams, as a whole, are made up of men who have learned football at college, and consequently have a very thorough knowledge of the modern game. They are older and more experienced than their college opponents, and fail to defeat them only because they do not have the same opportunities to get into perfect physical condition and to get their teams to playing well together.

The trouble between Andover and Exeter has at last been settled, and the two schools will play against each other.

The first of the big games of the season was played at Cambridge Saturday, November 7th, and resulted in a victory for Princeton by a score of 12-0. The teams were about equally matched in the line and on the defensive, but Princeton's offensive play, particularly in punting, was considerably superior to Harvard's. Neither side could gain much with the ball, and both sides had continually to punt or give up the ball. The first half was a very even struggle, with neither side having any particular advantage. During the second half Princeton had the wind, and Baird's superior punting soon put Harvard on the defensive. Princeton scored a touch-down on a long run soon after this half began, and a blocked kick gave her a second one just before the half closed. Harvard's play after the first touch-down lost snap, and the players seemed to lose all hope of winning. For Princeton, Church, Baird, Smith and Bannard played especially well, though it is hard to say that one man excelled another, so well did the whole team play. For Harvard, Cabot, Beale, Dunlop and Swain excelled.

HASTINGS HOLYOKE.

IN THE MIDDLE WEST.

The games of the Middle West during October and the first part of November very generally bore out the forecasts made in this department a month ago—Michigan and Wisconsin winning all their games, and each having been

scored on but once, while Minnesota, improving steadily from the first, won all her games except that against Michigan, November 7th, which ended in a 6-4 score, Captain Harrison, of Minnesota, failing to kick a comparatively easy goal. Northwestern has shown something of her former tendency to inconsistency, but on the whole has done well, winning out in every instance, and putting up a very fair game. Illinois has failed to come up to expectations, having lost to Chicago, 12-0, on October 31st, and to Northwestern, 10-4, a week later. Their 10-0 victory over the Missouri "Tigers," October 17th, caused the team to be overrated, and they went into the game with Chicago overconfident.

The wealth of line material at Ann Arbor, referred to in this department, has been much in evidence; but still the Michigan ends did not offer nearly so strong a resistance to Minnesota November 7th as had been generally expected up to that time. Michigan had played six games, with a total of 212 points, to their opponent's 0, that number including 16 points scored against Purdue on the latter's home grounds, and 40 against Lehigh at Detroit, though the latter were in a crippled condition in this game. Michigan's line-up has been about the same in all the games, at least in the forward line, which is as follows: Wombacker, center; Carr and Bennett, guards; Villa and Henninger, tackles; and Farnham, Greenleaf and Hutchinson, ends. Captain Senter has been unable to get into condition all the year, owing to ill health; and in the few games in which he attempted to play, he was quickly forced to retire on account of injuries. But even without him, the line has been very strong. All have worked together on defense, and the weight and experience of the five center men have made them almost impregnable. Villa is the only line man who has run with the ball much, but he has been a very successful ground gainer, as in former years. Back of the line, Ferbert, the sturdy little veteran, has been doing the best work. His end runs and plunges have been uniformly good, and he is one of the best half-backs in the West in all-round work. The work of the other backs has been fair, and the punting of Hogg and Duffy has exceeded expectations, while Caley, as a line-bucker, and Pingree, as a fast back on end plays, have been far from mediocre. Richards, when not injured, has played a good game at quarter, but most of the time has had to give way to Felon and Drumheller, owing to a wrenched knee.

The Michigan-Minnesota game was played under the most adverse conditions. The field was wet and slushy, and rain and snow fell intermittently throughout most of the game, which ended in almost total darkness. Minnesota's strong stand was a surprise to Westerners in general, and it is probable that the majority of Minnesota men themselves hardly expected so close a game. Yet the score indicates pretty accurately the work of the two teams. The Minnesota men played an excellent game; their line was very stiff, their tackles and guards ran well with the ball, and their ends' showing was superior. Most of Minnesota's gains were made around the Michigan

ends, while Michigan generally went through the line, though Ferbert made some nice end dashes. Minnesota worked a couple of neat trick plays too, while Michigan used the quarter-back kick effectively. When the condition of the field and ball is considered, it will be seen that the game was remarkably clean and free from fumbles. Michigan's only remaining big game is with the University of Chicago, Thanksgiving Day, which game they should win rather handily. Minnesota, however, has still to meet the University of Wisconsin's eleven at Madison, November 21st, after which they play the University of Kansas, November 28th. At Madison they will meet a team that will go upon the field unbeaten, and there is every reason to believe that Minnesota will have to play desperately to break that record. Wisconsin has attracted a lot of attention by the talk the University Regents caused in not ratifying the faculty's athletic rules, but it would seem that considerable injustice has been done the "Badgers." In the first place, as soon as it was found that the Regents would not adopt the rules as laid down by the faculty, the athletic association of the university promptly adopted a set of rules for the government of its teams, which were identical with those of the faculty, except that they did not call for the six months' residence of men who had played on 'varsity teams elsewhere, or had not been in the U. of W. during the preceding year. The rules in question are the code adopted by a conference of the representatives of Chicago, Michigan, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Illinois and Northwestern Universities last March. They were adopted in a modified form by the Chicago, Michigan and Northwestern faculties, and in full by the faculties of Illinois, Minnesota and Wisconsin. The first-named three refused to accept the six months' rule, and when Wisconsin's Regents overruled the faculty, because the latter had failed to submit their action to that body (usually a mere formality), opposition to this rule was the principal reason for their move. Where Wisconsin laid herself open to criticism was in taking so much credit to herself last spring for adopting the code, and then, through the Regents, securing its suspension, as soon as it would work a hardship. There is no question but a rule, generally adopted, which would prevent the "inducing" of players, as such a rule, and nothing else, will effectively do, would be an excellent thing for athletics in the Middle West. Wisconsin's athletic association made a mistake, as a matter of athletic policy, in not adopting this rule as well as the others. The rules against professionals are the same as before, and are just as strongly enforced.

Turning to the team itself, steady improvement has been shown since the opening of the season; and with the return of Nelson and Karel, of the '94 team, and the playing of Gregg, left half in '95, at quarter, it has been possible to move some of the surplus of back material into line. Atkinson, who was put in at tackle, has proved a veritable "find" in the position. While he plays excellent defense, it is as a ground-gainer and interferer that he has especially distinguished himself. The other tackle has been played by Anson, Alexander and Pyre,

the last two being veterans. An injured shoulder has prevented Alexander's attaining his old form, but Pyre, in the game against Chicago, showed himself to be as good as ever—a strong, dashing tackle, and, withal, a heady player. Both Dorschel and Forest have played tackle in a number of the games, and are good substitutes. The center trio are Comstock, center, Ryan, right guard, and Riordan, left guard, with Cory and Forest as extras for center and guard respectively. On the ends are Sheldon, left, playing in his fourth year; Brewer, who was moved to right end from half-back; Anderson, right end last year, and Bean and Curtiss, new men. Behind the line all the backs have suffered numerous injuries, but have played most of the time. The defense was much strengthened in the first week of November, and against Chicago was excellent, the latter, except on punts, making their distance just three times in that game, which Wisconsin won handily, 24 to 0. The aggressive work of the team also improved, but, contrary to expectations, was not up to the standard of the defense.

From a comparison of the Wisconsin, Chicago and Michigan-Minnesota games it looks as though Minnesota and Wisconsin play very similar styles of game, even to the stratagems, such as fake kicks and double passes to the quarter, which each used; while Chicago resorted to trick plays almost entirely, and their line should be easy for the strong Ann Arbor men to open for big gains.

Chicago's team is weak, their line is in most places rather easy, and their backs run too high, though they go hard. If they would play more straight football, too, they would be more successful in gaining ground. Trick plays and complicated forms of interference can be used occasionally, but the University of Chicago uses them almost as its sole means of attack. The team, as a rule, tackles too high though one or two go low, and the backs tackle hard. In the line, Captain Roby is easily the best man, and a very good tackle; while behind the line, Clarke at quarter and Gardner at full-back play a very tolerable game. Coy and Johnston are fair half-backs, and Webb, at guard, is an average player. The rest of the team do not rise above mediocrity.

Northwestern is playing the best game that has been seen at Evanston in some years. The team is under the direction of Culver and Shepard, alumni coaches, and is working steadily, most of the time behind closed gates. They seem to have caught the right spirit, and the victories over Chicago and Illinois have only served to redouble the efforts of the men, who are determined to efface the memory of last season's November relapse. In Potter and Van Doozer they have a pair of half-backs whom any captain would be glad to have for his team. Van Doozer is a terrific line-bucker, and Potter is a brilliant end-runner, while both of them are fierce low tacklers who brace the line up wonderfully. The play of the forwards is far from being all that Captain Van Doozer would like, however; and the way in which Chicago and Illinois opened up holes for their runners bodes ill for Northwestern when Wisconsin's strong line faces them Thanksgiving

Day, unless Captain Van Doozer and his coaches can stiffen it up a good deal before that time. Andrews and Pierce are the exceptions. Levings at guard is very strong, and is a determined player, needing but another year's experience to round into a fine guard. At present the team is in need of a man who can punt. Neither Potter, Van Doozer, nor Sloan, full-back, can be counted on for a good long punt when needed.

After the teams mentioned comes Beloit, which held Wisconsin to one touch-down and goal, and claimed one themselves on a wrangle over the time, and also tied Northwestern, 6-6. There would be no gain in going into the details of the Beloit-Wisconsin row, but certain it is that while Beloit is playing a good game, neither Northwestern nor Wisconsin revealed its true form in these games. Purdue has been playing pretty good games, but does not rank so near the top as it did two or three years ago. The team includes some excellent material, as, for instance, Jameson, who is a good man in any of the places back of the line, and Alward, a powerful tackle. Neither the Indiana, Ohio, nor Iowa colleges play many teams outside their own State, so they can hardly be accurately ranked with the teams already mentioned. Oberlin was beaten, 30 to 0, by Chicago, and 22-6, by Illinois. Grinnell (Iowa) played Wisconsin, and was beaten, but secured one touch-down, Mohr securing the fall on a fumble by Karel, and running 60 yards, the final score being 54-6. They also held Minnesota down to 12 points. Iowa Agricultural College (Ames) is probably the best team in Iowa, and their score of 6 points against Minnesota, while the "Gophers" were getting 18, shows their mettle. Iowa State University was beaten by Chicago October 10th, 6 to 0.

On the whole, the work of the teams of the Middle West up to the second week of November, has shown that there is an improvement over last year's work in the majority of the cases. There is a better and more generally spread knowledge of straight football, and more of it played. The team work on defense is improving. There is a general improvement in the aggressive work, and for the first time Western captains are learning the true value of the punt, and are beginning to use it sensibly, and developing a kicking game which shall be worthy of the name.

GEO. F. DOWNER.

PACIFIC COAST.

The football season opened on October 3d with the match between the University of California and the Reliance Club, at Central Park, San Francisco. The University men, after playing a good game, were defeated by a score of 12 to 0. Walton kicked both goals for the winning team and secured one of the touch-downs. Ransome ran and kicked well for the University, but the line did not support the backs effectively. But, with Hutchinson as right end, and Simpson and Cornish as tackles, it is expected that the University team will be much strengthened. Jules Frankenheimer, Stanford, '06, acted as

referee, and Charles P. Nott, Brown, as umpire. Berkeley's coach, Butterworth, was present.

On October 10 the Stanford University team played a hard-fought game against the Olympic Club eleven at Central Park, San Francisco. The teams were exceedingly well matched and the play very even, neither scoring a point. Cross, the Stanford coach, was much pleased with the hard game played by his team, and Butterworth, coach of the University of California team, said that he considered Stanford's game a good one. F. Butterworth acted as umpire, and Charles Nott as referee. Stickney, the Olympic captain, played finely at half-back, and directed his team well. He also kicked well, as did Soper, Stanford's full-back. There was a good deal of fumbling and some high passing; but then it was very early in the season.

On October 17th the University of California met the Olympic Club at Central Park, San Francisco. The Olympic scored two touch-downs and no goal against four touch-downs and four goals for the University, thus losing by a score of 24 to 8. Cross was umpire and McNear referee. The Olympics tackled poorly and played a weak game throughout. The University played a very strong game, with which their coach, Butterworth, was much pleased. Full-back Ransome kicked all the

goals for the University and made two of the touch-downs. Hall and Sherman did good work at half-back, and Kennedy at quarter-back.

On October 25th, at Central Park, San Francisco, the Stanford University football team defeated the Reliance Club, of Oakland, by a score of 10 to 0. Captain Fickert, Cotton and Williams played best for Stanford, and Carter and Walton for Reliance. The touch-downs for Stanford were made by Cotton and Dole, and the goal was kicked by Murphy. The second goal kicked by Murphy was not allowed by the umpire, as Walton touched the ball in its flight. Butterworth was umpire in the first half and referee in the second. Stickney was referee in the first half and umpire in the second. Butterworth expressed the opinion that the Stanford line had much improved. The game was played throughout with great life and keenness.

On October 24th, at the Y. M. C. A. Park, at Seattle, the Seattle Athletic Club football team, after a fiercely contested game, defeated the University of Washington by a score of 6 to 4. The Seattle touch-down and goal were made in the last two minutes of play, the former by Balliet (Captain), brother of the Princeton center, and the latter by Beck. Five of the team suffered injuries, and all but one of the Seattle substitutes were called on to play.

ARTHUR INKERSLEY.

PRACTICAL CYCLING.

LARGE VS. SMALL SPROCKETS.



HE gradual increase of gear since the general adoption of the safety type of bicycle, made possible by lighter weights, and the practical elimination of friction by the approximate perfection of the ball-bearing principle, has been contemporary with an increase of diameter in both the front and rear sprockets. There have been many inquiries regarding the advantages gained thereby.

Sprockets of large diameter, again, mean less friction, diminished tension on the chain, and consequent pressure upon rear wheel and crank-shaft bearings; also a tendency to prevent bending of the rear forks—in a word, a more rigid and serviceable mechanism throughout.

To appreciate the percentage of saving in the use of sprockets of large diameter it will be well to illustrate with figures. Taking a gear of 56, assume a crank seven inches in length, and a pressure upon the pedals of 100 pounds. Then, using the ordinary equations for the moment of forces, the length of crank times pressure on the pedals equals radius of the front sprocket times tension upon chain. With twelve teeth front and six rear, there will be 366.4 pounds tension on chain; with twenty

teeth front and ten rear, 220.1 pounds tension on chain, which represents a lessening of pull upon the chain of 39 per cent. The pressure on rear bearings and crank shaft is reduced by nearly the same proportions, and will be found to be 384.3 pounds in the one case, and 245 pounds in the other, a decrease of 139.3 pounds pressure on bearings, which is 36.2 per cent. of the total strain due to driving the bicycle. 56 gear applies to the above calculations throughout, but the advantage of the larger sprockets increases rather than diminishes with the raising of gear.

IN DANGER'S RADIUS.

Every rider should learn to catch the pedals when the feet slip off in descending a hill, even when they are revolving at a high speed. The hand-brake is not infallible, the foot is an imperfect brake at best, and the ability to catch and hold the fast revolving pedals may prove valuable in the ever possible crisis—especially when touring in strange regions where hills and treacherous roads abound.

The art of stopping, or at least of checking, a bicycle on down grades is not difficult to acquire. The rider must follow the rapid revolutions for the moment—this will temporarily increase the machine's velocity—but the immediate back-pedaling will offset this, and then slowing down is but a question of keeping a firm hold on the pedals, of the rider's strength, and the qualities of the wheel—for such an incident is a severe test of the delicate mechanism of the bicycle.

Coasting on wet grades is never void of danger. In such an event it is hardly safe to

backpedal vigorously, or to apply the foot as a brake, as either would tend to swerve the machine from its true course and bring an almost certain, instead of a possible, catastrophe.

Every cyclist should be able to dismount quickly on almost any grade, and on either side of the machine. Emergencies frequently arise when it is difficult or impossible to jump off on the left (the usual side). In such cases the ability to dismount on the right or even backward from the saddle may save injury to wheel or rider. A little practice will make one reasonably proficient in either method.

FLUSHING CRANK-SHAFT BEARINGS.

To remove grit or dust quickly from the crank-shaft of a bicycle, loosen the adjustment that holds them (but not enough to allow the balls to drop out) and flush each side liberally with kerosene or gasoline. Revolve the crank a few times and adjust, oil and note the difference in the running. The bearings of some bicycles may be flushed in a more thorough manner by loosening the adjustment as in the first instance, removing the saddle, and pouring a pint of kerosene or gasoline down the seat-post. This is not possible, however, where the seat-post tube is closed at its junction with the crank-shaft. *Experientia docet.*

Extreme care must be taken to prevent any oil reaching the tires, as rubber is quickly eaten away by contact with either kerosene or gasoline.

A WORD TO LADY RIDERS.

Awkward knee action, more commonly seen nowadays among wheelwomen than in the earlier days of cycling, is caused by the increased gear in the latest drop-frame models, or by placing the saddle too far back over the rear wheel; perhaps by both. The wise rider will have gear, length of cranks and the saddle fitted to her individual liking. This cannot always be done when ordering the machine for the seeming proper position, and the most desirable equipment for a trial run may prove entirely unsuitable for constant use. The principal parts of all high-grade bicycles are interchangeable, and at slight expense gear may be increased or decreased, cranks shortened or lengthened, and the saddle properly adjusted. These changes are best made through the local dealer of whom the wheel is purchased. He is generally anxious that his customers shall be fitted to exactness, and will cheerfully lend his professional knowledge to that end.

MULTUM IN PARVO.

A cold wind blowing up an open sleeve will quickly chill the hardiest rider. Perhaps the best preventative of this condition is a rubber band slipped below each cuff, binding the lower edge of the sleeve close to the wrist.

Riding at speed over rough surfaces is liable to injure the best bicycle, may loosen an important nut or put either wheel out of true. Even when going at a slow pace over uneven places—street-car tracks for instance—it is well to lessen the strain by rising gently and placing as much weight as possible on the pedals.

Excessive oiling should be avoided. The modern nominally, though not absolutely dust-

proof bearings, require but two or three drops for each hundred miles when the machine is in constant use, or once in about two weeks when ridden but little. Any excess of oil either gums in the bearings or leaks out upon the hubs or crank-shaft, sometimes even upon the spokes, in any of which places it quickly gathers dust and detracts much from the wheel's appearance.

It is a mistake to propel the bicycle with the toes upon the pedals. The ball of the foot at its widest part should rest squarely upon the pedal. In this position the maximum of power may be exerted, while the exclusive use of the toes may result in a slight deformation of the foot.

The ordinances governing cycling in a majority of American cities call for the ringing of the bell at every street crossing. The neglect of this regulation is very customary—in fact, universal—but it should be understood that, under the law, the cyclist assumes the liability of the omission.

It is always better to walk home than to ride on a partially deflated tire. In the latter case, the edge of the rim is pressed against the inner surface of the rubber with all the weight of the machine and rider, both of which should be supported by the air cushion formed by the well-inflated tire; and the unnatural strain may pull the tire from the rim (in case it is cemented thereon) or wear the outer covering beyond repair.

THE MASSACHUSETTS HIGHWAY COMMISSION.

From May to December the five New England States are a paradise for vacationists in general and for cyclists in particular. But there are drawbacks. Tramps infest this whole region, and the roads are poor outside of the more thickly settled districts. There is a widespread movement to make the tramps caught in New England a factor in the improvement of its highways. The result of such an experiment, which has been successfully tried on a smaller scale in several sections of the United States, would be the banishment of tramps.

Massachusetts still maintains the lead in the inauguration of a State system of roads, and the work of its Highway Commission is being everywhere watched with much interest. Dr. T. C. Mendenhall, President of the Worcester Polytechnic Institute and late of the United States Coast Survey, who has been appointed Chairman of the Commission for the current year, brings into the good roads enterprise undertaken by the Commonwealth an engineering experience of a kind that is badly needed in every State and municipality in the Union.

THE ECLIPSE OF AMATEURISM.

High-class amateur cycling competition on the track is a thing of the past. The national, State, inter-State, and even local circuits have been monopolized by the professionals, who at present number several thousands, including a large majority of the best amateurs of former years. Amateur events have come to be generally regarded by the race-going public simply as exhibitions, to be run as a matter of convenience between the professional competitions. In this state of affairs it is not strange that the

close of the present season finds no rider entitled to the amateur championship; and there is scarcely even a claimant therefor. The title itself, held at the various distances for so many years by Hendee, Zimmerman, Osmond, Meintjes and others, bids fair to become a misnomer; and another sport, once one of the cleanest in the world of pastime, passes, outside of collegiate, club, and special events, completely under the cloud of professionalism.

The present year has also marked the practical extinction of road racing. This branch of the sport has never been fostered by the governing bodies of American cycling, and now it is outlawed generally in the interest of public safety. Owing to the objectionable results of such long-distance competitions, the famous road clubs of England have practically abandoned their principal old-time events, and a corresponding decline is evident in France, Australia and in Canada.

The 1897 meeting of the National Assembly, L. A. W., will be held at Albany, N. Y., during the second week in February. The current year has been everywhere productive of an unusual amount of legislation favorable to wheelmen, and it is proposed to demonstrate to the Legislature of the Empire State, then in session, the power of the cyclist.

The place for holding the 1897 National Meet will, for the first time, be decided, late in January, by a mail vote of the delegates chosen to represent the various divisions in the Assembly. Early in the year an official ballot will be sent to every legal delegate, to be filled in with the name of the city preferred by the majority of the membership he represents, signed and returned to the secretary of the league, to be opened and counted in time to allow the result to be announced by February 5th. In the meantime all cities desiring to compete for the next annual meet, at which the national championship of the L. A. W. will be decided, must file at the League headquarters, 12 Pearl street, Boston, Mass., a formal application therefor, with a setting forth of what arrangements can be made for the conduct of the meet.

FOR CENTURY RIDING CLUBS.

The Century Road Club of America has adopted a rule recognizing a Club Century Survivor's Record, and will issue a record certificate to the club having the largest number of survivors (within fourteen hours) on any given century run. All clubs must adhere strictly to the rules which govern competition for such records, as follows:

1. Any club is eligible to compete for this record, and enter a claim therefor, whether or not its membership is composed of Century Road Club members.

2. All centuries claimed must have been ridden within the time limit (fourteen hours) and in accordance with Century Road Club rules.

3. The signature of each participant must accompany the claim, the same to be a bona-fide member of at least one month's standing in the competing club.

4. Said claim must be approved by the president and secretary of the competing club, and sworn to before a notary.

5. The Road Records Committee reserves the right to investigate all claims and take whatever steps it may deem proper to secure evidence relative to the authenticity of the same. Applications should be made to the various State centurions, or to the chairman of the Road Records Committee, W. L. Kreitenstein, Terre Haute, Ind.

The following records have been accepted by the Century Road Club of America:

A. E. Smith, Cleveland, O., to New York, 3 days, 3 hours, 51 minutes. Course record.

A. E. Smith, Rochester, N. Y., to New York City, 2 days, 19 hours, 41 minutes. Course record.

E. Tyler Smith, 25 miles, 1 hour, 2 minutes, 38 seconds. Colorado State Record

A. L. Hachenberger, Denver-Evans Century Course, 6 hours, 31 minutes. Course record.

The American Amateur 24-hour road record was broken, on October 24-25, by A. E. Smith, of the Lincoln Cycling Club of Chicago, over the Wheeling - Libertyville - Niles (Illinois) course. The distance covered was 295 3/4 miles, which raises the former record over eighteen miles. The trial was over the gravel roads from Wheeling to Libertyville and return, and from Wheeling to Niles and back to the starting point. The times were as follows:—

From Wheeling to Libertyville and return—twenty-one and nine-tenths miles—

	<i>Times.</i>		<i>Times.</i>
First trip	1:30.	Fifth trip	1:50.
Second trip	1:45.	Sixth trip	1:32.
Third trip	1:20.	Seventh trip	1:49.
Fourth trip	1:31.		

From Wheeling to Niles and return—twenty and one-half miles—

	<i>Times.</i>		<i>Times.</i>
First trip	1:25.	Fifth trip	1:25.
Second trip	1:50.	Sixth trip	1:31.
Third trip	1:20.	Seventh trip	1:35.
Fourth trip	1:35.		

These records, while far behind those of the prominent cycling countries of Europe, are very creditable considering the roads over which they were made. There is not in America to-day a course twenty-five miles or more in length (over which all official long-distance records must be made) equal to a score or more in the British Isles, France, and Germany. As long as these conditions obtain no world's road records are possible in this country.

The greatest distance ever covered by a cyclist in twenty-four hours—545 miles, 1,490 yards—was accomplished by Constant Huret, a French professional, in the Velodrome d'Hiver, Paris, in October of the present year. The trial referred to was made with the aid of the most thorough automatic pacing, windshields etc., and for this reason his performance will not stand even as professional record. Huret's times for the principal intermediate distances follows:

<i>Miles.</i>	<i>Times.</i>	<i>Miles.</i>	<i>Times.</i>
100	3:45:19 2-5	350	14:26:51 1-5
150	5:42:39	400	16:46:00 3-5
200	7:48:02	450	19:17:36 1-5
250	9:53:45 4-5	500	21:44:28 4-5
300	12:11:46 3-5		

Twenty-four hours, 545 miles, 1,490 yards.

THE PROWLER.

KENNEL.



STOCKTON (Cal) Kennel Club's first show had 161 entries. Sporting classes were rather light, owing to the fact that many good dogs were being prepared for trials. Mr. J. Otis Fellows, of Hornellsville, N. Y., judged all classes.

Entries for the Continental Field Trial Club's Quail Derby, to be run at Tupelo, Miss. next January, number 42 English setters and

12 pointers, all born in 1895. Of these, P. Lorillard, Jr., and D. E. Rose enter five each.

Western coursing is steadily advancing. The Aberdeen Club's meeting at Aberdeen, S. D., thanks to the hearty support of local business men and coursers, scored a success in spite of adverse conditions, which included sultry weather, too much grass, and a scarcity of hares. Unfortunately, Mr. N. P. Whiting's r. d. Lucian Swift and Messrs. Robinson and Peyton's r. d. Kirk Glen died from the effects of the heat, after winning their first rounds. The events were the Aberdeen Cup, for thirty-two greyhounds at \$25 each, with \$200 and the Challenge Cup added, and the Aberdeen Derby, for thirty-two puppies at \$10 each, with \$140 added.

The Aberdeen Cup was won by Mr. J. Russell's r. b. Glenrosa (imp. Glenkirk—imp. Innocence), with Mr. M. Allen's w. bk. d. Good Cheer (King Lear—imp. White Lips), runner up. The Derby was won by Messrs. Nichols and Ladd's w. b. Snowbird (Sir Hugo—Llyza), with Messrs. Slocum and McCartney's w. d. Moonshine (Rendezvous—Fair Helen), runner up.

Danbury Agricultural Society's bench show had 240 entries, the quality being good throughout. Mr. Jas. Mortimer, of Hempstead, N. Y., did the judging. The best classes included St. Bernards, borzois, greyhounds, English, Irish, and Gordon setters, cockers and fox-terriers.

Montreal Kennel Association's last show was a bad financial failure, the deficit being about \$1,400. Too many classes, too much prize-money offered, with discord among those who should have had the interests of the venture most at heart, are responsible for this sad state of affairs.

Southern Minnesota Coursing Club's meeting at Ledyard, Iowa, furnished capital sport. The events were: The Gilmore Stakes, for 16 greyhounds, all ages; and the New Richmond Derby, for 16 puppies. The Gilmore Stakes fell to Mr. B. Davis' be. d. Jack the Ripper, runner up Mr. E. M. Kellogg's bw. w. d. Joe Hooker. In the Derby the honors were divided by C. E. Root's f. b. Baby Mine and R. Harrison's be. d. Tuck.

The American Coursing Club's meet at Huron, S. D., was hardly up to the average of previous meetings. Too much grass and a scarcity of hares were the chief drawbacks. The events included the American Waterloo

Cup, for 32 greyhounds of all ages, at \$25 each, with \$350 added; the American Waterloo purse, of \$145 taken from the Cup, for the 16 greyhounds beaten in the first round, and the American Waterloo Plate, of \$85 from the Cup, for the 8 greyhounds beaten in the second round. In the final course for the Cup, J. H. Row's bd. d. Frank Green (Sir Hugo—Fleet), beat Dr. J. S. Coyne's f. w. b. Mona (Miller's Rab—Mona), and won. The Purse was won by Mr. M. Allen's w. d. St. Clair (imp. Lord Neversettle—imp. White Lips); runner up, Robinson and Peyton's f. d. Dakota (imp. Glenkirk—imp. Gilda). The Plate was divided by Messrs. Coyne and Huntley's bk. w. d. Sir Hugo (imp. Lord Neversettle—imp. White Lips), and same owner's w. f. b. Mercy May, (imp. Jim o' the Hill—imp. No Mercy).

Brunswick Fur Club's eighth annual hound trials were held at Barre, Mass., October 19-23. The Derby had 10 entries, the All-Age Stake 22, and the dogs were a grand lot. The Derby was won by Stephen Decatur's b. w. and t. b. Fleet (Duke—Kate), 21 months old, Kentucky—July cross; 2d, A. B. F. Kinney's b. w. and t. d. Trim (Big Strive—Erminie), Walker strain; 3d, divided by Walker and Hogan's b. and t. b. Jet (Brewer—Sal), Walker strain, and Stephen Decatur's b. w. and t. d. Lobo (Duke—Kate).

In the All-Age event the winners were as follows: Hunting—1st, Dr. Heflinger's Torment (Red Stone—Nell); 2d, White Oak Kennel's Clay (Scully—Bessie); 3d, N. E. Money's Marquis (Manager—Dainty). Trailing—1st, Walker and Hogan's Flash (Lead—imp. Clara); 2d, O. F. Joslin's Dan (Boston—Nell); 3d, Torment. Speed—1st, Flash; 2d, Torment; 3d, Jet. Endurance—1st, Marquis; 2d, Clay; 3d, Torment. Tonguing—1st, Clay; 2d, Flash; 3d, Marquis. Flash won the speed, trailing, and highest general average medals. Torment won the hunting medal, while Marquis took the endurance medal.

Altcar Coursing Club's fourth annual meeting was held at Great Bend, Kan., October 21-23. The grounds were in good condition and hares were plentiful. The events were the Altcar Produce Stakes and the Altcar Cup. The stakes were divided by Messrs. Robinson and Peyton's r. d. Magician (imp. Miller's Rab—imp. Lady Pembroke), and R. L. Lee's b. d. Coralie (imp. Brabazoun—imp. Buenretiro). The cup was awarded to Messrs. Robinson and Peyton's bk. b. Diana (imp. Lord Neversettle—imp. White Lips). The final course was not run, as Diana's opponent, Major McKinley, was withdrawn on account of illness. Diana last year divided the Altcar Cup with her brother, St. Clair.

The New England Kennel Club has claimed dates and will hold a bench show, February 2-5, '97, at Mechanic's Hall, Boston. Spratts will attend to benching and feeding, and Mr. Oldham will superintend.

The National Beagle Club's seventh annual field trials were run at Hempstead, L. I., October 26-30. They proved the most successful in the club's history, and included the first Futurity Stake. The stake for beagles 13 in. and under, not placed first at previous recognized

trials. was won by H. Almy's Nancy Lee (Fitzhugh Lee—Jude); 2d, Hempstead Beagles' Leader (Monitor—Lawless); reserve, H. Almy's Skip II. (Buckshot—Jute). Stake open to all beagles 15 to 13 in., not previous winners; 1st, P. Dorsey's Pilot, (imp. Chimer—Belle of Woodbrook II.); 2d, D. F. Summer's Lucy S. (Frank—Tip); 3d, G. F. Reed's Nell R. (Ned—Haida); 4th, Rockland Beagle Kennel's Blanch (Frank Forest—Ina); reserve, H. Almy's Lewis (Bannerman—Parthenia). The Derby—1st, D. F. Summer's Belle S. (Clover—Lucy S.); 2d, H. S. Joslin's Trick (Clyde—Lady Novice); reserve, D. F. Summer's Summer's Fly (Clover—Lucy S.). The Futurity—1st, Belle S.; 2d, G. F. Reed's Millard R. (Millard—Haida); 3d, H. Almy's Miss Quinn (Diamond—Nancy Lee); reserve, D. F. Summer's Minnie S. (Clover—Lucy S.). Champion Stake—1st, Pilot; 2d, Rockland Kennel's Buckshot (Deacon Tidd—

Daisy). Pack Stake—1st, The Summers Pack; 2d, the Rockland Kennel's Pack; 3d, Hempstead Beagles. The four winners did perfect work.

The Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association's second field trials were run Oct. 28-30, near Waynesburg, Pa. The Derby had nine starters, and was won by R. P. Beattie's English setter bitch Loretta (Gladstone's Boy—Rill Ray); 2d, W. H. Beazzell's English setter bitch Allie B. (Whyte B.—Rosa Bevan); 3d, O. V. Porter's pointer dog Strictly Business (Kent's Priam—Belle Fauster.) The All-Age Stake had 15 starters. 1st, R. V. Fox's English setter dog Iroquois (Antonio—Can-Can); 2d, S. B. Cummings' pointer dog Scott C.; equal 3d, W. D. Henry's pointer dog Geo. Croxeth, and R. V. Fox's English setter bitch Accelerando.

DAMON.

ROD AND GUN.

THE POLICY OF A PRESERVE.

LAST month I had something to say about the benefit of the game preserve, and endeavored to show that its tendency was rather toward furnishing more or less sport (by reason of overflow from the preserve) to outsiders, than monopolizing the game for a favored few. A particular preserve, referred to last month as a fair example, deserves mention again, for since last writing its executive has done something which leaves its action open to comment.



It does not matter where this preserve may be, as it is used only as an illustration of a policy too frequently followed by others. This preserve controls a broad expanse of most excellent marsh, which affords rare good shooting. Last month I said: "There is no law against going to the boundary of a preserve, and ducks in a hurry don't respect boundaries. Thus an outsider may have a bit of fun now and then. Hence, wherever there is a preserve, marsh or forest, there is apt to be a certain overflow of the preserved creatures, which will fall to guns outside the boundaries."

At one of the boundaries of the preserve in question was a good growth of rushes, to the outer edge of which non-members of the preserve had a right to go. Here, upon favorable days, outsiders frequently enjoyed fairly good shooting, and this fact did much to lessen the friction sure to occur between a preserve and the keen, good fellows who, for financial or other reasons, have no rights within the reserved section.

"Cut those rushes down," said the executive of the preserve. Down came the rushes, and up went a howl from the outsiders. There has been some lurid talk since, and while it may

prove merely idle talk, yet I should not be fatally startled if I happened to hear that some fellow had got so hot that he had fired the marsh.

Of course I do not approve of any such form of retaliation. The club had a perfect right to cut down those rushes, or any rushes, upon its property, and no doubt it can advance a plausible reason for its action. Yet it was not a long-headed policy to follow, nor was it a shining example of that generous conduct which should characterize true sportsmanship. To the nostrils of the outsider it smelleth of *lard*—and of lard unfit for the market at that.

There need be no philanthropy in a "combine," whether for sport or dollars, but there should be a lot of horse-sense if the concern is to prosper. A "jolly" frequently is better than a blow, and a slight concession good-naturedly granted may be the most potent of sops to a Cerberus who imagines that his rights, real or fancied, have been trampled upon. Not long since I read of a negro down South, who for some real or phantom grievance poisoned a whole stock of pheasants upon a preserve. This sort of thing must be put down, and one of the best ways of doing so is open to all preserves. A liberal policy may secure long life for one's pheasants and fire-proof growths in one's marsh.

LEGITIMATE SPORT ?

In the *American Field*, November 7th, I read a letter from an Ohio man, and the letter set me to thinking. The writer had taken a camp outfit to the north shore of Superior, had gone up Steel River to Mountain Lake, and thence up the feeder of the lake. He did not say that he traversed some trails, in the making of which I was interested a few years ago; he did not know about that. He had a lot of fun, killed plenty of big trout, and something else, which we will now consider. To quote from the letter, "a fine bag of birds had been shot, and a good partridge dinner was anticipated." Later on he says: "We found good duck-shooting. The birds had been raised there, were about three-quarters grown, and made easy shooting."

In another place he says: "We strove hard to see who could make the best catch."

I'm rather curious about the month in which all this excellent sport was enjoyed. The open season for trout ends September 15; the open season for ducks begins September 1, and the open season for "partridge" (grouse) begins September 15. As the ducks were only "three-quarters grown," it is to be presumed that they were killed not later than the first lawful week, the first week of September, yet the party *on the way in* killed "a fine bag" of grouse, which were not lawful quarry until September 15. If we turn it another way and play that he didn't kill grouse till September 15, then he didn't go in before that date, for he killed grouse on the way to his camp. Now, how about all those trout which were unlawful after September 15,

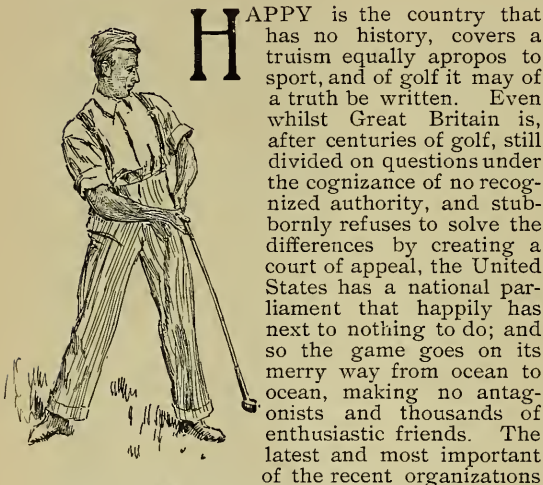
and how about the young ducks, lawful, but only "three-quarters grown" at this late day?

That they "strove hard to see who could make the best catch" is their own affair; such a procedure hardly interests anglers. On the face of it, the letter looks like the yarn of an ordinary summer camp at a time when neither grouse nor duck were in season. If so, it is a pity to publish such a bad example to whoever may follow over the trails of the Steel.

A hungry man, in a wild region, has a right to a grouse or a duck out of season, but he has no right to a "fine bag" or "good duck-shooting" during the close season. I'm sorry they "strove hard to make the best catch." I've made a big catch without trying at all.

ED. W. SANDYS.

GOLF.



HAPPY is the country that has no history, covers a truism equally apropos to sport, and of golf it may of a truth be written. Even whilst Great Britain is, after centuries of golf, still divided on questions under the cognizance of no recognized authority, and stubbornly refuses to solve the differences by creating a court of appeal, the United States has a national parliament that happily has next to nothing to do; and so the game goes on its merry way from ocean to ocean, making no antagonists and thousands of enthusiastic friends. The latest and most important of the recent organizations

which have come into existence in the U. S. golf world is that which proposes to link the Collegiate Golfers together. It is at these seminaries of sound teaching in sport, as well as in other matters, that ultimately golf will find the youngsters who will step into the ranks of future champions, and it is therefore an omen of good to see that a uniformity of uses is established. Football has been an object lesson of the nuisance, not to say danger, of different methods and rules creeping into the same sport. Little less important than the desirability of uniformity in Collegiate Golf, is it that Municipal Golf, to coin a phrase, should be co-extensive with all our large cities. It is most desirable that golf should be dissociated from exclusiveness, or at least that every opportunity should be given in our great public parks for those citizens to practice or acquire the art, who cannot afford either the time or the cost of country clubs. Several beginnings have been made with gratifying results, notably in the outer circle of New York's parks, and in Franklin Park, Boston. Indeed so successful has this latter municipal venture been that the powers that be have in contemplation the erection of a small club house

near the first tee, the employment of a green keeper to instruct, and also the laying out of a small course running around Franklin Field so as to relieve the crowding on the more extended course; all of which is good news!

Old Point Comfort.—With the return of cool weather golf is beginning its march southward, and the Hampton Roads Golf Club is in the field for providing sport at Old Point Comfort. Its officers are: Lieutenant J. E. Shipman, U.S.A., president; Mr. M. C. Armstrong, vice-president; Lieutenant W. B. Homer, U.S.A., secretary and treasurer. Executive Committee—Lieutenant J. E. Shipman, U.S.A.; Lieutenant W. B. Homer, U. S. A.; Mr. M. C. Armstrong, Mr. George W. Sweet, Mr. Richard Armstrong, and Lieutenant J. S. Lyon, U. S. A.

Lenox Golf Club.—The Alexander Cup was played for September 24th. The conditions were 18 holes, handicap medal play, open to all members of clubs belonging to the United States Golf Association, and to the season subscribers of the Lenox Golf Club. Twenty-one players handed in scores, and R. B. Kerr, of the Lakewood Golf Club, was the winner with a net score of 85. The summary:

R. B. Kerr, gross, 93; handicap, 8; net 85. Paul S. Kimball, 101, 8, 93. C. de Heredia, 109, 14, 95. Sanford Barnes, 108, 11, 97. H. R. Sweny, 98, scratch, 98. E. B. Curtis, 116, 18, 98. Robert Phifer, 111, 12, 99. E. R. Merritt, 113, 14, 99. D. W. Bishop, Jr., 113, 13, 100. A. H. Fenn, 100, scratch, 100. R. F. Cutting, 115, 13, 102. J. Brown, 113, 10, 103. E. W. Jewett, 111, 11, 100. W. C. Van Antwerp, 109, 10, 99. J. C. Tappan, 118, 14, 104. W. L. Thompson, 112, 10, 102. R. Peters, 113, 7, 106. F. H. Kinnicut, 115, 8, 107. Samuel Frothingham, 120, 13, 107. S. P. Shaw, Jr., 131, 18, 113. W. E. Dennis, 134, 18, 116.

Westchester Country Club.—The first open tournament over the new links, on the shores of the Sound, brought out an unprecedented entry of seventy in the eighteen-hole handicap at medal play, of whom fifty-four started and forty-four finished. It was neither by coincidence nor luck that W. H. Sands, who laid out the links, won, but by patient, skillful play. The scores were: W. H. Sands, 86 gross, 0 handicap, 86 net; H. M. Harriman, 89, 2, 87; F. Sadlier, 105, 18, 87; W. A. Hamilton, 95, 6, 89; C. L. Perkins, 95, 6, 89; Mrs. W. B. Duncan, Jr., 105, 15, 90; James Park, 90, 0, 90; W. Rutherford, 91, 0, 91; H. O. Tallmadge, 107, 16, 91; J. B. Harriman, 98, 6, 92; James A.

Tyng, 94, 0, 94; O. Van Courtlandt, 105, 10, 95; C. F. Tiffany, 104, 9, 95; Grenville Kane, 100, 5, 95; L. E. Van Etten, 96, 0, 96; W. R. Hill, 100, 4, 96; Malcolm Graham, 104, 8, 96; L. Waterbury, 97, 0, 97; W. Watson, 107, 10, 97; H. M. Billings, 102, 6, 96; James Converse, 97, 0, 97; Alex. Morten, 105, 8, 97; N. C. Reynal, 105, 7, 98; H. Godwin, 116, 18, 98; W. C. Edey, 117, 18, 99; W. E. Perkins, 104, 6, 98; G. E. Armstrong, 99, 0, 99; F. E. Walthero, 105, 6, 99; C. S. Cox, 103, 4, 99; F. O. Beach, 106, 6, 100; B. S. de Garmendia, 100, 0, 100; J. B. C. Tappan, 116, 16, 100; A. L. White, 118, 18, 100; R. P. Huntington, 103, 2, 101; James L. Breese, 113, 10, 103; L. Tappin, 103, 0, 103; C. W. Haskins, 121, 18, 103; S. P. Bowers, 106, 2, 104; Daniel Bacon, 114, 10, 104; L. Thompson, 115, 10, 105; E. C. La Montagne, 124, 18, 106; W. B. Densmore, Jr., 111, 4, 107; Asher Atkinson, 113, 5, 108.

H. M. Harriman, of Knollwood, won the driving competition, the longest of three, with a drive against wind of 286 yards.

The consolation handicap was won by G. F. Tiffany, with a handicap of 9 and a net score of 84.

The open handicap brought out a field of forty-one, for a thirty-six hole medal play and a handsome silver cup. Duncan Edwards, of Dyker Meadow, and Malcolm Graham, Jr., of Ardsley, tied with the net scores of 175. The wind was against low scoring.

Philadelphia Country Club.—The annual open handicap tournament, eighteen holes at medal play, was won by S. E. Hutchinson, with a net score of 87; F. H. Bohlen second, 88. There were eighteen other contestants.

Fifteen players handed in cards for the Bala Cup for the first eighteen holes at medal play. It was won by J. W. Biddle after four rounds, as follows: First round—Eighteen holes, medal-play: G. L. Newhall, 89; W. M. McCauley, 92; R. E. Griscom, 94; J. W. Biddle, 94; R. H. Robertson, 96; Lynford Biddle, 97; L. A. Biddle, 99; J. M. Wilson, 99; S. E. Hutchinson, 102; E. W. Clark, Jr., 103; J. H. Patterson, 104; I. T. Starr, 106; P. C. Madeira, 107; W. H. Trotter, Jr., 109; A. C. Cluett, 113.

Second round—Eighteen holes, match-play: J. W. Biddle beat G. T. Newhall, 1 up; W. M. McCauley beat R. H. Robertson, 3 up and 2 to play; and R. E. Griscom beat J. M. Wilson by default.

Semi-final round—J. W. Biddle defeated Lynford Biddle, 7 up and 4 to play; W. M. McCauley won from R. E. Griscom, 5 up and 4 to play.

Final round—J. W. Biddle beat W. M. McCauley, 6 up and 5 to play.

The women's handicap was won by Miss Nina Davids from a field of fourteen, with a score of 103 and a handicap of 3 over the eighteen holes.

Lakewood.—The Lakewood Golf Club practically opened its season with its first women's tournament, nine holes at medal-play. Mrs. Raymond Hoagland won, with Miss Edith Sands second. The scores were: Mrs. Raymond Hoagland, 91 gross, 14 handicap, 77 net; Miss Edith Sands, 90, 6, 84; Miss Agnes H. Davis, 86, 0, 86; Miss Dallett, 118, 20, 98; Miss Elizabeth Sands, 117, 16, 101; Miss White, 124, 25, 99. C. TURNER.

CRICKET.

THE AUSTRALIAN TEAM IN THE EAST.

THE third match was played at Elmwood, on the grounds of the Belmont Club, on September 25th, 26th and 28th, against the Gentlemen of Philadelphia.

The Australians set themselves to wipe out the defeat they received on the same grounds in '93. The result was a victory for them, by an innings and 71 runs. The Australians batted first, and an innings of 422 runs was the result. All the players did remarkably good service. Iredale and Darling carried the score up to 151 before the first wicket fell. Giffen fell only four short of the century mark. He scored at a very rapid pace, his boundaries being plentiful. The home team made 144, Clark again heading the list with 37. In the second innings the Philadelphians did good work, but not good enough to place them on a sound footing, and the last wicket went down for 207.

Lester, who made his first appearance for the Gentlemen of Philadelphia, helped keep up the reputation he had made in the recent Haverford College team tour, with 7 and 21, both creditable performances for a first International, and against such bowling. Wood was seen in his old form, and his contribution of 58 was a valuable one.

The scores:

AUSTRALIANS.	
F. A. Iredale, c. Baily, b. King.....	67

J. Darling, c. Baily, b. King.....	77
G. Giffen, c. and b. Clark.....	96
C. Hill, b. King.....	11
S. E. Gregory, c. Baily, b. King.....	19
H. Donnan, c. Wood, b. King.....	7
G. H. S. Trott, c. Patterson, b. Noble.....	16
H. Trumble, c. Bohlen, b. Patterson.....	46
J. J. Kelly, c. Coates, b. Baily.....	20
E. Jones, c. King, b. Patterson.....	30
T. R. McKibbin, not out.....	2
Byes, 25; leg bye, 1; no balls, 5.....	31
Total.....	422

PHILADELPHIA.

<i>First Innings.</i>	<i>Second Innings.</i>
G. S. Patterson, c. and b. McKibbin.....	3 b. McKibbin..... 6
W. W. Noble, b. McKibbin.....	0 b. Jones..... 0
J. A. Lester, l. b. w., b. Jones.....	7 c. Kelly, b. McKibbin... 21
E. W. Clark, Jr., c. Iredale, b. Trott.....	37 c. Gregory, b. McKibbin..... 14
C. Coates, Jr., b. Jones.....	1 c. Kelly, b. Trott..... 49
F. H. Bohlen, c. Iredale, b. Jones.....	6 c. Donnan, b. Jones..... 27
A. M. Wood, c. Gregory, b. Trott.....	28 b. McKibbin..... 58
H. I. Brown, st. Kelly, b. McKibbin.....	30 st. Kelly, b. McKibbin.. 7
F. W. Ralston, hit wick., b. Trott.....	1 b. Hill..... 10
J. B. King, st. Kelly, b. Trott.....	1 not out..... 2
H. B. Baily, not out.....	21 l. b. w., b. Jones..... 1
Leg byes, 6; bye, 1; wides, 2.....	9 Byes, 7; leg byes, 2; wides, 3..... 12
Total.....	144 Total..... 207

The fourth match, and last of the series of three against the Gentlemen of Philadelphia, was played on the grounds of the Merion club, October 2nd, 3rd and 5th. It resulted in a well-merited victory for the home players by an innings and 60 runs. The visitors' play fell far below the standard shown in their first two games against Philadelphia. On the other hand, experience had taught wisdom, and the home team profited considerably by their hard practice. The Australians in their first innings were disposed of by J. B. King and P. H. Clark for 121, the former taking 5 for 43, and the latter, 5 for 49. The Philadelphians in their turn played more steadily, 91 going up on the fall of their first wicket, and the total was carried to 282 at the close of the innings. In the Australians' second innings, E. W. Clark did excellent service with the ball, taking 6 wickets for the small cost of 24 runs; Giffen was the only man to make a decent showing, and the innings closed for 101. The following is the score:

THE AUSTRALIANS.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
F. A. Iredale, b. King..	17	c. Wood, b. P. Clark....	4
J. Darling, c. Coates, b. P. Clark.....	11	c. Wood, b. King.....	8
G. Giffen, c. sub. b. P. Clark.....	19	c. Noble, b. E. W. Clark	47
C. Hill, b. P. Clark.....	0	b. King.....	4
S. E. Gregory, c. Coates, b. King.....	23	c. Wood, b. E. W. Clark.....	7
H. Donnan, st. Brown, b. King.....	19	not out.....	13
H. Trumble, not out....	6	c. Wood, b. E. W. Clark.....	0
G. H. S. Trott, c. Patterson, b. King.....	3	b. E. W. Clark.....	0
J. J. Kelly, c. Wood, b. P. Clark.....	1	c. H. I. Brown, b. E. W. Clark.....	0
E. Jones, st. Brown, b. P. Clark.....	2	c. Noble, b. E. W. Clark.....	6
T. R. McKibbin, b. King.....	2	c. Wood, b. King.....	0
Byes.....	15	Byes.....	8
Leg byes.....	3	Leg byes.....	3
		Wides.....	1
Total.....	121	Total.....	101

GENTLEMEN OF PHILADELPHIA.

G. S. Patterson, b. Trumble.....	37
A. M. Wood, b. Giffen.....	50
J. A. Lester, b. Jones.....	11
W. W. Noble, b. Jones.....	43
C. Coates, Jr., c. Hill, b. Jones.....	35
E. W. Clark, Jr., c. Kelly, b. McKibbin.....	2
H. I. Brown, not out.....	48
H. P. Bailly, b. Jones.....	0
J. B. King, b. Jones.....	0
P. H. Clark, b. Giffen.....	32
H. H. Brown, b. Giffen.....	9
Byes.....	5
Leg byes.....	10
Total.....	282

T. C. TURNER.

PACIFIC COAST.

On October 4th the Pacific-Bohemia match resulted in a victory for the latter, with a score of 114 runs against 102.

At Alameda on October 4th, the Alameda men easily defeated California, scoring 215 runs against their 75.

On October 11th, at the Golden Gate grounds, Alameda scored 210 against Bohemia's 161—H. Ward, Jr., making 59, and E. Hood retiring with 54. For Bohemia W. R. Robertson scored 70, not out.

At Alameda on October 18th, the Pacifics with a score of 209 easily defeated California, who scored only 36. For Pacifics, J. Myers made 86.

The "Hunter Harrison Cup" matches are now over for the 1896 season, and the cup is won by Bohemia, with Pacific second, Alameda third, and California fourth.

On October 24th the Alameda team easily defeated the Placer County eleven at Alameda. Alameda scored 232 for eight wickets, E. Hood making 72, H. Ward, Jr., 61, not out, and R. B. Hogue 35. For Placer County, C. K. Turner made 13, and R. Marsh-Browne 11, out of a total of 67, of which 12 were extras.

ARTHUR INKERSLEY.

YACHTING.

IMMEDIATELY following the laying up of the yachts for the winter, the making of plans and preparations for next year has begun. The first and most important work is the revision of the racing rules; for, until the matter is settled, those who desire to build or prepare their yachts for racing will be kept in a condition of uncertainty. The result of the last season's work, which has been the most beneficial to the sport, has been the unification of club interests through the various racing unions. These have broken the ground for still better work in the near future. The sport has shown a healthy stimulus more widely diffused over the country than ever before. Good racing in modern designed yachts has been carried on not only in New York and Massachusetts Bays and Long Island Sound, but in almost every large harbor on the coast, on the great lakes, Lake Minnetonka, the gulf, and San Francisco Bay. There has been considerable unfounded gossip circulated in relation to the future of the great racing sloops; that the *Vigilant* and the *Defender* were both to be converted into schoon-

ers to beat the *Colonia*; that the *Meteor* was to challenge for the *America's* cup; that the Prince of Wales had ordered Watson to build a yacht to beat the *Meteor*; that Mr. Walker, the owner of the *Ailsa*, and Mr. Rose, the owner of the *Satanita*, had also ordered racing boats of the first-class from their favorite designers; that *Valkyrie III.* had been sold; that Sir George Newnes desired to challenge for an American race, but could not find a club to issue such a challenge, etc., etc. None of these reports, which have been circulated widely through the press, seem to have the slightest foundation.

Mr. Gould has denied that the *Vigilant* would be converted into a schooner, so far as any present intentions go. Mr. Vanderbilt not only will not make a schooner of the *Defender*, but he will sell her only under the condition that she shall be kept ready as a defender or a pacemaker, in the event of a cup challenge, until such time as she shall have been superseded by a better boat. If Sir George Newnes desired to send a first-class yacht under a first-class yachtsman to America, there is no doubt

but that he could find a first-class club to send a challenge, and that the New York Yacht Club would show a disposition, as they did in the preparatory negotiations with Lord Dunraven, to agree to any fair conditions.

The *Meteor II.* could not be sent over under a German challenge, because she was not built in Germany; and while it is possible for the Emperor to challenge as the member of an English club, there is no likelihood of his doing so.

The next performance of the great English cutters will be in the Mediterranean regattas, where it is quite likely that the *Meteor II.* will meet the *Valkyrie III.*, and British yachtsmen will thus be able to get an intelligent "line" on the *Defender* and the *Meteor II.* through the *Valkyrie.*

Up to the time of the *Isolde* fatality, which stopped the racing of *Britannia* and *Meteor II.*, the season's record of the four large cutters was as follows:

	Starts.	First Prizes.	Other Prizes.
Meteor II.....	21	13	4
Britannia.....	43	11	6
Ailsa.....	42	10	10
Satanita.....	43	4	4

The *Meteor II.* is clearly the fastest of these four. A competition between her and *Valkyrie III.* will be an occurrence of the greatest interest, although some experts figure that the latter is nine or ten minutes faster than the Emperor's yacht on a fifty-mile course.

R. B. BURCHARD.

MODEL YACHTING.

Now that large yacht clubs are recognizing the futility of attempting to equalize varying proportions, abolishing special classes and all time allowances, it would seem an opportune moment for similar action among models as well. Time allowances never have been sources of anything but bickerings and disappointments to both winners and losers, large or small. Of all the races sailed by the Yacht Racing Association of Long Island Sound in the last season, only two events were won on time allowance, and every owner has declared for years back that all the advantages remained with the larger boats.

The present determination then, compelling owners to build to the top of their classes, seems to promise by far the better results, and if the classes among models can also be so divided as to insure equalities, the new conditions can only prove beneficial.

At present the allowed variations seem too extended, and increasing the number of classes to narrow down the limits, and as nearly as possible to put all on an equal footing would seem the wiser course.

Some talk of late has been heard among model yachtsmen of hard and fast limitation of sail areas. Nothing could be further from the possibilities of progress. If a designer produces a form competent to carry sail—the *ultima thule* of all yacht designing—and he is not allowed to put on the sail his form's abilities warrant—his efforts at distinction simply signify nothing, and he might as well save his time and study, and continue in the same old rut. The idea that any form of great displace-

ment will carry a great sail spread is true enough; it is also as true that great displacement must have great sail area for the slightest speed, but—it is *not* true that the greatest speed can be obtained in that way, but only through a combination of well considered, well balanced, and well built designs.

If sail spread is to be fixed to hard and fast limits, the value of design is to be done away with, and a shingle on edge with 500 square inches will successfully beat to windward against a fleet of rational boats which both have and require several times that area of sail.

Harry D. Quimby, of Prescott, Arizona, recently sent me two boats of 35 inches l. w. l., built of California redwood, and weighing completely rigged but 43 ounces each, though of 11 $\frac{3}{8}$ inches beam, 8 inches draft, and fully 58 inches over all.

On a high displacement of but 15 pounds both boats carry 11 $\frac{1}{4}$ pounds of lead and over 2,100 square inches of sail—and they *do* carry it too.

I sailed one of them on October 10th last, in a coming cyclone, when the weather office reported wind velocity exceeding thirty miles an hour, with squalls of fully forty, and with her enormous club topsail aloft all day she never showed a rank heel even though struck by the wind abeam when all sheets were hauled flat aft in sudden flaws or veering puffs, but stood up like a tree and traveled like a tornado. I would be pleased to have some of OUTING's model yacht friends inspect these boats, and I will reply to correspondents in connection with them.

Their lightness has been denounced as "extreme," and such epithets as "ballasted bladders" have been smilingly suggested. Well, the lightest yacht yet built—*Defender*—deserved her name, and may not be defeated in the present century.

Mr. Quimby's boats carry no more ballast proportionately, and are still more than equally rigid in their construction. If the yacht, or the model yacht, resists all lateral and vertical strains, retaining at all times her exact form as designed, she is certainly not *too* light, and those who have so characterized them fail to recognize facts.

I will even go so far as to say that a vessel of considerable size or a model of one which is properly provided with transverse bulkheads and sufficiently strengthened vertically by her deadwood—as these boats are—will withstand every reasonable strain successfully for many seasons, even though built still lighter than either the *Defender* or Mr. Quimby's little dandies.

A race of one and one-quarter miles, dead to windward, was sailed by the American Model Yacht Club, for the Commodore's Cup on election day, and was won by Mr. Neff by three minutes without time allowance.

The interest taken in Model Yachting is very much under appreciated by the Yachting world. Those who have, like myself, opportunities of judging the width and depth of it, receive encouragement from every remote corner of the globe; only this week I received from a lonely sailorman cooped up in Rangoon, Burmah, enquiries based upon OUTING's articles published two years back. FRANKLYN BASSFORD.

ATHLETICS.

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN.

THEIR annual fall games were held October 16th, at Madison, with heavy track and bad weather. For the class championship Sophomores scored 69 points and Freshmen 49 points.

100-yard run—Fox, '99, 11 1-4s.
 220-yard run—Fox, '99, 24 4-5s.
 440-yard run—Sloan, '99, 1m. 3s.
 Half-mile run—Moseley, 1000, 21m. 25s.
 120-yard hurdle race—Brewer, '99, 20 1-2s.
 220-yard hurdle race—Kraentzleim, 1900, 29s.
 Half-mile walk—Griffith, '99, 4m. 16s.
 Running high jump—Kraentzleim, 1900, 5ft. 6in.
 Running broad jump—Brewer, '99, 18ft. 9in.
 Pole vault—Brewer, '99, 8ft. 1in.
 Putting shot—Brewer, '99, 33ft. 7in.
 Throwing hammer—Stengle, 1900, 1.
 Tug-of-war—Sophomores won two straight pulls from Freshmen.

PRINCETON UNIVERSITY.

At their fourth annual fall games, October 19th, the weather was fine, and track and grounds in tolerable condition.

100-yard handicap run—L. Jones, '99, 3 1-2 yards, 10 1-5s.
 220-yard handicap run—H. C. Robb, '97, 7 yards, 23 2-5s.
 440-yard run. Freshmen—F. W. Jarvis, 56 1-5s.
 Half-mile handicap run—C. H. Kilpatrick, '99, scratch, 1m. 57 1-5s.
 1-mile handicap run—J. F. Cregar, '99, scratch, 4m. 38s.
 120-yard hurdle, handicap—W. T. Carter, '98, penalized 4 yards, 18 2-5s.
 220-yard hurdle, handicap—L. Jones, '99, scratch, 27s.
 Quarter-mile bicycle race—A. W. Jamison, '97, 35 4-5s.
 1-mile bicycle, handicap—A. W. Jamison, '97, 45 yards, 2m. 38s.
 Running high jump, handicap—W. C. Carroll, 1900, 3 inches, 5ft. 7in.
 Running broad jump, handicap—S. G. Craig, Sem., 1 foot 6 inches, 18ft. 10 1-2in.
 Pole vault, handicap—L. M. Strayer, '99, 10 inches, 9ft. 6in.
 Putting 16-lb. shot, handicap—S. G. Craig, Sem., 4 feet, 34ft. 4 1-2in.
 Throwing 16-lb. hammer, handicap—S. G. Craig, Sem., 15 feet, 91ft. 9in.

UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

Their annual fall games were held October 30th, on Franklin Field.

120-yard handicap run. Final heat—C. E. Blackburn, '97, L., 3 yards, 12s.
 300-yard handicap run—R. D. Hoffman, '99, D., scratch, 32 4-5s.
 1,000-yard handicap run—A. Grant, 1900, C., scratch, 2m. 17s.
 1-mile handicap run—A. Grant, 1900, C., scratch, 4m. 38s.
 220-yard hurdle, handicap—R. M. Anderson, 1900, L., 10 yards, 28 2-5s.
 1-mile handicap walk—W. B. Fellerman, '98, M., scratch, 7m. 12s.
 2-mile bicycle, handicap—Final heat. A. W. Stackhouse, 5m. 31s.
 Running high jump, handicap—J. D. Winsor, Jr., '97, C., scratch, 5ft. 8 1-2in.
 Running broad jump, handicap—J. P. Remington, '97, C., scratch, 20ft. 11in.

CORNELL UNIVERSITY.

At their annual fall games, held October 31st, on Percy Field, the track was slow.

100-yard run—A. Thomson, Jr., 10 2-5s.
 220-yard run—H. L. Daniels, 24 4-5s.
 Quarter-mile run—H. L. Taylor, 52 2-5s.
 Half-mile run—E. F. Davison, 2m. 8 3-5s.
 1-mile run—J. E. Gignoux, 4m. 51 3-5s.
 120-yard hurdle race—H. D. Meskimer, 18s.
 220-yard hurdle race—P. M. Walter, 29 2-5s.
 1-mile walk—E. C. Zellar, 7m. 38 4-5s.
 1-mile bicycle race—R. F. Ludwig, 2m. 34 1-5s.

Running high jump—C. U. Powell, 6ft.
 Running broad jump—W. J. Burnett, 19ft. 5in.
 Pole vault—H. H. A. Hall, 9ft. 7 3-8in.
 Throwing discus—C. E. White, 95ft. 6in.
 Putting shot—E. C. White, 34ft. 11in.
 Throwing 16-lb. hammer—H. Diedrichs, 90ft. 11in.

YALE UNIVERSITY.

At their annual fall games, held October 31st, the weather was clear and warm, grounds in good condition, and wind fresh.

100-yard handicap run—R. M. Graff, '99, 2 yards, 10 1-5s. In his trial heat in the second round Graff was timed in 9 4-5s.
 220-yard handicap run—F. H. Warren, '99, 6 yards, 22 2-5s.
 Quarter-mile handicap run—T. F. Fisher, scratch, 52 2-5s.
 Half-mile handicap run—A. S. Mann, '99, 50 yards, 2m. 48s.
 1-mile handicap run—E. H. Lewis, '99, 65 yards, 4m. 37s.
 Interclass relay race, 1 mile—1897, F. Boardman, R. B. Hinckley, R. W. Burnet, F. P. Gowan, 3m. 38 2-5s.; 1900, 2.
 120-yard hurdle, handicap—E. C. Perkins, '97, owes 10 yards, 1. The announced time, 16 3-5s. from 10 yards behind scratch, seems too fast to be true.
 220-yard hurdle, handicap—P. Van Ingen, '97, owes 8 yards, 25 3-5s.
 1-mile handicap walk—J. E. Hitchcock, '97, scratch, 7m. 41 3-5s.
 2-mile bicycle, handicap—W. E. Kirk, '99, scratch, 5m. 11 1-5s.
 Running high jump, handicap—W. F. Berger, '99, 4 inches, 5ft. 6in.
 Running broad jump, handicap—H. D. Westcott, '98, 8 inches, 20ft. 5in.
 Pole vault, handicap—R. G. Clapp, '99, 6 inches, 10ft. 7in.

HARVARD UNIVERSITY.

Their annual Freshman games were held October 31st, on Holmes Field, the track being slow and soft from recent rains.

100-yard run—E. D. Gould, 10 3-5s.
 220-yard run—J. D. G. Oglesby, 24 2-5s.
 440-yard run—E. D. Gould, 55 1-5s.
 Half-mile run—C. D. Draper, 2m. 9 1-5s.
 1-mile run—R. A. Garrison, 4m. 58 1-5s.
 120-yard hurdle race—G. G. Hubbard, 17 4-5s.
 220-yard hurdle race—G. G. Hubbard, 27 2-5s.
 Running high jump—D. J. Flaherty, 5ft. 5 3-8in.
 Running broad jump—D. G. Hubbard, 20ft. 5in.
 Putting 16-lb. shot—F. A. Edmands, 35ft. 4in.

Their annual fall games were held November 2d on Holmes Field, the track being heavy.

100-yard handicap run—D. J. Harris, 1900, 6 yards, 10 2-5s.
 220-yard handicap run—W. J. Denholm, scratch, 22 4-5s.
 440-yard handicap run—H. E. Shore, '99, 15 yards, 52s.
 Half-mile handicap run—L. C. Ledyard, 1900, 60 yards.
 1-mile handicap run—C. L. Bouve, '99, 140 yards, 4m. 29 3-5s.
 120-yard hurdle, handicap—G. G. Hubbard, 1900, owes 13 yards, 17 1-5s.
 220-yard hurdle, handicap—G. G. Hubbard, 1900, 2 yards, 27 1-5s.
 Running high jump, handicap—W. Phillips, 1900, 8 inches, 5ft. 5 1-2in.
 Running broad jump, handicap—D. G. Harris, 1900, 2 feet, 20 ft. 1-2in.
 Putting the shot, handicap—W. D. Hennen, '98, 3 feet, 35ft. 6in.
 Throwing 16-lb. hammer—G. L. Paterson, L. S., 116ft. 5in.

A TEN-MILE RACE.

The Bay Ridge A. C. open amateur handicap ten-mile road race, J. J. Kiernan, St. Bartholomew A. C., 3 minutes, 1h. 30s.; P. Grant, Brighton A. C., 4 minutes, 1h. 2m 2s.; P. H. Christensen, Harvard School, 2 minutes, 1h. 4m. 13s. W. B. CURTIS.



Photo by Bidwell.

THE "DEFIANCE" ROAD-TEAM.

THE NEW YORK HORSE SHOW.

NEW YORK'S twelfth annual equine carnival has come and gone. Considered from a social standpoint, the show suffered somewhat by the enforced absence, on account of recent family bereavements, of a number of the swell set, such as the Vanderbilts, the Sloanes, the Twomblys, the Shepards, the Webbs, and the August Belmonts. These vacancies were, however, compensated for by the brilliant throng of fashionables who graced the Garden with their presence at the afternoon and evening sessions throughout the week. There was a fine display of fair women and gorgeous costumes, and the entire Newport colony, with the foregoing exceptions, seems to have been fully drawn upon.

Mr. and Mrs. Oliver H. P. Belmont, accompanied by Miss Birdie Fair, Mr. and Mrs. Hermann and Charles Oelrichs, and Mr. and Mrs. James L. Kernochan and party, were the center of attraction. Next in interest were Mr. and Mrs. William C. Whitney, Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Morgan, and Mrs. D. Ogden Mills, Mr. and Mrs. Prescott Lawrence, Mr. and Mrs. Perry Tiffany, Mrs. Schenck, and Mr. and Mrs. T. Suffern Tailer. A much-observed box was that occupied by Mrs. John Jacob Astor and her friends, the Misses Wetmore, Mr. W. Astor Chandler, Mr. Clinch Butler and Count Sierstorpff. Colonel and Mrs. Frederick D. Grant had in their party Mrs. Potter Palmer; and Mrs. John Davis and Miss Bessie Davis of Washington were accompanied by Mr. Theodore Frelinghuysen. Among the myriad of beautiful women not already mentioned, were the Baroness de Sellière, who had with her Mrs.

Belmont Tiffany, Miss Cameron, Miss Pomeroy, Mrs. Thomas Hitchcock and Miss Katherine Duer. In their immediate vicinity were Mrs. Duncan Elliott and Mrs. Royal Phelps Carroll, Mrs. Marion Story and Mrs. Egerton Winthrop, while to complete the list it will be necessary to mention Mrs. Sidney Dillon Ripley, Mrs. E. D. Stokes, Mrs. C. Oliver Iselin and Mrs. H. B. Duryea. Every year the shows boasts a social lion, and as the event of 1895 had its Duke and Duchess of Marlborough, so this show will go on record as entertaining His Royal Highness Prince Louis of Savoy. Among the heavy swells and sporting coterie were noticed Colonel Lawrence Kipp, George Gould, Robert L. Stevens, A. Butler Duncan, Craig Wadsworth, Foxhall Keene, T. Hitchcock, Jr., S. Mortimer, Hercules Cary, C. Raoul Duval, George Work, "Purr" Collier, and the California millionaires W. B. McDonough and W. S. Hobart.



Photo by Bidwell.

THE SENSATIONAL GRAY "ACTRESS."

Financially, the show was a success, the advance sale of boxes netting nearly \$26,000. The highest price paid was \$540, and the rest of the choice arena boxes went at prices varying from \$500 down to \$230. Only a few people prominent in society attended the sale, buyers generally being represented by commissioners. This was offset in part, however, by a heavy demand for seats by the social set. The attendance throughout the week was quite large, the last three evenings seeing the Garden crowded to its utmost capacity.

The entries of horses numbered over twelve hundred. The Association's prize list was liberal, \$33,000 being distributed in awards. For the stockholders the exhibition must have been most satisfactory. It is safe to say the net profits for the week will not fall far short of \$100,000.

In the matter of arrangements for the comfort of its guests, and easy facilities for the rapid showing and changing about of the numerous horses exhibited in the several classes,



FRENCH COACH HORSE "INDRE."

the National Horse Show Association must be highly complimented. Mr. Cornelius Fellowes, the president; Messrs. Heckscher and H. H. Hollister, the secretary and treasurer; and Mr. James T. Hyde, the assistant secretary, all deserve the warmest praise for their untiring and successful efforts.

But to come to a discussion of the classes and the horses which appeared in competition. The one great feature was the overwhelming triumph of the native trotting bred horse, in the high-stepping, heavy, harness classes, wherein the full purpose and scope of the horse of society is demonstrated.

The heavy harness classes were notably superior in point of the quality of the horses and appointments to those seen at any previous show. The entries consisted for the most part of what have come to be designated as "converted" trotters, that is to say, horses bred on pure or partially pure trotting lines, and with or without a phenomenally low speed record. It was, however, the sensational movers which oftenest caught the judge's attention.

There is no doubt that in the past two seasons there has been great demand for high-action horses with ability to go fast and pull a heavy, stylish carriage. The spirit of rivalry created by the success in the harness classes, some years ago, of the imported hackney, not perhaps so breedy and with less speed than the trotter, no doubt gave rise to the present condition of things; and there would seem to be an opening for the hackney blood as an admixture with that of the trotter for the propagation of horses of the required sensational stamp.

The classes for these horses were divided into seven sections—in all, save one, horses only to be considered, and not appointments. The competitors came into the ring so many times that to the superficial observer the distribution of prizes was somewhat confusing. The judges, however, Messrs. Prescott Lawrence, Reginald Rives and Francis T. Underhill, gentlemen well versed in all matters pertaining to this department, accomplished their task in a business-like fashion.

In the first section came the horses under fifteen hands, with quality, style, action, and able to go a good smart pace. These were shown single, double and four-in-hand, Mr. Louis Wormser's rather fat but exceedingly brilliant bays Don Wilkes and His Excellency winning highest honors on every occasion shown. The sensational gray mare Actress worked her way bravely into the second place for the Bates stable, and into the warmest spot in the hearts of the onlookers, literally bringing down the house as she snapped her knees and shot forward her hocks like piston-rods. It is astounding that the American trotter can get such action as this mare showed, and kept on with, at speed.

The second section, calling for horses between fifteen and fifteen three hands, which could show style, action and a smart pace, conflicted with the next department, as the same horses and a few others competed, although the latter classes called for high-steppers only, the height limit (fourteen to fifteen two hands) letting them in and clashing. The judges were quick to see this, and obviated a great deal of trouble by setting the high-stepping gait at about seven miles an hour,—the regulation pace for the showy horse in the park.

It was in these classes that the peculiar adaptiveness of the "converted" trotter to all kinds of work in stylish harness for the showing was demonstrated. The enthusiasm which the prize-winners created was astonishing. Charles F. Bates, the now famous New York dealer, whose rotundity of figure and smiling countenance have afforded the caricaturists such opportunities, and the public so much amusement, had evidently studied the conditions of the classes closely, and was judicious in his selection of animals, so as to win in single, in pairs, brougham and four-in hand. He swept the board with his handsome pair of bay geldings Aladdin and Amazon, with Actress, and Cock Robin, and took the championship in single harness with the great cob Coxey, whose splendid photograph by Pach we give. The action of the gray mare Actress, when she cavorted in the lead of a tandem, Thursday afternoon, was an extraordinary spectacle.

Many other winners in the stylish harness classes are deserving of honorable mention; notably so Mr. Gould Brokaw's brilliant bays, Meteor and Ruth, dexterously handled by that rare old whip, Fred Ashenden. Mr. George Hulme's chestnut team, Blazeaway and Golden Rod, were to the fore, though somewhat less than last year, as were also Mr. W. S. Hobart's



HON. HENRY FAIRFAX'S "CHESTERFIELD."

new purchases, the well known Monarch and Performer. A very strong and evenly gaited stepper, dun in color, and named Flash, was cleverly shown by young John H. Shults for Mr. Hilliard.

In the department for rich equipment of swell turnouts, Mr. Arthur T. Kemp won well with his fine brougham, drawn by the hackney half-bred Hiattoga. Mr. Shults's His Majesty was a very close second. The appointments throughout the week were of an exceedingly high character, especially so in the four-in-hand class, where Mr. Oliver H. P. Belmont's coach, drawn by his sensational dark bays, was awarded first prize.

The sporting feature, *par excellence*, of the show, however, was the exhibit of four-in-hand road teams to mail-coaches. Here was an opportunity to demonstrate how they used to travel in the old coaching days. The picture presented by jolly Bates on the yellow coach "Defiance," resembled to the minutest detail a rare old sporting print. Bates himself looked the coaching character to the life, in a pearly beaver hat and a drab box-coat, and his guard in pink, tooting "Buy a broom," completed the outfit. On the off-side of the "boot" hung an extra, light-weight straw collar, that would fit any horse; on the roof, some baggage; on the rear-seat rail, a pair of lead bars; on the foot-board, a correctly timed clock; in the tool-box a full kit, and in the "boot" an extra elbow-bit, a wheel and lead trace and bearing-rein; while underneath swung a yellow bucket.

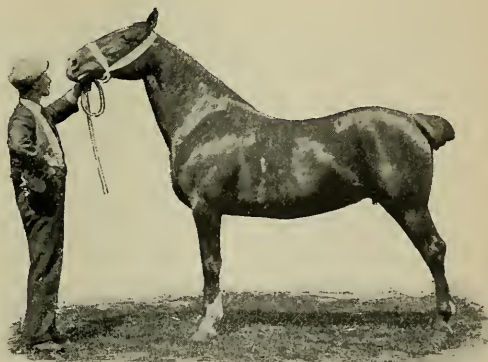
These road-team classes are of more interest to thorough coaching men and the genuine sporting set than anything else in the show. To watch the drivers gallop their horses up to the turns with a coach weighing over twenty-five hundred pounds and keep the horses in their pace, notwithstanding their trotting tendencies, is peculiarly exciting, and is a feat

seldom successfully accomplished. The proper mouthing and biting of a four, so that a light-weight man can do all this and yet hold his horses well in hand, was capitally illustrated by Mr. C. G. Pratt, who cleverly handled another team in this class to the "Spuyten Duyvil" coach.

Bates's team were cross-matched, and a "corking" good lot. In the lead a clean-cut, high-headed gray, of the riding sort that a middle-weight could put over fences, and a bay mate, ready for similar business. Behind these were wheelers that would make an opposing road coachman green with envy, of a rare old pattern, and strong enough to drag a house out of the mire. To make everything complete, Bates had a fifth, or "cock horse," put to as soon as he won the blue ribbon, and then he let 'em go. The enthusiasm at the ringside was by this time tremendous, but it became uproarious when the other competitor, "dare-devil Bratton," put his four bays in the "Good Times" coach at a blood-curdling pace, and made the tan-bark fly at the corners of the ring. Sight-seers held their breath, expecting every minute to see the coaches "go to smash." All ended smoothly, however, and the applause which rang out as the coaches pulled up indicated the public's appreciation of the contest.

In the classes for high-steppers over fifteen two hands, the horses which ranked highest in the estimation of the judges were Mr. Oliver H. P. Belmont's Rockingham and Wales, an excellent picture of which, from Lynwood Palmer's great painting, we give. In it is shown the magnificent poise and action of a large tandem leader, followed by the greater substance and modified action of a wheeler, in such a class. These horses and their mates later in the week demonstrated their superiority as a gentleman's park team.

An entirely different set of animals faced the judges when the classes for heavy carriage horses over fifteen three hands were called, and the champion of this lot was easily found in Mr. Harry Hamlin's Cogent, perhaps the handsomest conformed horse of the larger carriage type in this country. Of great girth and substance, straight back, well-muscled loins, intelligent head, arched neck, and beautifully



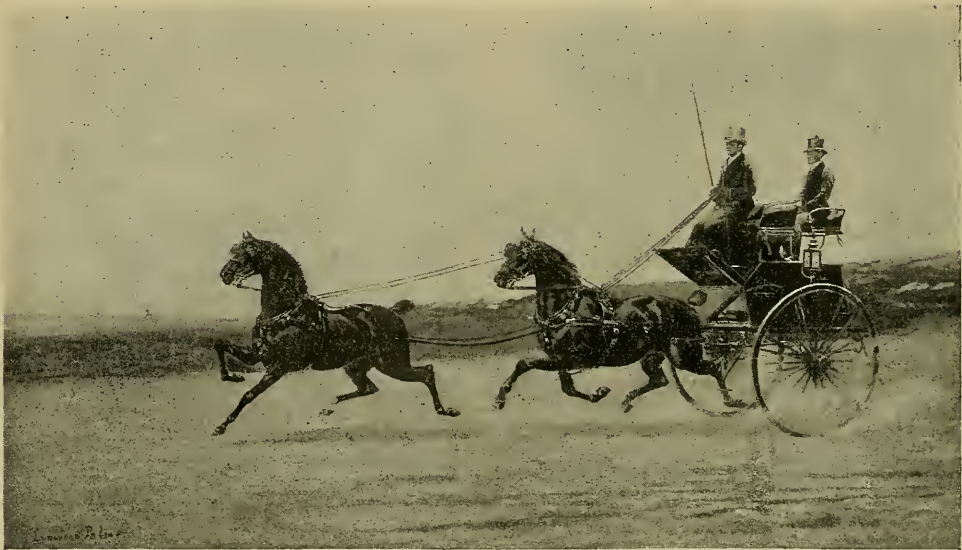
HACKNEY BROOD-MARE "DOROTHEA."

curved hind quarter, this chestnut son of the renowned trotting sire Mambrino King, and out of a French coach-mare, is a great card for dabblers in both lines of blood. His action, while having no snappiness, is exactly what it should be, carriage and stately, but not extremely so.

The hackney exhibit, taken as a whole, was, to an enthusiastic admirer of the breed, disappointing, and notably so in the class where scope was given for stallions of any recognized breed for use as carriage horses. Mr. Harry Hamlin very bravely, but with a mistaken view of the conditions called for, showed the beautiful trotting sire Almont, Jr. with two yearlings and a couple of two-year-old fillies, out of two supposed hackney bay-mares, fourteen three hands high. The dams had evidently supplied the nag-like character and bay color, the trotting sire having given them their super-

being well put up, is plain forward and not well favored in quarter, will, another year, probably go down to the other end of the ribbons, should American judges be deemed, as they ought, well able now to pass upon what this country wants in a prize-winner. The grandly conformed mare, Dorothea, although, like all the Messrs. Cheney's lot, shown too fat, is the type local judges have preferred, and fills the eye of the critic better. Among the hackney mares, however, that will longest be retained in the memory of good judges, is Mr. Stevens's Lady Sutton, a growing one, and a combination of quality, action and character which marks her near perfection.

Of the young stallions, Mr. Henry Fairfax's strawberry roan, three-year-old Chesterfield, a sweet pony by that great cob-getter, Mr. Cassatt's Little Wonder, was awarded the blue rosette; and his picture is given as the type of



From a Painting by Lynwood Palmer.

By the Courtesy of Messrs. Hexter & Strauss.

OLIVER H. P. BELMONT'S "ROCKINGHAM" AND "WALES."

lative quality and breedy appearance, as well as the ewe necks they carried. They were ponies, and pretty ones, but will never make into carriage-horses. Mr. Cassatt's hackney stallion Cadet appeared with a triplet of chestnuts and one unwieldy bay, all about three years old. These youngsters will make into useful animals for heavy carriage work. Whether or not they will ever win a prize in harness is a question. Cadet, himself, carriage, or growing so, can always show handsome yearlings; and he has scarcely ever failed to win with them, as he did this time over Enthorpe Performer; but his stock in the two, three and coming four-year old form are like gawky girls, and should not appear until made into the really fine carriage-horses that they undoubtedly will make when fully matured.

In the brood-mare classes, Kathleen, who, while having a splendid set of legs and feet, and

pony by hackney cob sire that also pleased the judges in the open pony classes.

Of the young stallions over 14 hands, Mr. James Cochrane's black chestnut, Barthorpe Performer, who is strong 15.2½ hands, was the freest all-round mover in the show; and being particularly well turned, and coming of the famous Garton Duke of Connaught strain, has made a great and lasting impression upon trotting as well as hackney judges in this country.

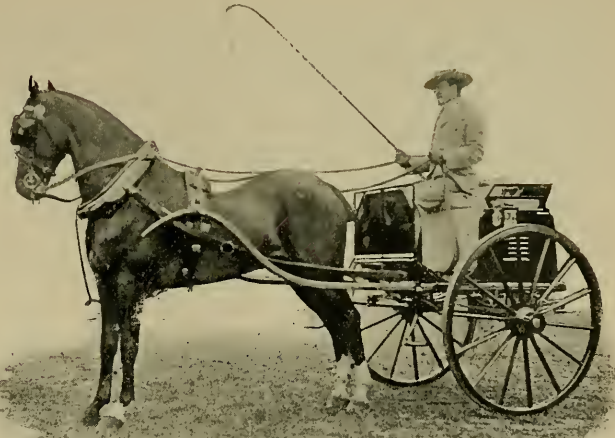
Mr. Stevens's chestnut four-year-old stallion, Clifton, that won in his class, and took also the Hackney Society's Challenge Cup over the same owner's grand actor, Langton Performer; last year's cup winner, Rufus; the great Cadet; and Matchless's son, Enthorpe, was as near to correct "nag" show stallion type as will ever be seen. Being small, though, and the market here crying for large horses, it is doubtful if he carries the cup home another year. Sweetness

of turning and quality, rather than action, governed, and the judges ignored the latter frequently for some unaccountable reason, action being the *sine qua non* with the horses of this breed.

Trotting blood being so paramount in the heavier harness classes, it naturally followed that in its own department, especially when such famous sires as old Mambrino King, Stamboul*, King René, Jr., and the grand young stallion Trevillian appeared, the American favorite was received with acclamation. Not since the great show of 1892, when Quartermaster, Chimes, Alcantara, Nutcoast, Haldane, Lavalard and Alcyrene came before the public, has this section of the show brought forth so much enthusiasm. Mambrino King, for all his twenty-four years, looked as smooth as ever, and carried his age lightly. His get resemble him at every point in a remarkable degree, his two-year-old filly, rather strangely named Minola King, out of the Chimes mare, being an exquisite piece of breedy material, that easily took first prize when shown later by the side of a saddle-horse. The seven-year-old stallion Trevillian and his get looked more like the accepted type of trotting race-horse than the get of the older sire, and were most brilliantly shown, the gait throughout being especially pleasing and even, and with a reserve power that indicated future honors in the sulky.

The stallion Stamboul was shown heavier

*For his portrait, see *OUTING* for June, 1895.



A. T. KEMP'S "HIATOGA."

and better furnished throughout than he was two years ago; and having great length and substance without coarseness, he is in every sense of the term a great stock-horse. It is from such superbly conformed and well-bottomed animals that whatever is grandest and best in the American trotter, both as a getter of extreme speed and as an outcross on imported animals of heavier type, must come. With the mares at hand, and the methods exploited by such breeders as the Messrs. Hamlin, there can be no doubt of the ultimate supremacy of the American horse in the field now occupied by imported material. The gathering together of the choicest of the latter and the mating of



Photo by Pach Bros., N. Y.

THE GREAT COB "COXEY."

their blood with that referred to above, should, without question, produce the all-round serviceable horse for this market, whether the native blood is put on top or used underneath. Blood-like character and quality the thoroughbred can always be relied upon to impart; extreme speed and that get-there-ness—if a word may be coined—can be had in any quantity from the trotter; and naturally high action and substance are to be found in the many good specimens of the hackney and the French coach stock which this country is in possession of.

A most interesting class to those drivers who like to take a spin down the road behind a pair of well-bred and properly gaited beauties, was that which appeared on Thursday, when the bluest of ribbons was given for the best pair of horses and best appointed road rig. Mr. Read's "Alice Leyburn" and "Georgie M.," Mr. Clark's "Nutshell," Mr. Burgess's "Lynn Belle," and Mr. W. Pollack's bay gelding "Holmesdale," were the most attractive.

Speaking of the pony classes, it would appear that altogether too much attention is paid to the blocky hackney conformation. A true pony is nothing if he does not show some "blood."

As the writer took occasion to say at the World's Fair, *fiat justitia, ruat cælum*. Justice must be done the French coach-horse in this country. In no other heavy harness-horse breed is the blood of the thoroughbred so close up; and no other family can claim such size, style, symmetry, action, and beautiful carriage dignity, the outcome of feats of endurance and careful selection of individuals, as can the demi-sang of France. The small photo of Mr. Dunham's great prize-winner, Indre, gives but a very faint idea of this horse's magnificence at rest, and can of course convey no conception of the horse's tremendous way of going when extended at the height of his speed. His stable companion, Perfection, a stallion in my opinion much nearer to the generally accepted type of the true French coacher, was, perhaps rightly, deemed the winner when shown with a string of his mahogany bay colts; but in action at walk or trot he cannot compare with Indre, and it is doubtful if his progeny will train on as well as Indre's for long years of service in heavy vehicles. As demonstrated last year and this by the winning of Mr. Hamlin's Cogent, this French strain is what is wanted for the big sixteen hand and over stately horses, but it is out of the field below that standard.

The hunters and jumpers did not please the public until about the middle of the week, when the Association decided to make it easier for them to see the jumps, by topping them with furze. In the Corinthian class, members of recognized hunt clubs to ride, better jumping was seen; and old Kensington, cleverly piloted by Mr. Foxhall Keene, showed a clean pair of heels to a very tightly contested class of good ones. Mr. Harry Smith riding Sweetbriar into second place.

Mr. Robert L. Stevens did some good work on Quadrille, and Mr. Adam Beck, who, by the way, showed the best all-round lot of real hunters, most of them nearly if not quite thoroughbred, that has been seen in the Garden, showed to advantage Ladylike and Long Shot.

It would be ungraceful to omit favorable comment on the very good class of ladies' saddle-hacks in which lady riders appeared. The entire exhibit was well carried out, Miss Adelaide Doremus's gelding, Chester, proving a typical winner, Mrs. Beach putting Terrebonne among the ribbons, and another grandly formed chestnut called Patsy McCord being deftly shown for Mr. C. L. Railey.

The king of all breeds—the thoroughbred—has never materialized to any extent at New York shows, and the risk involved in making the trip from the stock-farms must be the breeder's excuse. The competition is generally left to a few old horses. This year, however, the five-year-old Lazzarone appeared, and got third position against Favordale, that took the blue, Judge Morrow that got the red, and Potentate, that was awarded the white rosette. It has always been a matter of regret to the writer that something cannot be done to induce the United States government to offer premiums for "blood" stallions, as is the case in England and Europe, and place good specimens about the country to improve the saddle-horse and the hunter, very indifferent samples of which, as a rule, come before the public on such occasions as the New York equine exhibition. Right at hand is the great foundation blood of all good horseflesh; yet, except in a very few instances, it is hoarded up for race-track purposes, while entire families are retrograding for the want of an infusion of it. On every hand the name of Messenger is revered, yet all around us are a thousand such horses standing idle, their great procreative faculties unheard of and unsung, and the nation paying out its good money for much-lauded imported material.

A. H. GODFREY.



Photo by Schriber.

A. J. CASSATT'S "CADET" AND GET.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE HORSE MARKET.



WM. B. FASIG.

From November to April Madison Square Garden is devoted to the horse. It is true that the horse show proper lasts only one week; but it is succeeded by a long series of great public sales, at which the choicest equine stock of the continent is offered under the hammer of the auctioneer. New York is the recognized metropolitan horse market of the continent, and the pick and flower of all breeds find here a ready sale at ruling values. This is so generally understood that for years the leading breeders of California have sold their trotting and thoroughbred stock here, and the Haggin, Palo Alto and Corbitt sales have been prominent features of the winter season. The leading stock farms of the West and Middle States have also found here a lucrative market, and many prominent dealers devote all their time to selecting and purchasing horses for consignment to these sales.

Many years ago the industrious buyer had to visit one stock farm after another before he got what he wanted. If this involved too much time and trouble he hired a commissioner or went to the private sales stables. The disadvantages of the old plan are apparent. It was slow and expensive, and at no time had the buyer the advantage of variety of choice or of comparison in values. The disadvantage to the seller was that he had only one buyer at a time and that he had to adopt all kinds of advertising devices in order to attract buyers to his farm. Under the public sales system he can send his year's crop to the sale ring and dispose of it in a day on a cash basis, while the buyer, in the clear light of public competition, knows that he has paid to the dollar the value which good judges put upon the offering.

The public sales ring is, in fact, the equine stock exchange and the clearing house for the breeders and dealers of the continent. To the inexperienced buyer the public sales ring is a great benefit. The horses arrive in ample time, before the sale, for him and his veterinary surgeon to examine them. The catalogue is prepared by an expert in pedigrees and the speed results of blood lines. The firms who conduct the sales are responsible as well as the consigners, so that the buyer has a double guarantee. Another signal advantage of the big public sale is that it brings the leading horsemen of the country together in an impromptu congress whose discussions tend to

the improvement of the breeds and the development of the great interests they represent.

A leading firm which has done more than its share to make the sale ring in New York a popular and financial success, and which has attained an international reputation is William B. Fasig & Co. William B. Fasig and Edward S. Hedges, as a firm, have only been in business about eighteen months. During a period of great financial depression and with a market which was nearly always flat and often panic, their success has been remarkable. Their first public sale was at Cleveland, O., in May, 1895, which footed up to \$105,000. The May sale at Cleveland was inaugurated several years ago by Mr. Fasig personally, its special features being developed trotting and pacing speed; and as it is held at Mr. Fasig's big sale mart adjacent to the famous Cleveland track the horses are all shown in action, driven by professional drivers of national reputation. In November of the same year the firm held its first horse show sale in Madison Square Garden, the week following the Horse Show, and \$100,000 of stock changed hands. Early in 1896 they had the great Jewett sale, which netted \$145,000, at which time the present champion, John R. Gentry, sold for \$7,600 and Patchen Wilkes for \$10,025. In April they had the Hamlin sale, which aggregated \$85,000; and then came the second Cleveland sale in May, which went up to \$110,000. At that sale Star Pointer, 2.02½, the present holder of the championship for the three fastest heats in a race was sold for \$5,500. Their sales during the past month foot up close to \$200,000. One of the notable features of these sales has been the large number of foreign buyers; and Fasig & Co. are as well-known in Paris, Berlin, and Vienna, as they are in New York.

Such a gigantic business could not have been built up by inexperienced men. William B. Fasig was born in Ohio in 1845, and as soon as he left high school in 1861 he enlisted in the Forty-second Ohio Regiment, commanded by Colonel Garfield, afterwards President, and was in the army till 1865. On his return to Cleveland he accepted an important position in the Ohio office of the New York Mutual Life Insurance Company, and in 1886 became the secretary of the Cleveland Driving Park Company, which, under his management, became one of the strongest members of the Grand Circuit, its annual meeting being of national importance. This position made him intimate



ED. S. HEDGES.

with the leading breeders and owners of the country, and his uniform geniality, courtesy and prompt business methods made him a favorite with all of them.

In 1891 he came to New York and organized the trotting department of Tattersall's, and the same year was elected vice-president of the Driving Club of New York. In the autumn of 1894 he left Tattersall's and organized the present firm of William B. Fasig & Co. At his Cleveland and other sales some of the notable offerings have been Suison, \$10,100; Clara, \$7,500; Simmocolon, \$13,000, and Guy, \$29,750. Mr. Fasig is a good amateur driver; and has owned such good ones as Wyandotte, 2:19 $\frac{1}{4}$; Rifle, 2:11 $\frac{3}{4}$; Protection, 2:19 $\frac{1}{4}$; Keokee, 2:20 $\frac{1}{2}$; Eloise, 2:15; Marguerette, 2:14, and other campaigners of note, and he always has a few fast ones in his stable.

Ed. S. Hedges, who edits the catalogue and manages the office and advertising departments, was born near Paris, Ky, in 1858. In 1886 he engaged with W. T. Woodard, the leading combination salesman of Lexington, Ky. He rapidly achieved a high reputation, and when Mr. Fasig came to Tattersall's he engaged him as his principal assistant. In 1894 he was elected secretary of the Driving Club of New York, and the two past seasons of brilliant sport have been largely due to his personal popularity with horsemen and his executive ability. In the autumn of 1894 he joined his fortunes with Mr. Fasig, and the result has been a conspicuous business success.

Madison Square Garden is well worth a visit when the equine heroes and heroines of the turf are under the hammer. The scene is exciting when some public favorite is put up for sale, and the bids go up by the hundred and sometimes by the thousand. The "Garden" is a popular resort at these times for many who simply go to watch the game, and at no time is it more popular than when Fasig & Co. have one of their big sales. E. B. ABERCROMBIE.

FOX-HUNTING.

The fox-hunting season is now at its height in New York State and New Jersey. The Genesee hounds are showing excellent sport up in the Genesee Valley, while the Meadowbrook Hounds of Long Island, and the Richmond County Hounds of Staten Island are providing the members of these clubs with good hunting. The Meadowbrook hunts wild foxes three days a week, and a drag on the other days.

Mr. P. F. Collier, who has been hunting his

Monmouth County Hounds in the Shinnecock Hills, L. I., has transferred them to their headquarters at Eatontown, N. J., where they will be hunted for the balance of the season. They are in splendid shape, and are an exceedingly well-trained and well-bred lot, being a draft from a celebrated Irish pack.

The Westchester County Beagles, maintained by Mr. William E. Iselin, are affording their followers fine sport in Westchester County, N. Y. They meet on Tuesdays and Saturdays.

In Pennsylvania, where the fox-hunting season commences somewhat later, the sport is just about beginning. As usual, all the clubs open their season formally on Thanksgiving Day, although they enjoyed, as they frequently do, many good runs before that time. The old Rose-Tree Hounds are in better condition than ever before, a new draft of hounds having been entered and the pack weeded of its superfluous and useless members. "Doc" Rogers, who for so many years has acted as whipper-in, still occupies that position, and a splendid season's sport is anticipated. At the recent annual meeting of the club all the old officers were re-elected. They have all held these offices for many years as follows: President, Henry E. Saulnier; vice-presidents, J. Howard Lewis, Sr., and George M. Lewis; treasurer, Jared Darlington, and secretary, William H. Corlies. George W. Hill, who is one of the oldest and best-informed fox-hunters in the country, was re-elected M. F. H. On account of a serious accident which occurred to Mr. Hill in the hunting field last season, he will probably not be seen in the saddle very much this winter. J. Howard Lewis, Jr., will be the acting M. F. H. in his absence, and as Mr. Lewis's reputation as a fox-hunter is excellent, the club may expect plenty of good sport.

The Warrenton Virginia, Hunt Club has elected new officers as follows: Mr. E. Astley Cooper, president; Mr. Edward Barker, secretary; Mr. Charles W. Smith, treasurer; Mr. John D. Hool, master of hounds; and Mr. James K. Maddux, whip.

The Elk Ridge Hounds, near Baltimore, are showing excellent sport.

It is much to be regretted that the Chevy Chase Hounds, which afforded so much sport at Washington last season, will not be kept up this winter. Mr. S. S. Howland, who was the M. F. H. of the pack, will not hunt any hounds as master this winter, but will reside in New York City.

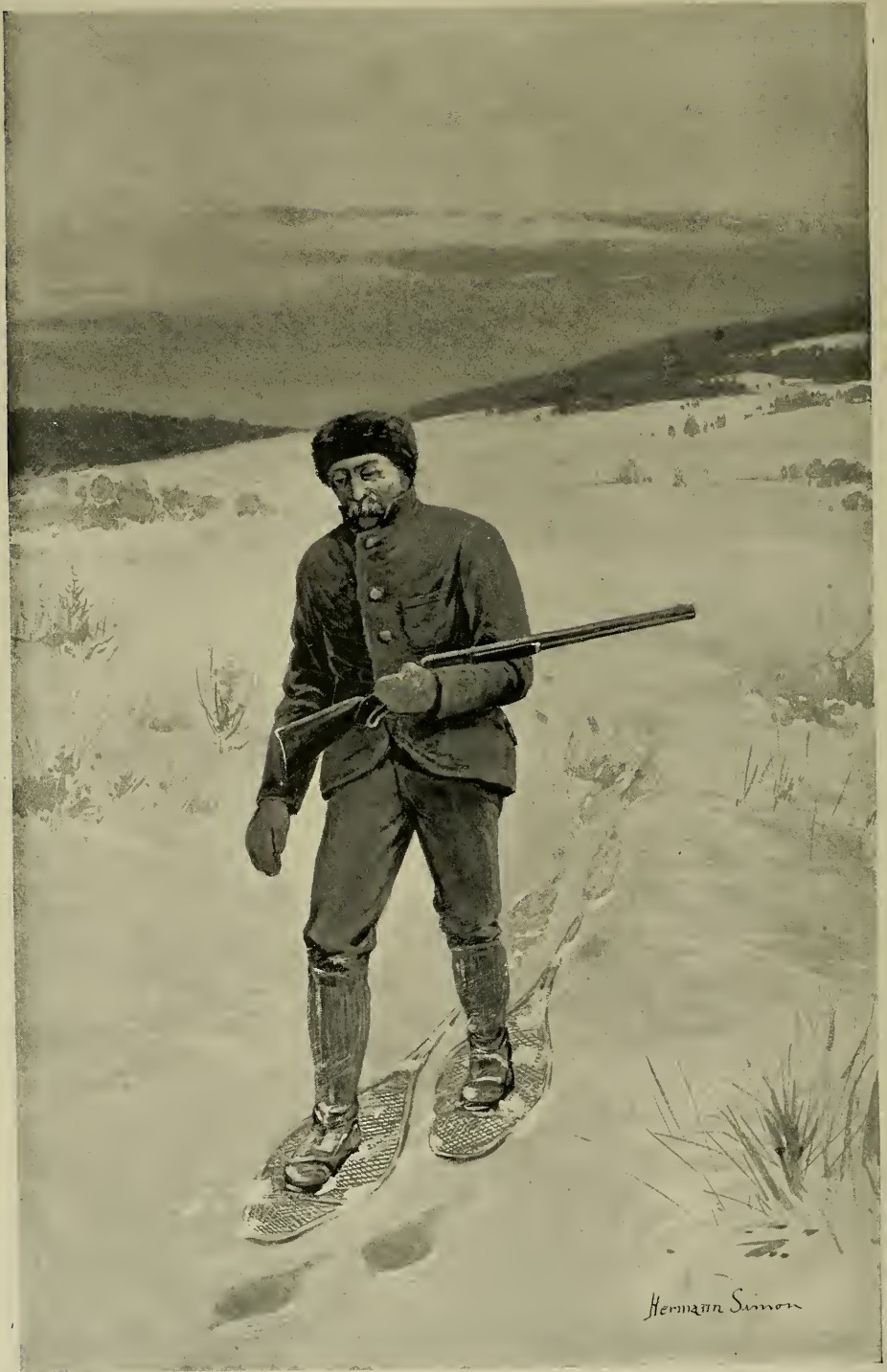
ALFRED STODDART.
(RITTENHOUSE.)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

N. E. A., Grenoble.—By neutralizing the solution of gold, in the article referred to, is meant the removal of the free acid always present in commercial chloride of gold. This is accomplished by gradually adding carbonate or bicarbonate of soda until the solution ceases to red-dens blue litmus paper. Subsequent experience, however, shows that with the ordinary commercial material, neutralization of the gold is not necessary for the combined bath recom-

mended in the article referred to; that it is better indeed to employ the gold as it is.

T. F. N., Clinton, N. Y.—The length and width of the track have nothing to do with the question. The path should be measured eighteen inches out from its inner edge, which should be a continuous wooden curb not less than three inches thick, and three inches above the track.



Painted for OUTING by Hermann Simon.

(See "After Caribou on Snow-Shoes." pp. 361-5.)

A COLD TRAIL.

OUTING.

VOL. XXIX.

JANUARY, 1897.

No. 4.

Santa Claus's Emancipation.



I.

OF old, oft prison-
bound by snow
That sank beneath
my weight,
Cribbed, cabined and
confined, y'trow
I pined at my estate.

II.

But now on snow-shoes, webbed and stout,
O'er deepest drifts I swing.
At blustering Boreas I flout,
And beard the Winter King.

III.

A jocund sprite I rove
the earth,
O ! O ! the zest, the
joy
The snow-shoe brings—
each winter's birth
I feel again a boy.

IV.

O'er whitened vale and frozen mere,
I trip me like a bird,
No space forbids, and everywhere
My welcome voice is heard.

C. TURNER.

REDCOAT AND CONTINENTAL.

By SARA BEAUMONT KENNEDY, Author of the "Jamestown Romance," Etc., Etc.



COLONEL FERGUSON leaned jauntily in the rear doorway of the palace, switching his boots with his riding-whip and watching a groom saddle his horse in the court.

Governor Tryon was gone, and Josiah Martin, last of the royal governors, held sway in the palace at New Berne. Balls and fêtes were not of so frequent occurrence in the great house as of yore. The halls oftener resounded with the jingling of spurs and clanking of swords as armed men trod to and fro; for the struggle for independence was at hand, and New Berne shared the excitement and enthusiasm.

But Mars, however he may frighten Terpsichore, has no subduing influence upon Cupid. So the blind god held his court as royally as ever in the quaint colonial town; and to nobody did he send more lovers than to Mistress Sally Council, who dwelt with her father on his farm in sight of the town steeple.

It was toward this plantation that young Ferguson turned his horse's head when at last he was mounted, for it was an open secret that the Governor's nephew was much enamored of the fair Sally.

It was early June-time, and the air was sweet with the odor of wild-grape blossoms and tremulous with the song of nesting birds. The rider's spirits rose with this double intoxication, and he went upon his way dreaming of the happiness that might be his if Mistress Sally would but cease coquetting and give him her heart. In fancy he saw the time when, the threatened war evaded, the colonies should have gone back to their English allegiance; when his uncle would be too old for state affairs, and he himself should be gov-

ernor instead. And when that time came, who could do the honors of the palace with so charming a grace as Mistress Sally? Her tall figure and brunette beauty would find a proper setting in the magnificent rooms.

But at the Council gate his reverie was rudely broken, for he found another horse already at the rack. Sally's voice called to him from the rose arbor, where he found her in company with Jonathan Daves, who was as frequently her visitor as was the gay attaché of the palace. Between these two her preference had long been halting, while her small world looked on expectant. Sometimes one, sometimes the other seemed in the ascendant; but by some odd rule of contrary it was always the absent one whom she fancied more. She divined Ferguson's ambition, and was dazzled at the possibility of her high position.

Seated between the two men in the arbor, she proceeded to be charming and exasperating to each in turn, pitting them against each other as only a clever woman can, and leaving them at last in doubt as to which she had really favored.

"And so your uncle has been quarrelling with the Assembly," she said to Ferguson. "'Tis too bad, for that means we shall have no levee, and I had intended to look so charming."

"It takes not a levee for that; 'tis your vocation in life," was the gallant rejoinder.

"And how think you this quarrel with England will end?"

The young officer shrugged his shoulders. It was Jonathan who answered.

"Lexington has been fought; the patriots are gathering about Boston; our own Mecklenburg has already declared her independence of English rule, and the Continental Congress will follow suit."

"Then the king will not redress our wrongs, and the war will come in earnest, think you?"

"Without a doubt."

A bright spark burnt in Mistress Sally's eyes. "And if it come you two will—fight?"



Painted for OUTING by A. W. Van Deusen.

PITTING THEM AGAINST EACH OTHER. (p. 316.)

"Assuredly." They spoke together.

"On—which side?"

They looked at each other sternly, harshly; then with softened eyes at her.

"I shall fight for my country," said Jonathan, as his earnest gaze full upon her face.

"And I, for my king—and my lady

politics; they are mischief-making at the best. But stay, here's wishing you may both come through the struggle with your rightful number of limbs and no wounds—in your backs."

She tossed off an imaginary bumper as she stood before them, and then turned from the arbor. Flowers for



WITH HIS BRIDLE OVER HIS ARM. (*p.* 321.)

love," answered Ferguson, kissing the fan she had dropped before restoring it to her. Then again the eyes of the two men met angrily.

"Prithee be not glaring at each other as if you would begin the combat this minute," cried Sally, springing up. "Come, let us take a turn about the garden, and talk no more of wars and

their coats? Why, certainly. Would they choose for themselves? Nay. Then, she would choose for them. And she held out a rose to Ferguson, but to Jonathan she gave a bleeding-heart. He gave no sign, save by an added paleness, that he noted the slight, and soon after took his departure; but an hour later when Mistress Sally entered the

house, after her other visitors departed, she found her flower upon the doorstep.

"So, he has thrown me back my

after all Sally had been most tantalizing and he was sorely perplexed as to the state of her heart. He left the road



BUT MEETING MOTHER IPOCK IN THE MARKET-PLACE. (p. 323.)

bleeding-heart ; 'tis like his spirit," she said, her black eyes snapping.

His visit ended, Colonel Ferguson rode slowly through the fragrant sunset, for

abruptly and turned into a bridle-path which cut across the Council farm. In a few moments he came to the hut of which he was evidently in search, and



Painted for OUTING by A. W. Van Deusen.

"MOTHER IPOCK, THE PALACE WITCH."

riding quite close he struck upon the door with his whip. It was opened by an old woman, gaunt of figure and wizen of face, whose eyes peered uncannily from beneath their overhanging brows. A retainer of the Council family, she was also a hanger-on at the palace, and was known far and wide as "Mother Ipock,* the palace witch." The path in front of her door was grass-grown; for few there were who had the temerity to lift her latch, so great was the awe she inspired.

"Good-morrow, old mother," Ferguson called out, cheerily. "How fares it with your rheumatism?"

"Camest thou all the way from town to ask me that? Thou art a gallant gentleman, truly!" sneered the crone, with a harsh laugh.

"Nay, I but stopped on my way from the Council house, where I have been to see your young lady. But what ails you that you come not oftener to the palace? 'Tis a week since you carried us any fresh eggs, and the servants are needing the scare the tap of your stick upon the flags in the court always gives them."

"Belike, belike; but 'tis neither for eggs nor yet to scare thy servants that thou seekest me."

"You are right, good mother; I want——" (he laughed as foolishly as a schoolboy, as he held out his hand), "I want you to read me my fortune."

She drew her hand across her brow as though to clear it of wandering hairs, and an unhallowed light kindled in her eyes. Her skinny finger traced his palm slowly. "I know full well what thou wouldst have, but 'tis not here; there is glory, but no love."

"Look again; perchance you have read amiss," and he dropped a second coin into her apron. But she flung his hand away with a jeering laugh.

"She is not for thee, is my sweet lady."

"Listen, good witch-mother," he cried, eagerly. "Your words have great weight with her. You can help me much; do so, and you shall have gold enough to keep you a twelvemonth—aye, a lifetime."

"Ha! so the Ipock must mix for thee a potion to make my lady blind to all save thee; or else give thee a charm that she may hear no voice save thine

own? But I tell thee nay; the girl is not for thee."

"But I tell you I will have her," he cried, fiercely. "I shall wed the maid, and make her as a queen among her people. If so you help me, I shall not forget it; but if you refuse—then you come no more to the palace."

Her voice rose almost to a scream: "The palace! 'Tis as much mine as thine. I bided there afore thou camest hither; and hark thee, I shall still bide there when thou art—gone."

With a dramatic gesture as though her eyes beheld some far-off vision of horror, she stepped backward and closed the door in his face, leaving him naught but to pursue his journey, angry that a gypsy's prophecy should so have moved him.

The following morning, as Jonathan took his way to his place of business, a party of ladies and gentlemen, out for an early gallop, came down the street, the bravery of their appearance drawing after them the eyes of all pedestrian's. Conspicuous among them, because of his uniform and his brilliant horsemanship, rode Colonel Ferguson; and tall and stately as he himself was, Jonathan looked half enviously at the handsome face and and soldierly bearing of the young Englishman. His was the kind of grace and dash that caught ever a woman's eye, and placed more staid men at a disadvantage. At sight of Jonathan the laughter died on Ferguson's lips, and with some murmured excuse he detached himself at the next corner from the party and, alighting, waited with his bridle over his arm for Jonathan's approach. Somewhat unwillingly the latter paused on the curb and returned the officer's greeting. Ferguson's manner was gay and careless, but a settled purpose shone in his glance.

"You left us somewhat hastily yesterday, Master Daves."

"I went not with the intention of making a long call; the lady told me she expected you by appointment."

Ferguson laughed, noting the hauteur of the other's tone. "Mistress Council holds not always to her appointments. It often suits her to forget them."

"That, sir, is the privilege of a young and beautiful lady."

"And would still be hers without her youth and beauty, being as she is so

* Probably from Ebach, the early Swiss settlers.

willful and imperious," was the quick retort. Then, with that cold glitter again in his eyes, he went on: "They are saying, Master Daves—these social on-lookers who claim to know all things—that"—he hesitated ever so slightly, gauging the other's temper by his face—"that I must needs give place to you or you to me in Mistress Council's esteem."

There was a moment's silence, during which they watched each other with no kindly eyes; then it was Jonathan who threw up his head and laughed discordantly.

"An the gossips be right, I can assure you, sir, that it is not I who shall yield the field unless the lady herself give me my dismissal."

"Nor is it I," said the other, with equal resolution. "Six months ago on my arrival in the colony no one received me more cordially than yourself—there were no better friends in the town than we two. To-day we stand divided—"

"By questions of love and war. 'Tis not the first time these issues have broken a friendship."

"By no means." The riding party had turned at the far end of the street. The officer continued, with just a shade of embarrassment: "As to the first issue, I cannot say—I can only hope you have no chance; but in the second I feel sure you are making a mistake, jeopardizing your political future. Despite our rivalry, I still feel sufficiently kindly toward you to wish to see you on the right side. Let me speak with my uncle; there yet is time. If this war comes, the colonists—"

"The colonists are my countrymen; their cause is mine, and with them I shall stand or fall. I have no wish for preferment on the other side."

The sound of hoofs and happy voices grew louder; Ferguson swung himself into his saddle. "As you will. The fates, then, must decide between us."

"Only the fates can." Jonathan lifted his hat as the cavalcade swept down the street; and Ferguson, with an answering salute, took his place at the bridle-rein of a merry maid, who wondered at the hard, set lines about the corners of his mouth.

The war came on with a great stride. Doubt and hesitation were at an end. The Governor's emissaries, tampering

with the Scotch colonists who had found an asylum in America after Culloden, roused them to sudden action. They were loyalists; but who may say what vague dreams of regained power, of a new kingdom for the Pretender flitted wraith-like through the brain of the renowned Flora Macdonald as she urged her countrymen to the fray? At Moore's Creek they met the revolutionists; and the field was stained with Scottish blood, the country filled with flying fugitives, and Flora's dream, did it exist, passed like a star that loses itself in the widening dawn. From that day she was a broken woman, although the old fire never died entirely out of her heart. Whig as Sally Council was, her eyes were often red with weeping over Flora's invincible courage, her bitter disappointments. This heroine of a hundred adventures, this indomitable spirit which, in a sudden fit of zeal for the Stuart Pretender, had looked fate in the face and laughed into the eyes of death, turned her face once more across the sea, and found a Scottish grave, where she lay shrouded in a sheet in which Charles Stuart had slept during that memorable time when he bided under her care.

In a sudden panic after the battle of Moore's Creek, Governor Martin quitted the palace and sought refuge on a British cruiser, and Ferguson was ordered to join his brigade, which he was by no means loath to do. But despite the risk he ran each time, he came again and again, often under cover of darkness, to the Council farm, wooing Mistress Sally with the dash and persistence that afterwards made him so conspicuous a figure in the field.

He was very handsome and desperately in earnest, and the eagerly sought affirmative often trembled on Sally's lips, but the sight of his uniform hardened her heart.

"I shall never wed with a man who wears a coat like that," she said, pointing to his scarlet trappings. "Methinks a sleeve of that hue about my waist would—strangle me."

"What would you have me do? desert my uncle, turn traitor to my king?"

"The prize, then, is not worth the price?" she asked, wishing to try her power.

"I said not so. But if, thinking as I do about this war, I should for your

sake pull off this uniform and don that of the revolutionists, would you marry me? Stay, do not answer; put me not to such a test. Let me follow my own convictions, and be you what you will, Whig or Loyalist, only with it be my wife."

"An I marry at all, it should surely be with one who wears the colors of my country."

"You mean Jonathan Daves."

"Master Daves is not the only man who will fight for America."

"But of all the Continentals it is he whom you most favor."

She laughed. "Think you so? Why, sir, I have not spoken to the gentleman these six months."

Which, indeed, was truth. They had met but once since that June day when she gave him the ill-fated flower. He had gone to her on that occasion, his love overcoming his pride, and asked an explanation of her floral gifts. And partly to punish him for throwing the flower away and for his subsequent seeming neglect, and partly because she was not sure of herself, she had answered petulantly that it had lacked not plainness, for even a dullard might read aright. He got to his feet in silence, and with a parting salutation went away filled with anger against her, and jealousy of Ferguson, whom he now believed his successful rival. At first the pain of it deadened his under-

standing; then he told himself that he had done forever with her and with love. But meeting Mother Ipock in the market-place the day he went to the war, he sent her mistress a note, that grew yellow as the rose-leaves with which she covered it in her glove-box, ere she saw him again.

"I go to the field to-day," he wrote. "Whether I return is doubtless of small moment to you. If I fall, it will be for the only thing which even duty puts before you—my country. In my heart you stand first. It may chance that in the coming struggle, he whom your fancy favors, and I, whom you have turned away, may stand face to face. If so, God grant me to remember only that you love Him. Farewell."

The crone, crouching on the step, watched her narrowly as she read the few lines, then stroking back the masses of dark hair which had fallen over the girl's brow, said solemnly:

"Love outshines a palace—aye, and outlasts it as well. Take heed, sweet child."

But Sally shook her hand off impatiently: "What know you of love, that you prate so much of its worth? Surely a man in a palace may care as much as he who dwells in an humbler abode. I am wearied with your prattle!"

Then with a sudden softening of manner she laid her head in the old woman's lap and fell a-sobbing.



SLEIGH BELLS.

WITH a tingle and a tangle,
 All the sounds a seeming jangle,
 And a swinging backward, forward, to and fro;
 On the frosty morning breaking,
 Clear their silvery notes outshaking,
 The sleigh bells are ringing o'er the snow.

How they set the nerves a-thrilling
 Through the heart a joy distilling,
 Mingling music with the beauty of the day;
 As with slipping and with sliding,
 Swiftly, softly, smoothly gliding,
 With a song o'er the snow we drift away!

LISA A. FLETCHER.

Bicycling in Japan.

By

Andrew Macphail, M. D.



A MAN who purposes making a bicycle tour in Japan must not object if he is considered a fairy or a fool. For none but evil spirits would adopt so strange a means of locomotion, and all methods of self-propulsion, even without mechanical aids, are disdained in the thoughtful East. One might as well be a coolie at once as bend his back and strain his muscles when he could be whirled around the bases of the steep hills in an airy jinricksha. In Oriental countries, where an elephant and a harem would be accepted by transportation companies as personal baggage, one who rides on a bicycle must base his claim to recognition upon other considerations than his belongings.

Our party, which consisted originally of three, was reduced to one when the cycle trip began. There were valid reasons for this; the laziness that one breathes in with the air, the cheapness of labor, the privacy and comfort of a perambulator, all go to prove that a cyclist is merely a beast of burden. And if one first lands at the Grand Hotel in Yokohama he may find the mixture of Paris, Paradise and New York too much for him. He may set up his household gods, and in great content exclaim: "This is good enough."

Since modern methods have been adopted in Japan the foreign investi-

gator must push well inland to get a glimpse of her strange people in their primitive state. In the treaty ports the impression is confused,—a coolie swearing in admirable English with

excellent accent and accurate idiom, blunts the perception of other kinds of artistic work. Yet, if one can turn his back upon all these pleasures he will find delights new and undreamed of along the virgin paths that await his wheel.

There is no more difficulty in making a bicycle journey throughout the length of Japan than there is in going from New York to Washington, if one has some slight knowledge of the language, some money in his pocket and his passport correct. There is no need of extra baggage unless the journey is unduly prolonged. The best season is April or October, according as one chooses the gentlest spring or the mildest autumn days.

First, one must have a passport, an imposing enough document, in virtue of which the traveler's Government holds itself responsible for the goodness of his motives, and the Mikado on his part covenants for his proper treatment. But he must have a passport; without it he cannot buy a railroad ticket, he cannot obtain a night's lodging, and a policeman is always on hand to see that he has it and to enforce its regulations. The regulations in this respect are becoming more stringent year by year.

The roads are as a rule admirable for the bicycle. The country is hilly, but the hills stand out from the plains and the roads wind between. The principal

highway, or Tokaido, extends from Tokio to Kioto, 307 miles along the southeastern coast of the main island. There is another road between these two cities, the Kiso-Kaido, passing through the heart of the country. It is much longer, and though the hill scenery is said to be very fine the elevation is so irregular and the country so primitive, it is quite unsuitable for bicycling.

There is a highway extending northward nearly 500 miles, but as it terminates nowhere it is rarely traveled by foreigners. The highways are divided into three classes: the national roads between Tokio and the treaty ports, the ancestral shrines and the military stations; the prefecture roads between these stations, and third, the village roads. The Tokaido being a national highway is cared for at the imperial expense, and is by far the most suitable for the

bicycle. It extends, as I have said, from Tokio to Kioto, and the journey may be prolonged to Kobe, thirty-five miles, a treaty port where connection is made with all the steamers.

Our parting was in sadness and reproach, the one driven by an eager mind into unknown ways, the others to indulge those natural tastes and habits one may acquire in any common city.

From Yokohama to Tokio the journey is made in a narrow-gauge match box. An agent for wheels would find a sympathetic audience whose thirst for information would refuse to be assuaged.

It is difficult when one sees two men blistered with gold buttons, to decide which is the baggage-master and which an official high in the imperial household. After gratifying his curiosity,

the official made a demonstration on his lightning calculator, a frame like those which are thought to be so helpful to children; then he drew a picture of a wire-fence on a piece of tissue-paper, which in faith and fear I believed would entitle me to my machine at the other end of the line.

That afternoon, with two hours' sun, I left Tokio through a smooth, wide street, over a moat which a bridge of single arc took at a leap. The embankment was

rich with the wonderful greens of the low flat branches of the pines that look like dragons from the lacquered screens. In the distance were the staring walls and heavy roof of the palace of the Mikado, and barracks to which the emblazoned chrysanthemums gave an air of redoubtable authority. As the road wound backwards some companies of soldiers marched past, wearing their



"WITH PALEST, EXQUISITE LANTERNS." (p. 326)

uniforms uneasily. Their officer sat his imported horse splendidly.

The city was now well behind, a multitude of sharp points; and as it grew dark, strange shadows rose over the soaking rice-fields, dusky temples loomed up, and half-lights with a gleam of gold came from the water and the tangle of pines skirting the edge. These temples became in the morning heavy-walled fire-proof warehouses. In Japan there is a curious self-deception that finds art where there is only picturesqueness, and the light, falling upon blackened tiles and curved roofs suggests silent images in the silent groves. Up an avenue of shadows, the paper lanterns, swinging globes of rose and black, gleamed in the dark like spots of light. The first stage was completed. This was the village of *Kawasaki*, and an hour's run brought me back to *Yokohama*. These twenty-one miles formed a sort of preliminary canter, and tested the roads and the machine.

Next evening the journey proper commenced, and a few miles carried me well beyond the limits of foreign influence and into an atmosphere purely Japanese; a couple of hours brought me to *Kamakura*. All along these miles nature appeared on a very small scale: little squares of fields stretching to the mountains and up their sides to the horizon; rice-paddies like the garden of a child, hedges of camellia, trees swathed in rice-straw, windowless houses, darkly thatched, and withal a cool, dainty atmosphere that made bicycle riding a gentle task.

That night's resting-place was a shattered shell, and the excellence of the ventilation inspired longings for the profane but comfortable stove. Instead of this a highly decorative servant with a bow of self-annihilation brought in a fire-pot of coals. This was Japan, and no mistake. The shuffling crowds, the solidity, the edifices of stone and mortar, the hardness, stiffness and squareness of things Western seemed to vanish behind a screen into some prehistoric period of existence. A mat for a bed, a cushion for a chair, a penholder for a fork, tissue-paper for a towel—these are the differences. That night a melancholy twanging, beginning nowhere and ending nowhere, came over the camellia hedges, the minor notes filled with an indefinite sadness. It was a maiden playing the

samisen. The muffled bell of the Buddhist temple sent its sound amongst all the other sounds, until there was an indescribable harmony ending in peace and sleep.

In the morning my departure was a public function. The daughters of Japan were there, grouped in shy knots with their narrow, pale blue draperies drawn round their ankles, a sash of gold about their short waists, dainty silk undersleeves protecting their shapely arms, and their hair puffed and shiny, giving to their delicately cut faces the relief of ivory. Free from the intrusion of Western fashions, in their simplicity and sweetness they were the very originals of the little ladies so familiar on many a vase and fan.

Upon the men the dress sat with ease and dignity; upon the women, with an air of dainty femininity. In the treaty ports not even their native gracefulness can redeem from vulgarity the wearers of what look like the fashions last year in vogue on the Bowery.

That day there was a long ride, a gradual silent ascent between lines of solemn pine-trees, the only tall things in Japan, with twisted dragon-like arms or like the Harpies that Dante saw. The women worked in the fields, straw sandals on their feet, a breadth of colored cloth hanging from the waist, a loose overgarment open and leaving the bosom bare.

To the next town, *Numodzu*, was only thirty-five miles, and it made a comfortable stopping place for lunch. The mid-day meal was brought. A minute cup for pale tea, a bowl of rice soup with pieces of floating fish, an unknown fowl, cakes smelling of turpentine, eels split into lengths on wooden spits, preserved cherries, sugar-coated beans, flabby seaweed, and substances, either animal or vegetable, tasting and looking like nothing else on land or sea. But who has mastered the sequences of a Japanese dinner? And, after all, it seemed as if I had been trying to extract nutriment from innumerable afternoon teas.

That night I came to a low city reaching between the hills, houses small and heavy-eaved, the streets illumined from end to end with palest exquisite lanterns, breathing forth a tremulous light. And in the gentle luster, there came peace and sleep, doubtless hastened

by muscular fatigue, by a dinner of salted salmon and roasted sweet potatoes, a bean-cake made adhesive with glue, a fish curled round a ball of rice, copious draughts of saki, which steamed in a long-nosed pot overlaid with dragons—a most unsuitable decoration for a punch-bowl.

To smoke in Japan is to perform a function. A smiling maiden fetched a box of sand as if she were about to clean the knives, and lit a sulphur match which smelled as vilely as if it were made in Maine.

This she allowed to glow as it stood on end in the sand. She brought a pipe whose stem was of bamboo metal-tipped, and the bowl thereof a dollmaker's thimble. Into this she pressed a pea of finest tobacco, and lighting it against the glowing match inhaled one long draught. With soft laughter she wiped the mouth piece and passed the pipe over. A few puffs exhausted it, but another was ready. In this way one can spend a rainy

day very pleasantly. Then I framed inquiries from the guide book, and feasted mightily on rice and eggs and native beer. All these things brought peace, and I slept calmly that night between two mats.

In the morning a fat fairy brought in a vase of water, which I drank, and a cobweb, which I used as a napkin. If I chose to drink my bath it was none of her concern, and she only smiled.

Here I was away from the curio shops of coarse china, meretricious gilt-copper storks, commonplace monkeys, mercu-

rial prices, and goods that are worthless as well as dear—merchandise, and not art, too vulgar to stay long in the country of its manufacture.

The next day's journey brought me to Shidruoka, 125 miles from Yokohama. About five miles from this town is a tunnel through a ridge of hills. A road-way leads upwards in a zigzag fashion, and then pierces the hill by a tunnel two hundred yards in length, one end faced with stone, one part supported by timber arches, and the rest hewn out of the solid rock.



"IT WAS A MAIDEN PLAYING THE SAMISEN." (p. 326.)

That night's resting-place was a cross between a bird's nest and a barn, with a roof like an old hat, much too big. There was no back yard for the bicycle. There was instead a landscape garden fully ten feet square, with a lake, a duck and a bamboo bridge, a forest of rose-bushes, a lonely camellia, a vine trained over a packing-box. The walls of the house itself were sliding panels, which, in daytime, left the rooms exposed to the weather; the windows, squares of porous paper; the floor covered with yellow matting, clean and cool; the ceiling in strips of natural wood; light designs of waving flowers everywhere.

The country now became very hilly, and it was a hard day's work to reach Nagoya, which is in the center of the earthquake district. Foreign travel here is very limited, and the natives who saw me pass rose from their work, and, with laughter and fear, commented on the strange sight.

At the villages the little men and

women were grouped in patterns, and from every group came a word of greeting. It was a long time since they had such a foreign entertainment.

There was yet a run of one hundred miles to Kioto, when, in a very rough piece of road, an axle broke. It was near a village, and all the inhabitants were called in consultation. Then the most cunning of the workmen took the strange machine in hand, and, by a curious device, set it in order again.

A packhorse went by, then a group of men with a cart-load of bamboo-trunks; and the country slipped away

between the slanting pines, and did not stop till it reached the blue sides and the white curves of snow-capped mountains. In the evening shades a tea-house was reached. Soon the dark shadows and twilight deepened into night.

As the road approached Kioto the hints of Western civilization became more marked; and when the city was reached all the comforts of a continental hotel were to be had for the asking. Next day, an uneventful run of thirty-five miles brought me, alas, to Kobe and the sea, and ships bound for the uttermost parts of the earth.



"THE DAUGHTERS OF JAPAN WERE THERE." (p. 326.)

A CREOLE LEGEND.

THERE is a quaint old Creole superstition
That mid the tangled voices of the birds
One voice alone is given the blessed mission
To call in liquid melody the holy words,
Prie-Dieu! Prie-Dieu!

The grandsires knew it in their youth-time olden,
And still to-day the children tell its fame,
It sings, when morning in the East is golden
And when the sunset paints the West with flame,
Prie-Dieu! Prie-Dieu!

LAURA F. HINSDALE.

THE GAME FISH OF FLORIDA.

By Henry Guy Carleton.



FISHING in Florida waters is so akin to playing the late Louisiana lottery that it would not surprise me to hear that our moral law-givers, some fine morning, had legislated it into the penal code as an unwarrantable and scandalous game of chance. No man can conscientiously lay his hand to his heart, there, and say that he knows what genus, species or variety of fish he will get when he goes fishing. He cannot even guess as to the size, or anywhere near it. Once, with heavy tackle, I dropped my bait 582 feet into the blue of the Gulf Stream, and the only result was a fish seven inches long, red and spotted like a baby in the early stage of measles, and which died of general debility on the way up. Later that day, trying with light tackle on a shoal where there was not more than a yard of water, I acquired a submarine infernal machine, which I never saw; for he violently borrowed all my line and two-thirds of my rod within four seconds after he struck. Generally speaking, the true angler delights in using delicate tackle. It gives the fish a fighting chance. In Florida it is the angler who needs the fighting chance, and my experience leads me to believe that nothing but a combination of steam derrick, hawser and baited anchor can be depended upon to give it to him. Yet, even if he goes out with this powerful apparatus, the probability is that

after seven hours' patient dredging he will draw up only one small, silly crab, with blue claws, a desire for immediate combat, and a larcenous disposition; while only a few yards away a shrinking invalid, who is in Florida for his nerves, and is dibbling with a light rod for little porgies and whiting, gets fast to a fourteen-foot sawfish, or six square yards of devil-ray, or a horse-mackerel bigger than his boat, and in six seconds has the repairs to his constitution set back six months.

The man who acts upon the theory that all fish are good to eat is also apt to come to grief in Florida. There are certain species there which cheerfully impart to their consumer a fierce and persistent variety of hives. Others will invest him with cramps and an incurrible chill, and suggest the prompt attendance of a doctor who is liberal-minded with morphine and brandy. Certain Florida fishes are edible at some seasons and poisonous at others. Local ichthyophagi place the tiger-tempered barracouta in this list. He is a noble and unconquerable fighter at all times, and in winter they who have devoured him say that he is palatable and bland, but in summer he is reputed to be very little more wholesome than cyanide of potassium. Hearing this, I made a private resolution to suppress my hunger for barracouta until days when the thermometer should sink to thirty-two degrees. As no self-respecting Florida fish bites when the temperature is less than sixty-five degrees, I feel that this simple rule makes me comparatively safe. The amber-fish also, they say, when he has been feeding in certain localities, has a reprehensible objection to being eaten, and expresses that objection in the form of a surprisingly active cholera. As no one knows exactly where these localities are, and as the amber-fish is restless and changes his locality as suddenly and often as a drummer, I have passed a personal ordinance that his peculiar flavor is distasteful to me.

In point of good looks, Florida fishes also vary. Some would take special prizes at a beauty show—wonders of

grace in design, and resplendent in most vivid vagaries of scarlet, green, yellow and blue. Others are striped, mottled, polka-dotted and freaked with multitudinous hues, as tenderly iridescent as a polished shell, and some, in size, form and color would claim enthusiastic attention from a delirium-tremens patient in precedence over the wildest phantasmagoria of his padded cell.

Obviously, too, Nature has not constructed many Florida fishes with a view to their being eligible as household pets. Any really thoughtful observer may see at a glance, for example, that the jewfish was never intended to supplant the canary as a focus for domestic affections. He averages five feet in length, three in depth, and two and a half in thickness, weighs six hundred pounds, has a villainous temper, very vague notions of morality, a mouth like an old-fashioned carpet-bag, and could, upon occasion arising, swallow a mule. Then there is the murrey, which is pronounced with the accent on the final. The murrey is not large, as Florida fishes go, but he is very red and excessively freckled, and has the disposition which usually accompanies that complexion. His tropical sense of humor inclines him to think it is funny to lurk in the shadow of a sea-fan, a finger-sponge, a huge coral or a shelving rock, and thence rush upon some inoffensive wader and slice a large outlet from the edible portion of his leg. Being shaped and colored like a huge and inflamed eel, and having teeth like a cross-cut saw, with neither self-control nor anything like a desire to die quietly, he is on my black-list as a fish which I have firmly determined never to caress or become attached to.

I shall not attempt to catalogue the fishes of Florida. A man who pretends to know several things once informed me that he had personally enumerated 1,641 different species; but he was of convivial habit, and several alleged portraits he showed me led me to the belief that some of these species were taken with liquid tackle, and drawn from memory after exciting hours wherein his sin had found him out. I shall merely name some of the fish which afford sport to the angler and whose acquaintance the sportsman is likely to make.

Monarch of them all is the tarpon.

He is a tremendous herring. His scales are of the bigness, whiteness and sheen of a newly-coined dollar. With the exception of his back, which is blue-black, he seems like a sculpture of mother-of-pearl. When grown, he averages six feet in length and weighs from 150 to 300 pounds. More of him hereafter.

Second in importance is the kingfish, whom the Fish Commissioners call a *Scomberomorus regalis*; but I think they are prejudiced. He is wholly unrelated to the kingfish of the North, but is a variety of mackerel. He abounds off the coast of Florida, anywhere below the twenty-sixth parallel, and will snap at anything that moves. The smallest kingfish I have seen weighed twelve pounds, and the largest on record at Palm Beach, fifty-five. The favorite method employed in his capture is to troll with tarpon tackle and a block-tin squid, using six feet of piano-wire between the squid and the line as a precaution against his teeth. The kingfish never nibbles. He flings himself at the moving squid, and his impetus generally carries him from eight to fifteen feet into the air. This almost incredible feat is followed by such a whirl of fighting tactics that unless the boat is promptly luffed, the angler will lose his line, and perhaps his rod and salvation.

Not inferior to the kingfish for sport is the amber fish, or "amberjack." Some disgruntled member of the Smithsonian Institute has put a picture of this fish in the National rogue's gallery, and labeled it *Seriola punctatus*; but, in my opinion, that is simply libelous and without foundation. The amberjack is from two and a half to five feet in length, slightly pot-bellied from excess of good living, and weighs from ten to one hundred and fifty pounds. As a rule he scorns dead bait, will take a squid at times, is always eager to get himself into trouble for a live mullet or a young crevallé, and, when hooked, shows as much skill in fight as a Cuban insurgent. He loves warm water, and is rarely to be found north of Jupiter Inlet, swarms in the neighborhood of Palm Beach and in New River, but, for some unaccountable reason, is not often in evidence at Biscayne Bay. The heaviest of rod tackle is necessary when giving him battle.

Ranking with the amberjack is the barracouta, which is common to all

Southern waters, being also found on the West Indian shoals, and along the coast of California from Santa Barbara down. My first acquaintance with the barracouta was made one sultry afternoon off the Mexican coast, near Guaymas. I went out with new tarpon tackle, and an indolent greaser, to see to what live-stock I could make fast. The first mullet I cast out had scarcely submerged himself before there came two fierce yanks and a whizz, and my entire line vanished in the direction of Honolulu. I looked inquiringly at the greaser, who would have taken but a languid interest in any phenomenon short of a bolt of lightning gliding down his spine, and asked him to name me the name of that which had yanked, whizzed and vanished. He shrugged his shoulders, rolled a cigarette, and said that he *pienzad* that it was a barracouta, but *quien sabe?* I bent on another line and cast again. This time there was but one yank and a whizz. I tried to check the vanishing process by braking with a thumbstall, with the sole result that, in addition to losing my line, I lost my rod and acquired a red-hot blister on the ball of my thumb, which got me unusually deep in the recording angel's books. Inserting my painful thumb in my mouth, I again glanced inquiringly at the greaser, and he *pienzad* it was another barracouta, but *keen savried*, as he hadn't seen it.

Special honors must be accorded a fish which, so far as I know at present, is only found in Biscayne Bay and on the shoals running thence to Key West. He is locally known as the "bone-fish," but must by no means be confounded with the "bony fish," or "lady fish," which is a lively little jumper, great fun when played on light tackle, abounds in all Florida rivers, and has been malignantly christened by some bilious scientist a *Lagodon rhomboides*. The bone-fish is entirely different. He somewhat resembles a whiting in shape, with the mouth of a sucker, and no teeth. He is trimly built, and weighs from two to twelve pounds. His haunts are the flats, where, on the first of the flood tide, he grubs for sand fleas, the flukes of his tail gently waving in the air as a token of gluttonous enjoyment. His capture is difficult, for he is keen-sighted and very shy. Once on the ground, and after the cast, boat, boatmen and angler must remain

motionless until the bait is taken. The bone-fish does not swim, so far as I have been able to see. He telegraphs himself from place to place. His rushes are unparalleled, and the excitement he affords is much that imparted by a live wire. Old tarpon fishermen declare that no such fighter exists in the sea, and my brief experience leads me to confirm the statement. The proper tackle for bone-fishing is a ten-ounce casting-rod, a fine multiplying-reel capable of holding at least 150 yards of 9-thread line, and 1-0 hooks, mounted on strong gut sneils. I have hunted the books of the Fish Commission without finding mention of the glorious scrapper; but I have no doubt that within ten hours after this article reaches Washington some sallow, lantern-jawed man of learning will get free tickets to Florida, and will come back and hang up a portrait of the bone-fish as an original discovery, and call him by some name resembling the noise of a rusty quartz-crusher at half-speed.

Other game fishes of Florida are the "jack," or crevallé, also called carvalho; the pompano, which will take a sand flea, and fight in a manner that shows he was spawned near the headwaters of Bitter Creek; the channel-bass, or "redfish," which sometimes attains a weight of fifty pounds; the "trout," which is identical with the "weakfish" of the North; the mangrove snapper, who is called *Lutjanus Stearnsii* by the criminal authorities, and deserves it; the group-er, or "gruper," or "garoupha," who is large and logy, but fine fun with moderate light tackle, and is capable of entering with great spirit into a chowder; the sheepshead, who has been called in open court a *Diplodus probatocephalus*, and did not resent it; the drum, which pulls like a mule, and has been accused by all yachtsmen for his habit of beating an infernal, booming tattoo against a boat at hours when I and those who are not sober ought to be abed. The red snapper, which affords amazing fun to persons fond of seasickness, rough water and deep-sea fishing; and, last but not least, the Spanish mackerel. I refuse to mention the jew-fish, for though he is heavy he has no more game in him than a sandbag; or the stingaree, which is as lively as a two-ton anchor; or the devil-ray, which looks as large as the State of Rhode Island, and had best be let alone; or

the twelve or fourteen varieties of shark which infest every inlet and shoal; or the cuttle-fish; or the sawfish, which are large as the shark and a trifle more dangerous to tackle. Nor will I mention such small fry as hind, whiting, hogfish, margate, grunt, porgie, bream, ladyfish, angelfish, bluefish, turbot or sergeant-fish, though some of these grow to weigh twelve or fifteen pounds, and are full of pluck and endurance. No fish is properly "game" in Florida which is not large enough and strong enough to afford sport with tarpon tackle.

To kill tarpon, six hundred feet of 21-thread line, a powerful multiplying-reel, and a 7-foot, heavy single-joint Greenheart or split bamboo rod, with a reel-lock, are requisites. All should be of the finest quality. The hook is made expressly for this fish, and has a snood one yard long, of cotton loosely braided, one-eighth of an inch in thickness. Another snood in use is of rawhide, well soaked in oil. These snoods are less apt to be chafed by the bony plates of the tarpon's mouth than wire or gut, and if a shark lays hold, which frequently happens, his teeth will cut the snood, and the angler may save his costly line, if not his chance for a happy hereafter.

The bait highest in favor is the mullet, though tarpon have been known to take crabs and crayfish. I prefer live mullet, though anglers usually cut off the head and tail and insert the hook in his midriff, so as to completely hide the barb, yet leave it free to emerge.

The tarpon fisherman is rowed out to the feeding-ground in a flat-bottomed boat by a nigger who has been there before, and anchors in from four to eight feet of water. He then casts out the bait, sixty or seventy feet, with the tide, and when it has come to rest "lays" twenty-five feet in loose coils on the thwarts. This accomplished, he proceeds to wait for a bite; and the nigger goes firmly to sleep.

The tarpon hasn't been called *Megalops* for nothing. He may be playful, but he is not a fool. He will gambol for hours around a boat, with twenty or more of his boisterous fellows, dive under it and circle it, leaping, rolling, whacking the water with his tail, and cutting up other didoes which he considers fun, and which even the gray gods must never weary of watching, but he keeps meanwhile a wary eye out

for danger. Often days will pass before he will condescend to touch a bait. In fact, when most frolicsome, he is least apt to lay hold. A week's broil in the sun was the preliminary to my first tarpon, and though I went through the preliminary with a patience and resignation which would have done credit to St. Sebastian, it did not credit me with the tarpon; for within four seconds after he made up his mind that he wanted a light snack of mullet, I had a broken rod, no line, and a damaged reputation with my nigger, who had just experienced religion.

The tarpon usually takes the bait slowly, then moves from the spot with lazy dignity, swallowing as he goes. Coil after coil of the line on the thwarts pays out, and this is the signal for the excited angler to club the nigger into consciousness, and prepare for battle.

The tarpon slowly straightens out the line, the angler "strikes," setting the barb fast, the aroused nigger mans his oars, and Waterloo has begun.

The instant he feels the hook the tarpon drops all laziness, and breaks into the air with that kingly leap which has made him famous over all the princes of the sea. Six, eight and even ten feet above the water he hurls his ponderous shape, shaking with wrath, then plunges only to leap again and again and again. His strength and speed are wonderful. I have had one hundred and fifty yards of line taken from my shrieking reel in not more than five seconds; and that, too, under as heavy pressure as I dare give. Seven, eight and ten of these frenzied rushes are given in succession, each terminating in a leap, and then *Megalops* starts seaward. Here is where the aforesaid nigger comes into valuable play. If he can row fast enough to ease the strain on the line, the tarpon will tire of his straight tug, and recommence his jumps and rushes. If not the reel will soon be empty, and the angler's cup of bitterness and cussedness full.

To bring a tarpon to gaff takes from one to six hours. I have heard of anglers "making a kill" in forty minutes, but have never witnessed the feat. As every moment of the fight is filled with hard work and conflicting emotions, one tarpon is capable of yielding me all the violent exercise my system needs for one day, but there

are anglers who have killed three between breakfast and dinner. As to size of those caught with rod and reel, it is only necessary to say that the "record" fish was killed three years ago at Punta Rassa, with rod and reel, and by a woman, and weighed two hundred and five pounds—a superb tribute to her skill.

Although tarpon abound along the Gulf from Brazos, Santiago, to Key West, they have their favorite feeding- and spawning-grounds. Best of these is near Fort Myers, on the Caloosahatchie River. On the East coast, nearly as good grounds are to be found at the head of Biscayne Bay and in New River. Few are taken before the 1st of April, and from the 15th of that month till the 15th of May is the best season. The capture of one tarpon will reward the angler for the entire journey.

I have several times alluded to the "nigger" as a necessary part of the tarpon angler's outfit, and I wish to recommend that he be selected with even more care than the reel, rod or line. What is wanted is a genuine nigger—not a colored person, or an Afro-American, or a darkey—and one who has been there before. He understands tarpon, and tarpon understand him.

In Charlotte Harbor I once saw a man go out for his first tarpon, attended by a nigger who had never been there

before. He cast in, using a heavy handline, and promptly got a bite. The tarpon did not jump when struck. He was sleepy, or absent-minded, and even when both nigger and man hand-over-handed him, he offered no resistance, and came in over the stern without winking a fin. Then both nigger and men uttered a yell of triumph, and the tarpon woke up. His tactics were simple and rapid. First, he swatted the nigger across the face with his tail, and simultaneously with that swat, the noise of which could have been heard a mile, the nigger disappeared to starboard, ten feet from the boat, and the tarpon proceeded to make kindling wood of one seat and pulverize the gunwale. The man was game and promptly clinched, and he and the tarpon lay for ten gory minutes together in the bottom of the boat, slugging and slugged, while the damaged nigger swam cautiously to the stern and peeped over with his one unbunged eye, dodging the flying tail, spitting out loose teeth, and encouraging the war as much as he could by giving advice to his boss. The combat ended in a capsize, and a subsequent rescue of man and nigger, but the tarpon, with a good hook and fifty yards of handline trailing after him, started for Vera Cruz, and probably reached there in four hours if he kept up his gait.



HUNTING FOR AN ARCTIC LARDER.

By George Harlow Clark.

Naturalist Peary Expedition, 1893-'4.



WE had just returned from a walrus-hunt, and I was cleaning guns in the cozy fifty-by-six-foot studio—Valhalla, we dubbed it—in which my artist friend and I abided, when Matt, Mr. Peary's colored "boy," brought to me a typewritten document,

which ran as follows :

ANNIVERSARY LODGE, BOWDOIN BAY,
NORTH GREENLAND,
October 18th, 1893.

MR. GEORGE H. CLARK :

SIR—You are hereby placed in command of the hunting-party to Tucktoo Valley. Your party will consist, besides yourself, of Dr. Vincent, Matt, the two Eskimo men, Kissuh and Annowka, and the two Eskimo boys, Sipsuh and Ihllie. You will start at the earliest possible moment to-morrow morning from the lodge, in the whale-boat *Mary Peary*, cross the head of the bay and make a landing as near the northeastern angle of the bay as practicable. There you will haul the boat well above the highest high-water mark, turn her over and secure her.

Your camp may be established at your discretion, either upon the moraine near the western point of Sentinel Nunatak, or the other side of the glacier at the extreme head of Tucktoo Valley; but whatever the location of your camp, the skins, hind-quarters, hearts, tongues and livers of all the deer shot should be brought to the place where you landed with the boat, the fore-quarters being cached in the valley, and the position of the caches well marked so that there will be no difficulty in bringing them to the lodge, later on, by sledge.

Should it happen that the bay be frozen over when you return, you will cache all meat in camp securely from the attacks of foxes or ravens, and with your rifles, and one deerskin per man, or possibly two each for the Eskimos, you will return to the lodge across the Bowdoin Glacier.

Your experience in previous hunting expeditions here makes it unnecessary for me to go into further details. The object of your trip is to get all the deer you can. Should you find few or no deer in the valley, return as soon as you have satisfied yourself of the fact.

Very sincerely yours,

R. E. PEARY,
Civil Engineer, U. S. N.,
Commanding Expedition.

Accordingly, early next morning the Doctor and Matt stowed our camp outfit compactly on board the boat, while I searched the lodge and adjacent *tupiks*

(tents) for the Eskimo contingent to our party. Annowka, Sipsuh and Ihllie were soon ready to embark, but Kissuh flatly refused to go unless I would borrow Mrs. Peary's reindeerskin coat for him.

I offered to supply him with a heavy army overcoat, but he shook his head.

"No good; I want the *kooietah* or nothing," he said, decisively, in Eskimo.

I made haste to embark without him; it is bad policy to argue with a savage, especially when he holds an ugly looking lance in his hand and one is armed with only a can of pemmican.

Our boat's crew comprised representatives of three great divisions of the human race—Caucasian, Ethiopian and Mongolian. Our costumes were no less diversified, leather shooting-jackets contrasting picturesquely with sealskin coats, shaggy white bearskin trousers and yellow sealskin boots of Eskimo manufacture.

A strong, southeasterly wind favored us, and we dashed merrily out of Falcon Harbor, on the shore of which the tar-paper-covered lodge and studio nestled, like huge dry-goods boxes, in Mount Bartlett's sombre shadows. As we passed Observatory Point, a pack of hungry dogs, jealously guarding the spot where the carcasses of some forty walruses were cached, howled a dismal adieu. We steered in the direction of Kagokto Cove—so called from the fact that, in summer, white whales, *killalooa kagokto*, do there abound—situated between sphinx-shaped Sentinel Nunatak (mountain) and the majestic, snow-crowned cliffs of Redcliffe Peninsula, which forms Bowdoin Bay's western shore.

A quarter of a mile to northward, and parallel to our course, the crevasse-seamed face of Bowdoin Glacier, the largest of all in the bay's immediate vicinity, stretched like a polished marble wall, five miles long and one hundred and fifty feet high, across the head of the bay, from the hills near the lodge, on the east, to Sentinel Nunatak on the west. Far beyond it, the white surface of Greenland's eternal *mer-de-glace*,

from which the glacier flows seaward, swelled gently up to meet a mass of gray cumulus clouds.

The wind rapidly increased, and we were scarcely half way across the bay before the *Mary Peary* was surrounded with a turmoil of green waves. Frequently sheets of spray dashed entirely over her and drenched us, freezing as it fell. The Eskimos cowered silently in the bottom of the boat and watched us apprehensively. The Doctor held the tiller and Matt managed the sail, while I was posted in the bow to keep a sharp lookout for ice, for, had we chanced to strike a heavy piece of it, only a miracle could have preserved us.

The wind had driven numerous icebergs towards the northwestern shore, and a number of them had grounded on a shoal off the mouth of Kagokto Cove. The ominous, roaring monotone of waves hurling themselves against the stranded icebergs became louder as we advanced, and presently the boat was plunging through a chaos of water, between two gelid monsters, towering eighty feet above us. We passed them safely and glided to leeward, where, inside the shoal, the sea was placid and young ice was forming rapidly.

Here we took in the sail, now stiff with frozen spray, and putting out the oars, we essayed to force a passage through the thin ice. But the *Mary Peary* lacked copper sheathing, and the knife-like edges of the ice soon cut through her forward planks, worn thin by previous similar usage.

"This won't do, Doc," I sung out.

"Perhaps if we lower the sail under her bow, it will protect the wood," he suggested.

Accordingly, we tried that expedient, but to no purpose. Before we had propelled the boat twenty yards, the stout canvas was hacked and shredded in a woful manner.

"Let's back her through," the Doctor said. "Her stern is pretty solid."

We lifted out the rudder, turned the boat about and, then, with one of us breaking the ice in front with an oar, we succeeded without further misadventure in making our way stern foremost through three hundred yards of ice to shore. Seals, attracted by the unusual noise, thrust their black, glistening heads up through the ice to stare inquisitively at us. Matt fired several

shots at them, but they invariably dived, apparently unscathed.

"It's no use; you can't hit 'em," he commented, in disgust. "They see the flash before the bullet gets there."

Using the oars for rollers, we hauled the boat far above high-water mark on the steep, narrow beach. After unloading and taking out the mast, we overturned her in order to utilize her as a storehouse for our provisions.

A few paces beyond our landing-place, an immense ridge of disintegrated rock, thickly interspersed with boulders, the terminal moraine of Kagokto Glacier, extended along shore to the base of Sentinel Nunatak, to northward. The glacier itself, which is now inactive, and is annually receding, sweeps down from the perpetual snowcap of Redcliffe Peninsula, and uplifts a perpendicular wall of glassy, laminated ice sixty feet high.

While the Doctor and Matt were pitching our little tent beside the boat, I dealt out carbines and ammunition to our Eskimo allies and dispatched them to reconnoitre for deer in the highlands near the glacier. The sun, which at this season and in that latitude rises above the southern horizon for a short time only, at mid-day, had set long since, and land and sea were shrouded in starless darkness, when they returned with the report that they had seen one reindeer, but failed to shoot it.

We had hoped to add reindeer steaks, broiled on our small coal-oil stove, to our supper, but we consoled ourselves with liberal rations of tea, navy bread and pemmican. There was a historic—prehistoric, one might say—flavor about that pemmican, for it was originally prepared for the Greely Relief Expedition, and, as the labels on the tin cans bore testimony, it formed a part of the supplies of the rescuing ships *Bear* and *Thetis*. Since 1883, a full decade, it had reposed in the Brooklyn Navy Yard. Unfortunately, pemmican does not, like wine, improve with age.

Matt was provided with a sealskin sleeping-bag, while the Doctor and I each possessed an elk-skin contrivance, miscalled a "sleeping-suit." These, also, were souvenirs of Greely's rescue and contemporaries of the pemmican.

"It's my candid opinion that if all of Greely's party had used these things, no man of it would have survived!"

gasped the Doctor, while struggling frantically to don his *robe-de-nuit*.

I agreed with him.

An important problem demanded solution before we could turn in: the tent was barely large enough to accommodate three men; how, then, were we to find room for six? However, this difficult task was finally accomplished, although in doing so, Sipsuh stumbled over our candle, upsetting it, and singeing his bearskin trousers, so that the tent's interior was filled with the pungent odor of burning hair. We were packed together so uncomfortably that slumber came not, and it was a relief when the Eskimos withdrew, protesting that the air within the tent was stifling, as in all truth it was, and that they really preferred to spend the night under the boat. The mercury in our thermometer had not yet wandered very far from zero, and we trusted that they would be blessed with pleasant dreams; but, from the diminished contents of our biscuit-tin, next morning, we surmised that they had devoted more time to eating than to sleeping.

The wind wailed fitfully about camp—"Windy Camp," we named it—all night; and, on going outside after breakfast, we found that the cove was completely barricaded with stranded icebergs, while, beyond the shoal, the bay was filled with others looming mistily in the dim twilight that precedes by several hours the Arctic October dawn. As far as we could see through interstices between the bergs, young ice was glazing the bay, and a thick ice-foot had already formed along the beach. Had our start been delayed twenty-four hours, we would have been unable to cross the bay.

As we were preparing to set out for Tucktoo Valley, a sharp "ka! ka! ka!" the bark of a fox, echoed from the moraine-side. The tiny creature showed itself, not fifty yards off, "merely to furnish us with target practice," the Doctor remarked, as we blazed away at it.

It is a mootable question whether all Arctic foxes periodically change the color of their coats to suit the season, as do the reindeer and ptarmigan. I have seen snow-white foxes in September, and others that, in midwinter, still retained the cinereous blue garb of summer, while the Eskimos, who, in their way, are astute naturalists, aver that both

white and blue cubs are sometimes found in a single litter.

Leaving Annowka, Sipsuh and Ihllie to scale Kagokto Glacier and seek a path over it to Tucktoo Valley, the Doctor, Matt and I trudged along the shore to Sentinel Nunatak, where a narrow stream, now frozen to its bed, winds between the mountain's base and the glacier. Following the stream, we passed under jutting crags—a favorite summer resort of myriads of kittiwakes and burgomaster gulls—and marched westward until we came to where a branch of the main Kagokto Glacier unites with the great Tucktoo Glacier, which, like Bowdoin Glacier, has its source in the inland-ice behind Sentinel Nunatak, but, diverging from its sister glacier, it flows past the mountain's western side and terminates in a large lake, a habitat of salmon trout, and grayling, at the head of Tucktoo Valley.

A flock of belated snow-birds, migrating south, twittered cheerily around us as we scrambled up the steep slope of Tucktoo Glacier's lateral moraine, the crest of which—strewn with massive gneiss and granite boulders torn from the contiguous mountain-side by the ice-river's resistless passage—extended, like a broad, elevated street, a distance of perhaps three miles in front of us. We traversed this and reached a frozen lake just as the southern sky beyond Redcliffe Peninsula was flushing redly with the rising sun. Here we separated to begin the hunt.

My comrades speedily disappeared behind a neighboring ridge, while I tramped straight across the lake. On its farther shore I discovered the fresh trail of a small herd of reindeer, but as human footprints were mingled with their tracks, I conjectured that our Eskimos were in pursuit. Other tracks showed that a fox was following the hunters.

Encouraged by these signs of game, I crossed the trail and pushed on, eagerly scanning the adjacent hills for reindeer; but when, two hours afterward, I arrived at the valley's mouth on the shore of McCormick Bay, and stood on high land overlooking the site of Redcliffe House, the headquarters of the expedition of 1891-'2, I had seen nothing except a raven, and a gerfalcon.

I was returning towards the lake when I encountered Matt. He, too, had failed



Painted for OUTING by Hermann Simon.

THE LONE DEER.

to find deer, but he reported having heard distant rifle-shots and we concluded that the others had been more fortunate. But we ourselves were not destined to return to camp entirely empty-handed.

We were leisurely ascending a long slope that intervened between us and the lake, when, suddenly, a buck reindeer came clattering over the brow of the slope, fifty yards away. On catching sight of us it wheeled instantly and dashed off as though to pass to leeward; but all at once, it scented us, and halting abruptly, faced us and upreared itself on its hind legs, uttering its resonant call, "woof! woof!" indicative of curiosity or rage, as if challenging us to combat. Next moment it turned to flee, when "bang! bang!" spoke up Matt's rifle and mine, and with one bound, a dull clash of antlers on the snowy rocks and a momentary convulsion of its limbs, the luckless buck gave up the ghost.

The deer proved to be a four-year-old, in prime condition; we estimated its weight to be about two hundred pounds. Its long, thick hair had partly assumed the winter whiteness.

We quickly skinned and cut up our prize, and after a much needed lunch of delicious reindeer tallow we packed hide and venison on our backs and set out through the gathering dusk towards Tucktoo Glacier. There we found the Doctor and the Eskimos awaiting us. Annowka, who, like all Arctic highlanders, is adept in stalking, had killed four reindeer, and all three of the Eskimos were burdened with gory hides and meat. Ihllie had shot a ptarmigan in winter plumage, which, with true Eskimo gallantry, he wished to reserve as a present to Mrs. Peary.

As the natives professed to have picked out a path, comparatively free from crevasses, over Kagokto Glacier, we decided to make use of that route back to camp in preference to the more roundabout one by which we had come. Luckily for us, the full moon was rising when we reached the brink of the glacial wall behind our tent; without its light, neither the Doctor, Matt, nor I could have descended. As it was, my heart was in my mouth while I cautiously groped my way from one precarious foothold to another, chopped out with hunting knives, down that last

sixty feet of nearly vertical wall; and when finally we stood in safety amid the boulders at its base, I resolved that never again would I repeat that hazardous performance. Nevertheless, Kagokto Glacier subsequently became our chosen thoroughfare to Tucktoo Valley.

That was one of many red-letter nights in our Arctic calendar. We feasted on reindeer sirloin and hard tack, and imbibed incredible quantities of tea. Hot tea and good fellowship loosened our tongues, and even the Eskimos' taciturnity gave place to loquacious chattering. When they had repaired to their chamber under the boat, from which, however, Matt took good care to remove the biscuit tin, the jovial Doctor regaled us with stories of cadet life at West Point, and student life at Heidelberg and Vienna, while Matt reciprocated with tales of Nicaraguan adventure.

No startling episode occurred during our outing at Windy Camp, and the narrative of our first excursion to Tucktoo Valley will serve admirably to illustrate its daily routine, until, on the morning of the 23d, we struck tent and prepared to return to Anniversary Lodge. As Bowdoin Bay was now utterly impassable, the whale-boat had to be temporarily abandoned. Accordingly we cached the tent, camp paraphernalia, and our few remaining provisions under it, and weighted it down with heavy stones to prevent the violent gales of winter from overturning it. We stored the venison in a strongly built stone cairn near the boat, to protect it from those arrant pilferers, ravens and foxes. Then, laden with guns, reindeer skins, and a coil of stout manilla rope which we had brought on purpose for the exigencies of glacial travel, we bade farewell to Windy Camp.

After traversing the shore to Sentinel Nunatak, our little procession wound laboriously along the talus below its frowning cliffs and eventually arrived at a long incline of crusted snow, accumulated during many years, that rose, with gentle gradient, from the mountain's base to the top of Bowdoin Glacier. Toiling up the dazzling white slope, we assembled on the glacier's border, about noon. Here, the Doctor, Matt and I made the rope fast to our belts preparatory to crossing the five

miles of crevasse-riven ice before us. The sure-footed Eskimos disdained the additional security afforded by the rope; yet, hampered though they were by reindeer skins and other impedimenta, those self-reliant savages ventured where, without such a precautionary appliance, few experienced Swiss mountaineers would care to follow.

Innumerable crevasses of incomputable depth, and varying in width from fissures that a child could easily step across, to yawning "bergschrunds," ten or twelve feet wide, intersected the glacier's undulatory surface, which bore a quaint resemblance to a raging sea suddenly transformed to ice and snow. Occasionally, detonations like the loud cracking of a whip, succeeded by weird crackling, emanated from the ice beneath us, while a muffled rumbling proclaimed that the vast ice-river was in motion. As subsequent investigation proved, Bowdoin Glacier in summer flows seaward at an average daily rate of two feet.

The superstitious Eskimos listened with manifest awe to the mysterious sounds.

"It is the groaning of *Korkoya* [the Evil One]," Annowka whispered. "Here he abides."

Marching in single file and using our rifles as staves, we laid our course toward the bleak, dark-colored hills north of Mount Bartlett. The inland ice, beyond the glacier's "névé" basin, to northward, was veiled with clouds of sand-like spicules of snow caught up from its surface by the wind that, in biting gusts, swept down upon us. In Bowdoin Bay, a half-mile to southward, the alabastrian pinnacles of countless icebergs sparkled in the sunlight, while in the background the ice-gemmed, open water of Inglefield Gulf stretched to a coast-line, blue with distance.

Fortunately, those crevasses that were too wide for us to leap were bridged by snow-drifts, over which we passed with utmost care, but sometimes with speed accelerated by a musical jingle of icicles which, dislodged from the drifts, dropped into the black abysses below. Although our flexible sealskin soles permitted us to obtain a very fair purchase on the ice, we slipped more than once while descending some steep ridge. On one such occasion the Doctor, Matt and I narrowly avoided a possibly tragic visit to

sub-glacial regions; we were sliding promiscuously down a wind-swept, glaring ice-slope straight toward a huge "bergschrund," and were striving ineffectually to check our career, when the rope providentially caught on a rough hummock.

But our principal apprehension concerned those chasms which, lying in the trough between two ridges, were hidden by treacherous snow-sheets that gave way beneath one's feet. It is no joke to be suspended over an invisible crevasse, while, with arms outstretched on the surrounding snow to retard further sinking, and with legs dangling helplessly in the void below, one momentarily expects a disastrous fall.

The sun set long before we passed over the medial moraine, a narrow strip of rocky *débris* that overlies the ice and extends from a mountain peak, protruding above the edge of the inland ice, to the glacier's terminal wall. When darkness made further progress extremely perilous, we halted to await the rising of the moon. Stars glittered through the rarefied atmosphere with a brilliancy surpassing that of more southern latitudes. Polaris, the "pole star," seemed to be almost directly overhead; below it hung the Great Dipper, which once in every twenty-four hours traces a circle around Polaris and, by its relative position in the heavens, enables the Eskimos to estimate with surprising accuracy the lapse of time during the long winter night.

The stars that form Orion's belt were trailing into view above the highlands of the bay's eastern shore when the moon came up from behind Mount Bartlett, imparting to the glacier a new and indescribably magnificent aspect. However hunger was strong within us, and we did not linger to admire the scenic grandeur, but hastened on as rapidly as possible. Presently, we had threaded the last of the maze of crevasses and arrived at the glacier's eastern wall, which we speedily descended, though not without risk of limb; and the first recorded crossing of Bowdoin Glacier by white men or Eskimos was accomplished.

Two hours later, after a wearisome tramp over the boulder-strewn mountain side, we beheld the welcome lights of Anniversary Lodge, and the Tuck-too Valley trip was ended.



Painted for OUTING by H. B. Snell.

AT EXPRESS SPEED.



ICE-BOATING ON BEAVER DAM LAKE.

By Elmore Elliott.

HE who has never sat in the little cramped box of a flying ice-boat, and watched the frosty tracks of the sharp runner-shoes rapidly converge in the fading distance behind, has not yet rounded out the pleasures of this life. He who has never yet bravely stood upon the runner-board of a careening, unruly ice-boat, in a bitter, driving wind, and had his trousers tightly hugged just below the knees by a frightened, laughing maiden, has not yet filled to the brim his cup of joy. For what wild, blustering Boreas is to balmy, gentle Zephyrus, ice-boating is to water-boating. To stand upon the windward side of a pitching, plunging, half-unmanageable ice-boat, as she luffs up to within forty-five points of the line of wind, the runners lifting threateningly from the ice at every gust, will thrill the blood of the most *blasé* devotee of pleasure in this broad land. To any man worthy of the name, the mingled "Ohs!" and "Ahs!" and merry screams from the lips of a bevy of rompish damsels, is as sweet music as were ever the lyric strains of Orpheus to the Argonauts. Their bright eyes and blood-red, wind-kissed cheeks would be an object lesson to any bachelor on the sunny side of fifty; and if any such should chance to read these lines, suffer me to prescribe a large dose of ice-boating every other day, for one week. If, at the end of that time, under this treatment, he is not a benedict, either *in esse* or *in posse*, I unhesitatingly pronounce him hopelessly incurable.

When all is ready for the start, the boat's head is thrown into the wind, so that none of her sails will draw; the stays are examined to see that they are hard and fast, for should one of these

give way under a speed of forty or fifty miles an hour, the result might be disastrous. The jib and mainsail are hauled up, the halyards secured, and the boat pushed a little way from the shore in order to catch the full force of the wind. Then the girls are tucked away in the box; the boat slowly swings around until her sails fill; she forges ahead, and the crew jump on. Before they are fairly seated, the dark ice is flying under them at a speed to turn one's head. The boat glides along almost without a tremor, except when she strikes an occasional rough spot. The gliding motion is so deceptive that one does not realize the speed attained. A little hummock will give her a shake; the novice looks to see what was struck, but looks in vain, for it is already far behind, and the stanch little craft is again moving smoothly along. She gives out scarcely a sound except a low, singing noise, like the humming of a giant top, and the cutting into the ice of the sharp shoes, from the heels of which rise miniature fountains of white rime.

Now you approach the other side of the lake, and hear the steersman's warning cry as he prepares to "put about." If you happen to have enough live ballast aboard—say half a dozen robust girls—this operation is not attended with much excitement, for their weight—notwithstanding the too generally accepted belief that they have none—is sufficient to steady the boat, unless their presence has unsteadied the steersman. But where no such delightful ballast is aboard, or the crew is short-handed, it is quite another thing. The helmsman throws the craft's head into the teeth of the wind; the jib and mainsail slap and bang as if angered at the interruption,

and hungry to get at the wind. Now the crew dash across to man the runner-boards on the opposite side, where they hang on by the stays. The boom swings over, the steersman ducks his head to dodge it, the boat slowly falls off into the wind, the sails cease their uproar as they fill, she forges ahead, and in a few seconds is dashing over the smooth, clear course at railroad speed or better, nearly or quite a mile a minute if the wind be a half-gale. But woe unto that indifferent or belated sailor caught before the mast by the thrashing jib, ere the boat falls into the wind; for it will hang to him like the old man of the sea, wrap itself around him, haul him this way and that, and if he be not as agile as a monkey, send him sprawling overboard, where he can rub his bruises until the boat makes another tack and picks him up.

Under way again, you shoot past the skaters with their little triangular sails, something after the manner that an express-train goes by fence-posts. The skaters halloo at you, but before you can answer they are half out of hearing. On you speed, soothed by the soft humming of the runners as they rapidly vibrate upon the hard surface, and absorbed in watching the ice sweep by you in long, straight lines, while below, from the iron heel of the runner-shoe, the little fountain of frost ever rises and falls. Now the lookout cries in warning tones, "Set-lines!" They dot the ice in every direction. Answering instantly to the swing of the tiller, the flying boat veers suddenly to the right, and then to the left, imparting to you a motion that you imagine might also be enjoyed from the tail-end of a sky-rocket.

Out of the labyrinth of set-lines, the steersman breathes more easily, and all is going as smoothly as the first week of matrimony, when suddenly, without the least warning, the boat yaws fearfully, jerking around at right angles to her course, and you are fortunate if you are still aboard. But before you have time to collect your thoughts, she yaws again—back into her course this time—and withal she acts as if possessed of a devil, and you are one of the elect if you are not overboard. The steersman lulled into security by his escape from the set-lines, has overlooked a crack, allowed the boat to approach it at too acute an angle, and has resulted in "ditching" a runner.

By this time, if the mercury be idling anywhere near the cipher, your hands feel like two blocks of ice, and are about as useful. Be comforted, however, for the rest are with you, and relief is at hand. The boat is hove to, the sails slap and bang, and again you come to a standstill. The crew jump off, the girls roll out of their nest of buffalo robes, and with their backs to the biting wind, tell you between their chattering teeth how perfectly lovely it all is. Then all thrash their hands around to restore circulation, or indulge in little clog-dances—each and everyone according to his or her ability. It is only in exceedingly cold weather, with heavy winds, that ice-boating is accompanied by these discomforts, if I may call them such; and they are short-lived, for two minutes of unrestrained gymnastics on the ice will bring a glow to the body of anyone whose arteries contain the full complement of good blood.

The only precaution necessary is in the matter of clothing. On the occasion above referred to, the members of the male sex were generally fitted out with big buckskin mittens, arctic overshoes, and heavy ulsters; one or two of the party even indulged in the luxury of two pairs of trousers. Our steersman also had on—he confessed with a candor that I could but admire—all his underwear that was not in the wash. However, my readers will please bear in mind that his position (on the boat) is an elevated one, where he is raked fore and aft by the bitter wind. The girls were clad in extra heavy woolen wear, two pairs of mittens, and warm fur caps.

Beaver Dam Lake affords excellent facilities for this thrilling sport, as in the winter good stiff winds usually prevail. This is the wind ice-boatmen whistle for, scorning the soft breezes that in the summer they court. The lake furnishes a course some sixteen miles in length, taken both ways, and its width admits of good, long tacks, though a triangular course is not possible. The two or three large cracks in the lake, though a little dangerous to the unskilled navigator, only add zest to the sport when one sits in the box, confident of his pilot's skill. These cracks are a regular feature of the lake each year, and their location is noted

at the beginning of the season, so that accidents should not arise from them.

At this time of the year the lake is dotted in many places with the little box-like shanties of the perch and pickerel fishermen. The surface of the lake around these shanties is thickly covered with set-lines, but, once safely outside their bounds, the pilot has only to keep a sharp lookout for cracks.

There are about a dozen ice-boats, large and small, on Beaver Dam Lake, though some of them are so small as to hardly deserve the name. But there are several beauties which it is no boys' play to handle. On one of the early days of last year a party of ice-boatmen—inexperienced, with the exception of the steersman—was cruising on the lake during a piping wind. The crew consisted of five men and a boy. In spite of their shifting to the runner-board, the boat persisted in lifting her runners from the ice in a frightful manner, during which time the pilot had practically no control over her. They were in proximity to one of the big cracks, and the men lost their wits as the boat continued to careen and lurch in spite of the efforts of the man at the tiller. One by one they dropped off, at the risk of breaking their necks, until only the boy and the steersman were left. With this light ballast the boat was entirely uncontrollable and lifted her runners high in the air like a frightened steed. By good luck the steersman kept her away from the crack, and sent her driving towards a bog, now frozen into hard ridges and hummocks. She flew before the wind at fearful speed, struck the edge of the bog with a shock, and floundered into it a hundred feet or more; then the runners gave way. The sudden stop broke the stays and the mast snapped off short, burying the two hardy sailors beneath the folds of the big mainsail, where they lay, unhurt—to their own amazement.

A great deal of exciting sport is furnished by the races that frequently take place between two or more of the larger boats. Last season I had the pleasure of participating in one of these races, and cannot do better than close this paper with an account of it. The contestants were the *Frost Giant* and the *Mist Maiden*. Our boat, the *Mist Maiden*, though a trifle smaller than the *Frost Giant*, and with less sail-spread by a few feet, was the stiffer

boat of the two, and I was well satisfied to share her fate. The course was from a trestlework known as the eight-mile bridge, to the dam, and back, as the wind was favorable for high speed on the return trip, and it was desirable to make the trip up deliberately, in order to mark the bad places in the ice, and note the condition of the big cracks. Four sport-loving young women, with a keen eye to a good thing, put in a plea to act as ballast. Our rival's crew was composed entirely of men, in view of which we were at first inclined to question the wisdom of accepting such gentle sailors; but so admirably did they behave that we had no cause to regret their presence.

We beat up the lake, followed by a whole fleet of smaller boats and skaters, and one or two mounted on novel machines, viz., ice-bicycles, in which a runner is substituted for the front wheel, and the rear wheel is bound with a steel or iron rim, set with sharp teeth. At the first big crack the girls disembarked, and walked around it, on the shore. The remainder of the crew tested the ice, decided it safe (though not particularly so), and slowly pushed the *Mist Maiden* across it. The ice, probably an inch thick, cracked ominously under our weight, but sustained us. Our steersman surveyed the crack critically, having in mind the return trip.

The wind gradually strengthened, and when we reached the bridge it was blowing a half-gale, and growing bitterly cold. After thumping our hands until they were warm enough to be of some service, we tightened the *Mist Maiden's* stays until they were taut as fiddle-strings, re-arranged the robes in the box, tucked the girls in so snugly that they could not well have gotten out had they tried, and saw that everything was ship-shape. The smaller crafts and skaters had dropped far behind so as to be in at the finish, and we had a clear course with the exception of the set-lines and cracks. Both crews in readiness, we pushed off at exactly 2:12. The big boom of the *Mist Maiden* swung forward until the brace was taut, and we were off. Both boats glided over the first few lengths slowly, owing to their heavy loads. In less than thirty seconds, however, the dark ice was sweeping by on either side, and the runners began to pound. The *Frost*

Giant got a little better start than we did, and the owner of the *Mist Maiden* looked somewhat concerned. But our pilot was no novice, as he soon proved to our satisfaction. The *Frost Giant*, now a little ahead, put her helm hard down, and dashed athwart our bow, making for the opposite side of the lake, where the wind was strongest. Our pilot had evidently been waiting for this, because the *Mist Maiden* clipped across the wake of her rival, and made straight for the point marking the turn in the lake, shortening the course two hundred yards at a slight sacrifice of wind. This maneuver put the two boats again abreast, and after rounding the point they closed in on each other. We were now dashing along at magnificent speed, with the driving wind over our quarter. The girls sat in the box as quiet as mice, their eyes gleaming with excitement. For a mile or two the *Mist Maiden* and the *Frost Giant* drove along, almost abreast, and with scarcely twenty feet of ice between them. The crews hardly exchanged a word, and the silence was broken only by the whirring runners and the steady swish of their sharp iron heels.

Now the *Frost Giant's* larger spread of canvas began to tell on her speed, and she drew slowly away from us. Our fair mascots' faces were a picture when the *Giant* soon showed us a clean pair of heels, and we all felt a little dubious—all except, perhaps, our imperturbable skipper. It hardly seemed possible for any boat to improve on our terrific speed and hold together, yet the *Frost Giant* was certainly doing it. But soon the eyes of even our calm helmsman began to sparkle a little, and though the tiller shook and trembled in his hands from the rapid pounding of the runner beneath, he held the *Mist Maiden* straight to her course.

Both boats skirted the first and second fields of set-lines on the same side, and we were compelled to drop in our rival's wake. The first and second big cracks both boats crossed, close to the shoreline, on the same side, the *Mist Maiden* still following the *Frost Giant*. To gain on her, then, swerve from the course and pass her, seemed quite hopeless. Though the little *Maiden* pounded along at a speed that would have taken our breath had it not been with the wind, the inexorable *Giant* continued to

draw away from us. Now we rapidly neared the field of set-lines beyond which lay the last big crack—one mile from the dam, and the *Mist Maiden* in the rear fully forty yards. The *Frost Giant* veered sharply to the left to make a long angle for the passage over the crack, shortening the run and clearing the set-lines. The *Mist Maiden* shot straight ahead. The lookout turned around in frenzy and shouted, "Set-lines! Swing her to port, quick. You can't make the crack on the right!"

But the skipper "never a word said he." What was the matter with him? We looked upon the race as lost. A cry of derision went up from the *Frost Giant*. It was too late now, under the fearful speed, to make a sharp turn to the left; to the right was no better, and the set-lines were almost under us. The only thing to do was to throw her up in the wind, at the risk of tearing off the runners. But still we sped straight ahead. The lookout danced in excitement; the girls' cheeks were pale, the rest of us were dumbfounded and helpless, and ingulfment in the crack, now hardly a hundred feet away, stared us in the face. Snap! snap! and two set-lines were gone to Davy Jones's locker.

"Set-lines! Set-lines!" again hoarsely screamed the lookout.

"Set-lines be ——." If he finished the sentence the wild wind charitably wafted away the rest of the doughty helmsman's words across the ice, where there were no gentle ears to hear. The lookout wheeled around in despair, now thoroughly frightened, and cried, "Heave her to! Heave her to, for God's sake!"

But on we went. Snap! snap! went the set-lines again, and with the imprecations of the outraged fisherman faintly borne to our ears upon the wings of the wind, we dashed straight for the crack. The thin black ice yawned before us. The girls screamed in fright and clung to the swaying boat, breathless. Then she struck. The thin ice bent beneath the blow as if to ingulf us, and the icy water jetted from a score of cracks. But before we could sink, the stanch little *Mist Maiden* had mounted the solid ice on the other side; then she dashed nobly down the straight course, and reached the dam fully thirty seconds before the *Frost Giant*, and in just eleven minutes and thirty-two seconds from the time she left the eight-mile bridge.



THE PASSING OF ZAXTIA.

By Edward H. Wilcox.

IT is an old, old tale, and it has been told many and many a time over a fitful camp-fire when the cold winds came down from the mountains and bit at the uncovered flesh like a starving coyote. The children have shivered under the Navajo blankets as their dark-skinned and shrivelled-faced grand-dam told the story to the neighbors on a Sunday night, e'en though the piñon branches cracked merrily, the cheerful flame lighting up the little room, while the kettle sang gayly in the corner fireplace. Yea, even the elder people gathered closer while the ancient dame droned on; and after, when they needs must go, they cast many a fearsome glance over their shoulders and were right glad when they were again safely in their own homes. And the reason is (as everyone knows) that grewsome things are seen, and sounds which mortal ear may not abide are heard, by the luckless wight who goes too near the mountain-foot when the moon casts shadows across the quagmire.

Now, this is the tale as it came to me from the lips of an ancient crone, whose dam had lived all her lifetime under the shadow of the White Woman, and whose sire was a Zufi brave. I know the tale to be true, it comes straight from them who ought to know; and so I tell it again as it was told to me.

Many and many moons ago, señor, before the piñons grew on the mesa yonder and before the little blue snake had cut a hole for the water down the cañon, there was a clear and pleasant lake, señor, at the foot of Wahahlota,

and the snow came down from the breast of the White Woman (for so means the name) when the sun was strong, and filled the lake and kept it cool; and there were fish in the waters, O señor, and the deer and antelope came and drank at its tide; for this was long before the white man came and scared away the game with his bellowing guns.

Now, the Zufis were then a mighty people and owned the land for a week's journey upon all sides, and they were blood-brothers with the great people who lived to the south and worshipped the same gods; and they had cities—oh, yes, they had many cities, and the greatest of them was on its bank of the lake. Of stone and brick was it builded, and so placed that the great cliff was at its back and at its front the lake, while at its eastern side the melting snow came tumbling down the mountain-side, shouting and laughing for joy; but at the foot of the fall the water spread away and lost itself in the sands. For, be it known, O señor, for more than a thousand paces to the east lay a stretch of quicksand. On the western side my fathers builded a great wall of clay and stone—twenty feet high it was, and six men might walk side by side upon the top. From the overhanging arch of the cliff the wall was builded, and the other end lay against a great rock far out in the water of the lake. Wise were my fathers, señor, and knew well the way to keep that they had.

How got they to their flocks and fields of corn? Thus it was: In the wall they made a mighty gate of hewn

logs, so great that many men might not move it except they knew the secret of the gate; but, knowing that, a little child might swing it easily. Now, it was by this gate that my fathers entered in and walked abroad; and the water-spirits guarded well the lake, for they were friends with my father's gods and loved my people.

But there was another way. Across the sands there lay a track of solid ground; who found the way I know not, but there it was, and none but the high priest and one other knew the path, for it was death to him who told.

And so it was that, because of the lake and the wall, the cliff and the quagmire, my fathers thrived. And in the city was the great temple and the high priest, and in the temple was the tribal totem and the war-drum of the people.

Now it was known to all men that naught could prevail against the place except the path be found across the sands, and there was a tradition that none could ever find the way except a woman showed it to him. And that this might never come to pass, no one but the high priest of the gods and one next in rank might hold the secret.

For twice ten thousand moons the city prospered, and then there ruled a priest so wise and good that, as time went on, the ruling of the valley fell on him alone. Gentle he was and learned in all things, and under his fostering care Zaxtia (for so was the city named) not alone, but likewise all the valley of the lake, became rich in flocks and herds and garnered grain. He it was that taught my fathers to better irrigate their maize and rye, and to card and spin the hair and wool of goats and sheep, and to weave garments from flax and wool; also, he showed them how to paint their earthenware and osier baskets in many colors, and to beat the gold and silver from the hills into strange and curious shapes. Much else he taught, and his people loved and trusted him and made the gods glad with offerings; and his name was Toxio.

And so it was that Toxio ruled the people for many, many moons; and he was just and wise (in all things save one). And the gods smiled on the people until they became fat with riches and lazy withal, and so neglected the temple and the priests therein; and though

Toxio spoke often to them and said many words of warning, they would not listen, and at the last grew insolent. Ah, woe is me! For, after a time, the gods got angry, and took vengeance upon their wickedness after their manner.

Now, the wise priest had a daughter, and, his wife being dead, he made much of the girl; and well he might, for, of a truth, señor, she was fair to see. Tall and slender as the leafless reed she was, with eyes like a starless night and hair that hid her from the view when she but loosed the silver band which kept it. Her cheek was round and tinted like a peach at picking-time, and the beauty of her form might not be matched in all the valley. Light of foot as the mountain-panther, and wise she was as the basking snake which knows all things. Her father loved her as the apple of his eye, and he taught her all the lore which had come down to him from his forefathers and the mighty priests of Anahuac: how to heal a gaping wound and to stop the poison of the great brown snake before it turned the blood to vinegar; how to read the stars, and the speech of all the tribes around—these things, and many more, he taught her. And so fond of knowledge was she that she sat all day within the temple and cared not for the sports or loves of youth, and the people looked upon her as upon one sanctified.

Now, all this the gods knew, so at last they smote the good priest with madness; and because his daughter pressed him sore he told her the secret of the path, and it was in this wise, señor, that the good priest came under the ban for love of woman, howbeit she was of his own flesh and bone.

Beyond the mountain northward there dwelt a fierce and warlike tribe of men. Great in the field and chase were they, but they built no cities and raised no flocks nor grain. Between them and my fathers was a bitter feud, but they could not prevail against the valley nor the city by the lake because of the walls and the skill of my fathers. Nevertheless, they waited, hoping that a time might come when these things could not avail, for they coveted much the riches of the valley. Once when Mataloota (the daughter of the priest) was afield in search of herbs upon the mountain, she found a man sore wounded by a mighty bear which he had slain, and when she

looked she saw he was a stalwart youth and strong. So she brought water and quenched his thirst, and afterwards bound up his wounds with healing leaves and gave him food (all this, señor, though well she knew he was her deadly enemy); and when he had revived, they talked together, and each found joy in the other, so that when the maid must needs return, the youth looked long after her, and she had promised to come again and meet with him upon the mountain. And so it happened that many times they met together, and a great love grew in their hearts each for the other. Lakanoo pled with the maid to go with him across the mountain, but she would not, and said that he should join her father's tribe instead. This he could not do, because Lakanoo was the only son of his tribal chief, and his father was grown old and soon must cross the spider-web bridge and leave his son to rule. Therefore, though the youth loved and was honest in his love, yet he might not leave his kith and kin and join with her, lest war be caused, and this he would not, for, loving the maid, his heart yearned towards her people.

Now, sitting once within his father's tent, Lakanoo heard it said that if the quagmire could be crossed the city of the lake would fall, and also that there was a way that no man knew. And so he now beguiled the maid to find the way that he might come to her, and the maid forgot the wisdom of the gods which she had learned, and overcame her father, Toxio; and when she knew the path, straight showed it to Lakanoo. And the wrath of the gods and the shadow of woe was spread above the temple and the City of Peace, though none might see it. And the maid thought only of her lover and the comfort of his arms, and the youth thought only of the maid and how, when he was chief, he would make friends of both the tribes. And the ancient priest 'hought only of his daughter and his people, and forgot the prophecy and that he had transgressed the law. Of a surety, señor, the wisdom of man is but a riven stick to lean upon, and none may say what shall fall upon the morrow.

It was in the early summer when Mataloota told unto Lakanoo the way across the sand, and oftentimes they met, for the end of the path fell close

beneath the temple wall, and all the men were in the fields planting and working in the corn and rye. And as time went on, Lakanoo came more boldly and covered not his goings and comings as a wise man should, so that certain in his tribe watched, for they wondered whither he went so oft; but when they had followed him upon the mountain they ceased to wonder and were ashamed, for they thought that he prayed to the gods which all men knew dwelt on the mountain-top, and so they troubled no more—all excepting one, who believed not in such tales, and his name was Maeu. A chief he was, cunning and bold, bloodthirsty and crafty as a cat of the hills; and he was next in rank to Lakanoo, and therefore hated him and ever sought his hurt. Therefore he followed the youth and watched him close, until he saw the young chief pass the shoulder of the hill and climb down towards the valley of the lake; and when he had seen this his heart was glad, for he already smelled blood in the air and dreamed of slaughter, knowing well that naught but harm could pass between his tribe and those below. And when he was certain that Lakanoo had gone into the valley, he also followed, even as the blue snake crawls through the tangled grass, and saw the young chief standing on the edge of the great quagmire, for it was not yet night; so Maeu lay behind a rock and waited, for in his cunning mind he almost knew that Lakanoo had the way. And when darkness had come and he saw the young man go bravely out upon the shimmering sand, he laughed with joy to think of what would come thereby.

Maeu was brave, señor. The boldest warrior in his tribe was not more bold than he, and so he followed close behind his chief; prone on his belly like the snake he was. Out and ever out towards the quiet water he went, even though he knew that death was at his side and in his front. Ever closer behind the youth he went, though he heard the gurgles and chuckles of the demons under the sand, who were waiting to pull him down; though he could see the great brown quagmire tremble and shake with the hope that he should miss the path; though he knew that, should his chief but turn his head, no mortal force could save his life, for Lakanoo more than

matched him on the solid ground, and here he could not stand. Oh, it was a brave deed, señor, and most bravely done. And his heart swelled with pride when at last he knew that solid ground was reached, and he stood beside the temple, and for the first time knew what brought Lakanoo there.

Long did the youth and maid sit close together on the lower step of the temple and talk of love, little dreaming that behind them in the darkness glowered the face of one consumed with hate.

After a time Lakanoo rose to go, and the maid bade him farewell and slipped away into the temple through a private gate. The young chief stood awhile musing, as one who thought of pleasant things, and then turned him to the path. Maeu, the blue snake, followed close behind and marked with care the turnings of the way, for even then he had formed a plan to overthrow his chief and with him the fair city of the lake.

Slowly Lakanoo went his way, for the road was narrow and filled with many turnings. Once he missed his footing and sank knee-deep in the treacherous sand, and once the snake that crawled behind thrust his arm beneath the sand and felt the demon tug at it with smothered laughter; but in the end the two came safely to the rock, and Maeu laid him down to rest awhile, and to fix the way upon his mind. Then after a time he followed Lakanoo homeward, filled with hope of power yet to come.

O, señor, hast thou not ever seen that 'mongst all tribes of men there are ever parties twain? Each hath a leader, and each hath counter-wishes to the other. The stronger most times rule, but the weaker chafe and wrangle ever. Thus it was among the tribe of Maeu and Lakanoo. The old chief held the tribe together, for he was wise and brave; but now he fast grew old, and many thought Lakanoo too untried and young to rule, and these Maeu drew to him and told them secretly of his knowledge of the path, and promised much to them in honor and in wealth if they would side with him and help him take the city. And ever as he talked he told them not to let the plan be known, lest the young chief warn my fathers and it come to naught; and they were glad, and almost half the tribe of fighting men came to him. Woe is me!

And now the harvest-time was come, and my people garnered in the grain and counted the flocks of sheep and goats, and they were many. And it was the custom of the people to lay aside their hoes and spades, to cease from spinning cloth, and for a space to hold a feast at harvest-time; and the youths and maids clothed themselves in their best and did honor to the gods, for my people were a gentle folk, and though they loved the gods, they killed no man in their praise, but rather lambs and kids, for so had Toxio taught.

This, Maeu knew right well, and so he laid his plan. When all were gathered to the city, and the guards upon the wall were watching only what was at the temple gates, he thought to slip amongst the crowd unseen, and so to gain the gates, which if he might, he would cast back and so admit his bloody tribe and slay unhindered; for he knew that it was not lawful for the city folk to carry arms when the priests came forth to march about the streets, and the guards were few, for many harvests had gone by since war of any kind had been within the valley. And once he crossed the sands, and spent the night under the friendly porch of a ruined house close by the gates, that he might watch the guards and find the secret of the gates; and for his pains he saw them press upon a lever near the gates and raise them so the hinges were loosed, and swing them wide with ease; and then he passed out with the busy crowd, who hardly noticed, or if they did, set him down as a wandering Mexican shepherd, and thought it no wrong that he should be among them. And when he was beyond the town he turned him to the mountain, and noted well the way and how to come again and bring armed men, that they should not be seen; for well he knew that should he be once found within the city, or his warriors in the country round about, no hope was there of life for him. Traitors and spies had ever found a grave among the demons of the sands, in Zaxtia, and he had no mind to lay his bones in such a place.

And so the days went by, and Toxio called the harvest-feast. High on the topmost terrace of the temple stood the priest; and thrice he blew a sounding note upon the great conch-shell, and thrice he waved his arms aloft,



Painted for OUTING by A. W. Van Deusen.

THE HARVEST HYMN. (p. 353.)

calling upon the gods to bless the town and all within it; and then he prayed.

And the people below shouted till the

Now from the temple came forth a throng of maids, each dressed in white and girt about with silver belts, and on



Painted for OUTING by A. W. Van Deusen.

"LONG DID THE YOUTH AND MAID SIT." (p. 348.)

echo came back across the lake like the sound of battle: "Oaho! Oaho! Have mercy, O Quetsal, great god of might!"

her head a wreath of yellow flowers. In her hands each held a basket full of flax mingled with rye and mountain-



Painted for OUTING by A. W. Van Deusen.

THRICE HE BLEW A SOUNDING NOTE. (p. 348.)



Painted for *OUTING* by A. W. Van Deusen.

"LAKANOO! SEE, I COME!" (*p.* 356.)

wheat. And as they marched, the people fell away and gave them room; and when the people cried "Oaho! Oaho! mighty is Quetsal, none so great as he!" the maidens cast the mingled

flax and grain among them, and sang in joy the praise of the great god of Peace.

And as they sang, the people shouted, "Oaho! Oaho!" and the priests smote on their shields and drums.

Now Mataloota led the maids and sang full merrily; for well she knew that he whom she loved was in the crowd, for she had found and carried to the temple gate a priestly gown, which he had donned, and he had mingled with the harvest-feast that morn.

And now the time for sacrifice was come. Up the circling path that reached the temple top the maidens climbed and sang; the black-robed priests came after, beating on the drums; and at the top Toxio stood, his arms outstretched towards the north, chanting a prayer.

The people gathered at the temple wall, silent and filled with awe, for as they looked, lo! a great black cloud drifted o'er the mountain top and hid the sun. Then on a sudden came a shrill cry from a watchman at the gates. Then came a messenger whose head was well-nigh split in twain, crying, "The Mahuas have the gates," and fell down dead. Now, Lakanoo had judged it best to keep his arms beneath the garment that he wore, and when he heard this cry he knew that Maeu had betrayed him, and determined so to die that all might know his worth.

Now, señor, there were in the city by the lake many priests and others from the valley, who had come to help in the harvest-feast; therefore, when Lakanoo called aloud for all to arm and follow him, it was not deemed strange, for each thought that he was of another place, and none suspected that he was an alien and a stranger. It is ever thus, O señor, that when danger is at hand men flock about one who is cool and brave; so that in a little time Lakanoo had a goodly following of stout youths and well-fed priests, each armed with that which he could find. Meantime, the guards fought well, and even though the gates were won, Maeu found it no easy matter to gain the streets.

On the temple top the great snake-skin drum of war was booming forth the warning call, and the old and weak were flocking in at the temple door. Lakanoo and his band made haste towards the gates, while from every side came rushing the sturdy citizens armed with bow and spear, with knife and shield, each eager for the fray. Lakanoo girt his priestly garb about his loins, and then bethought him that those among the foe who knew him well might call upon him in the fray, and

so destroy his strength; theretore, he daubed his face with clay, and wrapped about his head the priestly girdle. The weapons that he had were a great sword of wood set on its edge with jagged lumps of mountain-glass, and a keen knife such as the priests use when they sacrifice. But many there were who had not even these, but only reaping-hooks and hoes of stone, though some had spears and shields, while others had bows of palm-wood, and cotton coats so made that they would turn an arrow, or even a stout sword-stroke.

So in a little time they came hard by the gates and saw the guards give way and flee, while through the streets came rushing fiercely on, slaying as they came, the Mahua warriors led by Maeu.

The priests set up a chant to Quetsal, and the people screamed their cries of war and followed close behind their leader, though they knew him not; and ever the great black cloud came down over the mountain until it hid the temple top in darkness, though the call of Toxio and the peal of the great drum came to the ears of those below like the cries of storm-birds and the roll of far-away thunder.

The streets of Zaxtia were dark and narrow and the foes were many. Maeu had failed to gain the great square as he had thought to do; therefore, although surprised, the people of the lake were still a dangerous enemy to face. Lakanoo sent some youths to call upon them which were within to throw down stones and heavy jars of clay from off the roofs, and so annoy the foe; and others he set to block the alleys which led away into the town; but with his band of priests, he stood between the temple and the gate. So presently Maeu found himself assailed on every side, and thought to kill the priests in front and so find room, for this he deemed might easily be done.

Now, Maeu was brave, but he was also cunning, and he therefore sent others to the fray, having it in his mind that, could he gain the temple where the women were, he could gain the town. This, also, he had in mind: twice had he seen the maid who brought this woe upon the town, and it seemed to him that she was fair and worth some pains to gain; and as he knew the way across the sands, he thought to bear her away. So, while his warriors ran

upon the priests, he cast about to find a passage; but the way was stopped. Meantime, a score of them that were before fell on the priests with mighty blows and war-cries shrill and high. Lakanoo swung his sword aloft and smote the first that came, and so he served the next, and then the priests fell to, and the Mahuas found their match. Back and forth they surged, and the boys upon the housetops rained down rocks, while the bowmen in the alleys plied arrow and lance.

Lakanoo was ever at the front, dealing such blows that many thought him more than man, and some called out that Quetsal led the priests; and these fought well, but lack of work and priestly fare are not good things for them who war with men; therefore they wearied, and little by little fell away.

And now Maeu saw his chance. There stood, hard by, a ruined house, and as the fight surged by, Maeu drew three stout warriors with him and stole through it into the open way beyond, and so passed the crowd of fighting men and gained the edge of the great square upon which the temple stood.

Maeu knew that he might not enter the temple with so small a following, for in it were priests and old men enough to destroy him. Therefore, he cast about him for a disguise, and seeing not far away a dead priest who had been slain by a stray arrow, he hid behind a corner unseen by anyone and took his robe and hood.

Wrapped in these, he came boldly back to his fellows and spake unto them in this wise: "Oh, warriors of the Mahuas, behold we have passed the gate and the men who stand against us; now, therefore, if we but win the temple, in which are but old men and shavelings, we shall have won all. I go within. Be thou ready to come at my call, for it is in my mind to kill the high priest—him they call Toxio—and when I have done this the rest is easy. Stay thou unseen at the temple gate and come quickly.

Then, hiding his weapons under his priestly cloak, he joined the people and entered in at the gate. The great black cloud which hung over the mountain and covered the temple top like a funeral pall split its length and turned red, while a long zigzag flash of lightning, followed by a peal of thunder, caused

the stream of people to stop and tremble, and showed Toxio standing aloft, praying fast to the gods, as the wily Maeu gained the gate and started up the way. And following the peal came shouts and noise of battle. Quickly the chief passed up the stairway, and now he came upon a little platform near the top and saw here the maidens, still dressed in white, singing and praying to Quetsal, led by the high priest's daughter. And it came to him that it would be well to bear off the maid.

Now, Maeu knew little of the speech of the people of the lake, and, beckoning to Mataloota, therefore, he waited on the stair; and she, thinking that he was sent from her father, went to him. When Maeu saw that the maid came, he turned and walked swiftly down the stair, casting many a backward glance to see that Mataloota followed, for he thought him of the little gate on the edge of the morass, and it came to him that he might carry the maid across the sands and bring back a score of fighting men, and so take the temple. But it so happened that there were other priests than Toxio in the temple, and two of these saw the strange man clothed in priestly garments and followed by the girl, and deemed it a curious thing; so therefore, they watched.

Now, oh señor, they that fought against the warriors of Maeu in the streets of the city were weary and many were slain, and though Lakanoo had done mighty deeds, still his single strength might not avail, and, little by little, the people of the lake were driven toward the temple gate; and just as Maeu had reached the bottom stair and turned him towards the little gate, Lakanoo and his band of priests and town folk were forced into the great square before the temple. Now, the priests had well and nobly fought, but when they saw the gates of refuge before them they lost heart, and one cried out, "Away! away to the temple! All is lost!" And when the others heard, they fled. The three stout warriors who had come before with Maeu had pressed close up to the gateway, doing no harm, for they deemed it best to keep themselves fresh against the time that Maeu called, but the Mahuas who were in the front came hard after the priests, shouting with joy, for they thought the city won.

Lakanoo saw his following fall away, and aiming a mighty blow at a great Mahua who had pressed him hard, smote through head-dress and shield clean to the shoulder-joint; and then, turning, followed those who fled, calling upon them to turn again like men. The crowd about the gate was dense, and so it was that many heard his voice and took heart again. And the fight waxed hot, though ever the Mahuas gained ground, and when Maeu had reached the little gate, Lakanoo and a few strong priests were all that stood between the temple and their foes.

Old Toxio saw that the town was lost and, seizing a great spear, came down from the altar with a few that were with him, leaving only one to beat the drum of brown snakeskin. He thought his presence might cheer the men who fought for Zaxtia.

Over the top of Wahahlota the black clouds rolled, and in the city those who fought might hardly tell their friends from foes, so dark it was; but the two priests followed Maeu, and at the gate saw him seize the maid and cast aside the bar. Therefore, these fell on him, and, though they were unarmed, he found he could not hold the maid before and called his war-cry; so the three he left behind came running to his aid, smiting at all who barred the way. Straight to the little gate they ran and smote the priests that they died, and Maeu caught up the maid and fled with her through the gate, leaving his men to hold the way. But as he went, she screamed with fear, so that her voice rang high above the shouts and sounds of blows: "Lakanoo! Lakanoo!"

And he who listened ever for her voice, heard and left those who held the pass, and ran like one distraught across the court. He saw a crowd of struggling men at the little gate, and, bursting through them, struck down the foremost Mahua. The others turned to meet him as he came, and one he thrust at with his spear so that it came out through his back and might not be regained. The other grasped him, but a priest thrust deep into his back with a sacrificial knife, and the way was clear.

Out upon the sands Lakanoo sped, bearing only his sword of wood set thick with mountain-glass, and as he went he cast aside his priestly garment that he might run the swifter. Then he saw

the Mahua far out on the way with the maid upon his shoulder, and on the farther side he saw a band of his own people and knew that all was lost. Nevertheless, he also crossed the solid ground, and ran swiftly towards Maeu.

Maeu could not go fast, for the maiden struggled much, and he knew not the way over-well; so, therefore, Lakanoo gained upon him and would have overtaken him but that he slipped and fell, thrusting his leg far down into the treacherous sands. This Mataloota saw, and deeming that her lover could not rescue her, she cast about for means to free herself.

She lay across Maeu's shoulder and her right arm hung over his back; and, as she thought, she felt the handle of a copper knife which he carried in his girdle. This she seized and drove the blade deep in his brawny back beneath his shoulder. The great chief staggered like a man drunken on mescal, pitched forward like a smitten ox, and cast the maid from him. On the path she fell, but Maeu missed the solid ground and fell upon the sand. The wound he had was mortal, but he might not die at once; and so the demons laughed and gurgled as they drew him down and down. Though he yelled with fear and called upon his people and his gods, the one could not come to him for they knew not the way, and the other dare not lest Quetsal be enraged and cast them out. And this the demons knew, and drew him ever down.

Now, señor, in the fight Lakanoo had slain many, but he himself had not escaped unharmed, for at the temple-gate a mighty Mahua, whom he slew, had smitten him across the brow, and a spent arrow from the street had entered at his side; and though he had thought little of these wounds, the loss of blood and steady toil had well-nigh sapped his strength. Nevertheless, when he saw Maeu fall, he made what speed he might and soon had passed the sands to where the maiden lay, for when she fell she struck upon her head, and so, for a time, was without knowledge.

When Lakanoo left the gate, old Toxio had reached the court, and, seeing that for a time the great gate was safe, he hastened to the crowd that jammed about the little gate and seemed to be holding it against the foe. And when he had come nigh, they told him that

two Mahuas had broke through and carried off his daughter, for many had not seen Lakanoo throw aside the priestly garment, and thought that both were foes. Now came the prophecy to the high priest's mind, and he groaned aloud; nevertheless, girding his robe about him and with the great spear in his hand, he also passed the little gate and strode out upon the sand, so that when Mataloota stabbed Maeu he saw him fall and also saw Lakanoo running toward the maid. Thinking that Lakanoo would bear away his daughter, Toxio called his next in kin to follow, and, knowing well the way, sped out, so that when Lakanoo came to where the maiden lay, Toxio was close at hand.

Lakanoo stooped to lift the maid, but a faintness came upon him and he could not; therefore he stood erect, staggering; and as he raised himself, he heard the old priest call, and turned to meet him, casting aloft his mighty sword, for he knew not who he was.

When Toxio saw him do this thing, he paused an instant; then, with a cry of rage and hate, he bent him forward and hurled the great spear. Straight and true it went, and the copper blade passed through Lakanoo's breast-bone, cutting a woesome gash, but stopped not. Sheer through his shoulder-bones it went and stood a hand's breadth from his back.

Lakanoo stood an instant like a wounded buck at bay; then he turned half round with the spear-shaft sticking from his breast, heaved his good sword far out upon the sands and sank backwards with the death-yell on his lips. And as he fell there came a great cry from the temple; the war-drum ceased to beat, and on the temple top appeared the white-robed maidens screaming with fear, and after them Toxio saw a band of Mahuas and knew the end was come.

The warriors at the mountain-foot had seen these things, and now that Toxio stooped to raise his daughter, they let fly a score of glass-tipped arrows at the old priest, many of which found their mark. He fell across the maid, but struggled to his feet and stood swaying, with his hands aloft, calling on Quetsal for aid and revenge. As the barbed shafts drank his blood, he loosed the totem from his breast and threw it to the demons of the sands. Then as his knees bent under him, he pitched headlong and found his grave. Ah, woe is me!

All this while the black cloud hung over the mountain and the city, and the air was still and sodden. When the old priest called upon his gods, the sound awoke the senseless maid and she saw his death and likewise saw her lover's body go slowly down into the sand. Besides all these, she saw the priests hurled from the temple top and heard the screams of fear as her white-robed sisters fell before the knife and spear.

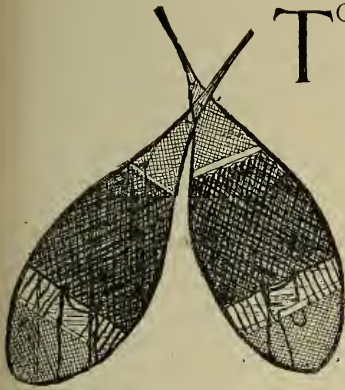
Turning with intent to flee to the mountain-side, she saw her way hemmed in by many foes. No hope of life had she, and when she thought, she had no wish for life. On the path lay the copper knife that slew the Mahua chief, and this the maid caught up and drove to the hilt beneath her rounded breast, calling shrilly out, as one who sees a vision: "Lakanoo! See, I come! I come!"

And even as she cried the black cloud split in twain; down from the mountain came a rumbling sound followed by a noise louder than thunder makes; the earth shook to and fro, and prone upon the city fell the cliff, burying it deep with stone and earth. The water in the Lake of Peace ran back, leaving the city far, and then came in a mighty wave over the sand and far up the mountain-side. The Mahuas sought to flee, but the rocking ground and falling rocks prevented, so that they died, and no man save the watcher on the mountain-side escaped. Then the cloud burst, and for many hours the flood came down. Three times the earth rocked, and when at last the storm of death was done no trace of Zaxtia or those who dwelt in the City of Peace was left. And, then, in time, the blue snake cut his hole to yonder cañon and the waters of the lake broke through. Even now you may see the print they left.

And so the prophecy came true, and the gods revenged themselves, and of all the wonders in the valley of the lake there are to-day only the great quagmire and the little stream that loses itself within the sands. And now you know, O señor, why the people love not to go too near the mountain-foot when the moon casts shadows across the quicksand, and why it is that fearsome sounds are heard far out upon the sands. Lakanoo shouts his death-yell; the old priest curses, and his fair young daughter cries to her lover for help that may not come.

A TRAMP ON SNOW-SHOES.

By Hemad.



TO nature belongs the credit of having invented the snowshoe. Just how long ago matters not, but at some remote period climatic changes wrought wonders in the region which constitutes our north. In vast areas, once steamy beneath a fervid sun and green with rank vegetation, seasons of severe cold with heavy snowfalls prevailed. Under the altered conditions many of the old forms of animal life fared badly, for their choice lay between perishing outright, or adapting themselves to the stern rule of a new climate. Some yielded, others braved it out.

To many quadrupeds deep, long-lasting snow was a serious inconvenience, if not worse; they could but dumbly appeal to Mother Nature. That broad-hearted, wonderfully resourceful old lady set to work to at least ease matters. While she lost many of her interesting children, she certainly saved some, for she evolved the snowshoe.

If given a fair chance, Nature can meet almost any emergency. Creatures most in need of her assistance receive most of it. If the creatures are necessary for her great plan, and the plan is against the chances of the creatures of any given type, she wisely alters the type more or less rapidly. If the creatures are not absolutely necessary for the perfection of the grand plan, they are left to perish after completing their more or less important parts of the work.

The feet of northern creatures show how Nature worked to adapt certain species to conditions in which snow was an important factor. Beast and bird, great and small, have something of her snowshoe device—each enough for its needs. In a mild climate the snowshoe foot might frequently be a serious

drawback—in the north, it is an absolute necessity. Hence we find it in various forms upon all northern creatures. White bear, musk-ox, reindeer, lynx, fox, hare and ptarmigan are notable examples. That curious cat, the snow leopard, too, is beautifully equipped for its snowy ranges.

As savage man had plenty of opportunities for observing Nature's snowshoe device, it is only reasonable to suppose that he borrowed the idea from the creatures he pursued for food. The ancient hunter may have been foggy in the matters of electricity, good government, etc.; but he was a keen observer, and very alert where any labor-saving or stomach-filling scheme was up for discussion. The sight of a hare running easily and swiftly over deep snow, must have been at least interesting to a man who desired first to catch that hare. A glance at the animal's broad, hairy feet, was enough to suggest that something sufficiently broad and light attached to a man's feet might enable him to easily travel over the same troublesome snow. For this purpose nothing could be better than the snowshoe and snowskate, or ski, of to-day. The former with its light, elastic frame of tough wood, and cleverly arranged netting, will not only support a man upon all kinds of snow, but it will not collect and hold an increasing burden of snow at every stride, except under conditions which are most unusual during a northern winter.

The netted shoe is the product of the forest, and like the birch canoe, it is the very best thing ever invented for its purpose, if used under conditions similar to those which brought about its production.

The snowskate, or ski, is better adapted to an unforested, or partially forested, hilly country, the great length of the ski making it an awkward affair in thick woods.

The shape of the netted shoe varies in different parts of the country, but the principle of construction is always the same. In the lumber country the wooden frames are frequently oval,

with no turn-up in front; others are almost round, like barrel hoops; others in form resemble the kite known as the "bow-kite," while a well-known shape has narrowed, almost square toes, turned up a few inches, the two ends of the bent frame uniting in a long tail behind. These are the handsomest shoes, they are also excellent for use, and are the most popular among the many snowshoe clubs of the northern States and of Canada.

Many people appear to think that the art of walking upon snowshoes is a mysterious accomplishment to be attained by but a favored few, and that masters of the art, like great skaters, can move about freely and gracefully, and as easily as a city dandy can traverse a smooth walk. This impression is hardly correct.

Snowshoes, at best, are unhandy things, and the use of them is bound to be laborious. It is quite true that many men and women are very skillful on the shoes, and can cover long distances on them, but this is a result of much practice. The most enthusiastic snowshoer would hardly claim to be able to walk as well on the shoes as he could in ordinary footgear on a country road. The shoes, too, except when there is a crust, sink much deeper in the snow than a novice is apt to expect. A glance at the records for short-distance snowshoe racing will probably give rise to an idea that the shoes *must* be light, fleet, airy things, but it must be remembered that the racing shoe is a very narrow, fragile affair, built and used solely for short dashes, and utterly useless for actual tramping.

Another idea, often used by writers, is that if a novice on shoes happens to fall in deep snow, he is unable to regain his perpendicular without assistance. I do not know how or where this idea originated, but I have never seen a novice in such an unfortunate predicament and I can see no reason for such a belief. I have seen novices who were as clumsy as cows, and I have myself tumbled more than once, but never noticed any unusual difficulty about getting up again. Nor do snowshoers straddle in walking, as too often depicted by artists. The snowshoe step has more of the up and down action of slow ped-

aling upon a bicycle. The shoe is slightly raised and carried partly over and ahead of its fellow, and when the step is completed the swell of the centre of the frame of the rear shoe lies close in the inward curve of the hinder part of the frame of the leading shoe, the track left looking like a double one to inexperienced eyes.

One's first long tramp on shoes will be remembered for many a moon. Muscles unaccustomed to the snowshoe step soon tire, and sooner or later become so sore that the novice suffers greatly. The novice at first will pay little attention to the small opening in each shoe in which the toe of the moccasin plays at every stride. In time he will become interested in those two openings, and they are apt to eventually drive every other idea from the mind. There is no getting away from them—the poor unseasoned toes must touch just so at every step, and when the holes get to feel as though they were bound with red-hot wire with a few loose ends here and there, the novice will understand what the Habitant meant by his *mal de racquet*.

In the old days, when in the big woods, we used to swear at the bare idea of the first trip on the shoes. But deep snow will stop any man without them, and the shoes had to be used every day. Fortunately, it is possible to tramp the soreness out of one's muscles—in a few days, and this the shoer must do.

Snowshoes are a necessity in many places, a convenience in others, and a great aid to winter sport and pastime wherever the snowfall is sufficiently great to warrant their use. Many a small inland town would be a dreary abiding-place indeed, were it not for the shoes, the day and night tramps, and the merry frolics they render possible.

When the snow is piled to the fence-tops, when roads are blocked and when ordinary walking exercise is impossible, then the enthusiastic shoer is in his element. He dons a cold-defying garb—heavy woolen underwear, a sweater perhaps, the light but warm knickers and coat, made of fine blanket; a pair of long, heavy woolen stockings, two or three pairs of socks, moccasins, sash, mittens, woolen toque and snowshoes,

and he is ready for a tramp which will make his blood stir in earnest. The wind may rage against him, the snow powder him from head to foot, the frost nip at his cheeks and nose and make icy pendants upon mustache and beard, but inside his woolen armor he is safe and comfortable.

Over the white-burdened fields, climbing great, gleaming ascents, sliding down trackless slopes, he goes, till his eyes gleam with pure delight and his heart leaps in response to the magic of God's glorious oxygen. This sort of out-door exercise is good for any sound man who has real blood in his veins, and the work it entails is always enough to tax the muscles moderately, while it may be made as severe as the shoer may desire. It is play, and any form of exercise which still continues to be play is apt to be beneficial.

But shoeing can be made to closely resemble the hardest kind of work. I need not look back very far to see a gigantic figure (he was six feet two, and scaled 230 pounds) dashing through a swirl of diamond-drift, his long strides putting country behind at a rate which was well-nigh marvelous. The bright toque rose and fell with tireless regularity; the flaunt of the gaudy sash was a defiance and a spur to all behind, and we chased him hard and long as gaunt wolves chase a stately buck.

What a bucketing he gave us that day! Up hill, down dale, ten miles across country. Every fence snowed under and no excuse for lagging. We were merry and keen at starting; we were mad with the hot toil of the race at the end of five miles; we were choking when the last long slope spread away below. At the head of the slope he paused for a moment. A mile away and far below lay the goal, a roadside inn. There were rest, food, the judges of the finish of the "chase," and friends who had driven out to see the runners struggle home. Far along the back track rose the succession of rounded hills, over which his giant limbs had toiled. He was waiting for one glance of the second man of the straggling line of runners, for three colors were in the doubtful fray and places counted.

His yell of triumph when my steaming head showed above the nearest

rise, was a ringing slogan of encouragement, for he knew that his clan would be one-two, unless something broke. Then he dashed away, hurling his great bulk down the white slope in tireless strides. Where he had turned, I risked a backward glance. A drifting cloud of snow obscured the view, but through came dull glints of color. Two, four, six!—and only two of them right—who had fallen by the way?

No time for speculation. At the nearer edge of the snow-cloud rose and fell a bobbing toque of the dreaded hue. Right well we knew his tireless stride and his marvelous rush in a finish. The resolute back far ahead drew me on and on with some mysterious encouragement. It was reeling, gasping work for half a mile, then the slope began to feel easy, lost wind came back, and with it a glorious sensation of renewed strength. Shouts from the excited group at the finish urged every toiler within earshot to a last desperate effort, and one by one they staggered across the line to triumph or defeat. The mighty leader, a general always, had turned at the line, and most of us fell into his arms at the end of the killing sport. It was good to see his boyish enthusiasm and to hear the ring of his voice as one after another of his string came in and clinched the victory by places. But, even when the last pair could not affect the result, he did not relax. Two tyros had been left far behind, and one carried his colors. At last they showed, a mile away, side by side, fighting it out as best they could. "They were rolling in their gallop, they were fairly blown and beat," but "they faced it game as ever."

A perfect hurricane of encouraging cheers greeted them, and above all rang one voice, alternately pleading and praising, until, at last, he fairly talked his colt home first. And then the dinner, after runners had cooled out and refreshed. How heartily the wholesome food was tackled; how blithely they all rose, winners and losers together, when "the chair" called upon them for loyal toast, or rousing song. Was there poor lung, heart, or stomach near that board? I trow not—mine host made no great profit from his board that night!

But cross-country chasing is not the

best feature of snow-shoeing. The excitement of a desperate race is not required to make the use of shoes enjoyable. The night tramp alone is a feature of magnetic attractions. Who will forget his first experience, especially if the route lay over the mountain at Montreal.

The winter city by the St. Lawrence is the great centre of snowshoeing. Other cities and towns have their clubs and frolics; their day and night tramps, but Montreal is the true home of the shoer.

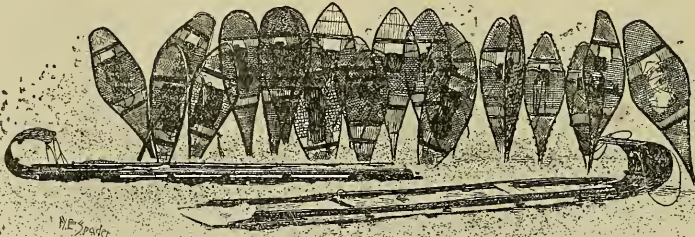
It is wondrous pleasant when a band of men and maids tramp from one of the lesser towns to some hospital mansion where an evening is passed with music, dancing and story-telling. It is even more pleasant, perhaps because of the romance of it, when they tramp far to some great firwood or sombre cedar growth, and at the chosen rendezvous pile high a roaring bonfire, and about it feast upon well-chosen viands. This merry play at savagery is strikingly picturesque. The glare of the fire the gay colors of bright costumes, the guarding cordon of dusk, mysterious forest, rousing to answer to ringing song and joyous laughter—these things live long in the memory. And if the sly moon spies upon the straggling homeward tramp; if next day keen eyes note tell-tale prints in snow, if night breeze scurries away with whispered words intended to go no farther than a pink ear nestled in silken curls—what of it! Such things will be as long as maid be fair and man be manly.

But in Montreal snowshoeing is followed upon broader lines. There are many clubs with long membership rolls wherein English, Scotch, Irish and French find congenial comrades. Behind the mountain, a fair tramp from the city proper, are two fine club-

houses, the Athletic and St. George's, where snowshoers have long fraternized. Night tramps to these are popular fixtures and under their ample roofs may be found many reasons to account for the popularity of snowshoeing. Each has ample accommodation for a small army of visitors, and also a great room for the dancing, singing, recitations and other forms of amusement in which shoers have always found pleasure.

The tramp to them from some convenient point in the city is just enough to start the blood coursing gaily and to fit one for the frolic sure to follow. The mountain affords a number of interesting routes, and there are few experiences more thoroughly satisfying than a tramp with the blanket-garbed men and maids of Montreal, up the sloping street to the mountain proper, and thence to the club.

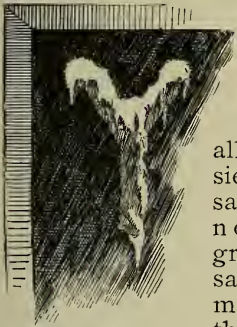
A sharp, clear night, when the moon is high, is the best. Ten minutes of exercise in such air starts one laughing, shouting, or singing from sheer lightness of heart. The route winds among tall trees toward the mountain-top; marvelous shadows stretch far over the glistening snow; countless lights twinkle and flash from the close-built city, and beyond all, vague, ghostly, death-white, spreads the apparently boundless expanse of fettered river and snow-shrouded farm. From tree-bole to hollow flit the blankets—one a pale, spectral shape, another a mass of warm color—all presently lost in the black oblivion of the pines. Then the timber becomes more scattered; broad, white trails show ahead, and beyond them a glow of colored lights. Soon the clubhouse doors fly open and the party clatters into the warmth and brightness of structures which have seen more harmless fun than any other two buildings in the world.





AFTER CARIBOU ON SNOW-SHOES.

By Paul Van Dyke.



ES! When I began to talk of going to Canada in winter, caribou hunting, all my friends prophesied disaster. They said there would be nothing to eat but greasy flapjacks and salt pork, and the mercury might drop through the bottom of the thermometer at any moment. Then the knowing ones spoke of a certain *mal aux racquettes*, to which the beginner in snow-shoeing always fell a victim, and their mysterious allusions hinted at a disease second only to elephantiasis.

But the greatest fun is always to be had on those trips which one's friends who cannot go are most unanimous in condemning. So I wrote to the Duffer and told him about it. A weakness for foolish expeditions is one of his many amiable qualities. He said he would go, and we started.

In view of our large inexperience it seemed better not to plunge wildly into the unknown, but to make for the lodge of a friendly sporting club, where we might have a safe base of supplies and an open line of retreat. Still, in spite of this precaution, our hearts sank a little within us as we got out of the car at Grandes Pilles on the edge of the wilderness. It was late in the afternoon, and we were confronted by a tiny box-sleigh,

ten miles of bad road, and a small and shaggy horse. In the province of Quebec it is unwise to judge the strength of men or horses by their size. That game little pony was not discouraged by the sharpest hills or the deepest snow, and, just as night closed in, we came out of the darkness of the woods on to Lac La Peche, to be welcomed by our hospitable host to the products of Denise's cuisine.

The next day we tried snow-shoeing. The snow-shoe is one of those primitive necessities, like the sail and the bow, whose first inventor was among the unknown geniuses of the human race. The European axe would not have won the struggle with the Canadian wilderness if it had not formed alliance with the Indian snow-shoe. The soft snow lay from three feet six inches to four feet deep, and through it two stout horses, each with an empty wood-sled, working for an entire day, only broke road and returned for a distance of three miles. A man sank above his waist at every step and was helpless.

A snow-shoe is made of a single strip of tough hickory, curved round and fastened together at the ends and supported in the center by a slight cross-bar of pine. Strips of rawhide, dressed so as to have great toughness and tenacity, are woven to cover the whole oblong within the rim, but leaving a small hole just back of the transverse bar, through which the point of the foot can move. When the racquette is fastened the heel and toe are free, and the foot can either rest flat on the strings or move up and down on the ball of the foot as a hinge. A snow-shoe is about three feet eight inches long and from fifteen to eighteen inches wide, and with a pair a man of medium weight sank about eight inches. By the time three men had passed over the same trail a "*chemin des racquettes*" was formed about two feet six inches wide and ten inches deep, on which the next racquettes did not sink at all.

The origin of this indispensable implement is lost in antiquity. I have seen a pair of Esquimau snow-shoes which were perfectly round, and the Canadian oblong form is probably an improvement on that shape, worked out by the experience of generations.

But the reader is not to suppose that we made our first attempt at snow-shoe-

ing under the weight of all this information. When we started that Friday morning we were entirely wanting in all knowledge of the history, theory and practice of snow-shoeing, and for the first half-hour we were not a success. There was a tendency to tread on our own heels, which was disconcerting; we were apt to walk straddle-legged, which was tiresome, and when we tried to slide the overlapping edges of the shoes each above the other at every step, in the proper way, we lifted our feet too high, like a horse with a spring-halt.

Then, if one forgets to clear his toe first, and under a large variety of other circumstances, it is possible to tumble forward, sideways, or backward into the powdery snow. When this touches the bare skin, down the back of the neck, or up the sleeve, it instantly melts and as quickly evaporates with a sudden cold which stings like heat. From a fall there is only one way to recover with ease. You must get hold of the back end of your snow-shoes and drag them under you while you come up to your feet. But it is a safe principle that what one duffer has learned another can, and snow-shoeing is not difficult after the first surprise is over. The second day we did ten miles, in a week fifteen, and in two weeks we could do twenty in a day.

On Monday we started for the cabin at Lac Brulé led by three guides, whose names when translated gave this picturesque result: Leander of the Woods, Beloved Beauty Spot, and Desired Field.

We had ten miles to ride. Our vehicles were two single sleds without sides or seats, to which our blankets, provisions, snow-shoes, rifles and axes were fastened by a great iron chain. We lay flat on the heap with our feet sticking out behind. This looked comfortable, but as a matter of fact it wasn't. Going down hill one was apt to stand on his head under the horse's feet; when you went up hill it was easy to slide off behind, and on the level there was a good chance of rolling off the other side every three minutes. The only way to escape was to cling grimly to the chain. That was monotonous.

This was the only time when we suffered from cold during the trip. Under good atmospheric conditions, and down to a certain limit, the lower the thermometer the more enjoyable the winter

climate. During eight days of camp a minimum thermometer registered between four below and thirty below, with an average of fifteen and a half below, but I never suffered so little from cold in any winter week of my life. At night our flannels and a bag of three pairs of blankets kept us perfectly snug in our sixteen-foot log cabin.

During the day, clad in loose wool from head to foot, breathing an air as clear and dry as that of an Alpine peak in good weather, we were entirely comfortable. With a temperature at zero, we had to unfasten our blanket coats and draw off our gloves to keep from getting into a perspiration. Of course, the slightest wind made a difference, and to face a heavy wind at twenty above would be colder than to walk through still air at twenty below.

It is the beautiful glow of snow-shoeing which makes a man so comfortable. And we learned that day, once for all, that with the thermometer from ten to twenty below zero, it is better to walk than ride, and not wise to sit down more than a few minutes, without a fire.

We took to our snow-shoes in self-defense; and when we arrived at the end of our sledge journey we were so much ourselves again that, hastily swallowing a chunk of frozen meat and two chunks of frozen bread, we started off three miles over the ridge to camp, leaving the guides to follow with the stuff. There was no danger of being lost, for we had the track of the man who had gone on the day before to dig the cabin out of the snow and thaw the two months' cold out of the thick logs of the walls.

To step into the woods was like dropping quickly into fairy-land. The last heavy fall of snow still hung on all the trees, for five tranquil days had scarcely brushed off a flake of that soft decoration. Each great branch of beech or birch bore its long line of white, and the smaller balsams and hemlocks of the swamps were bent into all shapes by fantastic loads of it.

We had never experienced such stillness. Even the rare sounds of the summer woods were gone, and the sudden crack of a tree-trunk in the cold was the only accent to the steady song of silence. We saw no living animal, but the snow told of many near us. Wherever we crossed a little pond, there was

the great, shallow, clover-leaf mark the hare leaves when he makes his long jumps, or the delicate footprint of the mink, or a deep, narrow trail in which the otter had dragged his lithe body. Once the snow told us how a pekan or black cat had followed a hare, cutting across his doublings to head him off. We should like to have known what was the end of that chase, but the tracks disappeared in the spruces of the shore.

We saw the sleeping-place of the partridge. When, for all his feathers, he's acold, the bird plunges from his perch head foremost into the snow. Then, burrowing forward until he is covered except his tail, he drives his beak upward to the air in a little breathing-hole, and sleeps warmly in his snow-house.

The sight of a living thing was rare, but every day's tramp brought us into sight or hearing of two or three solitary woodpeckers working hard for their meal of worms *gélé*. Sometimes a delicately penciled nuthatch ran round a tree-trunk with his head down, and looked at us with his tiny black eyes. The chickadees were there in their roving companies, chattering and working as in summer. They are fearless. Once, when I was standing motionless, a chickadee lit on the toe of my moccasin and pecked hard at the bright flower the Indian worker had embroidered on the top. Then he gave a twitter of disappointment and flew off in a rage.

The elements of beauty were very simple, and they would be monotonous to one who did not love them. The woods are still and white, filled with dark masses of evergreens, and the crossing lines of the branches of the hard-wood trees. The scores of lakes, whether large or small, are nearly always the same level stretch of snow ringed round by pine and spruce and balsam and hemlock, in different tones of green and olive. Sometimes, as on Pitzagonke, the hills rose sharply from the edge of the snow-plain, with a waterfall glittering in clear ice on the cliffs. There is a tender beauty of line in the soft curve of the shore, in snow-slopes, and the horizon, seen from the center of a little lake. The tops of the deciduous trees show like delicate free-hand tracery, and the great spruces stand up like spears out of the dark hills, against a bright blue, a clear rose, or an apple-green sky.

We had above us every day the blue that is seen only in northern skies or southern seas, and the evening tints were of a surpassing purity. I remember the coloring of one evening when we came down out of a ravine with the sunset at our backs. Before us was a lake, its top unbroken, except where an old snow-shoe track made a delicate line over the snow. On the other side rose a low range of hills bared by fire and also snow-clad. Above their tops was a band of clear green succeeded by a deep rose. An Alpine glow lay soft and warm over the whole smooth surface. It faded while we were walking out into it, as the rose of the sky paled to ashes, mingled for a moment subtly with the green, and was gone. While we stood still, feeling as one does when beauty suddenly ceases, the hills below the green caught the rosy flush, and in an instant the lake was alive again with tender color, which changed slowly back to a soft white, touched here and there with gray. Stillness, purity, tender lines, exquisite colors—these are simple things, but they make beauty.

How good it was to come in just before dark, lie down for an hour's nap, unhindered by the clatter over the stove, and wake to eat, with fresh hunger, of plain food. And to lie around the room with that honest feeling of being tired, which is such rest to those to whom the greatest weariness usually means the greatest restlessness. The men sang patriotic songs, or songs of the river and the woods; real folks' music. And the Duffer sang, in turn, songs of the negro and the college-room, whose words we vainly tried to translate. Then they answered again with the *chansons ecclesiastiques*, whose words they read in their hymn-books, and whose airs they learn in church as they follow silently the notes of the choristers, to practice them in their own homes to the accompaniment of the habitant's fiddle.

And they told us stories of the logging. The tragedy of Barney, drive-master on the St. Maurice: Six million feet of lumber were hung up in a great "jam" at the very head of the fall. The river-men of many camps had been gathered for days and could do nothing. One morning Barney appeared stripped to his shirt and moccasins, axe in hand, and, as he went out on to the logs, swore a mighty oath that he would break the

jam or stay there. They watched him from the high banks of the gorge, as at the very throat of the fall he began to hew at the key-log. They called to him to come back, but he struck the harder. Suddenly the logs tossed under him; he went down out of sight; a wave of movement ran swiftly backward through the whole great mass of timber. The jam was broken, and the next day they found Barney's body in the river.

Or there was the drama of the boat's crew who started a jam from the lower edge, but were swept down by the increased current toward a heavy fall. The oars would not hold, and in despair the bow-man flung ashore the rope with a heavy iron spike tied to it. By chance it caught around a stump. A single man on the bank seized the end and held it, with the blood spirting from his crushed fingers and gushing from his nose under the strain, until the rest ran to his assistance, and with pike-pole, oar and rope checked the boat with its stern over the very brink of the fall. Surely those gallant axe-strokes and that mighty grip were worthy of a bard, and though these sagas were only in rough prose, it was good that they had lived for years among the brave river-men who work, and sometimes die, that quiet homes may have timbers and roofs.

But how about the caribou? "Well," as the Duffer remarked on the evening of the sixth day, "while from an æsthetic and hygienic point of view the trip might be regarded as a howling success, yet, so far as procuring the bird was concerned, he must beg leave to suggest that it was a failure. In short, though the caribou was mentioned in the dictionary, it was an entirely mythical animal, and he had come to the conclusion that I had lured him on a wild-goose chase in which he was the goose."

Only two days remained, and I proposed a more energetic method of hunting—to find a track and try to run the animal down in the deep snow. I had seen where they had leaped twenty feet through it, but their ability to take very many such leaps in succession was to be doubted. The men were skeptical, but, with the rashness of inexperience, I felt confident of a shot if I could stand the pace for an hour or so. That was the rub.

Running with the thermometer at zero is hard on the breath, without snowshoes, but the amount of distress it

causes to the novice trying to get his huge feet through the woods over ground broken every few scores of yards by one sharply sloping hillock after another, is not easy to describe. At the end of an hour, though we had jumped our game and were not very far behind it, I wished I had never heard of a caribou. Gualtier was a few yards in front breaking the path, and that handicap alone enabled me to keep up at all. He stopped at the foot of a hill, whose slope was free from underbrush, to wipe the streaming perspiration. I cast my eyes upward to calculate my chances of lasting to the top, and there, about seventy yards off, his dingy gray flank showing around a tree which concealed his head, stood my caribou.

I cocked my Winchester, flung it to my shoulder for a snap-shot, and then dropped it, while the most distinct cold shiver in the range of my experience slid down my back-bone. For, as the fore-sight settled down into the notch, with "pull" rushing into my finger-tip from every nerve, I saw that if I missed my guide I *might* kill the caribou, but if I missed the caribou I should *certainly* kill my guide.

I called to him in two languages at once. He moved, but so did the caribou. Gualtier was chagrined, but I finally succeeded in convincing him that a live caribou and a live guide were better than a live caribou and a dead guide. We had six miles more of steeple-chase and went home.

That night the Duffer struck. He was not discouraged, but only lame. He had clung to the picturesque moccasin for foot-gear, while I had changed to the more comfortable felt boot covered with a prosaic rubber. In the last day or two his toes had given out under the strain. So the next morning he embarked in a rough sled en route for the railroad and Montreal. I was to take one day more, and then go out on foot. "Good-bye, old man," I called after him. "If I get one I'll let you know." He turned without a word, but his smile of want of confidence would have made any cabinet resign.

We determined to try the same caribou, but it was a day of disappointment. After an eight-mile tramp to the edge of the lake, where we left the track the day before, we found his sleeping-place close by; but, on rising, the misguided

beast had gone six miles straight away over the roughest kind of ledges, and then descended to another lake five miles from home. The prospect of wandering a couple of miles round the lake to find where he left it, and then beginning a second of those steeple chases five miles from home, and on top of sixteen miles' walk, was a little too much; and I turned my back on the caribou, a wiser and a sadder man.

The rest is soon told. The next morning, not early—it is one of the chief attractions of a hunting trip in winter that it is no use to start early—we were off toward home. The men trudged silently with their packs for mile after mile through the soft snow. And then we stopped, for there were the heavy marks of great hoofs running straight across our path. I turned to Aimé. "Will you try it?" A nod, and the pack lay on the snow and we were off. We had not gone three hundred yards before we saw where the aimless wandering turned to twenty great leaps, and we knew we had jumped him. It was the same story so familiar to any old cross-country runner, but telling itself more quickly. A beautiful exhilaration, in which one feels able to do anything, crushed out by the accumulating weight of physical distress, leaving nothing to go on but clinched teeth. But we were close to him, and would not stop.

At the end of an hour I suddenly saw where, sixty yards to my left, he made off clumsily around the brow of the hill. A quick sight and a steady pull, but the great shoulders still rose and fell over the top of the soft snow. I worked my lever, and, as it clicked back into place, sent a vague bullet after the rump and flying heels that went out of sight over and around the ridge. There was nothing to be said. It was a good shot and a bad miss, and I leaned against a tree to get my breath, while Aimé moodily went on to look at the track. In an instant he shouted, and I looked up to see him waving his cap, capering wildly and pointing in front of him to something just out of sight.

"WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH COMPANY.

"From Grandes Pilles, P. Q., Canada,

January 16th.

"To Blank Duffer, Esq., University Park, Washington, D. C., U. S. A.

"Got him. PAUL VAN DYKE."

QUAIL-SHOOTING ON THE SNOW.

By Dwight W. Huntington.



THE quail of early October and the quail of late December differ as do the mild days of the Indian summer from the snow-blizzard of winter.

In the early autumn the birds lie well to the dog, and often do not fly beyond the limit of the field in which they are found. Their flight is never extended beyond the edge of the nearest cover. But in late December, if the snow is on the ground, quail do not much frequent the open fields, are difficult to find, do not lie well, and extend their flight to great distances. There is a difference, too, in their strength of wing and the rapidity with which they get under way; and the sportsman who kills a brace of these strong winter birds, rising wild and whirling like bullets through the snow-laden boughs, has done as much as he who killed his even dozen on the stubble in October.

There is but little in the books about quail-shooting on the snow, for the reason, I believe, that most sportsmen do not take their dogs out in such weather; but it sometimes happens when the shooting-ground is at a distance that we must give up the sport altogether or make the best of it on the snow.

The evening after Christmas, with a friend, I set out from Cincinnati for a few days' shooting in the Wabash country. I had been shooting early in the autumn on the Illinois side of the river,

but as the legal season had closed in that State we decided to try the ground opposite in Indiana.

We took three dogs: Dora, an excellent English setter belonging to my friend, and a young brace of mine, which I had every reason to be proud of—one I had named Frost, after the artist, and the other Herbert, after the writer better known to sportsmen as Frank Forrester. We had high expectations of sport. The birds were reported abundant, and we had obtained permission to shoot on the farms.

As we approached Vincennes I rubbed the frost from the pane and looked out. It was very dark, but there could be no mistake about it—it was snowing, yes, snowing hard!

Shortly before daybreak our luggage was thrown down on a narrow platform without a roof, which is designated as a station on the railway map. The ferryman lived close by, and a light in his window indicated that he expected us. At sunrise we had our breakfast, and were ferried over and conducted to the house of a prosperous farmer who had promised to take us in.

The snow lay deep on the ground and had drifted against the fences. It was very cold. The sun, however, shone brightly, and we were soon in our shooting-jackets and off for the fields.

The snow was so deep that it was impossible to distinguish an old stubble from new wheat, and we were certain no birds would be found excepting in the woods or possibly in the standing corn.

At the suggestion of my friend, who seemed to doubt the steadiness of my young dogs, I tied Frost in the barn, and he howled a protest as we set out with Dora and Herbert. In a narrow strip of corn just back of the house we cast off the dogs, and both quickly gave signs of game. Dora soon made a point, and as my friend fired at a bird which arose wild before her, I observed my puppy (he was ten months old) standing on another, and called my friend's attention to his steadiness. Approaching him, with a word of caution, I put up the bird and easily killed it going straight away. At the report of the gun another bird

whirled up and went over my head, but I was fortunate in stopping that also.

The bevy was evidently scattered in the corn, and we put up a few more of them, but they went away wild and none was added to the bag. I was surprised to find the birds scattered so early in the day, but learned at evening they had been flushed by a man who daily crossed the farm on his way to the sawmill in the woods beyond.

Crossing an open field, we entered a large field of standing corn, upwards of half a mile in width, extending from the river to the forest. Here we found four large bevs, but were unable to do much with them as two went to the timber on the river-bank, which was full of brush-heaps, and two went to a "deadening," a tract of timber a few acres in extent full of fallen trees and briars, where it was difficult to do any good shooting. It was, in fact, almost impossible to put up the birds a second time. They dove into the snow and went under the huge brush-heaps, and our dogs failed to find them. Another friend joined us during the day with his pointer, one of the best bird-finders I ever saw, and we worked hard all day, but at evening we had but a score of birds.

The next day, with all the dogs, we tried some new ground to the eastward of the house. The man at the mill told us if we would go through the forest we should find several large bevs at the farther edge. He described particularly two thickets extending out into the fields and a small piece of woods beyond the road, and said we would find birds adjacent to each cover or probably in it.

The sun shone brightly, and every branch and twig gleamed and sparkled under its load of snow. A number of scarlet grossbeaks, "Kentucky cardinals," flitted from briar to brush-heap, their flaming feathers flashing in the sun, bright emblems of the health and cheer incident to a frosty morning. I felt that it was good to be out, even though the dogs did not find the game.

Without much assistance from the dogs we easily found all of the birds which our friend at the mill had described. I discovered the tracks of the first bevy where they had been running about feeding in the corn, and we followed them half-way across the field; then they arose wild before the dogs.

Heading for the timber, they flew past us, and we were successful in bringing one down. We marked the birds where they entered the wood, but did not follow them immediately.

The second bevy we found in the corn, but they arose wild before Dora although she was extremely careful. Following them to the small woodland, we each shot a bird. The dogs pointed them handsomely, the woods were quite open, and, to be frank, we should have had several more.

The third bevy arose wild before "Bert" as he was hunting out a small thicket at the edge of a corn-field, and although we gave an hour to it we failed to find them a second time and returned to the forest.

Our dogs were all black, white and tan. Dora was so closely ticked that when in a brush-heap checkered black and white, it was almost impossible to see her. Frost, with his white body and black ears, was as easily lost against the snow and fallen trees. A large black saddle on Herbert rendered him a little more visible.

We hunted some time for the birds which we had marked in the wood, and were about to give it up when my friend missed Dora. I had last seen her crossing between some fallen tree-tops, so I went in that direction and spent some time seeking her. At last my friend said, "I will call her in"; and at the sound of the whistle, there was a loud whirring of wings, a shower of snow from a fallen tree-top, and there stood Dora, with head erect, a perfect picture. The distance was too great for a shot.

When shooting under the conditions herein described a close watch should, if possible, be kept upon the dogs, because a bevy is almost sure to flush if the whistle, or voice be freely used. Many varieties of game appear to dread the sound of the human voice much more than the crashing a man may make in forcing his passage through cover. After the birds have once got under brush-piles, no amount of talking will do any harm, but the young hand at quail-shooting should always bear in mind the fact that the silent, close observer is always the best man in the woods.

The birds flew a mile or more into the dense woodland. It was high noon. We had promised the good housewife

to return to dinner. The cold and the exercise had given us an appetite which prompted us to keep the promise.

As we trudged along in the deep snow at the woodland fence my friend pointed to the ground and said: "There are quail-tracks." At the sound of his voice a fine bevy whirled up from under his hand, seeming to go both sides of his arm, and with the rapidity of lightning and the thunder of December wings, they were off into the forest. My friend, however, was too old a campaigner after quail to be taken entirely off his guard, and with deliberate promptitude cut down as large and handsome a cock as I ever saw, which he remarked should certainly go to a taxidermist.

When he turned to me a moment later and asked why I did not shoot I said he was a little in the way. But the twinkle in his eye told me he knew better. To be candid, I felt much as I did once, when, out in the Uintah mountains, after deer, I stood up in my stirrups and looked over a line of bushes and saw a buck stop feeding, raise its antlered head and look me squarely in the eye, not three feet from my horse's nose. The deer left suddenly and unshot.

After dinner we returned to the large corn-field where we had found so many birds the day before. We found them easily, yes, too easily, and as before they whirled away unshot at to the cover. One bevy, which went to the timber at the river, settled on both sides of the road and afforded us good sport.

The dogs stood them well, and in quick succession I brought down four (out of five shots), one of which fell in the river. This was handsomely retrieved by Frost—his first nautical venture. We added a few more birds and a few rabbits to the bag. The rabbits were abundant.

Later in the day we were joined by a very small boy from a shanty-boat. He had a very long single-barreled gun—the longest gun I ever saw outside of a museum, yes, or inside for that matter—and with a colossal hammer which stood some six or eight inches high when the piece was at full-cock. The boy carried the gun low across his shoulder, and repeatedly, as he thought he saw a rabbit, or exclaimed "There go some ducks!" he turned about and the muzzle of that

long piece, with its formidable hammer up, swept the horizon, and I found myself getting down as my dogs do when I say "Charge."

The boy had seen bird-dogs before, and was desirous of joining forces in a movement against a "big flock," which he said were always to be found near an old deserted cabin in the corn, a short distance down the river. We allowed him to go on condition that he elevate the gun and lower the hammer until the dogs found and pointed the game.

At the fence he indicated the place where the birds were to be found, and remarking that they would go straight for the woods, remained on guard on the top-rail. The birds, as usual, arose wild. It was a large bevy of twenty or more, and I tried a long shot at one, aiming well ahead as he passed, and knocking out a few feathers. Our guard at the fence observed the shot, and like a true sportsman, kept his eye on the bird as it passed over, and saw it fall dead far out among the fallen tree-tops. He shouted: "You got him, you got him!" with all the excitement and enthusiasm of youth; and ordering him to keep his eye on the spot, I retraced my steps, and going down into the woods, "Bert" soon made a point. Frost came up behind, and backed him, and there was the dead bird on the snow. I called up the country boy to see the point, and he was loud in his praise of the performance.

Sunday was bright and warmer. We rested in the morning, and in the afternoon went out with dogs and camera to make some photographs, which, however, did not turn out very well. Monday the snow began again and the wind was high. It snowed horizontally and drove us to the lee-side of the thickets. We were out all day, and occasionally heard the rushing of wings and saw the shadowy forms of birds, which rapidly vanished in the snow-fog. Our hands were always in our pockets at the wrong time. We had but one point, and did not bag a bird.

Tuesday the weather cleared again, and we made a farewell tour of all the fields and adjacent thickets, with but poor success as for the birds; but the blue sky, the gray line of timber, the yellow corn, the briars sparkling with their ice-gems, the cherry cardinals flitting about, all delighted us.



Painted for OUTFIT by Hermann Simon.

HANDSOMELY RETRIEVED BY "FROST."



THRO' THE LAND OF THE MARSEILLAISE.

By Birge Harrison.

WE were off betimes, but the mistral was off before us—a roistering, rollicking, irresponsible wind that exhilarated like wine and cut like a whip.

Friends in Marseilles had characterized our undertaking as foolhardy. A strange dialect; a morose and suspicious peasantry; queer lodgings and queerer cookery, were the least of the hardships awaiting us in the remote and unfrequented corners of the Midi, which we proposed to explore. According to these cheerful critics a journey

across the desolate Crau or through the lonely Alpilles, presented as many dangers as a trip into the mountain fastnesses of Thibet. Fortunately, however, I was a seasoned nomad, and my companion was an American youth of sixteen, whose ungratified cowboy aspirations greeted with enthusiasm anything which promised a spice of adventure. So with merry hearts and undismayed, we fared along the white roads, glad in the company of the clear-cut Southern landscape.

Behind us the old city of Marseilles



From "The Painter" by the Author

PREPARING FOR THE SEASON'S WINE AND FISH.

lay like a ring of gold around its, turquois harbor. Under the umbrella pines the Mediterranean stretched away in far and ineffable blueness. Upon either hand the hillsides sloped upward white and powdery, dotted with sheep and misty with gray and ancient olives. Here and there rose great manorial farmhouses, red-tiled and picturesque, half-buried in blooming almonds.

For conveyance we had a bottle-green

tiny bourriquet of African lineage, who bore with becoming humility the somewhat serious sobriquet of St. Martin. How so small a donkey had come by so large and solemn a title we were never able to discover. Yet long before our joint wanderings were over the condition of our wardrobe had lent a peculiar fitness to this apparently disproportionate cognomen, for was not St. Martin the friend and companion of beggars? Our St. Martin was certainly



A LAND OF WHITENESS AND LIGHTNESS.

dog-cart of the most modest pretensions, now loaded to its very fullest capacity. Besides our sketching traps and our two selves it contained a bag of oats, a pair of knapsacks, a camera, sundry pots and kettles, a spirit-lamp, bread, wine, and an assortment of tinned meats and provisions; the last a concession to the pessimistic previsions of our Marseilles advisers—and a concession whose wisdom and propriety, be it said, we were glad enough to acknowledge later on. Our motive power was furnished by a

a most companionable little beast, benevolent of eye, and gentle of manner. He ate out of our hands by preference, and followed always at our heels like a collie dog. His uncommon sociability of disposition had, however, one slight drawback. If for any reason he chanced to be momentarily deserted, his wounded feelings overcame his natural modesty, and found vent in a series of the most strenuous and heartrending of brays. He had a ridiculously large head, and comically small spindle-legs, yet was

not devoid of a certain woolly beauty that endeared him to his owners.

Our plans were wholly and delightfully indefinite. We were embarked upon the ancient highway that stretched from Paris to Rome. Whither it led us, there we would follow, accepting gratefully whatever of strange, of picturesque, of new, each day might bring us; and swallowing with what grace we possessed, the hard knocks and mishaps that came along with it.

We were certain of one thing only, which was, that although we should forgather in time with such cities as Arles and Avignon, we should traverse beforehand one of the wildest and least frequented portions of France.

This old road, to-day so quiet and deserted, had been for fifty generations the most populous thoroughfare in Europe, resounding to the tramp of armies, rattling beneath the court carriages of kings and ambassadors, and feeling the slow tread of countless caravans, that carried to Paris, to Antwerp, to northernmost Britain even, the rich merchandise of Italy and the Levant. What a brave spectacle, could we but have seen this morning, drifting by in a phantom train, all of the great and interesting and queer and notable people who had at one time or another passed over the stones of this historical highway. Napoleon on his way to Italy—and to Elba; Catherine de' Medici on her bridal journey, Titian and Leonardo called to the Court of Francis the Magnificent, Francis himself and Charles V., and the Popes on their wild flight to Avignon; Petrarch, Cellini, Mirabeau and Danton, and the wild rabble that carried from Marseilles to Paris that greatest of all war-songs, the "Marseillaise," leaving it like a firebrand behind them to inflame the country; Byron and Shelley, too; Beau Brummel and his gay crew making the grand tour; Fielding and Smollett, Chatham and Chesterfield, and how many hundreds of others, for the mere fleeting glimpse of whom

we would give our very ears to-day. But the amateur photographer, with his snap-shot camera, was not then in existence; the kinetoscope had not been evolved, and the only records we have of those picturesque journeys are such as may be culled from the dry pages of the historian.

This morning our only companions upon the ancient highway were a few tardy marketwomen, each driving a



"A LAND OF SMALL INDUSTRIES."

bottle-green dog-cart, the counterpart of our own, drawn by a minuscular donkey twin brother to St. Martin. At long intervals we encountered great wagons piled with casks of olives, or wine, or oil. To these enormous vehicles were attached long trains of horses, made merry with bells and bits of gay bunting.

The carters were handsome men with bare chests and soft brown eyes—cheery fellows, ready enough to beguile the way with quip or jest, or, as the case might be, more serious conversation. One of them obligingly hitched our team to the tail of his long wagon, and we were drawn up hill and down dale in the most expeditious fashion, much to the surprise of St. Martin. The while we were vouchsafed store of information as to the carters' life in Provence. We learned, for instance, that these men frequently make journeys of two or three hundred miles at a stretch, and that they are able to earn a very fair wage, competing with the railways;

that the wine of Provence is famous for its quality; the oil no less so; that the sun of Provence shines brighter than elsewhere in this poor world; and that Provence has, all things considered, no equal among nations. Finally, we were assured, that the life of the Provençal carter was by all odds the finest life in Provence. And our friend meant all that he said, too. The freedom of his life upon the roads, the constant change, the sunlight, appealed to him as they do to nomads the world over. It is this instinct that makes the tramp incurable, and this it is that softens my heart toward the graceless vagrant when I meet him by the wayside, for I know that deep down in the man's nature, under all his grime, his shiftlessness, his vice, even, there lurks a gleam of primitive and unconscious poetry.

We were mounting constantly; for before starting on its long journey to Paris, the great road has to climb the hills which shut the city of Marseilles into its vast, cup-like basin. At each turn there were wide, grassy spaces for repose, and at each it seemed as if a more magnificent panorama were spread out for our delectation. In one of these nooks we halted for lunch; and while we ate our sandwiches and drank our wine St. Martin browsed amicably beside us or inquired for tidbits from the lunch-basket.

Toward evening we reached the summit of the ridge, and shortly began to descend into a wide and desolate valley which surrounds the great Etang de Berre. This Lake of Berre is an inland sea of salt water, some thirty square miles in extent, which is joined to the Mediterranean by the slenderest of estuaries.

In the Middle Ages it was the nucleus for a cluster of stalwart little cities, which formed a close and powerful republic. It is still the most profitable fishing-

ground in the south of France, and supplies the Marseilles market with two million pounds of fish annually.

Just as dusk was falling, we came upon a vast and somber structure which stood solitary by the wayside, backed by a windbreak of ancient pines. This, we guessed, must be the Auberge de l'Assassin, a hostelry which in the old stage-coach days had been famous alike for its sinister title and the good quality of its cheer. The one had been wont, apparently, to offset the other; and a certain dear old lady in Marseilles, who had frequently made the trip to Paris in ante-railroad days, had counseled us by all means to make this inn our first stopping-place. The house had a most melancholy and uninviting aspect; but our appetites were by this time singularly keen; and as the mistral was piping cold in the twilight, we decided to test the accommodation of this forbidding hostel with the more forbidding name, rather than adventure farther in the growing darkness. An ominous silence was the only response to our vigorous onslaughts upon the front portal, and some search was required before we came finally on an open door in the rear of the vast parallelogram. Within we found a large common-room adorned by a fireplace of monumental proportions. Here a woman stood stirring some savory mess with a large, wooden spoon—a hard-faced woman, we discovered, when, in response to my salutation, she arose from her cookery and looked us over with a cool, careful and rather discouraging scrutiny.

Having completed her leisurely survey, this extraordinary hostess flatly refused to receive us.

"But, madame," I pleaded, "consider. We have come all the way from Marseilles to-day; we are hungry; we are weary, and if you decline to lodge us we shall have to spend the night upon the roads."

"Nevertheless, messieurs, I cannot take you in; I lodge none but carters."

"Then pray consider us carters," I cried with a desperate attempt at jocularly; "set before us a dish of that delectable stew, and see whether or no we have carters' appetites. As for sleeping accommodations, if you have nothing better to offer, we shall rest very comfortably indeed upon an armful of hay in the stable."



But madame had decided against us, and nothing would move her or shake her determination. I believe that her refusal was prompted entirely by pride; rather than expose the meager resources of her house to our too critical eyes, she turned us out upon the roads, with the night shutting down and the mistral blowing a hurricane. Shaking from our feet the dust of this inhospitable establishment, we set out once more in the gathering dusk a cheerless and somewhat disconsolate expedition, with empty bellies and no very certain or immediate prospect of filling them. Earlier in the day we had admired the rugged outlines of a small hill-town that lay not very far from the Sea of Berre. We could now make out its lights gleaming against the red twilight a mile or two in advance of us, and toward these we made our way with such dispatch as our weary limbs and the rude assaults of the mistral permitted. Here finally we came upon another and smaller inn, from whose doors we determined that we should not be easily turned away. Yet here again we were received with so poor a show of hospitality, that only the deepest diplomacy secured us admittance. The door was opened to us by a landlady of most gigantic proportions. She was red-faced like the rising moon, and more loud-voiced than a mistral. Instead of inviting us to enter, she stood with arms akimbo blocking up the entrance while she catechised us as to our professions, social standing, and means of subsistence.

"What do you peddle?" was her first query.

"Madame," I replied, amiably, "we are simply travelers—tourists come to see the country."

This simple statement was received with a very evident sniff of incredulity.

"No one comes to Les Pennes merely for pleasure. What do you do for a

living? If you are honest folk and not wandering rogues, of which, *sapristi!* there are enough abroad, you must have some trade at your back."

"Madame," I replied, "we are artists, painters of pictures." I had before, upon more than one occasion, been made to feel the somewhat ambiguous nature of my profession, but never, certainly, so keenly as now.

"Artists!" sniffed this inquisitorial landlady. "What kind of artists, pray; tight-rope artists, singers, dancers?"

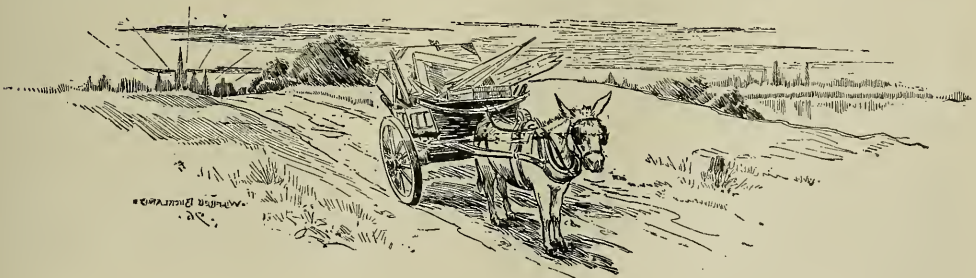
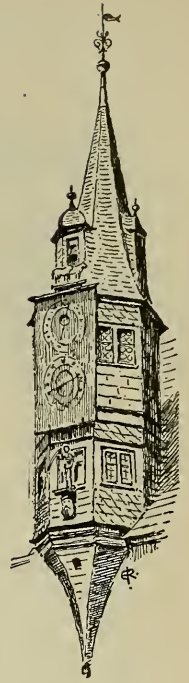
At this there came to me a sudden flash of inspiration. "We are traveling photographers, madame," said I.

Photography did not come within the list of occupations usually followed by the guests of the Maison Chevillon, but it was at least a calling, and the light of suspicion in madame's eye, if not quenched, was visibly lowered. After a moment's hesitation she stood aside and allowed us to enter, sending a sturdy peasant to look after St. Martin.

But our troubles were not yet over. Desiring to free ourselves from the dust and grime of our boisterous day upon the roads we asked for the necessary utensils, and this very simple request nearly brought us again in conflict with our formidable hostess.

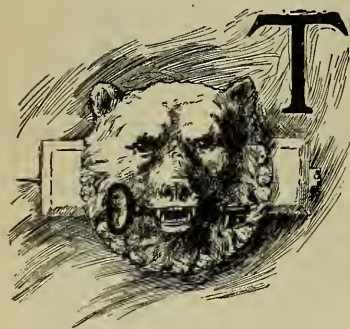
"Wash yourselves at night!" she cried. "*Ma foi*, no; I will not have you ill on my hands. In the morning Marie will give you a towel and a basin, and you will find water in the horse-trough."

(To be continued.)



CHRISTMAS WITH TRAPPER LEWIS.

By Ed. W. Sandys.



THOSE accustomed to family re-unions and hearty Christmas cheer at home, will hardly understand how blue I felt upon the morning of December 24th. No joyous greetings, no strengthening of home ties no merry house-party pranks for me. Home, with all its holiday pleasures, lay many snowy miles away, and grim circumstance forbade any flight in that direction. The one vacant chair was not to be warmed by me.

It is bad enough to be compelled to miss such good things of this life, but it is worse when one is so situated that he cannot even purchase some sort of makeshift amusement—at least something to help kill the holiday and natural unpleasant musings. I felt that I was truly in a bad fix, a very shuttlecock of fate. A snug wad reposed deep in my pocket, yet I was virtually a pauper—money would not purchase one thing I desired. I might reach home the day after Christmas, but better than that no man could expect. I was simply snowed up.

The first view of the wretched little village was disheartening. Snow, snow, snow—three feet deep on the level and twice that depth in the lesser drifts. No possibility of the daily train getting anywhere, except into some huge mound of snow; no possibility of making connection at the junction, and no likelihood of getting far beyond that point if the through train were caught.

The village never looked meaner or more God-forsaken. From my position on the steps of the one hotel I could command the entire lay-out. Across the crooked street were the general store and a half-dozen roofs of lowly shanties; upon my side, a few more humble, half-buried structures. Beyond them, upon every side, about a quarter of a mile of "clearin'"; beyond that, hemming in the view, as though to hide

the crude attempt at civilization, an unbroken wall of mighty trees—the magnificent Michigan woods. For miles upon miles those wonderful trees stood, shoulder to shoulder, arms locked, silently bearing uncounted tons of snow, and defying mortal to break through their ranks afoot. Above the dark hemlock towered the loftier spears of the pine, while grayer masses told where maple and beech crowned irregular ridges. At any other time the picture would not have been without a wild beauty of its own, but to my mind the trees were sullen prison-walls.

Aimlessly my eye followed the edge of the timber, and, all unexpectedly, detected a sign of life. Something gray moved against the wood's dusky rim, and at last I could make out a human figure plodding across the clearing. I watched it curiously till it had advanced halfway over the open; then the clouds above my Christmas prospect began to lift. Only one man in all those woods had that short, wiry figure, and only one man would be likely to come in from that direction. It was surely Lewis, the one man, who could help me over Christmas Day.

I had never thought of him as being available, for I knew that his trapper's main camp was located fifteen miles away, on Trout Creek, and there was small likelihood of his wanting anything in the village at that time. Yet there he was, a ministering angel sent to tend a lonely prisoner.

"Well, Canady," said he, "I made sartin you was off home by now. Reckon you won't make her in time nuther; snow's piled six ways, an' you can bet no train'll get through to nowheres in particular. I've had some traps ordered to the store two weeks now, an' I 'lowed I'd step over an' see what'n blazes Taylor's tryin' to do about 'em. I want some fixin's in the line of Christmas grub, too, so I calculated to make one jog of the whole outfit."

"Where's your son?" I asked, for I knew that the pair trapped together.

"Oh, he's over to the lake," replied Lewis; "an' it's kind of a cod on me, too," he added, "for we reckoned on havin' a square feed together Christmas Day.

He'll never show up now, for it'll be hard trampin' over his way sure, so I reckon the old hoss'll have to chew his oats alone. Too bad for a feller to be all alone, ain't it?"

Before I had time for more questions, Lewis exclaimed: "Say, Canady, what's the matter with you goin' back 'long of me? You can't get out of here by train; there aint no horse sense in your stoppin' here kickin' agin the luck. S'pose you rig out kinder sry, and we'll have dinner together, and cover my line of traps 'fore you come in?"

I was soon ready, and Lewis had his traps and small groceries packed within an hour. My pack weighed no more than twenty pounds, after a few of Lewis's parcels had been added, but I marveled when I tried a one-handed lift of what the old trapper himself proposed to carry. His pack must have weighed at least fifty pounds—and that for a small, old man to carry fifteen miles through the timber.

Our outside garbs were alike, excepting foot-gear—fur caps, leather coats, rough trousers, and lumbermen's long, heavy stockings, and a couple of pairs of socks. I wore buckskin moccasins, with which Lewis would have nothing to do—he, like most woodsmen, preferring the low, heelless rubber, worn over a felt boot. He was right, too, for the rubber is better than any moccasin for all-round work in every sort of weather. His snow-shoes were the big, oval, heavy-framed, flat style, so common in the woods, while mine were lighter of frame, turned up a trifle in front, and having long tails behind.

He chose a new route, tramping steadily ahead to break the trail. By the time we had penetrated a mile into the woods, I had forgotten all about my troubles, for it was no child's task, even to follow such a pace-maker. He instinctively picked out the best going; his shoes creaked as steadily as the ticking of a clock, and his spare body never seemed to feel the cumbrous pack.

The work, for work it was, paid us well. The air was just keen enough to prevent overheating, and the solemn silence of the woods was, as it always is, soothing as the touch of a mother's hand. Animal life, unless cautiously searched for, is seldom visible in the big woods. The trees are like a huge, green mantle of silence, wrapping a slumber-

ing world. Wind and fire are the only disturbers which can fill the woods with jarring sound. The stroke of axe, the crash of falling tree, the rip of a rifle-shot, are so muffled by crowding growths as to be almost unnoticed at a very short distance. In a broad forest, they are like the plump of a pebble into a silent pool.

But the apparent lack of animal life is misleading. The forest has many tenants, busy by night or by day, and the trained eye can detect proofs of who they are, where they dwell, whither they went, and what they did by the way. We saw much written evidence to which each after his kind had affixed his mark. Lewis seldom paused over these, but he saw everything. A silent motion of his hand, or the word necessary to name some creature, called my attention to the trail he had noticed. Here a fox had run a bee-line to some chosen spot, leaving a single row of prints of his neat pads. In a ravine, where the water gurgled deep under the snow, two mink had double-dotted the course of the brook to where a large pool of lazy, black water lay exposed. Trout were in the pool, and the mink knew all about it. A larger trail, to a massive pine, showed where a marten had gone aloft after something. Many tiny marks, as though a leaf had slid along dragging its stem, told of the timorous travels of wood mice, while small, widely-separated prints, betrayed the routes of squirrels from tree to tree. Farther on, where the ground was lower, lay the triangular prints of the hare, pointing like guiding Vs in all directions except the direction actually taken by the maker of them.

Once Lewis halted and grunted "Link." Upon the snow was proof of blackest crime. A much-indented surface, some tufts of hair almost like down, a tinge of pink, and a row of prints the size of a man's fist, leading to a thicket, told part of the story. A glance about told the rest. More prints to a low-leaning tree; a break in the snowy drapery a few feet from the ground, proved where the sly cat had sneaked and crouched for the final drop upon the unsuspecting hare.

Here the dainty traces of the ruffed grouse led from snowy clump to massive root, like a trim row of inverted Ts; and there three longer steps, with marks upon either side, told where the

alert bird had flushed in haste. Reynard's sign lies here again—he is the cause of many a hasty departure.

The woods were graying to uncertain light when we at last reached the long slope leading down to Trout Creek. I was thoroughly weary. My feet and muscles were getting sore, and my trifling pack weighed a ton. Lewis, however, was fresh as paint, though pretty well warmed by his work.

I had begun to hope for a speedy chance to stretch at full length, but it was an hour later before we reached his snug log shanty.

"Here we are, Canady!" he sung out. "Step in an' make yourself to home. I'll bet that baby pack weighs enough now; I've heard you gruntin' like a mired hoss for the last half-hour."

The shanty was small, but very comfortable. Lewis and his son had made a miniature log house of it, for it was intended to serve for several seasons. At one end were two bunks, at one side a small window, at the other end an old cook-stove, the pipe of which passed through the roof. Two rude benches and a table, made of part of a packing-box, completed the furniture proper. A couple of small boxes fixed to the wall, a larger box and a small barrel, in the corners near the stove, held the supplies; while a few pegs and a rough rack supported rifle, pouches, and such tin utensils as were ever hung up.

Lewis soon had a fire going, and almost before I was ready, the fry-pan gave forth welcome aroma of pork and venison, which, with plenty of bread and tea, composed our meal. It was good, too. Not nearly so good as some writers claim the rough forest fare to be, but quite good enough for two hungry and not over-fastidious men to thoroughly enjoy.

I was roused, hours after, by the angry sizzling of boiling grease, and through an evil-smelling, blue haze, I made out the figure of Lewis bending over his fry-pan.

"Canady, you snored like a hog, long as I heard you; tumble out now, an' a merry Christmas to you!" was his polite greeting.

It was morning, or, rather, something that Lewis called morning, and I tumbled out forthwith, for I knew that he would make an early start for his line of traps.

This line was about twelve miles long, as already laid out, though it would be much longer when Lewis got his new lot of traps out. His son had a line still longer; and, for convenience, they had two permanent camps. This length of lines, with the fact that the men were sometimes alone for a month at a time, will give an idea of the sort of work they did for the small sum they could expect to clear—not more than \$350 in a good season.

They could depend upon a few bear and an occasional wolf; but the bulk of their catch was composed of muskrat, fox, lynx, mink, fisher, and marten. Mink were quite plentiful, but the pelts commanded a very small price. The trappers relied almost entirely upon steel traps. Heavy deadfalls took a bear once in a while, but made traps were not bothered with for smaller creatures. The baits used were parts of hares, grouse, squirrels, fish, the genital parts of female foxes, and a vile-smelling compound of Lewis's own brewing, in which one's nose could detect asafoetida, oil of anise, fish-oil, and perhaps a few other traces of Blest Araby. This was sometimes put upon the bait, and sometimes used as a drag to lead an animal to the trap. A piece of raw flesh was also used as a drag.

When we were ready to start Lewis looked long and anxiously about, then said in a disgusted tone, "D— poor Christmas luck, Canady. Them new traps must wait. It's liable to snow like all outdoors afore we get back. I reckon I'll just take the rifle an' a little ile. We can tend the traps an' tote home any critters. It'll be hard shoein' fore night."

The line of traps began at a point some distance down the creek; then it passed over a ridge, through a cedar-swamp, and along another ridge; thence through a long ravine, over still another ridge, and terminated at a point a mile behind the shanty. It was a triangle, and a mighty rough one.

Lewis carried a keen, light axe, and a greasy old canvas pouch, in which was a bottle of his bait mixture and some heads of grouse and fish, and fragments of a hare. My only burden was the old man's Winchester.

The first trap, for mink, was at a bit of fast water, where ice never made. The trap lay just beneath the water, in a tiny cove. In a small recess,

apparently natural but in reality made by Lewis, lay the bait, a bit of fish. The chain of the trap was affixed to a sliding-pole, so arranged that the first struggle of a captured mink would be almost certain to tumble the animal into deep water, where the weight of the trap would drown it.

Lewis placed a drop of his mixture near the bait, and then led the way to a second trap similarly set. A third trap proved to be undisturbed, but the fourth one yielded a good-sized mink. Lewis drew the dripping body from the water, released it from the trap, shook the water from the matted, brown fur, and reset the trap. Then he swung the mink by a cord from his shoulder, and turned deeper into the woods.

For the first time I noticed his "blaze"—a tiny cut high in the bark of trees far apart. Presumably the blaze was purposely made light and high up to prevent a stranger from locating the line.

The next trap was a considerable distance from the water, and instead of the sliding-pole it had a spring-pole, stout and long enough to lift a small captive beyond the reach of lynx, fox, fisher, or marten. It had not attracted a victim.

While we were at this trap Lewis's keen eye detected a big hare squatted under the projecting end of a log. How he ever noticed the white fur against the snow was a mystery to me, as I could hardly make the creature out after he had called my attention to it. In obedience to his directions I shot the hare, ripped its belly open, hooked a beech switch through the ears, and then dragged the carcass about in a wide circle. When I returned, Lewis was busy changing his trap.

"Mighty good place for fisher, right where that old rabbit squatted," he remarked; then added, "I seen some old sign back a bit, an' I reckon we'll have a try for a good pelt. If fisher won't have it, marten may, like as not, an' it's worth trying."

He had already cut two small logs, which, placed one on either side of the log which had sheltered the hare, formed a sort of rude pen with only one possible piece of entrance. Where the hare had squatted was a small patch of dry mast and moss. Upon this Lewis placed the trap, and behind it he put the head and

neck of a grouse. The trap was carefully sprinkled with some rotten wood from the under side of the log, and when the job was finished it was a most artistic piece of work. Close by stood a springy sapling with a couple of small branches. These branches Lewis cut off, also the slim end of the sapling, which he then bent down to serve as a spring-pole. The end of it was caught under the log in such a way that a comparatively slight pull would release it and put it into full strain upon the chain of the trap.

Lewis then rummaged in his canvas pouch, and produced an evil-smelling affair that looked like an old leather mitten with a cord attached. Into it he poured some of the mixture from the bottle; then he went away to drag the mitten, and so make a second trail.

When we finally moved on he said: "Drag your old rabbit, and I'll drag this. There's marten and fisher round here, an' we might as well make all the trail we can." After visiting half a dozen more traps, he took the rabbit from me and swung it with the mink, intending it for bait further on.

About noon we had a bite of bread and meat; then Lewis hurried me along, for snow had begun to fall, and the prospect seemed good for a heavy storm. He pointed out a thick clump of dwarf beeches, to which the faded leaves still clung thickly. "Canady," he said, "I've got a link trap in there, an' I'm sorter dependin' on her to——" While he was speaking there came from the thicket a faint click as of metal striking something.

"Blame me, if I ain't ketched a cat, too!" yelled Lewis. "Scuffle along here, Canady, and you'll see the maddest critter ever you seen."

He was right. A big lynx had got his fore-paw in the strong trap, and of all the wrathful brutes I have ever set eyes on, that lynx was the worst. It fairly sizzled with rage, and "talked" as only a mad cat can. It did not make so much noise, but there was an earnestness in its continuous stormy mutterings which boded no good to us if we ever went within its reach. Its little ears lay flat to its round skull; its yellow eyes blazed with fury, and its jaws parted in a grin that almost stampeded me, in spite of the rifle. The lynx was full of fight, and made no attempt to bolt. It squatted low, never taking

its evil eyes off us, nor stopped its snarling defiance. Indeed, it looked so bent upon making a dash at us that I leveled the Winchester.

"Reckon you'll have to plug him, Canady. I'd club his measly brains out, but the brush is a-kinder awkward, an' we can't get him out of there," said Lewis. "Take as little of his head as you can; edge round to one side, an' don't spoil fur," he continued.

The lynx stiffened at once in response to the shot, and Lewis hastened to reset the trap. The thin skin and flesh of the rabbit's flank was firmly tied to the pan of the trap, which was then set and placed on the snow where the beech-leaves afforded a partial shelter. A few drops of the odoriferous mixture were added to the bait, and the setting was complete. This trap had in lieu of a pole, a "clog," *i. e.*, a length of heavy sapling, to one end of which the chain of the trap was firmly wedged. The office of the clog was to hamper the captive without absolutely stopping it. A lynx is a powerful animal for its size, and when first gripped by a trap, it is apt to struggle furiously—quite enough to tear free from, or to smash, a trap that is held tight by the chain. A clogged trap may be dragged about without giving the captive a chance for a dead pull; and, while the clog is sure to eventually foul something, this is not liable to happen until after the angered victim has in a measure quieted down.

The baiting of this particular trap was new to me, and I asked if it was the best way. "No, not surely the best way," replied Lewis, "but most anyway's good enough for these fool cats. A link is mighty curious an' is forever a-smellin', an' a-pryin' about, 'specially when on some strange scent. Them long whiskers on his chops is his measurers, an' he won't try to go through no kind of hole, if the whiskers touches the sides of it—he won't even try to squeeze through leaves, if the whiskers tell him that the gap ain't quite wide enough. Now, if another link, an' I bet he will, comes smellin' 'round here, he'll locate that bait, even if snow happens to cover it. His whiskers won't let him squeeze through the beeches, but he'll keep a-smellin' till he gets 'round in front. Then he'll reach his flat paw in, like a youngster reachin' for an apple, an' he'll try to hook out that bit of pelt, just to dis-

cover what makes it smell so dern funny. Then he'll find out what is funny about it, an' then he'll lug the trap 'round, an' cuss an' swear till I happen along an' knock some sense into his fool head."

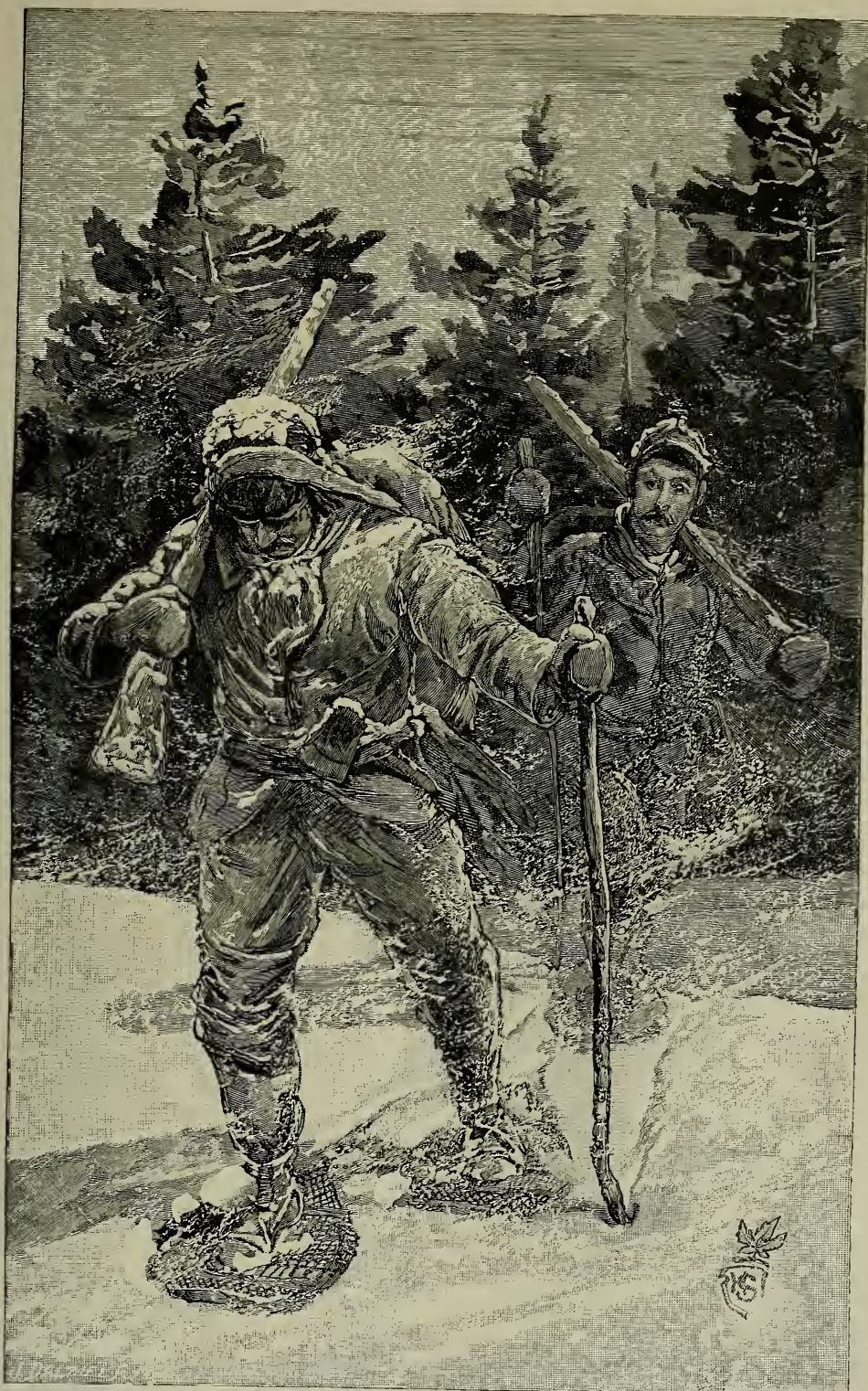
The dead lynx was swung over Lewis's shoulder, and we resumed our march. The snow was now sifting rapidly through the tree-tops, and the old man kept looking rather anxiously about. When we chanced upon a comparatively open spot, he read the weather signs once more and said: "Canady, we're in fer a rippin' storm, an' I reckon we'd better have back-tracked an hour ago. There's a wind a-comin', an' if we don't bust it to the camp we may have to lie out, to say nothin' of the fallin' stuff. Catch a jawful of runnin' wind an' stick close to my tail. Come on, now!"

It was a grand burst, but, thanks to the old man, we made it. Within half an hour a furious storm was roaring overhead. Trees swayed and roared; masses of snow fell from disturbed branches, and now and then, boughs heavy enough to knock the life out of a man, swept down. The air was full of powdered snow, and the forest trembled with a dull, unceasing roar. I could just see the snowy, bobbing figure ahead, and I toiled on till I felt that another mile would cook me for once and all. Just when a halt seemed worth the risk, we stumbled into an opening of some kind, which I guessed must be the creek. The wind almost knocked me down; I was lost in a driving blur of white, till a voice shrieked almost in my ear: "Here she is, Canady, an' we made her 'bout soon enough!"

A few moments later the fire was snapping, and we had got rid of our extra snow. Then we had a steaming grog to the welfare of all good men and true, and, as Lewis said, "'specially to the boy, who, I'll bet, is denned up tighter'n a winter bear."

That night we had the best feed Lewis could prepare, and while he worked about the stove, I skinned the prizes.

If hands were a trifle smelly, that fact did not spoil Lewis's Christmas feed. Later on, when the wind had almost died away in a biting midnight, the old man brewed a last tin of hot stuff, and sleepily remarked: "Wish the boy was here; he'd like puttin' his nose into this. Canady, merry Christmas to you!"



Painted by H. Sandham.

BREAKING THE TRAIL

Engraved by Dalziel



LENZ'S
WORLD
TOUR
A WHEEL.

CONCLUDED BY OUTING'S SPECIAL
CORRESPONDENT.

TO rob the Armenians by violence, to cut their throats if they resist, to leave them for a while—"to let the sheep's wool grow," as the phrase goes—and then to rob them again, is the simple story of the relations between Kurd and Christian. The Kurds are well armed with modern rifles and revolvers. I have never seen one with an old-fashioned weapon; and I have never seen a Christian with a rifle, while their nearly useless long guns have lately been seized by the Government. The Kurds hate and despise the Turks, their nominal rulers; but the Islamic bond of brotherhood is stronger than the repulsion either of hatred or contempt, and the latent or undisguised sympathy of their co-religionists in official positions insures them, for the most part, immunity from their crimes.

A raw wind came whistling from the west as I passed the Kurdish village of Mola Suleiman and began my toilsome route over the Kosse Dagh Mountains; and until the sun had warmed things up a little it was necessary to stop and buffet occasionally to prevent benumbed hands. I was now nearing the Deli Baba Pass, the most notorious place for robbers of all this notorious country. Both missionaries and natives

had fully warned me against venturing through Deli Baba alone, advising me to wait and go through in the company of a caravan; but warnings of danger had been so often repeated throughout my journey, and had proven groundless so invariably, that I should have felt the taunts of self-reproach had I found myself hesitating on their account.*

I wound slowly upwards through a mountainous elevated region until I began to descend, along the tortuous windings of the Deli Baba Su, through another ravine-riven battle-field of the late war. Farther on I descended into a rocky cañon with perpendicular walls towering skyward like giant battlements, inclosing a space not over fifty yards wide. The cañon is a wild, lonely-looking spot, and looks quite appropriate to the reputation it bears. Professor Vámbéry, a recognized authority on Asiatic matters, and whose party encountered a gang of marauders here, says the Deli Baba Pass bore the same unsavory reputation that it bears to-day, as far back as the time of Herodotus. It is a spot where a thousand resolute men, well supplied with ammunition, might keep at defiance a force of a hundred times their number. It is the most important place, from a military point of view,

*OUTING heard from Lenz at Teheran on April 14th, 1894. He expected to reach Constantinople by the end of May, by way of Tabreez, which he reached on April 27th. He advised OUTING on May 2d of his intention to proceed at once via Erzerum to Constantinople, about 600 miles distant. He crossed the border out of Persia into Turkey on May 7th, and was probably shot on May 12th, just as he was about to emerge from the Deli Baba Pass, when only fifty miles away from Erzerum. (See map, page 385, reprinted from OUTING for July, 1895.)

on the road from the Armenian capital to the Russian frontier; yet despite its extreme importance, nothing has been done to strengthen any part of it.

"We are going to throw up earthworks

"*Sometime*; not to-day; to-morrow." This is the stereotyped answer which a Turk has always at his tongue's end. Until the Sultan's subjects can shake off the apathy which prevails through-



RETURNING WITH MY MAIL FROM THE ENGLISH CONSULATE.

and place some batteries there *sometime*," said a Turkish lieutenant in Erzerum, with whom I was talking on the subject.

out the empire, it will be difficult for them to hold their own against other nations.

Mounted men, armed to the teeth,

like almost every one else hereabouts, were encountered in the pass; they invariably halted and looked back after me as though endeavoring to comprehend who and what I was, but that was all. I got through without molestation.

My road debouched among the western foot-hills, and nightfall overtook me in sight of the Passin plain. In the chilly evening air I was glad to seek the nearest shelter, which this time happened to be the Armenian village of Yusueri. The owner of the house where I was invited to stop for the night was not a cleanly object. His domicile was as dirty as his person. His

the man in looking for what it is not necessary to mention.

A Russian moujik is not a sweet animal, and a Persian dervish, with hair piled up two feet above his head and covered with liquid fat, is an equally unpleasant companion; but either of these gentlemen would have smelt like perfume in comparison with my Armenian host, who apparently had no ideas beyond that of manufacturing fuel from cow's dung.

Wood is very dear in these parts, and the inhabitants would undoubtedly die if they had not a supply of fuel. It is not surprising, therefore, that they take con-



ERZERUM, FROM THE ROOF OF THE SANASSARIAN SCHOOL.

wife and children were manufacturing some *tezek* for fuel in one of the two rooms the house contained. It was quite chilly outside, and the owner of the house, to keep the habitation tolerably warm, had blocked up the only hole in the roof, used as ventilator, chimney and window. The smell of the *tezek* and the ammonia arising from the horses and cattle, separated from us only by a railing three feet high, was excessively disagreeable.

My Armenian host and hostess, begrimed with dirt, were squatting in a corner, the woman engaged in making some cakes with flour and water, and

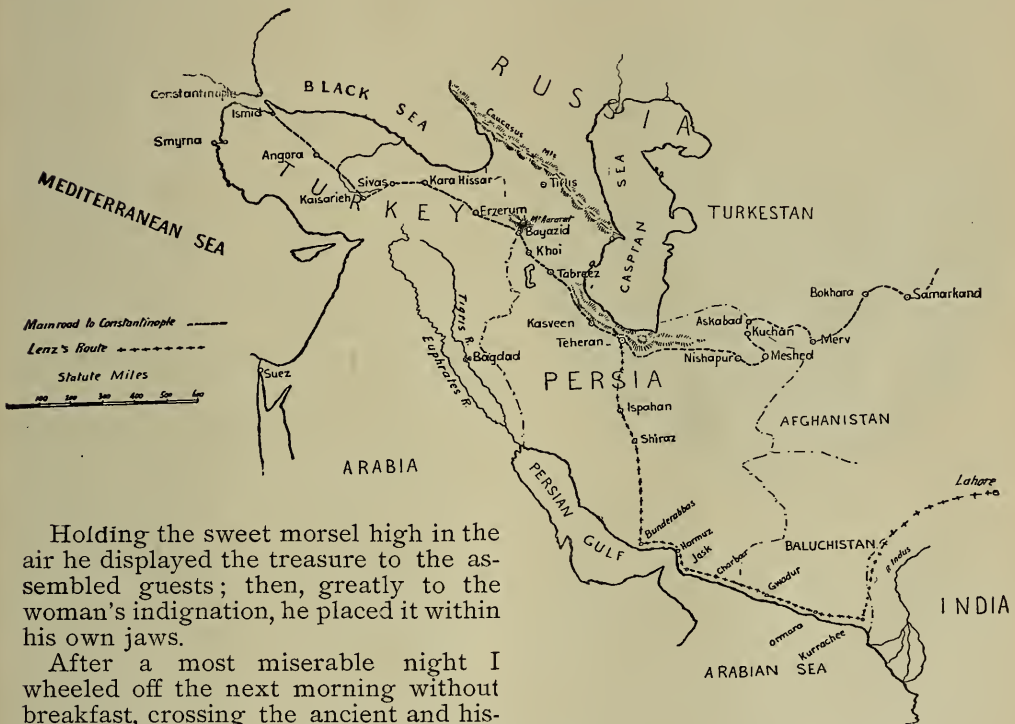
siderable interest in their *tezek*. But to hear this subject discussed in a room with an atmosphere like that of a sewer was a little annoying to my senses.

The wife of the Armenian host and her children were not at all shy about showing their faces, at least so much of them as the dirt did not hide from view. They squatted round me while I was making tea (which for obvious reasons I preferred to do myself) and watched my proceedings with great interest. Now the woman, sticking her filthy fingers into the basin, took out one of the lumps of sugar I had just broken up for use; then, putting it in turn into

each of her children's mouths, she had a suck herself. "Give it to me!" suddenly exclaimed her husband. The lady did not show any signs of readiness to surrender the prize. The man sprang to his feet. Thrusting a finger and thumb into the mouth of his helpmate, at the same time clasping her tightly around the throat with the other hand, so as to avoid being bitten, he extracted the delicacy.

tervals, and are only behind in the very worst of weather.

Later in the day I had a chance to test the comparative merits of one of these *zaptieh* steeds and the trusty bicycle. While engaged in the occupation of plowing through a stretch of loose sand and gravel I was overtaken by a *zaptieh* from a neighboring town, on his way to Erzerum. Of course he requested me to *bin*, and kept on re-



Holding the sweet morsel high in the air he displayed the treasure to the assembled guests; then, greatly to the woman's indignation, he placed it within his own jaws.

After a most miserable night I wheeled off the next morning without breakfast, crossing the ancient and historic Araxes on a very ancient stone bridge, said to be over a thousand years old, and built over the ford by which Xenophon crossed in the Retreat of the Ten Thousand.

I breakfasted at the Armenian village of Kuipri Kui, and my road thence led up the broad and cultivated valley of the Passin Su. The road was mostly rideable, though heavy with dust. Part way to Hasan-Kaleh I met the weekly Turkish post from Erzerum. These Turkish mail-riders are really fine fellows. They drive two horses loaded with the mail-bags at a gallop in front of them, urging them with yells and heavy whips, the *zaptieh* escort galloping behind. At this pace they dash up and down mountains and over plains by day and night, changing at short in-

questing me to *bin* at regular three-minute intervals for the next half-hour. At the end of that time the loose gravel terminated, and I found myself on a level and reasonably smooth dirt-road. The *zaptieh* was, of course, delighted at seeing me mount, and not doubting but that I would appreciate his company, gave me to understand that he would ride alongside to Erzerum. For nearly two miles that sanguine but unsuspecting minion of the Turkish Government spurred his noble steed alongside the bicycle, in spite of my determined pedaling to shake him off. But the road improved; faster spun the whirling wheels; the *zaptieh* began to lag a little, though still spurring his panting horse into keeping reasonably

close behind. A bend now occurred, and an intervening knoll hid us from each other. I put on more steam, and at the same time the *zaptieh* evidently gave it up and relapsed into his usual crawling pace, for when three miles or thereabouts were covered I looked back and perceived him leisurely heaving in sight from behind the knoll.

From the valley of the Passin Su I wheeled slowly up, late in the afternoon, to the summit of the Deve Boyun Pass, when the city of Erzerum, the Armenian capital, broke suddenly into view. It was here, in this pass, that the Turkish army, in November, 1877, made their last gallant attempt to stem the tide of disaster that had, by the fortunes of war and the incompetency of their commanders, set in irresistibly against them.

Filled with the thoughts suggested by these historical associations, I descended with the setting sun toward the Persian gate of the fortified city.

My first impression of Erzerum was of earthworks of immense size extending for miles, with dismounted guns upon them, frowning forth like watchdogs stationed to guard the city; of a deep ditch and a lofty rampart pierced by a fine granite tunnel; of more earthworks, and of forts covering all the heights directly above the city. Patches of snow lingered on the Palantokan Mountains, a few miles to the south; the Deve Boyun Hills looked down on the city from the east; the broad valley of the West Euphrates stretched away westward and northward, terminating at the north in another mountain range. Between the fortifications and the town there is a great deal of open ground, sprinkled with rifle-pits, powder magazines, and artillery, cavalry and infantry barracks, very substantially and neatly built. After passing through cemeteries containing thousands of gravestones, I abruptly entered the principal street, wide and somewhat European-looking, in which are some of the consulates and the Protestant Armenian church and schools, and was at once directed to the Armenian hostelry or semi-European hotel.

Repairing to the English consulate, I was gratified at finding several letters awaiting me, and furthermore by the cordial hospitality extended by Yusuph Effendi, an Assyrian gentleman, the

chargé d'affaires of the consulate for the time being. The consul himself was away at his annual summer encampment in the neighboring mountains. With this English representative and the American missionaries of the Erzerum mission my three days' sojourn were thoroughly enjoyed. It seemed like an oasis of home-life in the surrounding desert of uncongenial social conditions.

In the company of Yusuph Effendi I took the first opportunity to visit the *Vali* or Governor of the Erzerum *vilayet* at the government house, partly to obtain the proper credentials and visés, and partly because the *Vali*, himself, having heard of my arrival, had expressed a wish to have me call upon him. We happened to arrive while he was busily engaged with an important legal decision, but upon our being announced, he begged us to wait a few minutes, promising to hurry through with the business. We were then requested to enter an adjoining apartment, where we found the mayor of the city, the *cadi*, or district judge, the chief of the Erzerum *zaptiehs*, and several other functionaries, signing documents and otherwise variously occupied. On our entrance, documents, pens and seals were relegated to temporary oblivion, coffee and cigarettes were produced, and the journey around the world I was making with the wonderful *araba* (cart) became the all-absorbing topic.

The mayor appeared to be remarkably intelligent, compared with many Asiatics, and, moreover, of quite a practical turn of mind. He inquired what I should do in case of a serious break-down somewhere in the far interior; and his curiosity to see the bicycle was not a little increased by learning that, notwithstanding the extreme airiness of my strange article, I had had no serious mishap on the whole journey thus far.

A uniformed servant now announced that the *Vali* was at liberty and waiting to receive us in private audience. Following the attendant into another room we found his Excellency seated on a richly cushioned divan, and upon our entrance he gave us the picturesque Turkish salute, by describing the figure 3 from the floor to his forehead. As the distinguished visitor of the occasion, I was appointed to the place of honor next to the Governor, while Yusuph

Effendi, with whom, of course, as a diplomatic agent, his Excellency was already quite well acquainted, graciously filled the office of interpreter, and enlightener of the *Vali's* understanding concerning bicycles in general and my own wheel and wheel journey in particular. The *Vali* was a full-faced man of medium height, black-eyed and black-haired, and, like nearly all Turkish officials, he had discarded the Turkish costume, retaining only the national fez—a head-dress which, by the way, is without one single merit to recommend it save its picturesqueness. In sunny weather it affords no protection to the eyes, and in rainy weather its contour conducts the water in a trickling stream down one's spinal column. As though determined not to let me off without honoring me in some way, the *Vali*, after several invitations to partake of some special courtesy, finally offered to furnish me a *zaptieh* escort; but I told him of the *zaptieh's* inability to keep up yesterday, at which he was immensely amused. His Excellency then promised to be present at the starting point on the morning of my departure, asking me to name the time and place, after which we finished the cigarettes and coffee, and took our leave.

The time in Erzerum not spent in social duties and in devouring the contents of the several American newspapers to be had, including even the advertisements, was well utilized in looking about the city. As compared with Persian towns Erzerum looks solid and handsome, and its uncovered bazaars seem fairly busy. The through traffic between Trebizond and Tabreez, chiefly in British goods, is very heavy. The Custom-House was in sight from my hostelry windows, and in one day I counted as many as seven hundred laden camels passing through it, besides horse and mule caravans. There are about two thousand Persians in the city, and the carrying trade is mainly in their hands. The present population is estimated at from twenty thousand to twenty-four thousand, including, besides Persians, Turks, Armenians, Rus-

sians and Jews. The Armenians are not very numerous, but their enterprise as traders gives them an importance out of proportion to their numbers. The Armenian cathedral, the "Pair of Minarets," the "Single Minaret," and the castle, which stands on a height in the middle of the city and contains a small Saracenic chapel, are among the chief "sights."



VIEW OF ERZERUM.

FROM THE ROOF OF THE AMERICAN SCHOOL.

But the most interesting object of all is the Sanassarian College, founded and handsomely endowed by the liberality of an Armenian merchant. The fine buildings are of the best construction and are admirably suited for educational purposes, and the equipments are of the latest and most complete description. The education and the moral training are of a very high order, not to mention the personal influence of the three directors, who were educated in Germany and England. The graduation course is nine years. The students, numbering one hundred and twenty, wear a uniform, and there is no distinction of class among them. Much may be hoped for in the future from the admirable work done by the college, which is one of the few bright spots in Armenia.

* OUTING'S special correspondent having traveled and described the route over which Lenz passed after leaving Tabreez, the city from which Lenz was last heard from, to the city of Erzerum, near by which he was murdered, and in which the Turkish official inquiries, instigated by OUTING and attended personally by its representative, took place, it is with profound regret that Lenz's World Tour Awheel must be brought to an abrupt close. Articles prepared by our special correspondent will appear from time to time connecting the tour so as to give the readers of OUTING a description of the entire journey as originally planned by the much lamented Lenz.
Editor OUTING.



MAINE TEAM, AT SEAGIRT.

THE NATIONAL GUARD OF THE STATE OF MAINE.

By Captain Charles B. Hall, 19th U. S. Infantry.

(Continued.)

WHILE the civil war lasted and many of the original members of companies were fighting at the front, the home organizations had been kept up by those who formed the "home guard" and by the rising generation. It is not, then, to be wondered at that when the militia law allowed a choice in uniforms the companies should, as a rule, elect to keep the old dress thus made dear to them, and maintain their old company designations.

The law required four annual inspections preceded by a review and drill. As but ten companies could be mustered as the authorized militia of the State, it naturally followed that where there were in the State many more than ten companies, all anxious to be enrolled, there was ample opportunity to select only the best.

To show that when one has once followed the flag he can never lose his

love for the life, and the truth of the saying, "once a soldier, always a soldier," we find men who had held high rank in the volunteer service, who had led regiments and brigades, willing to accept the subordinate positions of captains of home companies (the positions which many had held before the war), and join the militia. The most notable example of this is, without doubt, that gallant and honored soldier, General George L. Beal, who won recognized fame for himself and command on many a battle-field, and whose life has since been devoted to the interests of the militia of his State.

Under the law the seven companies selected, of the ten authorized, as I have said, were from the best that offered, and their officers were from "among those who were tried by the test of active service," while only men of good mental and physical qualifications and moral standing were accepted.

The following were the seven companies accepted, but as no appropriation had been made for the purpose, neither uniforms nor commutation in lieu thereof was given to the soldiers: Portland Light Infantry—Captain, Chas. P. Mattocks; Lieutenants, Frank G. Patterson and George Webster. Portland Mechanic Blues—Captain, George W. Parker; Lieutenants, Charles G. Pennell and Edward W. Loveitt. Auburn Light Infantry—Captain, Almon C. Pray; Lieutenants, Henry Little and Addison A. Miller. Norway Light Infantry—Captain, George L. Beal; Lieutenants, William W. Whitmarsh and Henry B. Millett. Skowhegan Company—Captain, Isaac Dyer; Lieutenants, Zemro A. Smith and Brooks D. Savage. Calais Company—Captain, William B. Taylor; Lieutenants, Joseph B. Rockwood and James M. Murphy. Capital Guards, Augusta—Captain, Edward F. Wyman; Lieutenants, Joseph Noble and Thomas S. Hutchins. At the head of this small force of militia was a Commander-in-Chief, General Joseph L. Chamberlain—distinguished not only as a scholar, but as one of the bravest soldiers who helped to make the troops of Maine famous for warlike deeds throughout the land. He gathered about him as his staff men of the highest ability and soldiers who had won distinction; his personal staff consisted of Lieutenant-Colonels Selden Connor, of whom I shall speak hereafter; George Varney, Thomas W. Hyde and Nathan Cutler, Adjutant-General John C. Caldwell, who was soon succeeded by General B. B. Murray, Jr.; Assistant Inspector-General John Marshall Brown, Assistant Surgeon-General Eugene F. Sanger, Military Secretary Albert O. Morgan.

In an order issued in July, 1869, announcing the regulations to be observed, the Commander-in-Chief, through General Brown, his Inspector-General, struck the true key-note for all organizations of the National Guard when he said, "the companies may be considered schools for officers, each capable of being expanded into a regiment when necessity requires." Our National Guard should be built up with this idea constantly in view; and in order that it may be successful as a "school for officers," from which may be graduated those who are competent to command not only as

line but as field officers, and each company constitute a suitable and intelligent body to form the nucleus of a regiment, only "men of character and standing in their several communities" (quoting from the order referred to) should be enlisted. I am afraid too little attention is paid to this important matter in organizing our militia companies. While the proportion of men discharged dishonorably as compared with the enlisted strength is, I am very happy to say, small in this State, it is not so in many others. And there would be no dishonorable discharges in Maine if more care were exercised and firmness shown in selecting recruits. The desire to keep a company full and make a good showing as to enlisted strength (for which the law of the State is somewhat to blame) often induces a captain to take men of whom he himself is a little doubtful. It is just as easy to obtain men of good character and standing to join a company as it is to get the opposite, and very much more so when it becomes generally understood *as a fact* that *only* good men are enlisted. I wish to be understood by my friends who have joined the ranks, or think of so doing, as using the word "standing" in the sense of *reputation*, and not that you must have rank in civil life, or have riches or high social position. Our soldiers must have the reputation of gentlemen, and then the objection to the poor character of men in a company, that has often met me when I have urged desirable young men to enlist in a home organization, would not exist.

The strength of the seven companies accepted in 1869 is not given, but the reports for 1870 state that during the latter year three new companies were organized and accepted under the act of 1869, and the aggregate strength of the ten companies as nine hundred and thirty-seven, there being twenty-eight officers and nine hundred and nine enlisted men. The designations of the three new companies were as follows: Jameson Guards (named after the gallant Colonel of the Second Maine Volunteers), Captain Daniel White, at Bangor; Belfast City Guard, Captain William H. Folger, at Belfast; Crosby Guards, Captain Frank G. Flagg, at Hampden; these companies were composed, as a rule, of men who had seen active service during the war.

Seven of the ten companies were uniformed, armed and equipped during 1870, and the other three were not; commutation of clothing had also been paid to the companies first accepted. The several armed and uniformed companies were ordered to assemble at their armories during April, 1870, for inspection and review by General Brown, the Inspector-General, and also for drill.

1871 found the militia with a new Commander-in-Chief, Governor Perham, and Brigadier-General James A. Hall, who had won distinction during the war, was the new Inspector-General. During the year one new company, the Hersey Light Infantry, Captain Melville M. Fuller, at Oldtown, was added to the militia strength. This company was organized under the militia act of 1865, and was handsomely uniformed at private expense; it was reported as comparing favorably in discipline and appearance with the other companies.

Up to this time the newly organized militia had found no opportunity to meet together for drill, review, inspection, or to look each other over, but the occasion presented itself in October, 1871, upon the visit of the President of the United States to assist at the opening of the European and North American Railway. All of the fully equipped companies were present, and their soldierly appearance was favorably commented upon. The Adjutant-General in his report for this year (1871) recommended strongly an annual encampment of the troops, giving as a reason that it would "be well for this small force, now so well organized, and commanded by officers of experience and reputation, some of whom held high rank in the army and were intrusted with commands of great importance during the war, to be called together once a year by the Commander-in-Chief for the purpose of inspection and maneuver," but no encampment was authorized until 1873. General Hall, as the result of his inspection in 1871, reported of the Jameson Guards, "discipline excellent, instruction and military appearance superior, and its arms, accouterments and uniforms in very good condition," while the other companies were very good in all these respects; and he reported that they were armed as follows: Portland Light In-

fantry, Portland Mechanic Blues, Auburn Light Infantry, Norway Light Infantry and Skowhegan Light Infantry with the Springfield breech-loading rifles; the Capital Guards and Jameson Guards with the Springfield rifles, and the Belfast City Guards, Crosby Guards and Hersey Light Infantry with the Springfield muskets." The Calais company, which had been accepted as one of the ten companies authorized by the act of 1869, had not yet been mustered, and in February, 1872, it was discontinued.

An event that was quite important to the militia, if to no one else, occurred this year (28th of February, 1872), when the Legislature elected General Joshua L. Chamberlain as "Major-General of Militia." As there was neither a regiment of militia nor a field officer of the line in the State, and as the Legislature did not see fit to create a command suitable for a Major-General (which is a division, and then supposed to contain three brigades of infantry and two batteries of artillery), the appointment of an officer to such high rank must have astonished the militia and raised the hope of an immediate increase in the authorized force. The creation of the office and the selection of one so eminently fitted as was General Chamberlain to fill it, no doubt appeared right and proper, and necessary, to the Legislature of a State not at any time overinclined to acknowledge the necessity for a strong militia force. That the official position seemed somewhat embarrassing to the General is evident from his first report at the close of the year to the Adjutant-General of the State, wherein he says: "The honor which the Legislature did me in the election to the office of Major-General on the 28th of February, 1872, I regarded as involving no immediate or active duties;" and, further on, "there being no other than company organizations which had been accustomed to report directly to the Commander-in-Chief, it did not appear necessary for me to appoint a staff until some further organization should have been made." He realized, however, that something more in the way of organization for the militia should be entered upon, but he did not believe the ten companies should be organized into a regiment by themselves, as "it would be better to distribute them among other troops, that

their discipline and proficiency as veterans may be an example and instruction to the rest." To carry out this excellent idea, and in order that organizations be grouped according to local convenience, he suggested the following plan :

"1. Provide for three regimental organizations, with headquarters at Portland, Augusta and Bangor, respectively.

"2. Two companies to be entitled to a major, adjutant and non-commissioned staff.

"3. Four companies to be entitled to a lieutenant-colonel, adjutant and non-commissioned staff.

"4. Six companies entitled to a colonel, adjutant, quartermaster and non-commissioned staff.

"5. Ten companies entitled to a full regimental organization.

"6. Artillery to remain unattached and to be assigned in orders.

"To apply this formula to our present case, I would propose and recommend the following partial organization :

"1st Regiment.—Colonel commanding. Portland Light Infantry, Mechanic Blues, Portland ; Montgomery Guards, Portland ; Norway Light Infantry, Auburn Light Infantry, Portland Cadets.

"2d Regiment.—Lieutenant-Colonel commanding. Jameson Guards, Bangor ; Hersey Light Infantry, Oldtown ; Crosby Guards, Hampden ; City Guards, Belfast.

"3d Regiment.—Major commanding. Capital Guards, Augusta ; Skowhegan Light Infantry, Skowhegan."

The Division Commander joined with the Adjutant-General in calling attention to the necessity for an encampment of troops, as authorized by the State, saying : "I deem it very important for the promotion of a military spirit, as well as for necessary instruction and practice, that the troops should be brought together and handled together as soldiers at least once a year," a recommendation that was to result in almost immediate good to the service.

The close of 1872 found the militia increased by two companies. One was of artillery, organized at Lewiston in September of that year, and commanded by Captain Aurestus S. Perham. The company was of the maximum strength and contained many old soldiers who had served in the artillery during the war of the rebellion ; this company had been supplied with a new battery of three-inch guns, but not uniformed. The other addition was a company of infantry called the "Portland Montgomery Guards," organized in October, and commanded by Captain Augustus J. McMahon. The company was of the full strength, and had been armed with Springfield rifle muskets. Their uniforms were supplied at private expense.

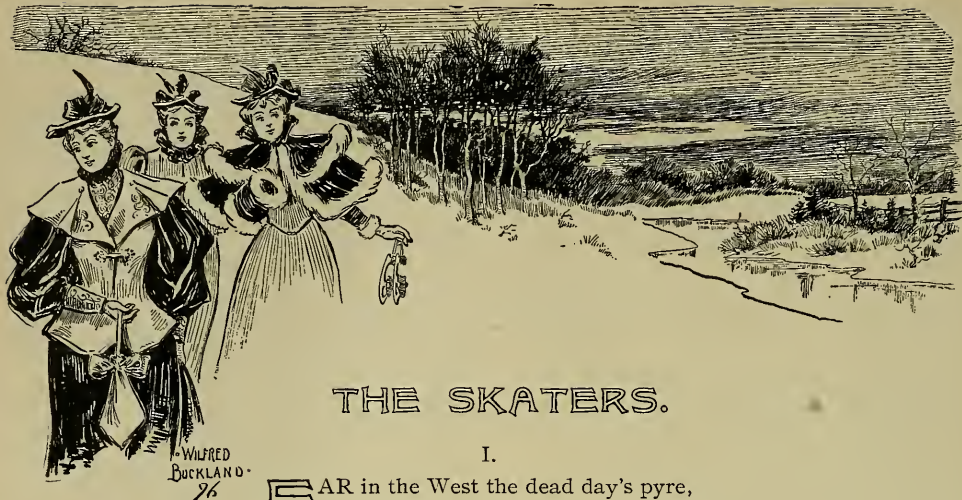
(To be continued.)



THOS. P. SHAW,
COL. AND COMM'Y GEN.

COMM'Y SERGT. LIBBY,
AMBULANCE CORPS.

CAPT. WARREN E. RIKER,
HOSPITAL AND AMBULANCE CORPS.



THE SKATERS.

I.

FAR in the West the dead day's pyre,
 Between the spaces of the wood,
 Burned low—a dusky, sullen fire—
 Beneath the twilight's gathering hood.
 But quivering in the dusk and gray
 One star, that softly grew more bright,
 Gleamed like a promise of the night
 Above the embers of the day.

II.

Before us lay the glassy stream,
 A crystal path from shore to shore,
 That seemed to hold it in a dream
 Of limpid, laughing tides of yore.
 And still, in memory of June,
 The stars reflected held a place,
 While glimmered o'er its frozen face
 The whiteness of the rising moon.

III.

With flashing feet we sped away
 Along the silent, snow-clad shore,
 That, gleaming in the moonlight, lay
 Where swift our shadows ran before !
 But though the shore was still and white,
 No summer song was e'er more sweet
 Than that clear music which our feet
 Sent ringing to the winter's night !

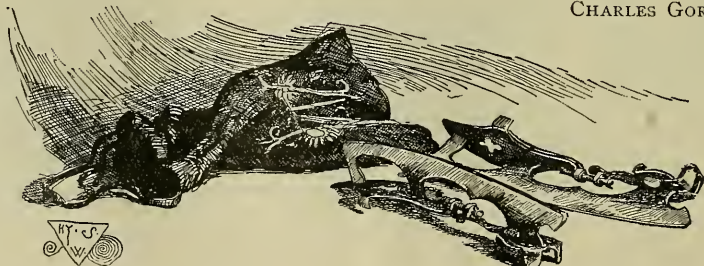
IV.

We felt the rushing wind go by,
 As round some bend with quickening stride
 We swept, and heard the pine-boughs sigh
 That leaned across the frozen tide ;
 Until the ever-broadening stream
 Stretched straight before to meet the bay,
 That in the magic moonlight lay
 In silver silence, all a-dream !

V.

And when at last we homeward turned,
 With eager, yet reluctant feet,
 Our pulses glowed, our faces burned,
 And life felt buoyant, strong and sweet !
 Within the house one beacon-light
 Its vigil kept ; within the grate
 The fire burned low—the hour was late—
 But health's best sleep was ours that night !

CHARLES GORDON ROGERS.



OUTING'S MONTHLY REVIEW

OF

AMATEUR SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

FOOTBALL.

OUTING greets its readers in the very hour of Christmas glee. From cover to cover the Magazine—freighted with the world's best literature of sport—echoes the language of the Yuletide. Never has amateur sport counted so many devotees as now, and never has OUTING addressed so many cordial advocates of pastimes as now. The opening of a New Year will round the tenth of the present editorial management and the fifteenth of publication. May we not indulge in the thought that the vast increase of our readers—unbroken year by year—now reaching way into the hundreds of thousands, is an evidence of the approbation our efforts have gained for OUTING?

There was sorrow as well as joy for all of us in the year that is closing. In the new year may the clouds be few, and may those that come have a silver lining ever—not only for you, dear readers of OUTING, but also for him who has toiled, though in loneliness, that the world might be made better and happier by a life filled with a love for the field and the forest, the stream and the sea.

J. H. WORMAN,
Editor-in-Chief.

FOOTBALL IN THE EAST.

The past month closed what has been, perhaps, the most successful football season we have had in several years. In fact, the play and the conduct of the various teams leaves little to be desired, unless it be more games among our four leading universities.

The play was uniformly clean and free from foul tactics. While this in itself is no more than we have a perfect right to expect, it is the first absolutely clean record we have had recently, and so is worthy of notice.

We are gradually acquiring, too, a small, but very efficient body of well-trained football

officials—men who can take hold of a game and control it in a manner that inspires confidence in both players and spectators. In this we are very fortunate. For some years there were only two or three such men. This year there have been enough really efficient men to supply the demand at our important games, and the officials have done their work to the satisfaction of everyone in all but a very few cases. We owe a great deal to the work of our officials this year.

The rules this year gave great satisfaction in all but one point—the matter of mass plays. The rules read as if they were intended to stop mass plays, or plays in which the team having the ball drives against the opposing line in a closely formed, comparatively slow-moving, bunch. Whether or not the rules were intended to prevent such plays, they did not do so, and many lovers of the game are of the opinion that they should be so amended before another season, as to make the almost exclusive use of such plays impossible. Princeton had a revolving tandem play that was partially a mass play, and Pennsylvania, in the last half of her game with Harvard, made use of a play which made the game almost solely a test of strength, skill being at a great discount. Such plays are not interesting, and are rather more dangerous than the more open plays. At the same time they put strength at a premium, and lessen the value of skill and quickness. The only practical way to meet them seems to be for the men directly in their path to lie down in front of them like so many logs, and allow their opponents to trip over them. In the present high development of our game it hardly seems well to allow a team to put opponents in a place when the best thing they can do is to lie down to be trampled on, in the hope that their opponents may trip over them and fall to the ground. Plays involving good running with interference and a chance for

clean tackling, are much to be preferred, and if it is possible to make the use of such plays more general, the game will be improved. In fact, any movement to make quickness and skill more valuable than mere weight and strength, is a movement in the right direction.

Injuries have been rather more numerous than usual this season, but they have been almost always of a slight nature, and very few really serious accidents have taken place. Pennsylvania's preliminary season did not seem to help her very much, and her men suffered from slight injuries as much as the members of any other team. In addition, the whole team seemed to have "gone stale" in mid-season, and many laid this to the extra work. The belief that all our college teams do too much hard work in practice is gaining ground every day. It is very certain that most of the injuries suffered this year were received in practice and not in regular games.

One thing is noticeable in the records of the big four this year—all were scored on, Princeton tied, and Pennsylvania and Harvard actually defeated, by what are considered minor teams. The reasons for this unusual record are numerous, but the principal one was, doubtless, that the smaller teams knew the game better than ever before, and had reached a higher stage of development earlier in the year than had the large teams who were working with the sole idea of being in the best possible shape by the last of November.

The kicking game has again shown its importance and was used this year even more than last. As a consequence, blocked and muffed punts have been the direct source of an unusually large number of touch-downs. The problem of how best to arrange the men to protect the full-back for a kick has been variously solved by the different teams, but no solution has so far proved wholly satisfactory.

The ranking of the teams is not so difficult this year as last, and we can say with a fair degree of certainty what order they should be assigned. Princeton defeated Harvard rather handily, and won from Yale by an overwhelming score, while Pennsylvania barely defeated Harvard. From this state of affairs and the general play of the teams, Princeton seems fairly entitled to first place by a small margin over Pennsylvania; Harvard's team seems stronger than Yale's owing to its better defense, and Harvard should have third place and Yale fourth. For the next two or three places there is a host of candidates with Lafayette, Carlisle, Brown, Dartmouth and West Point very closely bunched. Just how they rank it would be impossible to say even if it were worth figuring out. A few have placed Yale in third place over Harvard owing to the latter's two defeats by minor teams, but in the comparison of actual strength this ranking does not seem justifiable, and Yale occupies the lowest place in the football world in her history. It really needs a Princeton-Pennsylvania game to settle the question of superiority between the two leaders, but most followers of the game will agree that Princeton's place is at the head of the teams of 1896.

The choice of the so-called "All America" team is giving the writers on football an unusual amount of trouble, and at the present time no

two of them have agreed on all the positions. The fact is that the men in certain positions are unusually well matched. Most of the writers agree on Gailey, of Princeton, for center, though Shaw, of Harvard, and Chamberlain, of Yale, played about as well. Wharton and Woodruff, of Pennsylvania, are the favorites for guards owing to their brilliant offensive work, but either Norton Shaw, of Harvard, Rhinehart, of Lafayette, or Captain Pierce, of Carlisle, would be a very close match for either of them. Church, of Princeton, is given one place at tackle, and Uffenheimer, of Penn, is the favorite for the other. At the same time, Hildebrand, of Princeton, and Murphy, of Yale, have many admirers. At end Cabot, of Harvard, is a class by himself. Boyle, of Pennsylvania, Taussig, of Cornell, and Moulton, of Harvard, are all good enough for the other place, but considering that we have so many good half-backs, it seems probable that the team would be stronger if Gelbert, of Penn, were put on the end instead of behind the line. From this place he could be used as a runner, and he is much too valuable a man to leave off the team. Baird, of Princeton, is the best full-back, and Kelly and Bannard, of Princeton, Dunlop, of Harvard, Fultz, of Brown, and Gilbert have done the best work as half-backs. Smith, of Princeton, and Fincke, of Yale, are two unusually good quarters and it is hard to make a choice between them. Fincke has not had so good a chance to show his strength as Smith, but is perhaps a little the stronger man, though a team with either of these men at quarter would be very strong in that place. Either could be trusted to run the team, and Fincke in particular would do well as captain. The team made up from the men first mentioned for these places would be very strong, and yet a second team could be made up from the list that would be almost as strong in all places except at full-back, where Baird seems by far the best man. The business of choosing "All America" teams is unsatisfactory at best, and is particularly unsatisfactory this year.

Princeton's team for 1896 was probably one of the strongest and best balanced teams we have ever seen. As it was made up in the championship games there was not a weak spot in it, and, indeed, it would be hard to say that any one place was stronger than another. Gailey at center, and Crowdis and Armstrong at guards, were strong. They were not particularly active on the offensive, but no team succeeded in making ground through them except for an occasional small gain.

Church and Hildebrand were a very strong pair of tackles. Brokaw, Cochran and Thompson all did well at the ends and were particularly strong in getting down on Baird's kicks.

Behind the line, Smith at quarter, ran his team perfectly and showed excellent judgment at all times. He and Baird, at full-back, worked splendidly together and seemed to understand each other perfectly. Baird himself ran well with the ball, but his strong point was his punting, which was far and away the best of the year. At half-back, Kelly and Bannard excelled any other pair of backs of the season. Both are strong, fearless runners, and exceedingly difficult to stop. Kelly excelled at line bucking, and Bannard at end running. Princeton's su-

periority lay in her very strong, offensive play, which was due not so much to the superiority of her individual players as to the perfect team work. Most of the men will return next fall and the prospects are good for 1897.

Pennsylvania's team did not get a fair chance to show its strength, as its only championship game was with Harvard. The eleven, as a whole, was very strong in the line, but only fairly so behind the line, and had no good punter. In the center Overfield played fairly well, and the two guards, Wharton and Woodruff, played an exceedingly strong game. No other guards ever undertook to do the work given to these two men. They led most of the interference, carried the ball much of the time, and, by Penn's scheme of defense, were often depended upon to stop the runner on end-plays after the ends had broken up the interference. Farren and Uffenheimer were perhaps as good at tackles as the Princeton pair, and were depended on to carry the ball frequently. Boyle and Dickson played well at the ends. Behind the line the team was weak. Gelbert, at half-back, was as good as any man playing the place, and Minds, at full-back, carried the ball well. Morice was very light, and Weeks, at quarter, was very green and unsteady. As a consequence, the line had most of the work to do. The back field was weak in handling kicks as well as in punting. All in all, Penn had a very strong line, and, with a good quarter and a good full-back, would have been a match for Princeton.

Harvard's team seems to have been poorly handled, though it is difficult to say just where the fault lay. Too many men were injured in practice, and at no time was the best eleven in the field. With the men all in the field and in good condition, Harvard would have had a most excellent chance of winning either of her two big games. The strength of her teams, as is usual with teams coached at all by Marshall Newell, lay in its defense, which was the strongest of the year. Shaw and Donnette at center and N. Shaw and Bouvé at guards made as good a center on the defense as we saw, though the guards were less active on the offensive than Pennsylvania's. Wheeler and Houghton played well at tackles when in playing condition, and Swain and Lee were good substitutes. Cabot and Moulton were as strong a pair of ends as we saw during the season. The whole line was very strong on the defense, and opened up good holes for the backs.

The offensive play was weak for some reason. Beale backed up his line finely, and tackled beautifully. His passing was also good, but his judgment was not always first-class, and he lacked life. Dunlop's general play was very fine, and Captain Wrightington did wonders considering his crippled condition. Brown, at full-back, punted fairly, and ran strongly. The trouble with the offense was due very much to the fact that injuries made it necessary to play a new combination of backs in nearly every game. At the same time the backs seemed to start too far back of the line to take advantage of the holes made by them. The coaches also neglected to profit by the experience of other teams, and did not attempt any of the mass plays, which proved so successful most everywhere. On the whole, Harvard lost

because her team could not score against opponents.

Yale's team was at all points very much below the Yale standard. The line, in the first place, was light and not particularly strong. Chamberlain, at center, did good work, but Chadwick and Murray at guards, were decidedly weak. As a result, Rogers and Murphy, two good tackles, had more work to do than they could possibly attend to, and made what seemed to most people a surprisingly poor showing in the Princeton game. Bass and Connor at end, though very light, played a good game. Fincke, at quarter, played an excellent game at all times, and Hinkey's punting was good. The running of the backs was not at all strong, Hinkey, Benjamin and Hine not having a very good chance to show their worth owing to poor line work.

Brown's team for the past season played the regulation Brown game, strong and fast, with more of the open and double-pass plays than are used by most of the teams. Their line was fairly strong, and Sommersgill, on the end, played a very fast game. At quarter, Captain Colby adapted the style of play to the men as well as any team of the year. The team had a good punter in Hall at full-back and a fast back in Gammons. But the star of the Brown team was Fultz, who is, perhaps, the fastest running back now playing. His end running, especially on double-pass plays, has been very strong, and his line bucking is hardly less so. The team was considerably stronger on the offense than on the defense.

The Carlisle Indians closed their season with a game with Brown at New York. This game showed, as no other game had, just what the Indians have and have not learned about the game of football. At straight ground-gaining by means of heavy plunges into the line, the Indians are remarkably strong, perhaps working such plays as effectively as any of our college teams. In the more complicated round the end plays they show up to less advantage, and their kicking game was never well developed. On the defensive, their capacity for hard work helped them greatly, but they were decidedly weaker than on the offensive. On the whole, the Indians are as good as any of our teams at the straight bucking game, but their kicking and their defense against open plays betray a lack of knowledge of the finer points of the game. They played a schedule no other team would ever think of undertaking, playing Princeton, Pennsylvania, Harvard, Yale, and a number of the other strong college teams. That this list was too much of an undertaking, even for them, there is little doubt, for their play fell off during November, and the men lost considerable of their earlier dash and quickness.

The Cornell team has not lived up to Cornell's foot-ball reputation, and it is certainly hard to understand why an institution of Cornell's size, possessing her advantages, and aided by the best of coaching, should not turn out a foot-ball team of more nearly championship caliber. Cornell has as many men to draw from as any of our Eastern colleges with the exception of Harvard, and has had the best of coaching, and still her teams lose to the big four and have difficulty in maintaining an equality with

Brown, Dartmouth and West Point, all of which institutions are very much smaller than Cornell. It is understood that Cornell has taken steps to organize a permanent coaching system of her own, the coaches to be Cornell graduates and not graduates of other colleges hired for the purpose. It is to be hoped that this plan will put Cornell's football teams where they belong, on a par with her crews and baseball teams.

Among the smaller colleges of New England, Wesleyan took a very creditable position. The play of the team showed improvement to the end of the season, which closed with Lafayette, at Easton. Wesleyan defeated Amherst in one game, but lost at Amherst by failure to kick a goal. The annual Wesleyan-Trinity game was won by Wesleyan, Trinity having previously defeated Amherst. West Point and Wesleyan played an interesting tie game, and Lafayette found difficulty in making three touch-downs against Wesleyan in their last game. The most creditable features of Wesleyan's play were the stubborn defense of the eleven and the work of Captain Wilson at quarter-back. The team was too light for offensive work against the heavy teams. In this connection the physical examinations at Wesleyan bring out a curious fact. There is no man in the college this year who weighs more than one hundred and seventy-five pounds.

Lafayette's fine record was sadly marred by the very questionable standing of some of her players. One or two seemed to have left college when the season closed, and at least two have played baseball under very suspicious circumstances. It seems too bad that the record of this team has made should be so spoiled.

Andover and Exeter, have at last patched up their difficulties in the athletic line and celebrated the return of peace by playing a game of football, which was rather easily won by Andover, by a score of 28 to 0. The winning team excelled in team play, and put up a very fine game, only to disappoint its friends by losing to Lawrenceville a week later by a score of 12 to 4. In this game Andover fell off badly from her play in the Exeter game, and lost by loose play and fumbling of the backs. Andover several times lost the ball in fumbles after carrying it almost to Lawrenceville's goal line.

HASTINGS HOLYOKE.

IN THE MIDDLE WESTERN UNIVERSITIES.

The most remarkable football season the West has yet seen came to a fitting close with the Chicago-Michigan game at the Coliseum, and the Northwestern-Wisconsin game at Evanston, Thanksgiving Day. They were grand struggles and showed the remarkable progress of the teams of this section. These games, with Michigan's 6-4 victory over Minnesota, November 7th, and Wisconsin's 6-0 victory over the same team, November 21st, were excellent expositions of really modern football in very nearly its highest scientific development. Two of the Western teams this year, Wisconsin throughout the season, and Chicago in its last two or three games, have shown what has hitherto been looked for in vain on Western fields, viz., a strong and skillfully directed kicking game. The next most commendable feature of the Western team's play has been the

uniformly good defense put up by the leading teams. There have always been several teams which could play a strong offense at times. The only improvement in that direction this year is in the more consistent development of the teams in gaining ground plays. Then, too, there is a much increased spread of general football knowledge and a higher development of team play among the smaller elevens than in former years. An individual novelty was seen in an indoor football game at the big Coliseum, where Michigan and Chicago lined up on a full-sized field under cover. As a spectacle, and a financial venture, the indoor football game was a success, but as an exposition of the best development of the game under the most favorable playing conditions, it was far short of the mark, and it is probable that the game next year will again be played out-of-doors.

The thing that has given the critics in the West the greatest concern, however, is the question of what team holds the Western championship, and they seem to think that athletics are doomed to "innocuous desuetude" and decay unless each year, they, the seers, can find a *champion* in each branch of sport. As a matter of fact the teams themselves, several of which have nearly equal claims to the honor which the daily paper scribes are trying so hard to give someone, are, with the exception of Chicago and Prof. Stagg, giving themselves very little concern about the matter. They accept the very evident fact that no team has any clear claim to the title, and that the matter of Western supremacy for 1896 must be largely a matter of personal opinion. Michigan, Northwestern, Chicago and Wisconsin, all have teams of very nearly equal strength. On general form Wisconsin's team would look to have slightly the best of it. Of the four, it is the only one undefeated this year; it has scored 36 points in its big games to its rival's 6, and (a fact generally overlooked) played the game which resulted in a tie with Northwestern within five days after its hardest game of the year, when Minnesota was met and beaten 6-0. Only a football player can appreciate the effect of this factor on the team's play in the mud and rain at Evanston, Thanksgiving Day. The Madison men themselves, however, make no claim to anything more than a place in the first division. Chicago scored 43 points in big games, and her opponents 82, having lost to Wisconsin 24-0, and to Northwestern (first game), 46-6, while Michigan scored 28 points in big games to her rivals' 11, and was beaten only by Chicago. Northwestern scored 78 points in several big games to its opponents' 34, and was defeated only once—by Chicago, 18-6. Here are the records, and only individual opinion can determine which one has the best of it.

The important games in November began with the second Chicago-Northwestern game, which the former won, 18-6. Northwestern scored first, rushing the ball down by the powerful plunges of Van Doozer, Potter and Brown, for the first touch-down of the game in eleven minutes of actual play, Van Doozer kicking the goal. Up to this point the Chicago men had been rushed clean off their feet, but now they began to steady down, and in the next few minutes seemed to solve the secret of stopping the Evanston line buckers. This

done, the game was won, for Northwestern had few resources ; they could not punt or vary the play, and when Van Doozer could not gain through the Chicago line, the team began to weaken, and eventually "went to pieces." The line had come to rely so much on the half-backs that it was helpless when their efforts were unsuccessful. Chicago, with an improved interference and aided by strong punting, scored early in the second half, and having broken Northwestern's confidence, was able to "get them on the run" and add two more touch-downs before the half closed.

Minnesota and Wisconsin met at Madison, November 21st, in one of the best played games of the year. The two teams are bitter rivals, and always put up their best game of the year when they meet. The game this year was no exception, and Wisconsin's 6-0 victory was a clearly earned one, which placed Minnesota distinctly out of the race for this season. In many ways the game resembled the one of 1894, in which the teams made the same score, and in which Wisconsin's quarter-back was injured almost at the opening of the game. This year Nelson, Wisconsin's left-half, and Gregg, quarter-back, were both injured so as to be obliged to leave the game within ten minutes after the first kick-off. This had a disastrous effect on the "Badger" interference, and they only won the game out on Captain Richard's great punting and the magnificent defense his team played. Handicapped by the substitution of two men who had never before been in a game, for two such sterling backs as the injured men, Wisconsin's captain soon discovered that in running the backs with the ball Minnesota now had the best of it, and he immediately resorted to a kicking game, in which the strong play of the line was of the greatest effect. Minnesota was unable to block his punts and he gained in every exchange with Loomis, even in the first half when the wind was against him. Time and again after a series of hard rushes by the Minnesotans, Wisconsin's line would stop their opponents on downs, and then Richards, by a long punt, would undo all that had been accomplished with so much exertion. The play was in Minnesota's territory during the entire first half, and once Wisconsin lost what seemed a certain score by a fumble eight yards from Minnesota's goal line. In the second half Wisconsin had the wind, and after the ball had changed hands once or twice, Richards sent it far down into Minnesota's territory by a 50 yard punt. Minnesota worked it back, and finally surrendered it near the center on a short kick. Richards almost immediately punted 60 yards, this time the ball crossing Minnesota's line for a touch back. A few minutes later this was repeated for another touch back. Soon after the kick-off, on a short kick to the side by Richards, Minnesota secured the leather near the center, but on being unable to gain, Loomis went back for a punt. The kick was blocked, but Bagley secured the ball and Minnesota retained it, having lost 20 yards. The "Gophers" could not gain, however, and Wisconsin secured the ball on downs, on their opponent's 35-yard line. Here, if ever, was Richards chance to score. His team, which had been saved by his kicking were in good shape, and he was now within striking distance.

The very next play resulted in the best run of the game. Brewer, behind a fine interference, which for the first time formed sharply, and had got speeded up so as to hit the line hard and altogether, went around the end for a brilliant 25-yard dash, being finally downed by Harding within 10 yards of a touch-down, and Atkinson gained three of the 10 yards. Peele failed to gain, but Karll added three around Scandrett's end, and again Atkinson took the ball 3 yards. With but a yard separating ball and goal line, both teams were playing like demons. Minnesota's desperation enabled her to stop Peele and Richards and gain the ball on downs, but Wisconsin was still fighting and after a gain by Harding, stopped Smith and Loomis by perfect defense, and secured the ball on the 4 yard line. This time they would not be denied, and after gains by Atkinson and Karll, Wisconsin's big captain plunged through Minnesota's center for a touch-down, less than two minutes from the end of the second half. A moment later a punt out and a difficult goal added two points to Wisconsin's score, and the game was practically over. Richards returned Minnesota's kick-off by a long punt and time was called with the ball in the "Gopher's" possession on the 45-yard line. It is hard to pick out any individuals worthy of mention above their fellows, but for Wisconsin, Capt. Richard's great punting, strong line bucking and tackling, went a long way to win the victory. His generalship throughout was far superior to that of Captain Harrison, who, however, played a fine game, tackling and running the ends in great form. No man in Wisconsin's line played a better game than Comstock, who more than held his own against Fulton, who outweighed him nearly 30 pounds. In general play the guards were very evenly matched, Harding alone shining above the others by reason of his greater speed and activity. In line play he had none the better of Riordan, who opposed him. But the big Minnesota man was a power in his team's interference, carried the ball for good gains, and tackled all over the field. Brewer at right end had not been in the game for more than ten minutes, since Oct. 17th, when he was injured in the Wisconsin-Rush Medical game, but he put up a fine exhibition, his tackling being fierce and low, and his following of the ball close and unerring. Atkinson and Pyre, Wisconsin's tackles, completely outplayed Smith and Tarry through the whole game, and Sheldon at left end put up a nice game, although shoved back frequently for several yards before getting his man. He was always in the play and always on the ball, however. Karll added to his reputation as one of the best ground-gaining half-backs in the West, and Peele at the other half did well for a man playing his first game. The same is true of McPherson, who got in hard on defense, but, owing to nervousness, was slow and fumbled frequently when the "Badgers" had the ball. Minnesota's team work was excellent and her interference strong; Bagley, Teigen and Loomis all gained well, the latter being the most successful. Loomis' punting, however, was poor.

Chicago's generally unexpected victory over the yellow and blue of Michigan was gained by the strong defense of her line, and the prowess

of her full-back, Herschberger, as a punter and drop-kicker, aided by frequent fumbles and poor generalship on the part of the U. of M. Stagg deserves great credit for taking such material as he had and developing so strong a game as Chicago's kicking game against Michigan proved to be. Herschberger was pretty well protected on his kicks, and played a remarkable game. His punting throughout was good, though not at all wonderful, but his drop-kick from the forty-yard was a star play.

Michigan's misplays do not alter the fact that Chicago clearly outplayed her at everything except the rushing game, and outgeneraled her throughout. The backs were not up to the '05 standard, and the play of the U. of M. was distressingly slow. With a team that was in perfect condition, instead of playing a fast game of the slam-bang order, she played slowly, giving Chicago time to brace up just when it was most needed, and persisted in punting when being regularly outkicked ten or fifteen yards, and in bucking the center, when unable to gain there. Fumbles were frequent, and only after Drumheller had been put in at quarter and Ferbert sent back to his old position at half, did the Michigan team show a game such as had been expected of the giants. It was only a spurt, but it was a good one, and resulted in carrying the ball, by rounding the end, and tackle and end plays, down for a clean touch-down. During this time Chicago was entirely outplayed, but this fact does not dim the luster of their victory. It was the first time Michigan had been beaten by a Western team since 1893, which is noteworthy. Chicago made her first score in about fifteen minutes after play began. The ball had been changing hands in Michigan's territory, Chicago gaining most of her ground on her kicking, and her opponents by forcing the line and ends. Finally, one of Herschberger's long punts landed inside Michigan's five-yard line. Hogg was sent back for a punt, but big Cavanaugh broke through Wombacker, blocked the kick, and sent the ball far up among the seats at the end of the building where Caley got it for a safety. Ten minutes later came the star-play of the game—Herschberger's goal from the field. He had failed on an attempt from the twenty-five-yard line a short time before, and few except the Chicago team imagined, when he dropped back to the forty-yard line for a kick, that he was going to do more than punt it down towards Michigan's goal line. He was squarely in front of the posts, however, and when it was seen that the ball touched the ground, it was instantly evident that it was a goal. The kick was perfect and the ball passed squarely over the middle of the bar. During the remainder of this half the ball alternated in the possession of either team and in Chicago's territory. For a while in the second half it looked like a repetition of the early part of the game with Ann Arbor, when Chicago's kicking offset the Ann Arbors backs' hard gains, but finally Michigan got moving and rushed the ball down for a clean touch-down, from which a goal was kicked. They then started out well for another, but were finally held for downs on the ten-yard line, and Chicago punted out of danger. Both teams tried a running game for the few minutes remaining and Chicago had the

ball when time was called. Score—Chicago, 7, Michigan, 6.

The Northwestern-Wisconsin game, at Evanston, was played in mud and a driving rain, and was characterized by Northwestern's fine rushing and greatly improved interference, and Wisconsin's fine brace in the second half, together with the great defense and desperate play of both teams. Northwestern had improved greatly on her work against Chicago, on the 14th, and Wisconsin was weakened by the absence of Gregg and Nelson. The game itself was a struggle from first to last, every inch of it being fought with the most desperate determination; and, when time was called with the score 6-6, Wisconsin had a far more wholesome respect for Van Doozer's team. Van Doozer himself played a wonderful game, and, favored by the slippery nature of the ground, was almost irresistible in his plays on the Wisconsin line. The game opened up with Wisconsin winning the toss and securing the advantage of a strong wind. Richards returned the kick-off by a 65-yard punt, and from that time until the end of the half, the play was entirely in Northwestern's territory; but the Evanston men's fine defense saved a touch-down. In the second half Wisconsin kicked off, the ball being returned by a punt to her 50-yard line, where, after a couple of unsuccessful attempts to advance it by running, Richards punted and the kick was blocked. From here Northwestern forced the ball steadily down almost to the line, where they were held on downs; but Wisconsin, after several pretty gains, lost the ball for holding on her 20-yard line. From here Northwestern played through Wisconsin's line till a touch-down was scored by Sloan, Van Doozer having carried the ball almost every bit of the distance. Now it was Wisconsin's turn to brace up, and, stinging under the chagrin of being scored on first, the "Badgers," by a beautiful series of runs, carried the ball to Northwestern's 20-yard line, where at last Northwestern was able to secure it on downs. Sloan was called on to punt but fumbled the slippery ball, which rolled toward the line. Sloan and Brewer, of Northwestern, were after it in an instant, and both jumped for it but missed it, then started forward on hands and knees, when Brewer took a dive and landed on the ball for a touch-down, from which Richards kicked a goal, this kick making his twenty-second successive goal this season. This ended the scoring. Northwestern kicked off, and Wisconsin steadily worked the ball up the field and past the center, where it was lost. Sloan then punted to Wisconsin's 15-yard line. A moment later time was called, with the ball in Northwestern's possession on the 20-yard line, and one of the hardest-fought games of the year was ended. In ground gaining Van Doozer carried off the honors of the day, his steady plunges through the line constituting the bulk of his team's gains. He was well supported by Potter, Sloan, Andrews and Brown, and his line was thirty per cent. better than at any time during the year. The muddy, slippery field was exactly suited to Northwestern's heavy team, and their bucking game, and the advantage was well used. For Wisconsin, Karll made two long runs, and was usually able to gain when called on; while Richards, Atkinson, Pyre and Peele all gained lots of ground, and

the Wisconsin captain's work on defense was noticeably plucky and effective. In short, whatever may be the opinion of the relative strength of the two teams, every man of each eleven played with his whole soul and strength from first to last.

Lack of space prevents extended mention of other good games of the section. Of such, the Purdue-Illinois game, Thanksgiving, was about the best contest, resulting in a 4-4 tie. Neither team scored in the first half, Coffeen's punting going a long way to offset Purdue's superiority in end-running. Purdue punted better in the second half, and Illinois' interference improved, so that after Moore, of Purdue, had been pushed over for a touch-down, from which Captain Jameson failed to kick goal, the Campaign men braced up, and good work by Forbes, Burkland and Schacht resulted in a touch-down, from which Burkland missed an easy goal. Good gains and nice defense at critical periods characterized the remainder of the game, neither team being able to score again. Illinois' showing has been disappointing to those who looked to find the team near the top at the end of the season, but still they have put up a creditable game all the year. Purdue, too, has been unable to hold the clip with her larger rivals, as in former years.

Beyond the Mississippi there have been many close games, but the teams are clearly not in the same class as the leaders of the Middle, West-Michigan, Wisconsin, Chicago and Northwestern. Kansas, about the strongest team of the Trans-Mississippi section, was beaten by Minnesota, 12-0. Chicago beat Iowa early in the year, 6-0; and Illinois beat Missouri handily, 10-0. Kansas beat Missouri, 30-0, Thanksgiving Day, and the Iowa-Nebraska game ended in a tie, 0-0. Iowa Agricultural College, of Ames, Iowa., also put up a good game, but Grinnell was weaker than usual.

This year, as last, the most that can be done in ranking the teams at all definitely is to group them into classes. Many who go altogether by scores, or base their estimates on the result of a single game, might disagree with the classification here given, but it would seem to be justified on the whole season's play, all things being considered. First, in a class pretty clearly superior to the others, are Wisconsin, Chicago, Michigan and Northwestern. Northwestern's claim to rank in this division rests almost entirely on a single game—that with Wisconsin, yet her work in this was so strong as to clearly establish her in the place with the leaders. Chicago's claim rests principally on her game against Michigan, and in the large number of games played this year. In any event, however, the teams here named are very nearly of equal strength, and Minnesota is only a little way behind. Indeed, this team has been pretty nearly overlooked by Western critics, whereas the games against Michigan and Wisconsin would entitle them to more consideration. Minnesota this year has not met Chicago or Northwestern, but had she done so there might have been another team in the first rank. The "Gophers" have a good team and are worthy rivals to any of the above. Following the five named are Beloit, Purdue, Notre Dame and Illinois, this order not being given

with any reference to their relative strength. Notre Dame has played all of her games on the home grounds, and has earned a rather unenviable reputation for the work of her officials and partisans, not to mention playing their coach. Any attempt to classify the remaining teams would be futile, but the elevens of Oberlin, De Pauw, Indiana State, Lake Forest and the smaller colleges of Illinois, Indiana and Ohio have all shown great improvement and contain much excellent material. No classification is made of the Trans-Mississippi teams because of the small number of games played with these teams. The presence of such men as King, McCauley, Ward and Bergen, of Princeton; Stagg, Jerrems and Hammond, of Yale; Bull, of Pennsylvania; Huff, Randall and Chase, of Dartmouth; Gonterman, Fairchild and Wrenn, of Harvard, with all the host of other good and experienced men cannot but have its effect, and now the Western Universities are beginning to graduate men from their own teams who are not only able but willing to come back and do valuable work coaching for their Alma Maters. GEO. F. DOWNER.

PACIFIC COAST.

On Saturday, October 31st, at Central Park, San Francisco, the Olympic Club football team defeated the Leland Stanford, Jr., University eleven by a score of 4 to 0. The Olympic men bucked the center well and got around the ends without much difficulty. The Stanford team played a weak game, lacking in snap and vigor. Stickney captained the Olympic team with great judgment and scored the touch-down for his side. The ball was allowed to touch the ground, and the Stanford men had an opportunity to rush in and block the kick for goal. During the second half the Stanford men played desperately, but could not score. The coach, Cross, was much disappointed with the Stanford team, and considers their defeat by the University of California probable.

On Saturday, November 7th, at Central Park, San Francisco, the University of California freshmen were defeated by the Stanford University freshmen. In the first half Daly, the Stanford right half-back, scored a touch-down, but Murphy failed to convert it into a goal. Score: 4 to 0. In the second half Ballantyne got a touch-down round the left end, but Murphy again failed to kick the goal. Then Scoville scored another touch-down for Stanford, from which Murphy kicked a goal. Score: Stanford, 14; University of California, 0. At last Smythe scored a touch-down for the University of California, but the kick was a difficult one and no goal was made. The game thus ended decidedly in Stanford's favor. Score: Stanford University, 14; University of California, 4.

On Saturday, November 14th, at Central Park, San Francisco, the Olympic Club team met the Reliance Athletic Club eleven. The game was slow, three men having to retire from each eleven in consequence of injuries. The Olympic team made the first touch-down in three minutes' actual play. The loss of Stickney, who was unable to play, was very serious to the Olympic men, and Weldon and Erskine were not in good condition. The game ended thus: Olympic Club team, 4; Reliance Athletic Club, 4. ARTHUR INKERSLEY.

GOLF.

THE observations in the interest of public municipal golf, which we made in these columns last month, received an early exemplification in the action of certain members of the St. Andrew's Golf Club who donated a series of prizes to be played for on the public links of Van Cortlandt Park, by amateurs, whose title to entry in the contest arose with the qualification that they were *not* members of any of the clubs in the United States Golf Association. This is as it should be, and the first public Golf Tournament held in a public park, on Saturday, the 28th of November, marks the attainment of a most desirable position for future operations. Out of fifty entries thirty-five competitors finished and handed in scores, though to do so they had to face the weather of one of the most disagreeable days of an exceptionally disagreeable autumn. The play was two rounds, of nine holes each, medal play, and was refereed by that veteran golfer, John Reid, of St. Andrew's, whose twelve-year-old son, by the by, was one of the contestants. The winner, C. M. Hamilton, of Plainfield, made the rounds in 99 strokes; and as this is the scale by which future play at Van Cortlandt will be measured we append the first ten scores in detail by holes and the remainder by results.

C. M. Hamilton—									
Out.....	6	5	5	5	6	4	7	5	9—52 1
In.....	4	4	4	6	6	4	5	5	9—47 1
A. Z. Huntington—									
Out.....	5	4	6	8	5	6	6	9	—55 1
In.....	3	3	4	5	5	3	5	9	—47 1
Sydney W. Lockhart—									
Out.....	7	5	4	7	7	3	8	5	—56 1
In.....	5	3	5	7	5	4	5	6	—49 1
T. Whyte Tannock—									
Out.....	6	4	5	7	6	4	6	4	—52 1
In.....	3	6	5	6	7	5	7	5	—53 1
Stuyvesant S. Morris, Jr.—									
Out.....	4	7	7	6	6	5	6	5	—56 1
In.....	5	6	7	5	4	6	5	8	—52 1
Walter Paul—									
Out.....	5	5	6	5	5	6	6	10—54 1	
In.....	5	7	6	6	5	3	6	6	—55 1
Andrew Bell—									
Out.....	5	5	4	6	12	3	7	5	—55 1
In.....	4	5	4	9	6	5	6	6	—54 1
George Standing—									
Out.....	4	5	5	9	9	6	8	6	—60 1
In.....	5	5	5	5	5	4	6	5	—49 1
Walter J. Travis—									
Out.....	4	7	6	6	6	3	5	5	—52 1
In.....	5	4	4	6	6	8	6	13—58 1	
A. M. Reid—									
Out.....	4	5	5	6	7	4	7	5	—55 1
In.....	5	6	5	8	4	6	6	12—57 1	
First Round. Second Round. Total.									
Dr. W. E. Bullard.....	71	63	134						
W. N. G. Clark.....	62	65	127						
G. T. Donnell.....	72	61	133						
G. W. Dorland, Jr.....	87	72	159						
Horace Hatch.....	63	58	121						
J. B. Moffat.....	74	71	145						
Dr. W. L. Savage.....	65	54	119						
James Kearney, Jr.....	80	73	153						
B. M. Smith.....	71	76	147						
J. V. Simpson.....	78	67	145						
L. J. Wiley.....	64	58	122						
J. M. Young.....	71	72	143						
H. Rashford.....	76	79	155						
V. Youman.....	73	66	139						
A. S. Barnes.....	69	60	129						
Charles Jensen.....	60	52	112						
W. P. Miller, Jr.....	77	73	150						
Paul O'Connor.....	73	63	136						
Louis C. Nesbitt.....	64	61	125						
J. W. Price.....	70	70	140						
A. J. McLean.....	72	68	140						
G. O. Winston.....	58	57	115						

R. L. Redfield.....	81	68	149
T. Conover.....	55	61	116
Malcolm Stuart.....	69	71	140

Lakewood.—As the opportunities for play draw nearer to the minimum, the desire to participate increases, and the three-day tournament on the Lakewood Links, November 27th, 28th and 29th, attracted not only large entries, but a small army of enthusiasts.

The Laurel House Cup fell to the prowess of Harry P. Toler, of the Baltusrol Club, beating in the final round P. Spaulding de Garmendia.

The open handicap, for which sixty-seven entered and forty-two handed in scores, was won by the President of the Lakewood Club, Robert B. Kerr, without the aid of his handicap seven, his scratch score of ninety-five being the result of steady, careful and well-directed play all round.

The forty-two players who finished the open handicap of eighteen holes, with their scores, were:

Handi- Cross. cap. Net.		
R. B. Kerr, Lakewood.....	95	7 88
F. A. Walthew, Lakewood.....	97	6 91
C. H. Bolen, Philadelphia.....	99	6 93
H. T. Shriver, Westchester.....	108	14 94
S. D. Bowers, St. Andrew's.....	95	9 95
Paul Bonner, Staten Island Cricket.....	110	15 95
J. R. Chadwick, Richmond County.....	100	4 96
L. B. Stoddard, St. Andrew's.....	98	0 98
Jasper Lynch, Lakewood.....	98	0 98
C. S. Cox, Fairfield County.....	103	4 99
F. B. Curtiss, Fairfield County.....	109	12 97
A. B. Claflin, Lakewood.....	106	8 98
James A. Tyng, Morristown.....	100	0 100
Robert Phifer, Lenox.....	112	12 100
Paul T. Kimball, Lakewood.....	101	0 101
F. H. Bohlen, Philadelphia.....	105	2 103
O. Hockmeyer, Richmond County.....	109	6 103
B. D. Barnes, Queens County.....	115	12 103
Halstead Yates, Sadaqueda, Utica.....	113	10 103
D. L. Schwartz, Jr., Lakewood.....	111	8 103
R. L. Beekman, Westchester.....	114	10 104
James Converse, Lakewood.....	112	7 105
D. Bonner, Richmond County.....	117	12 105
S. P. Shaw, Lenox.....	114	9 105
Alexander Morten, Ardsley.....	112	6 106
James Park, St. Andrew's.....	103	0 109
W. W. Lowery, Richmond County.....	121	12 109
W. J. Kernan, Sadaqueda.....	116	10 106
G. E. Armstrong, St. Andrew's.....	106	0 106
J. W. Morey, Lakewood.....	119	9 110
H. S. Patten, Sadaqueda.....	123	9 114
E. H. McCullogh, Philadelphia.....	124	10 114
S. B. Ferris, Lakewood.....	133	18 115
C. C. Curtiss, Lakewood.....	135	18 117
A. B. Cox, Newton Center.....	138	18 120
G. W. Stockley, Lakewood.....	128	12 116
N. H. Lord, Shinnecock.....	125	13 112
C. F. Kerr, St. Andrew's.....	131	15 116
H. W. Slocum, S. I. Cricket.....	136	28 118
H. S. Curtiss, Lakewood.....	137	12 125
J. P. Kernan, Sadaqueda.....	150	18 132
W. T. Gray, St. Andrew's.....	138	5 133

The Consolation Cup will be memorable from the fact that the final round was played on Monday, the 30th of November, over the first snow of the season — three inches of snow covering the links. The final contest, between J. W. Biddle and Tiffany Richardson, resulted in the former winning by a score of six up and four to play.

The last event over the snow-covered links was a mixed foursome, the players being Paul Bonner and Mrs. J. J. Alexandre, James Parks and Mrs. A. B. Claflin, Beverly Ward, Jr., and Miss Alice Strong, Paul T. Kimball and Miss A. H. Davis. The match was eighteen holes, medal play rules, for two cups given by Mr. A.

B. Clafin, and was won by Mr. Parks and Mrs. Clafin by a score of 135. The other scores were:—Bonner and partner, 147; Ward and partner, 140, and Kimball and partner, 146.

Ardsley—The "Edwin Gould" Cup competition on the 28th of November brought out still another winner, Daniel Bacon. His victory makes six who will have to compete in the finals in the spring, the links closing for the winter with the last monthly contest.

Essex County.—Golf, and good golf, can be played though it rains, or rather drizzles, unceasingly, and though the players be women, provided always that they be properly clothed, as, indeed, most golfers wisely are. Saturday, the 28th of November, was just the day to test golf and to illustrate that it is more suitable for any and every season than any other outdoor game.

The Women's Cup was won by Miss Wilmerding.

WOMEN'S CUP.

	Gross.	Hand'p.	Net.
Miss Georgiana Wilmerding....	58	Scratch.	58
Miss Helen Page	36	9	77
Mrs. William Bloodgood	68	Scratch.	68
Mrs. J. T. Ball.....	75	Scratch.	75
Miss Marion Kellogg.....	71	Scratch.	71

PRESIDENT'S CUP.

	Gross.	Hand'p.	Net.
George B. Jenkinson.....	100	12	88
T. H. Powers.....	89	—	89
Charles F. Watson.....	91	—	91
William Runkle.....	102	9	93
Charles A. Munn	108	9	99
T. T. Reed.....	105	3	102
George Richards.....	99	—	99
Charles Lee.....	94	—	94

The question of the courtesy of the links is one which, now that the season is narrowing in scope, may well occupy the minds of those who have played in the past, or are contemplating joining the ranks. In this regard the following rules of conduct, which came to us from one of the highest authorities of the day, are commended to be made a note of. Good form as well as good play are essential to the perfect enjoyment of the "Royal and Ancient Game":

I. Do not move or speak while your opponent is playing.

II. Do not permit your caddie to move or speak.

III. Do not stand, or permit your caddie to stand, on or near your opponent's line to the hole—self-interest will back up courtesy in this regard, for if your opponent should hit you or your caddie, he wins the hole—besides which, though it is less important, he might injure you.

IV. Do not tee your ball until your opponent, if he has the "honor," has teed up and driven off.

V. Stand clear of your opponent and in such a relative position to him as not to catch his eye and distract it as he plays his stroke; and see that your caddie does likewise.

VI. Remember always that to ground your club in a bunker, or commit any of those breaches of rule which are sometimes called "minor," is like revoking at whist or failing to pay up on settling day. These offenses are not to be regarded lightly, as if it were a mere matter of not paying your bills promptly—they amount to cheating.

VII. Do not, the moment you have driven off, rush in pursuit of your ball bawling out to it your adjurations. It really obeys dynamical laws in preference to your expostulation.

VIII. Do not drive into those in front, nor call "fore" at them unnecessarily.

IX. Do not, in fine, treat the whole matter as if it were a joke, and a poor joke.

It should be realized that the game cannot be played worthily nor enjoyed adequately unless the maxims of forbearance and courtesy are carefully observed. There is danger that the whole thing may degenerate into a school-boys' scramble, fine fun, perhaps, but not golf, and not nearly so good a game. For one of the finest points of this game that is called royal and ancient, and which is its distinction among games requiring muscular exertion, is that it demands qualities of nerve, of foresight and of self-control in a higher degree than any other of our athletic games. One is almost tempted to say that success in golf is more a matter of *morale* than of any physical gifts. All leading golfers are men of fine physique, it is true. All are not remarkable for muscular power, but where this is not apparent wiriness of tissue and compactness of shape make up for it. But there are many others equally gifted, physically, and with equal opportunities, who yet are far below their level of golf. Success is due to a power of concentration on the game and attention to it, to that stern self-control which enables its possessor to keep an equal mind alike in adversity and prosperity, to that determination by virtue of which the good stroke of an opponent only elicits a better one as its response, instead of paralyzing the faculties and producing failure through discouragement. Such high-sounding qualities may be thought by some too good and grand to be called forth by a "mere game." It is just by reason of the difference between this game of golf and all others, that they are demanded by it. If golf were a game of eye and muscle merely, it is not likely that we should have seen in a man of forty-six years of age—Mr. Leslie Balfour-Melville, namely—the amateur champion golfer of Great Britain for 1895.

C. TURNER.

CRICKET.

UPON the termination of the fourth match at Philadelphia, the Australians left for Chicago, where on October 8th they started a three-day match against a team of fifteen, representing that city. The home team won the toss, and elected to bat. The batsmen, with the exception of Davis and Gilchrist, were in great difficulties;

the former played well, and with confidence, heading the list with 34 out of the total of 105.

The visitors gave a good exhibition of batting in their innings, which resulted in a total of 235. Giffen played a faultless innings of 69 (not out); Darling followed with 50; Trott, 36, and Graham, 27, were the best efforts.

The home team, in their second turn at the

bat, were unable to cope with the bowling of McKibbin, who was put on in this innings, and took 9 wickets for 29 runs; the innings closed for a total of 93, of which J. Cummings contributed a well-played 27.

The visitors were left victorious by an innings and 37 runs. The most notable feature of the local cricketers was their excellent fielding, a point on which the visitors were pleased to comment favorably.

The scores follow:

CHICAGO FIFTEEN.

<i>First Innings.</i>	<i>Second Innings.</i>
W. R. Gilchrist, c. Trumble, b. Trott.....12	b. McKibbin..... 0
E. R. Wilmot, b. Trott..... 7	c. Giffen, b. McKibbin..... 3
W. Balster, b. Trott..... 4	b. Eady..... 4
J. G. Davis, b. Trumble...34	b. McKibbin..... 9
O. Tolley, b. Giffen..... 0	b. McKibbin..... 0
J. Cummings, b. Giffen... 2	b. McKibbin.....27
W. Howell, b. Giffen..... 1	b. Trumble.....11
J. Bradley, c. Gregory, b. Giffen..... 7	b. Eady..... 5
H. P. Waller, b. Giffen..... 0	b. Eady..... 8
R. A. Edwards, b. Giffen... 0	c. Graham, b. McKibbin..... 1
A. C. Anson, b. Trumble... 5	not out..... 0
F. Pfeiffer, b. Trumble... 6	b. McKibbin..... 0
A. Henderson, st. Kelly, b. Trumble..... 4	st. Kelly, b. McKibbin..... 2
C. Lennon, c. Kelly, b. Giffen..... 5	b. McKibbin..... 0
R. W. Fraser, not out... 7	c. Gregory, b. Eady... 3
Extras..... 11	Extras.....20
Total..... 105	Total..... 93

AUSTRALIANS.

F. A. Iredale, c. Lennon, b. Henderson..... 3	
J. J. Darling, b. Wilmot..... 50	
H. Donnan, c. Davis, b. Wilmot..... 1	
H. Trumble, c. Balster, b. Wilmot..... 11	
J. J. Kelly, c. Anson, b. Wilmot..... 9	
S. E. Gregory, c. and b. Henderson..... 4	
G. Giffen, not out..... 60	
G. H. S. Trott (Capt.), c. Pfeiffer, b. Wilmot..... 36	
C. J. Eady, c. Lennon, b. Henderson..... 9	
H. Graham, b. Howell... 27	
T. McKibbin, b. Howell..... 9	
Extras..... 7	
Total.....235	

On October 14th, at the Presidio ground, the Australian eleven met an All-California eighteen. The match was continued on the 15th. The game ended technically in a draw, but very greatly in favor of the Australian eleven.

The home team did exceedingly well to get so formidable an eleven out for less than 200 runs on a concrete pitch covered with cocoa-nut matting, but could not stand up against McKibbin, Eady, and the lightning bowler Jones. The visitors' fielding was also wonderfully good.

The scores follow:

AUSTRALIAN ELEVEN.

H. Donnan, b. Robertson..... 2	
J. Darling, l. b. w., b. Robertson..... 57	
G. Giffen, l. b. w., b. Robertson..... 43	
C. Hill, b. Cookson..... 5	
S. E. Gregory, b. Robertson..... 3	
G. H. S. Trott, c. Hogue, b. Robertson..... 11	
H. Graham, b. Cookson..... 30	
C. J. Eady, not out..... 19	
E. Jones, st. Myers, b. Robertson..... 3	
T. R. McKibbin, run out... 12	
A. E. Johns, c. Hood, b. Robertson..... 1	
Byes, 3; leg byes, 1; wides, 3..... 7	
Total..... 193	

ALL-CALIFORNIA EIGHTEEN.

<i>First Innings.</i>	<i>Second Innings.</i>
E. G. Sloman, b. Eady... 2	b. Donnan..... 0
Dr. T. Bowhill, b. Jones 1	c. Eady, b. Trott..... 6
J. J. Moriarty, b. Jones.. 0	b. Jones..... 2
E. Hood, run out..... 5	b. Donnan..... 3
R. E. Hogue, b. Eady... 7	c. Eady, b. Trott..... 8
C. Simmonds, c. Eady, b. McKibbin..... 2	b. Donnan..... 3
J. Myers, c. Hill, b. Eady 2	b. Jones..... 0
H. A. Butt, b. McKibbin 2	st. Johns, b. Jones... 5
H. V. Keeling, b. Eady.. 9	c. McKibbin, b. Donnan 16
F. Sewell, c. McKibbin, b. Eady..... 0	b. Jones..... 1
H. D. Bowley, c. Graham, b. Eady..... 3	b. Donnan..... 1
W. R. Robertson, st. Johns, b. McKibbin... 4	not out..... 1
A. Dickenson, b. Eady.. 0	b. Jones..... 0
C. E. Gardner, b. McKibbin..... 0	not out..... 6
H. Ward, Jr., c. Jones, b. McKibbin..... 0	b. Jones..... 0
C. Townsley, not out... 3	b. Jones..... 0
H. H. Cookson, b. McKibbin..... 0	st. Johns, b. Donnan... 0
E. T. Randall, b. Eady.. 2	b. Jones..... 7
Bye..... 1	Byes, 5; leg byes, 2; wide, 1..... 8
Total.....43	Total..... 70

The visitors left San Francisco at 5 P. M. on the 15th by the steamship *Mariposa* (which delayed her departure three hours on their behalf) for New Zealand, where five matches had been arranged for them.

T. C. TURNER.

ROD AND GUN.

A PECULIAR HEAD.



A FEW days ago I happened into the establishment of W. W. Hart, the well-known taxidermist, of 5 West Third street, this city. Mr. Hart has many beautifully-mounted trophies, but one head of a white-tailed buck is worthy of special notice. The buck was killed in

Montana, and was mounted by Mr. Hart. A

glance at the accompanying picture will show how excellently the taxidermist has followed nature. The double brow prongs and curious vertical prongs are so unusually symmetrical that they add value to what would have been a beautiful head without any abnormal growth.

SPORT IN ONTARIO.

My readers may readily guess that a bit of sport is a genuine treat to a man who is kept scribbling for about fifty weeks of the year. When the long agony of toil has become almost unendurable; when one's harness has bitten deep into one's flesh; when one's temper isn't more than half an inch long—then is the time to take to the woods, as I did recently.

Acceptable as sport always is, it is even bet-

ter than usual when it unexpectedly proves good under conditions which seem to be most unfavorable. So it was in my case. I had no time for an outing in remote wilds, so I slipped away to the Falls, devoted a few hours to that majesty of waters, then rolled westward to the old grounds, where the fourteen-gauge of boyhood days first raised its harmless clamor.

I expected at the most very little sport. My favorite game is the quail, and last year the birds were too scarce for anything like lively shooting. All I asked was a chance to prow about the land, to see some dog-work and an occasional bird, to kick my way through drifts of tinted leaves, to roll among them if I so desired—in fine, to get somewhere where the lamp-posts had roots on 'em and lacked the brand "5th AVE."

The first old pal I met almost startled me. Quoth he "Glad you came—I'm all ready—dogs all ready—lots of birds—but cover's unusually thick." I could hardly believe my ears when I heard of lots of birds, where only twelve months previous there were not enough quail for the International field trials. Yet the good news was true, which goes to show what can be accomplished during a favorable year when the quail-factory is run to its full capacity. Granted a moderate winter and another favorable breeding season, and western Ontario will be full of quail.

For our shooting, two chaps of the right sort drove me about six miles from the city. In the trap with us was stanch little Madge, as honest a worker as sportsman ever followed. "Doc." was boss of the outfit, and he had haled me from my bed at gray dawn. The weather had been almost sultry for weeks, but within half an hour of our start a series of rain-squalls set in. The prospect was most discouraging, and we discussed the wisdom of turning back. We are no fair-weather men, but quail act badly in wet weather, and those who have tried it know the joys (?) of forcing a passage through tall, water-laden weeds.

Fortunately, we stuck to it, and after an hour of dripping anxiety the rain ceased, and we were in a veritable land of sunshine. What a day that was! The weeds were astonishingly tall, the burrs were awful, the scent, owing to a previous dry spell, was very poor, and yet we had one of the best times of a very long sporting record. Things somehow went our way in spite of adverse conditions. Madge faithfully toiled in our behalf, but her best efforts might have ended in something closely akin to a failure, had it not been for a few tricks I had learned during years of close attention to quail and their ways.

We had beaten a lot of cover without getting a point, though sign was plentiful, when a man happened along and told us where he had, a few moments before, seen a large bevy. In a brief time Madge had nailed them, and the fun began. Twenty odd strong, swift birds flushed, and six barrels roared out as only heavy charges of black powder can roar. The boys had furnished the shells, and black powder is good enough in such a case. Last season upon the same grounds, when using a strange gun, I couldn't kill two in ten; but this time I was shooting as fast and as straight as any man could wish.

The first bird to show was some distance away, but I knew she was the old hen and gave it to her instanter, for I guessed that this bevy had never been scattered. Old Mr. White-Throat flew into the lead from the second barrel, and, with the two old ones down, we had that bevy where the hair was short. In the mass of weeds and fallen stuff, the closest of searching was required to find dead birds; and when it came to locating the close-lying survivors Madge could accomplish very little.

Then I decided to try calling from the spot where the bevy had flushed, and soon my best imitation of the old hen's musical "ka-loi-ee" rang through the cover. Within ten minutes birds were piping responses from different directions. Some were running toward us, while presently half a dozen came whizzing straight at us and pitched close by. A pretty bit of work followed. They rose, one—two—three together, and the guns snapped like a bunch of crackers. Every bird tumbled into the road; each gun got a brace, and the road seemed to be all speckled up with quail.

So it ran on until we had accounted for three-fourths of the bevy, for Madge soon located all that had run about in response to the calling. A good caller is a very useful comrade, for he can save a deal of time, especially when, owing to thick cover or carelessness, a bevy has not been closely marked down. Birds will respond to skilled calling, sometimes within five minutes after being shot at. The great point is to kill the old pair at the first flush, for the brood is then ready to respond to a reasonably close imitation of their parent's signals. Quail much disturbed are slow to reply to even the best calling.

By the time we were ready for the drive home, the heavy charges and light gun had pounded my arm to a jelly. I know I ought to shoot off my shoulder, etc., etc.; but I don't, especially when in a hurry in cover, and I have a scheme which may serve a turn in other quarters. A bit of sole-leather about four and one-half inches long and one inch less in width, well soaked and then tied to an air or steam pipe, of suitable size, until perfectly dried, may be covered with stout linen and attached either to the arm-hole of the vest or let into the coat sleeve. This will protect the arm from an ordinary recoil; and, if the contrivance be neatly fitted, it will not interfere with one's shooting.

ED. W. SANDYS.

KENNEL.



THE Union Field Trial Club's first annual meeting, held at Carlisle, Ind., proved most successful. Twenty-two puppies were in the Derby, which resulted as follows: First, J. A. Guide's b. w. and t. setter bitch, Josie Freeman (Antonio—Nelly Hope); second, H. S. Smith's l. and w. pointer bitch, Ripple (Rip Rap—Pearl's Dot); third, W. Pollard's b. w. and t. setter dog, Rod Gladstone (Rodfield—Sue Gladstone); fourth, T. Goodman's b. w. and t. setter dog, Dave Earl (Count Gladstone IV.—Dan's Lady). The All-Age event had thirteen starters: First, C. P. Mengst's Rex II. (Antonio—Columbia); second, J. L. Adam's Cracker Jack (Lad of Rush—Cyclops); third, J. H. Johnson's Forzando (Gath's Mark—Countess Rush); fourth, R. Merrill's Daisy Rip Rap (Rip Rap—Lady Peg). The work of most of the starters was excellent.

The Metropolitan Kennel Club's first annual show, held at Brooklyn, November 24th to 27th, surprised even its most sanguine supporters. In the 140 classes were 660 entries, and the quality was high throughout. A host of fashionable and fanciers attended.

The New England Beagle Club's fourth annual trials, at Oxford, Mass., were about the best in the history of the club. A grand lot of little dogs competed. The Derby, 13 inches and under: First, Mrs. A. H. Morse's Ida Novice (Clyde—Lady Novice); second, W. Saxby's Dime's Dolly (Clyde—Dime); third, Awashonk Kennel's Trilless (Laick—Sweet Fern); reserve, W. E. Deane's Glenwood (Little Corporal—Frances) Derby, 15 to 13 inches: First, H. S. Joslin's Trick (Clyde—Lady Novice); second, Awashonk Kennel's Starlight (Zeno—Fanny Reed); third, G. F. Reed's Scorch (Wanderer—Triumph). All-Age, 15 to 13 inches: First, G. F. Reed's Nell R. (Ned—Haida); second, W. Saxby's Dime (Judge—Baby); third, divided by Awashonk Kennel's Baronet (Daemter—Reckless), and O. D. Fisk's Phantom (Clyde—Brummy); reserve, G. E. Williams's Fannie. All-Age, 13 inches and under: First, A. D. Fisk's Blossom (Clyde—Brummy); second, E. C. Cook's Dixie R.; third, Trilless; reserve, W. Saxby's Bessie. Nell R. was awarded the title of Field Champion. Futurity: First, Scorch; second, G. F. Reed's Mag R. (Zeno—Nell R.); third, Trick.

A friend asked me the other day if I had ever heard of using warm blood for mange. He had seen a reference to it somewhere in print, and could not remember where, but he did remember the method, which was to secure warm blood of any animal at some slaughterhouse, rub it into the coat of the mangy dog, let the blood dry for about an hour, then wash

off, and repeat a couple of times, at intervals of three days. I fail to see why the blood should cure mange, but the thing might be worth a trial. It would probably improve the coat.

The Brooklyn Gun Club, of Detroit, Mich., had a very pleasant reunion for the annual field trials, which were run upon the club's 3,000-acre preserve at Brooklyn. A large number of ladies followed the dogs and greatly enjoyed the outing. C. E. Rathbone's English setter Chester won first; J. B. McKay's Irish setter, Killane, was second; third, E. T. Nichol's Rod o' Light; fourth, E. Benson's Jack.

The Central Beagle Club's inaugural trials, run at Waynesburg, Pa., resulted as follows: Membership cup, 15 in.: First, Frank Golla's Doc Weller. The winner of the 13 in. cup, Dr. S. W. Hartt's Blossom. The Derby, class B, 13 in.: First, A. C. Peterson's McKinley; second, Dr. Hartt's Madge. Class G, for baskets and dachshunde, was won by L. O. Seidel's J. S.; second, C. Klock's Bismarck K. Derby, 15 to 13 in.: First, D. F. Summer's Belle S.; second, T. Bollji's Lady; third, Summer's Fly; reserve, same owner's Minnie S. Class C, 15 in., all-age: First, J. McAleer's Panic; second, D. F. Summer's Lucy S.; third, Doc Weller; reserve, J. McAleer's Kitty. All-age, 13 in.: First, Blossom; second, L. O. Seidel's Mollie Dean. Brace Stake: First, Lucy S. and Belle S.; second, J. McAleer's Panic and Kitty.

The Peninsula Field Trial Club's trials, run at Leamington, Ont., proved disappointing, owing to unfavorable weather and an apparent scarcity of quail. Breeders' Stake: First, T. G. Davey's pointer dog Brighton Joe (Plain Sam—Beppo's Mollie); second, N. Stuart's pointer dog Blackie (Plain Sam—Blondie); H. M. Graydon's English setter Heather Bloom (Dash Antonio—Bly); fourth, W. D. Nigle's pointer dog Joe Handy (Plain Sam—Blondie). The Derby: First, Brighton Joe; second, Heather Bloom; third, Joe Handy; fourth, J. B. McKay's Irish setter Drenagh. All-Age Stakes: First, R. Baugham's English setter dog Dash Antonio (Antonio—Lady Lucifer); second, T. G. Davey's English setter dog Brighton Dick (Brighton Tobe—Brighton Lady); equal third, R. Baugham's English setter dog Lock (Locksley—Liddersdale), and W. B. Well's English setter dog Luke (Toledo Blade—Cambriana).

The Eastern Field Trial Club's Members' Stake was won by Dr. G. G. Davis' Irish setter bitch Lou (Finglas—Currer Bell); second, Dr. S. Brown's English setter bitch Mollie B. (Roderigo—Lillie B.); third, T. Sturgis's English setter bitch Vivian. The Derby: First, S. P. Jones's English setter Hurstbourne Zip; second, Charlottesville Kennel's English setter Pin Money; third, P. Lorillard Jr.'s English setter Count Gloster. All-Age Stake: First, W. A. Wimsatt's pointer dog Odd Sides; second, H. B. Ledbetter's English setter dog Marie's Sport; third, Fox and Blyth's English setter dog Tony's Gale. Subscription Stake: First, N. T. Harris' English setter dog Tony Boy; second, Del Monte Kennel's pointer Tick Boy; third, Marie's Sport. DAMON.

EQUESTRIANISM.

THE EXPORT OF HORSES.

MR. GEORGE B. HULME has sent a notable consignment of horses to England, consisting of his well-known prize winners, Golden Rod, Blazeaway, Great Scott, Ganymede, Cracksman and Marksman. The first-named four are celebrated as a four-in hand team, but they have been shown as harness horses in every conceivable way. Amongst them they have, within the past two years, captured over two hundred ribbons (including one hundred and twenty-seven firsts), nine championships, and over \$10,000 in money. Their career in England will be watched with interest, as they are the first lot of high-class show horses of their type to be sent abroad. They are all trotting-bred, and should they triumph in English show-rings it will be an invaluable advertisement for American horses. Mr. Hulme's horses are consigned to his brother-in-law, Sir Charles Nugent, who will keep them in condition until the great Islington Horse Show at Agricultural Hall, London, next spring, when they will be shown for the first time in England. Aurel Batonyi, the well-known professional whip, who has always shown the horses in this country, will go to England to show them.

This country is rapidly taking its place as the great horse-producing country of the world. We are selling thoroughbreds in England at good prices, while there is an unlimited demand in Great Britain, as well as France, Belgium and Germany for all kinds of harness horses, from fine carriage-horses down to mere omnibus hacks. Our fast trotters are being sold constantly to the governments and breeders of Continental Europe, polo ponies are going to England, and now Spain is buying Texas-bred horses to mount the Spanish cavalry in Cuba. With the vast prairies of the West for a breeding-ground we might easily supply the whole world with horses. We have already the foundation stock, and it now rests with our breeders to breed with forethought and discrimination, for it is not worth while to breed any but the best of each variety.

FOX-HUNTING.

The fox-hunting season has been a merry one so far with the members of the various hunt clubs near New York city. The Richmond County Hounds have been enjoying any number of good drag-hunts at Staten Island. The members recently entertained the farmers of the county, together with their wives and daughters, at the Richmond County Country Club. Among those who frequently ride, are: E. N. Nichols, the M. F. H., Carlile Boyd, M. W. Smith, Otto Ahlman, A. J. Outerbridge, H. C. Hopkins, David Gould and Lewin Thomas. The Essex County Hounds, of New Jersey, are enjoying good sport under the mastership of Mr. George P. Messervy. Others who frequently follow this pack are: Benjamin Nicoll, Herman Harjes, Walter Kinneys, Jack Wilmerding, H. D. Grand and Trowbridge Martin.

The Meadowbrook Hunt, of Long Island, has had some capital sport with wild foxes and drag hunts. Mr. P. F. Collier, Master of the Monmouth County Hounds, is showing his friends

some excellent sport with this fine pack. Mr. Collier has a large and well-chosen stable of hunters, and it is his greatest pleasure to entertain his many friends by mounting them and giving them a good run with his hounds.

The Deep River Hunt Club, of Virginia, held its second annual race meeting at Chantilly, near Richmond, on Saturday, October 28th. There were three races, including a flat race for farmers, and two steeplechases, one for the members of the club and the other, open to all, for gentlemen riders. Before the races the club entertained the farmers at luncheon.

In Pennsylvania, the fox-hunting season began on Thanksgiving Day and was formally opened by the celebrated Radnor Hunt by a breakfast given to the farmers of the surrounding country and to the friends of the members. The breakfast took place at 9 A. M., after which there was a jumping contest, for a silver cup, which was won by Mr. Thomas Clyde's Kathleen. This was followed by three steeplechases. The first, the Radnor Cup, for hunters, was won by Thomas Clyde's Scud, ridden by his owner. The second was the Master's Cup, for members of the Radnor Hunt, and was won by H. W. Smith's St. Rudolph. The third steeplechase was a farmer's race and proved the most exciting event of the day, George W. Proctor, on Miss Kitten, winning only after a severe struggle with Samuel Pinkerton's Billy Outlaw, an old campaigner in farmers' races. The Radnor Hunt is looking forward to a good season's sport. An innovation this year is the addition to the pack of several couples of American hounds. The club has always hunted English hounds hitherto. Mr. Charles E. Mather is the M. F. H. Among those who are frequent members of the field, are: Maskell Ewing, L. C. Altemus, H. G. Sinnott, John R. Valentine, B. Frank Clyde, W. S. Ellis, R. W. C. Ellison and Harrison N. Cauer.

The Rose Tree Hounds, of Pennsylvania, began their season after Thanksgiving, although they followed their invariable rule of not hunting on a holiday, and therefore did not have a hunt on that day. The Lima Hunt was out, however, and enjoyed a capital run. Dr. Charles A. Dohan is the M. F. H. of this pack, which affords its followers plenty of good sport.

The fox-hunting season begins late and ends early in Pennsylvania. Several of the clubs hunted much earlier than usual this year, but the custom is much deprecated by those who have the best interests of the sport at heart. The farmers, who are the chief owners of the land which is hunted over, are naturally very much opposed to it, and as fox-hunting is entirely dependent upon their allowing the hunters to ride over their ground, nothing should be done to antagonize them. It is not enough to give breakfasts and luncheons to the farmers in the hope of securing their favor purely through the medium of their stomachs, but fox-hunting clubs should be careful that no needless damage is done. All damages claimed should be settled without hesitancy; and, in short, the farmer should be done by as the fox-hunter might wish to be done by himself were he in his place.

ALFRED STODDART (RITTENHOUSE).

CYCLING.

PRACTICAL CYCLING.

THE CARE OF CHAIN AND BEARINGS.

THE chain requires more attention than any other part of the bicycle, especially when used during the winter months. The driving gear is made up of a multitude of small pieces, all of which will continue to be exposed to the elements until the gear case comes into general use in America. After each hard ride over bad roads, the chain should be removed from the sprockets, and each link carefully cleaned of dirt, gummed oil and grit. If rusty, soak over night in kerosene or gasoline, after which wipe dry, as neither of these oils go well with any lubricant. The latter may be either graphite, vaseline, good machine oil, or any standard preparation; the one object is to keep the chain clean. This condition and proper adjustment maintained, will insure easy and noiseless running.

When the chain is removed, both the teeth and the spaces between them should be cleaned, the bearings examined, and any side-play taken up. The latter is effected by the cones, on either side of all bearings, and the nicety of adjustment demanded in this operation may at first prove puzzling to the novice. Tighten the cones until all side-play is eliminated—almost to the point of binding, replace the wheel in the frame, and give the pedals a quick turn. It will then appear whether or not the adjustment is a correct one, and any variation either way may be remedied in one more similar operation. The bearings of all high grade bicycles are carefully adjusted by experts before shipment, and rarely require attention for several months thereafter. Directions for their cleaning were given in OUTING for December.

EVERY CYCLIST A MECHANIC.

The first study of the novice should be the anatomy of his bicycle, and ways and means for its ordinary care and repair. Unless he becomes well acquainted with its myriad parts, he will never feel a mastery of his mount, nor free to tour beyond easy reach of a repair-shop. But this is rarely the case, and the readiness of new riders, wheelmen and wheelwomen alike, to acquaint themselves with the mechanical construction of the bicycle, and their free use of its technicalities, lead to the conclusion that within a decade a vast majority of the whole cycling fraternity will be evolved into a race of natural mechanics. The tendency is a valuable one, as the more knowledge wheelmen have of the mechanism of their mounts, the higher must be the standards of bicycle and sundries in the future.

Puncturing, the *bête noir* of wheeling before the approximate perfection of the pneumatic tire, has become a rare occurrence among careful riders. A majority of the best modern tires wear throughout the first season without trouble of any kind, and then a permanent repair, on either the single or double tube variety, is but a matter of a few moments, and of that skill which every cyclist should possess or seek to acquire. Instances are on record where a tire has been worn out in hard service, covering

upwards of 15,000 miles, without having sustained a single puncture.

LATE CYCLE LAW.

The liability of a town or city for accidents happening to pedestrians by reason of the presence on the sidewalks of bicycles licensed to use the same, has been ruled upon by Judge Werner, of Monroe Co., N. Y., in the case of *Lecher vs. the village of Newark (N. Y.)*. The action was brought to recover damages for injury sustained by the plaintiff in a collision with a cyclist, who was riding on the sidewalk in accordance with a local ordinance which allowed the practice. The plaintiff's cause of action was based upon the contention that such an ordinance is illegal, and that its adoption renders the local government liable for damages in case of any injury resulting therefrom.

After reviewing the new conditions created by the bicycle, and showing how no provision had been made for it, either on the roads or sidewalks, Judge Werner says, in part: "If there is nothing in the general law to prohibit the adoption of the ordinance licensing riders of bicycles to use the sidewalks, . . . defendant has the power to grant such licenses. Having such power, the mere granting of the license does not make the defendant liable for injuries sustained in consequence of the improper or even negligent acts of the licensee. . . . The allegation that the defendant has no power to adopt said ordinance is one of law, and does not affect the defendant's right to demur. If, therefore, this ordinance is not *per se* unlawful . . . the defendant cannot be held liable for the injury to the plaintiff, in the absence of affirmative negligence on its part, even though it may have acted unwisely in passing this particular ordinance." (Dillon on Municipal Corporations.)

The demurrer of the defendant was, under this interpretation, sustained, and the action was dismissed, giving the plaintiff, however, the right to serve an amended complaint.

Another decision, of perhaps greater importance, has recently been rendered in Indianapolis, Ind., in the case of a driver who refused to keep to his right on meeting a cyclist. The latter was unable to avoid the vehicle of the former, and a collision resulted, in which the wheelman was badly injured, and his bicycle badly wrecked. Judge Cox, before whom the case was tried, held that the driver was in the wrong, and that in not keeping to his right when meeting a person a wheel, he was guilty of intent to commit an assault. This decision is a radical but just one, and has an important bearing upon the rights of cyclists.

The Legislature of the State of New York passed, in 1876, a law providing a fine of \$500, or imprisonment for one year, or both, for willfully throwing or causing to be thrown upon any public street or highway, glass, nails, pieces of metal or other substances, "liable to wound, disable or injure any animal." Mr. John P. Haines, President of the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, lately called the attention of the wheelmen of the Empire State to this law, and in

one instance conviction has been made under it, for throwing glass in the streets liable to puncture the tires of a bicycle. There would be no remedy under the general law for such misdemeanors, because of the necessity of proving malice on the part of the offender. The S. P. C. A. asks the aid of the wheelmen of New York State in enforcing this law, and offers a reward of \$25.00 for the conviction of any offender under this statute.

CYCLE RATES ON RAILROADS.

With laws now in force compelling railroads to transport bicycles as baggage free of charge in New York, Ohio and Rhode Island, and with a probability that similar legislation will be enacted in many other States within a twelve-month, several of the great trunk lines are experimenting with devices for the carriage of wheels suspended from the ceiling and attached to the sides of baggage cars, after the manner of the French railways. The Pennsylvania lines west of Pittsburg and the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway are already running a few such cars—the former between Pittsburg and Chicago, and the latter between Chicago and Minneapolis. The results seem equally satisfactory to traveling wheelmen and to the transportation companies. It has been found that twenty-five wheels may be carried in an ordinary baggage car without interfering with other baggage, the former utilizing the otherwise unused space, and requiring no floor room at all. It is probable that within two years a majority of all baggage cars on the principal lines of the railroad States and Canada will be fitted up for the carriage of bicycles, and that an extra charge for transportation will be the exception rather than the rule.

On October 1st the railroads of the New England States began the "minimum rate charge" for the transportation of bicycles when accompanied by their owners, and one month's trial of the plan proves it to be the most satisfactory solution of the bicycles-as-baggage problem. Upon the payment of very reasonable charges, the railroads agree to check and treat bicycles as baggage, assuming all responsibility for their safe delivery. Such a system is preferable to their free carriage, as in the latter case accidents to machines in transit are much more frequent, and there is generally no possible redress therefor. It is probable that special cars for the transportation of wheels will be run for the convenience of tourists on the principal lines of the N. Y., N. H. & H. R. R., and the Boston and Maine next season. The following table is the schedule now in force on all the New England lines :

<i>Ticket Rate.</i>	<i>Charge for Bicycle.</i>
\$0.05 to \$0.74.....	10 cents.
0.75 to 0.99.....	15 cents.
1.00 to 1.49.....	20 cents.
1.50 to 1.99.....	25 cents.
2.00 to 2.49.....	30 cents.
2.50 to 2.99.....	35 cents.
3.00 to 3.49.....	40 cents.
3.50 to 3.99.....	45 cents.
4.00 to 4.49.....	50 cents.
4.50 to 4.99.....	55 cents.
5.00 to 5.49.....	60 cents.
5.50 to 5.99.....	65 cents.
6.00 to 6.49.....	70 cents.
6.50 to 6.99.....	75 cents.
7.00 to 7.49.....	80 cents.
7.50 to 7.99.....	85 cents.
8.00 to 8.49.....	90 cents.
9.00 to 10.00.....	\$1.00.

RECORDS AND RACING.

Cycling is easily first on the list of the sports which have suffered from an insatiate penchant for record-breaking. It is largely through this channel that the professional element has crept into many popular pastimes, preventing multitudes of true sportsmen from enjoying them. Of course, the spirit of emulation is necessary to the life of any sport, but not so that intense rivalry which compels the amateur to forsake his calling and become a professional in strict training the year around, in order to excel in contests against the watch. Nowadays, the record-breaking farce is annually shifted from the Atlantic to the South and to the Pacific Coast, in keeping with the seasons, and all devices known to the professional trickster are utilized to create "new" times, far below any possible under normal conditions. By the side of the former the latter appear ridiculously commonplace, but they are, in fact, the more meritorious. A few genuine records at standard distances add a distinctive and valuable interest to cycle racing, but exceedingly fast times made wholly by artificial means, are only travesties.

A liberal record limit might well include the quarter-mile, half-mile, one-mile, five-miles, ten-miles, twenty-five miles, fifty miles and one hundred miles, paced, unpaced and in competition. This list, however, represents less than five per cent. of those now recognized. The rules of the track should also be changed to allow only unpaced, or, at least, single-paced records. At present, competition records are hardly more than standing start paced trials.

The Racing Board of the Canadian Wheelmen's Association has already simplified the record tables for the Dominion. The following only are recognized: quarter, half, three-quarters, and all complete miles from that figure upward. Competitive records can be made only at open meetings, and the time for record trials, against time, paced or unpaced, is limited to the racing season proper,—from May 30 to September 1.

The following road records have been allowed by the Century Road Club of America :

A. B. McDonell, 10 miles, 21m. 25s.; 15 miles, 34m. 32s.; 20 miles, 46m. 1s., May 26, 1896. New York State and American records.

A. E. Smith, Utica-New York, 1d. 11h. 51m., July 3-4, 1896. Course record.

A. E. Smith, 12h., 161 miles, August 29, 1896. Illinois State and American record.

A. E. Smith, 200 miles, 14h. 43m., August 29, 1896. Illinois State Record.

A. E. Smith, Chicago to Milwaukee, 5h., October 9, 1896. Course record.

Otto V. Mueller and J. N. Halifax, Chicago to Milwaukee, 7h. 35s., August 16, 1896. Tandem course record.

T. O. Vaux, 5 miles, 9m. 24s., October 23, 1896. Colorado State and American record.

A new world's amateur unpaced twenty-five-mile track record was made by A. L. Hachenberger at Denver, Colo., on November 16th, that distance being covered in 1h. 4m. 30 2-5s. The previous record was held at 1h. 5m. 30 2-5s. by A. F. Senn, of Buffalo, N. Y. Hachenberger also lowered Senn's ten-mile record by 2 2-5s.

At the amateur record-breaking trials at Philadelphia, on November 16th, many new American times were made. In the five-mile attempt, B. B. Stevens reduced the three miles to 6m. 8s., the four miles to 8m. 16s., and the five miles to 10m. 21s., the latter a cut of 34 3-5s.

Hill and Gardiner rode a two-mile tandem competition in 4m. 31s, which made a new State record. On the following day the same riders lowered the three, four and five miles unpaced amateur figures of 7m., 9m. 20s. and 11m. 35s. respectively, previously held by Gerwing and Pugh of Denver, to 6m. 49 3-5s., 9m. 10 2-5s. and 11m. 27 4-5s.

PACIFIC COAST RACING.

The annual ten-mile road race of the California Associated Cycling Clubs was run at San Francisco, on October 16th, with 106 starters, over 80 of whom finished, 30 of that number within the previous Pacific Coast record. The road was in splendid condition for the full distance, and a strong wind blew at the backs of the riders, making very fast time possible. E. J. Smith, of the Acme Cycling Club, with a handicap of 3 minutes, finished first in 25m. 46 2-5s.; G. Frost (3:20) and J. H. Otey (3:00), second and third in 26m. 15s. and 25m. 57s. respectively. The first ten men finished in the following order:

Name.	Handicap.	Time.
E. Smith.....	3:00	25:46 2-5
G. Frost.....	3:20	26:15
J. H. Otey.....	3:00	25:57
Carl Werner.....	3:45	26:43
T. H. White.....	2:50	25:49
E. Sanders.....	2:40	25:40
L. G. Swain.....	4:00	27:00 2-5
W. Maack.....	2:00	25:13 2-5
M. E. Gaines.....	3:00	26:19 3-5
C. H. Staples.....	2:40	26:04 4-5

E. Lind of the Imperial Cycling Club, of San Francisco, who finished No. 28, won the first time prize in 24m. 58s.

The most notable American hill-climbing contest, held annually at Corey Hill, Brookline, Mass., took place on the afternoon of October 31st, and the several attempts resulted in new records for the course. Robert Urquhart made the single climb in 2m. 2s., with F. P. Kent second, and James Urquhart third, in 2m. 11 2-5s., and 2m. 11 3-5s. respectively. The Urquhart brothers afterward covered the course on a tandem in 1m. 51s. with Magoon and Balentine second in 2m. 3s. The hour climb was also won by Robert Urquhart, with a score of thirteen round trips in 58m. 15s., F. P. Kent second, with twelve round trips within the hour.

The Massasoit Bicycle Coasting Contest was held on Meeting House Hill, West Springfield, Mass., on October 26th. F. E. Halley, of Chicopee Falls, Mass., covered 2798 feet; H. A. Woodward, of New York, 2789, and J. E. Whitteley, of New York, 2761.

The annual 25-mile road race of the King's County Wheelmen, of Brooklyn, N. Y., was run over the Merrick Course, near Valley Stream, L. I., on November 3d, for the Wilson perpetual trophy. Charles T. Earl won first place and also the time prize, finishing in 1h. 13m. 57s., incidentally reducing E. F. Leonard's twenty-mile State record from 58m. 44 1-5s. to 58m. 16s.

The eight men to finish, with their handicaps and times, were as follows:

Name and Handicap.	Time.
C. T. Earl (scratch).....	1:13:57
C. M. Hendrickson (scratch).....	1:13:58
C. S. Henshaw (scratch).....	1:13:58 1-5
E. A. Laws (scratch).....	1:13:58 1-5
F. J. Hall (3m. 30s.).....	1:17:51
F. K. Pratz (5m. 30s.).....	1:20:26
S. A. Southworth (5m.).....	1:30:35
H. E. James (7m. 30s.).....	1:32

It has been the past policy of the Massachusetts Commission to build stretches of "model roads" not *in* but *between* the cities and larger towns, to serve mainly as object lessons in the practical economy of improved highways. Hereafter the Commission will go farther and insist that the cities shall co-operate with the State and extend those stretches already constructed. This marks a new era in the splendid movement. The improvements to the country highways benefit the cities fully as much as the small towns, because of the easier access to the centers of trade. Hence the policy of the Massachusetts Commission to favor the country and the smaller towns and villages, partly at the expense of the cities.

Eighty-seven towns in Connecticut applied for a share of the State's appropriation for the building of good roads during the current year, and each one of them received nearly a thousand dollars of that fund. Last year the appropriation for each town was somewhat larger, the difference being accounted for by the greater number making application during 1896—a trifle over one-half of all those in the State. Nearly every town that received a share of the fund last year applied again this year notwithstanding that the sum given by the State must be doubled or trebled by the recipient. Although the choice of the kind of highways to be constructed rests entirely with the local authorities, few gravel roads have so far been built in either Massachusetts or Connecticut. The superior service of macadam or telford has been generally recognized, and it is only a matter of time when the cheaply constructed, but expensively maintained, dirt country road will become a thing of the past.

MULTUM IN PARVO.

This year has seen the most senseless of all cycling fads—the stringing of several strong rubber bands from the upper to the lower bar of the diamond frame of the wheel. This arrangement produces a dreary and monotonous humming sound when riding at even a moderate pace on a windy day; and when the bands are scientifically adjusted and a high speed is maintained, the noise is loud and uncanny. This nuisance has already caused many runaway accidents, and local ordinances are gradually eliminating it in the interests of public safety.

The \$100 price for the highest grade bicycles will be generally maintained during 1897. A slight reduction has been made in the lists of medium and low grade machines as well as in some tires and sundries. The modern bicycle is a wonderfully complex mechanism, of whose real cost of manufacture the public cannot conceive. [As has been said heretofore in these columns, a general reduction in the prices of the leading models is a possibility of 1898, hardly of 1897.]

Cycle exhibitions have become annual fixtures in the United States, Canada and Australia, as well as in nearly every country of Europe, not infrequently vying with the horse shows for the favor of society as well as that of the public. Less than twenty years ago, the first meager cycle trade display was held in England, while now the American trade looks in vain for a building large enough to house a complete line

of the bicycles and wheeling accessories manufactured in this country alone. The growth of the pastime of cycling, stands easily without a parallel.

The principal cycle show dates for the winter of '96-'97 are as follows:

- National (London), December 4-12.
 - Salon du Cycle (Paris), December 12-27.
 - Manchester (England), January 2-9.
 - Dublin (Ireland), January 16-23.
 - Glasgow (Scotland), January 23-30.
 - Chicago, Ill. (Coliseum Building), January 23-30.
 - New York, N. Y. (Grand Central Palace), Feb. 6-13.
 - Boston, Mass. (Mechanics' Hall), February 22-27.
- THE PROWLER.

YACHTING.

CORINTHIAN FLEET.

THE annual regatta, which had been postponed from August 15th, was sailed off New Rochelle in a fresh N. E. breeze. *Uvira* beat *Awa* 50m. 27s. elapsed time. The 21-footer *Vaquero* sailed alone. *Eos* and *Hyale* started together and the latter withdrew. *Paprika* started with *Willada* after her but soon was alone. In the mosquito class, *Ma Honey* beat *I Don't Think* 22m. 26s. Among the open catboats the times were as follows:

Edwina.....	1 37 25	6 39 36	5 02 36
Ondawa.....	1 36 50	6 33 29	4 57 29
Dorothy.....	1 34 55	Withdrawn.	
Starling.....	1 36 21	6 51 55	4 15 34
Cora.....	1 38 03
Susie D.....	1 36 43	7 00 35	5 23 42

NEW YORK YACHT RACING ASSOCIATION.

The New York Yacht Racing Association holds a regatta once a year. It was sailed in a light N. W. wind in the lower bay, the start being made in Gravesend Bay. There were about forty starters, representing eighteen clubs. The following were the winners: Class E, cabin sloops, *Ella S.*; Class G, cabin sloops, *Zulu*; Class C, open catboats, *Hester*, sail-over; Class I, open jib-and-mainsail, *E. J. B.*, sail-over; Class 2, open jib-and-mainsail, 6 entries, *Henry Dauer*; Class 4, cabin catboats, *Mollie Bawn* beat *Mary II.* 1h. 23m. 34s. elapsed and 1h. 14m. 27s. corrected time. *Minnie* was dismantled, *Louise* broke her gaff, and *Acorn* and *Lizzie V.* did not finish. Class 7, open catboats, *Edna* beat *Lester*, the latter dropping out. Class 8, open catboats, *Colleen* beat *Tempest* and *Mary Isabel*. Class 9, open catboats, *Minnie* was the winner out of five entries. Class 10, open cats, six entries, *Chip*, winner.

AMERICAN YACHT CLUB.

The fall regatta of the A. Y. C. was sailed in a moderate southwest wind on the club's courses off Milton Point in Long Island Sound. At the close of the race a sudden squall brought the kites down in a hurry. *Colonia*, *Amorita* and *Quissetta* were entered for the race for the Vice-Commodore's cup for schooners, but the *Quissetta* withdrew on the second round, being far astern of the others. It was stated that she lost time by grounding. *Colonia* won the schooner cup by a good margin and also the cup for the 95-foot class. *Amorita* secured the cup for the 75-footers. *Paprika* being the only half-rater on hand, went up a class and beat the new 20-footer *Eos*, 6 minutes, 53 seconds, boat for boat.

SCHOONERS.

	<i>Elapsed.</i>	<i>Corrected.</i>
Colonia.....	4 20 34	4 20 34
Amorita.....	4 52 49	4 38 46
Quissetta.....	Withdraw.	

SCHOONERS—95FT. CLASS.

Colonia.....	<i>Elapsed.</i>	<i>Corrected.</i>
	4 20 34	4 20 34

SCHOONERS—75FT. CLASS.

Amorita.....	4 52 49	4 38 46
Quissetta.....	Withdraw.	

CUTTERS—51FT. CLASS.

Uvira.....	3 58 47	3 58 47
------------	---------	---------

YAWLS—43FT. CLASS.

Pawnee.....	4 31 50	4 31 50
Yram.....	Withdraw.	

CUTTERS—36FT. CLASS.

Infanta.....	
--------------	-------	--

SLOOPS—25FT. CLASS.

Sparrow.....	2 35 30	2 35 30
Virginia.....	2 52 32	not meas.

SLOOPS—20FT CLASS.

Paprika.....	2 22 51	2 11 43
Eos.....	2 29 44	2 29 44
Fez.....	2 40 58	2 34 29
Dolly.....	Withdraw.	

CABIN CATS—30FT. CLASS.

Dosoris.....	4 49 40	4 49 40
Oconee.....	4 49 24	4 41 28
Loyalty.....	Withdraw.	

CABIN CATS—25FT. CLASS.

Scat.....	2 21 30	2 20 13
Win or Lose.....	2 24 38	2 24 38
Grace.....	2 44 37	2 43 20

OPEN CATS—25FT. CLASS.

Edwina.....	2 29 44	2 24 16
Zelica.....	2 31 33	2 23 51
Osprey.....	Withdraw.	
Dorothy.....	Withdraw.	

OPEN CATS—20FT. CLASS.

Regina.....	2 30 51	2 29 58
Starling.....	2 35 03	2 35 03

SPECIAL—30FT. CLASS.

Hera.....	4 21 08
Musme.....	4 31 33
	21FT. CLASS.	
Vaquero.....	2 07 46
Houri.....	2 07 56

LARCHMONT YACHT CLUB.

At the special races for the 34ft., 30ft. and 15ft. classes. Wind, strong, S.E., and considerable sea, all the yachts sailing under reefs. *Acushla* led in her class but fouled the mark-boat at the end of the first round, stove in her side and withdrew. *Dragoon* beat the McGiehan thirty-four-footer by half an hour. *Hera* led the thirty-footers through-out. There were no entries in the fifteen-foot class.

34FT. CLASS.

	<i>Start.</i>	<i>Finish.</i>	<i>Elapsed.</i>
Dragoon.....	12 23 45	4 16 03	3 52 18
Adele.....	12 25 05	4 45 30	4 20 25
Acushla.....	12 22 50	Disabled.	

30FT. CLASS.

Hera.....	12 31 00	4 04 45	3 33 45
Musme.....	12 31 00	4 06 15	3 35 15
Mal.....	12 31 00	4 45 30	3 36 21
Departure.....	12 31 00	Withdraw.	

21FT. CLASS.

Celia.....	12 23 20	2 28 53	2 05 33
Houri.....	12 25 45	2 29 49	2 04 04

At the fall regatta. Wind, light S. W. at start, flattening to a calm. The yachts drifted nearly all day; a light S.E. wind came in late

in the afternoon and enabled about half of the yachts to finish. The Olmstead twenty-footer *Eos*, was the first yacht to finish. *Colonia* and *Amorita* were the only starters for the Commodore's cup for schooners.

SCHOONERS—SPECIAL CLASS.		
	<i>Elapsed.</i>	<i>Corrected.</i>
Colonia.....	6 33 05	6 33 05
Amorita.....	6 42 06	6 37 25
CLASS 5.		
Uvira.....	Did not finish.	
CLASS 6.		
Norota.....	Did not finish.	
CLASS 7.		
Infanta and Cymbra.....	Did not finish.	
CLASS 8—START 12:16.		
Dragoon.....	6 36 00
Acushla.....	6 37 46
Adele.....	6 38 39
YAWLS—SPECIAL CLASS.		
Sultan, Audax and Yram.....	Did not finish.	
30FT. CLASS.		
Musme.....	6 20 23
Hera.....	6 20 39
Mai.....	6 23 47
Departure.....	Withdrew.	
CLASS 9.		
Ninita and Muriel.....	Did not finish.	
CLASS 10.		
<i>Eos</i>	5 46 50	5 38 05
<i>Zez</i>	6 12 02	5 56 54
Agawam.....	6 35 25	6 34 03
Wahneta.....	6 38 31	6 38 31
Bogie, Virginia and Hyale.....	Not timed.	
CLASS 11.		
Dosoris II.....	5 47 56	5 47 56
Oconee.....	5 55 49	5 51 57
Loyalty.....	Not timed.	
Qui Vive.....	Not timed.	
Exonian.....	Did not finish.	
CATBOATS—CLASS 12.		
Jonquil.....	6 12 42	6 12 42
Win or Lose.....	6 09 33	6 07 32
Grace.....	Not timed.	
Drift.....	Did not go course.	
SLOOPS—CLASS 13.		
Tom Boy.....	5 46 25	5 46 25
Edwina.....	6 06 07	5 55 51
Zelicia.....	Not timed.	
CATBOATS—CLASS 14.		
Ione.....	6 00 32	6 00 26
Dorothy.....	Not timed.	
21FT. CLASS.		
Houri.....	5 48 23
Vaquero.....	6 00 18
Celia.....	Not timed.	
15 FT. CLASS— START 12:36.		
Paprika.....	5 49 20
Die Hexe.....	5 55 53
Yola.....	Not timed.	

The *Tom Boy* was protested for exceeding her allowance of crew.

September 12th. Annual Schooner Race and matches for special classes. Very light wind; practically, a drift.

SCHOONERS.

	<i>Elapsed.</i>	<i>Corrected.</i>
Colonia, C. A. Postley.....	6 50 25	6 50 25
Amorita, W. G. Brokaw.....	Not timed.	
Emerald, J. R. Maxwell.....	Withdrew.	
30FT. CLASS.		
Musme, J. MacDonough.....	4 10 19	4 10 19
Maisie, O. G. Jennings.....	4 41 32	4 41 32
34FT. CLASS.		
Acushla, Hanan Bros.....	3 54 09	3 54 09
Dragoon, F. M. Freeman.....	4 00 40	4 00 40
CLASS 5.		
Uvira, E. M. Lockwood.....	3 47 05
CLASS 7.		
Cymbra, T. McIntyre.....	4 48 27	4 48 27
Infanta, Cliff Brokaw.....	4 48 43
YAWLS.		
Audax, H. W. Eaton.....	4 54 11

R. B. BURCHARD.

MODEL YACHTING.

In consequence of a general appeal from the leading Model Yacht Clubs, to so amend the conditions regulating contests for the OUTING Model Yacht Trophy, that the Cup might be defended by any boat owned by the individual holding the Cup, we have decided to eliminate the last clause of article sixth of the original conditions, which required that the Cup *must* be defended by the same boat as had won it.

The object of this clause was to make the races more frequent, and thereby create a more lively interest in this sport. While this would be the result of such a provision in the articles, it would at the same time carry with it a very objectionable feature. The trophy might be won from the owner of the fastest craft ever built, and held thirty days by the owner of an inferior boat. These thirty days might extend into a season unfavorable for Model Yacht contests, and the trophy would be withheld for a long period from the party owning the best boat. It seems more satisfactory to allow the holder of the Cup, if he chooses, to build a new model for each contest.

The following are the amended conditions covering the contest for "OUTING's Model Yacht Challenge Cup":

First—This Cup is donated by the OUTING Publishing Co., and shall be known as the "OUTING Model Yacht Perpetual Challenge Cup."

Second—The objects of this Cup are to stimulate the building of sailing models of actual buildable proportions, such as can be enlarged up to yachts of actual size, and it is to be competed for as hereinafter directed.

Third—The Cup is open to any member of any Model Yacht Club in the United States or Canada, or any individual owner of a model yacht.

Fourth—All the challenges must be received by the individual holding the Cup at least thirty days prior to the date proposed by the challenger. The challenged party shall name a place for a race, within ten days of the receipt of the challenge. A copy of all the challenges and replies thereto must be forwarded to the Chairman Regatta Committee of the American Model Yacht Club, whose name and address is appended to these conditions.

Fifth—In case the holder of the Cup does not acknowledge receipt of the challenge and be on hand on the day proposed by the challenger, and the place named by the challenged party, or any agreed date and place, to defend the Cup, nor consummate any agreement as to a time and a place for a race, within thirty days after the receipt of challenge, he shall forfeit the Cup to the challenger.

Sixth—All challenges must specify the name and address of the owner, the L. W. L. length, and greatest beam wherever found, and name of challenging yacht. An excess of over two inches by official measurement (on the day of the race) of the length so specified shall bar a yacht from competing for the Cup.

Seventh—In event of more than one challenge being in hand at one time, the earliest received shall have precedence over the second, the second over the third, etc.

Eighth—Models challenging for the Cup must not be less than "35 or exceed 48" on L. W. L. Beam not to exceed one-third the L. W. L. length.

RACING RULES.

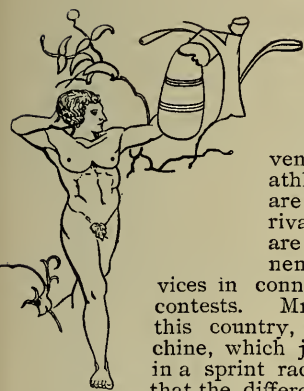
The Racing Rules of the American Model Yacht Club, of Brooklyn, N. Y., shall govern all races for this Cup, and the Regatta Committee of that Club will have charge of the races when sailed in the vicinity of New York.

In case the Cup should be won by anyone residing at a distance from the city, and a challenge be received, a committee shall be chosen from some local yachting organization, if possible, who shall provide themselves with a copy of the A. M. Y. C. Sailing Rules, and govern the races accordingly.

Address—Frank Nicholas, Chairman of Regatta Committee, A. M. Y. C., 325 Division Ave., Brooklyn, New York.

ATHLETICS.

ATHLETIC SPORTS BY MACHINERY.



THE people of the United States are generally credited with more than their proper share of inventive ability, but the athletes of Australasia are proving dangerous rivals in this line, and are certainly pre-eminent in mechanical devices in connection with athletic contests. Mr. Baird is now in this country, exhibiting his machine, which judges the finishers in a sprint race by electricity, so that the difference of an inch will be recorded, and dead heats made practically impossible; and now Mr. D. A. Laurie has invented a starting apparatus, something on the lines of those used in horse racing, and which will insure a mathematically even start for every runner in each heat. This machine has not yet received sufficient trial in actual use to make certain that it is perfect in every detail, but experts who have examined it carefully are of the opinion that it will become popular, and do away with much of the present trouble in starting uneasy sprinters with fairness.

B. J. WEFERS' REMARKABLE RUNNING.

At the Annual Fall Games of Georgetown University, held Nov. 7th, on their grounds, the weather was fine, the wind trifling, and the track in fair condition, though a little heavy from recent storms.

After winning the 100-yards handicap run from scratch in 9 4-5s., a special handicap was arranged with Wefers as scratch, and J. S. Walsh, Jr., on the 7-yard mark. Wefers won this race in 9 3-5s., which, if all details shall be found correct, will become a world's record at that distance. After winning the first trial heat of the 100-yards handicap run in 10s., and the final heat in 9 4-5s.; winning the special 100-yards handicap run in 9 3-5s.; taking 2d place in the running broad jump, at 20ft. 4in.; and winning the 220-yards handicap run in 23 1-5s., he ended his afternoon's work by running 300 yards over a course with one half-circle curve in 30 2-5s., which, if found correct, becomes the world's best amateur record.

A NEW WORLD'S RECORD.

The New South Wales Amateur Athletic Association held their annual championship meeting, October 5th, on the Sydney Cricket Grounds. The running broad jump was won by Mr. M. M. Roseingrave, now of the Sydney Harriers and formerly of Ireland. Mr. Roseingrave's five successive jumps were 22ft. 7in., 22ft. 1in., 22ft. 10 1/2 in., 23ft. 6 1/2 in. and 23ft. 7 1/2 in., one of these jumps just equaling the best previous world's record, and another beating it by one inch. In this winning jump Roseingrave took off nearly five inches behind the mark, and actually cleared about twenty-four feet. This

jump was made under the same rules as those adopted by the Amateur Athletic Union, the officials were competent, the performance has been indorsed by the record committee of the New South Wales Amateur Athletic Association, and will be accepted throughout the athletic world as the longest jump ever made under proper supervision.

AN AMATEUR HOCKEY LEAGUE.

The St. Nicholas Skating Club, the Brooklyn Skating Club, the New York Athletic Club, and the Crescent Athletic Club, have organized an Amateur Hockey League. They have adopted rules for the game, and also special rules governing championship contests, and have arranged a tournament for the Championship of the League, each club playing two games with each of its associates, and the schedule extending from Dec. 15th, 1896, to March 23d, 1897. The officers of the new League are as follows: President—Bartow S. Weeks, N. Y. A. C. Vice-President—Carroll J. Post, Jr., Crescent A. C. Secretary-Treasurer—C. M. Pope, St. Nicholas Skating Club. Executive Committee—A. R. Fish, Brooklyn Skating Club; J. S. Garvin, Crescent A. C.; A. R. Pope, N. Y. A. C.

THE AMATEUR ATHLETIC UNION.

Several of the Associations of the Amateur Athletic Union have recently held their annual meetings.

The Metropolitan Association assembled October 19th at the Astor House, New York City, twenty-five clubs being represented by delegates. The treasurer's report showed a balance in cash on hand of \$622.56, and a net balance of \$454.56, after paying all claims against the Association. All the special and regular standing committees submitted their reports.

The elections resulted as follows:

Board of Managers—F. Dieterle, A. A. C.; M. A. Cuming, B. R. A. C.; T. F. O'Brien, Catholic Club; C. White, Clinton A. C.; T. Kane, Clipper A. C.; J. A. Douglas, E. A. C.; B. F. Moore, F. R.; W. R. Quick, M. Ins. A. A.; G. B. M. Shurts, N. T. V.; J. E. Sullivan, N. J. A. C.; J. J. Frawley, K. A. C.; H. Obertubessing, N. W. S. A. C.; John J. Dixon, N. A. C.; F. W. Rubien, St. G. A. C.; Charles J. Harvey, St. S. A. A.; A. W. Rider, 22d R.; J. J. Dooling, X. A. A.; F. J. Barnes, W. A. A.; C. R. Knapp, Rochester A. C.; John Steil, N. Y. T. V.; J. P. Boyle, P. A. C.; W. L. Linihan, R. A. C.

Delegates to the A. A. U.—J. E. Sullivan, J. Steil, W. J. Linihan, C. C. Hughes.

Alternates to the A. A. U.—A. W. Rider, J. A. Douglas, J. P. Boyle, T. F. O'Brien.

At a subsequent meeting of the new board of managers, the election resulted as follows: President, J. E. Sullivan; vice-president, W. J. Linihan; secretary, J. J. Dixon; treasurer, J. Steil.

The New England Association met October 10th, in Boston, Mass., delegates being present from ten clubs.

The treasurer's report showed a balance of cash on hand, \$593 05.

Mr. J. F. Moakly was appointed handicapper for one year.

Two clubs were dropped for non-payment of dues, a third resigned, and a fourth was asked to resign.

The election resulted as follows: board of managers, E. E. Babb, Melrose Athletic Association; J. B. Maccabe, East Boston A. A.; B. B. Osthues, Suffolk A. C.; T. F. Riley, Cambridgeport Gymnasium; J. F. Facey, Riverside Boat Club; J. E. Morse, Newton A. A.; G. E. Chapman, Fitchburg A. C.; D. G. Byrne, Roxbury Catholic Association; H. A. Adams, Worcester A. C., and W. H. Plummer, Worcester City Guards.

At a subsequent meeting of the board of managers the election resulted as follows: President, E. E. Babb; vice-president, J. E. Morse; secretary, W. H. Plummer; treasurer, H. A. Adams; delegates to the A. A. U., E. E. Babb, J. E. Morse, T. F. Riley, and J. B. Maccabe.

The Atlantic Association met October 19th in Philadelphia, Pa., delegates being present from eighteen clubs.

The report of the treasurer showed a cash balance on hand of \$66.46.

The various special, regular and standing committees submitted their reports for the year.

Dr. J. K. Schell was appointed official handicapper for one year.

The election resulted as follows: Board of Managers—Harry McMillan, Vesper B. C.; J. W. Kelly, Jr., National Swimming Association; J. W. R. Collins, Pennsylvania R. R. Y. M. C. A.; B. M. Hopkinson, Baltimore A. C.; W. MacDermott, Maryland A. C.; G. M. Fague, Columbia A. C.; J. M. Welsh, Young Men's C. C.; J. L. F. Schuck, Philadelphia Turngemeinde; R. E. Hamilton, Pittsburg A. C.; M. Henry, Caledonian Club; J. McNally, Emerald A. C.; A. W. Lloyd, Phoenix A. A.

Delegates to the Amateur Athletic Union—H. McMillan, J. W. Kelly, Jr., J. H. Sterrett and B. M. Hopkinson. Alternates, M. Henry, G. M. Fague, J. H. S. Jackson, Baltimore A. C., and W. Friedgen, Jr., Philadelphia Turngemeinde.

At a subsequent meeting of the new board of managers, the election resulted as follows. President, H. McMillan; vice-president, J. W. R. Collins; secretary and treasurer, J. W. Kelly, Jr.

METROPOLITAN ASSOCIATION OF THE AMATEUR ATHLETIC UNION.

A meeting of the Board of Managers was held in New York City November 6th, seventeen of the twenty-five members of the Board being present.

The President, with the approval of the Board, appointed the following committees:

Protest—F. W. Rubien, 408 East Fifteenth street, New York, chairman; C. White, F. J. Barnes, J. J. Frawley.

Schedule—J. J. Dixon, chairman, 28 Spruce street, New York; G. B. M. Shurts, W. R. Quick.

Registration—J. T. Dooling, chairman, 52 William street, New York; T. H. Sweeney, J. P. Boyle, B. F. Moore, Jr.

Club Investigation—W. J. Linihan, chairman, 791 Broad street, Newark, N. J.; J. Steil, T. Kane.

Trial and Reinstatement—C. J. Harvey, chairman, 325 East Thirty-second street, New York; M. A. Cuming, H. Obertubessing, J. H. O'Brien.

Finance—T. F. O'Brien, chairman, 569 Broadway, New York; A. W. Rider, F. Dieterle.

Upper New York State Registration, Schedule and Club Investigation—J. A. Douglas, chairman, Elmira, N. Y.; C. R. Knapp, Rochester A. C.; Dr. A. G. Courtney, Syracuse A. A.; N. F. Dunn, Arbor A. C., Albany, N. Y.; G. V. S. Quackenbush, Laureate Boat Club, Troy, N. Y.

Annual Boxing and Wrestling Championships—J. P. Boyle, chairman, Pastime A. C., foot of East Sixty-sixth street, New York; C. White, J. Steil, J. J. Frawley, T. F. O'Brien.

Three vacancies on the Board of Managers were filled by the election of Dr. A. G. Courtney, Syracuse A. A.; T. H. Sweeney, Brooklyn A. C.; J. H. O'Brien, St. Bartholomew A. C.

There were four candidates for the position of official handicapper, the first ballot resulted as follows: John J. Dixon, National A. C., eight votes; E. W. Hjertberg, New Jersey A. C., four votes; E. C. Carter, New York A. C., three votes; H. K. Zust, Twenty-second Regiment, two votes. On the second ballot Zust was dropped and the vote stood Dixon, eleven; Hjertberg, three; Carter, three.

Upon favorable report by the Trial and Reinstatement Committee, Geo. H. Weston and P. F. Weston, were reinstated as amateurs.

CORNELL UNIVERSITY.

At their annual Sophomore-Freshman games held Nov. 6th on Percy Field, the Sophomores won by a score of 77 to 47.

100-yard run—Derr, '99, 10 2-58.
 220-yard run—Derr, '99, 23 4-58.
 440-yard run—Clark, '99, 57 2-58.
 Half-mile run—Bassett, 1900, 2m. 15s.
 1 mile run—Ferris, 1900, 5m. 3s.
 120-yard hurdle race—Clark, '99, 19 1-58.
 220-yard hurdle race—Lee, '99, 31s.
 1-mile walk—Zellar, '99, 17 4-58.
 1-mile bicycle race—Ludwig, 1900, 2m. 56s.
 Running high jump—Russell, '99, 5ft. 4in.
 Running broad jump—Cooley, '99, 19ft. 3½in.
 Pole vault—Hall, '99, 18ft. 3in.
 Putting shot—Dalzell, '99, 3in.
 Throwing hammer—Swanitz, 1900, 80ft. 1in.

OPENING OF THE INDOOR SEASON.

The books of the scheduling committee of the Metropolitan Association of the Amateur Athletic Union show more indoor meetings already registered than have ever before been recorded in one season. The first of these was held Nov. 10th in the Marcy Avenue Armory, Brooklyn, L. I., under the joint management of the Brooklyn Athletic Club, and Company E., Forty-seventh Regiment, N. G. S. N. Y.

60-yard handicap run—Final heat, E. Zinn, New West Side Athletic Club, 6 feet, 6 4-58.
 220-yard handicap run—Final heat, L. Lugenheim, Young Men's Christian Association, 16 yards, 25 2-58.
 880-yard run, novice—M. Hyer, William Barry A. C., 2m. 18 3-58 sec.
 1-mile handicap run—D. J. Donovan, Xavier A. C., 100 yards, 4m. 45s.
 Running high jump, handicap—J. H. Bauman, Mt. Vernon Y. M. C. A., 6 inches, 5ft. 6in.

INDOOR GAMES.

An open amateur meeting was held, November 17th, in the Twelfth Regiment Armory, New York City, under the joint management of the New West Side Club, and Company G., Twelfth Regiment, N. G. S. N. Y.

- 60-yard handicap run—Final heat, P. A. Sayles, Twenty-second Regiment, 13 feet, 6 3/5s.
- 40-yard handicap run—Final heat, M. Waters, Jr., unattached, 17 yards, 56 1/5s.
- 880-yard run, novice—Final heat, H. G. Hershfield, Knickerbocker A. C., 2m. 16 2/5s.
- 880-yard run, Twelfth Regiment—J. G. Kiernan, Co. A, 2m. 28 2/5s.
- 1-mile handicap run—A. J. Walsh, Xavier A. A., scratch, 4m. 42 3/5s.
- 1-mile handicap walk—J. Layer, New West Side, A. C., 25 seconds, 7m. 23 1/5s.
- 2-mile bicycle handicap—Final heat, C. K. Granger, Riverside Wheelmen, 50 yards, 5m. 22 3/5s.
- Running high jump, handicap—J. G. Conlon, St. B. A. C., 5 inches, and J. Bissinger, New York Turn Verein, 5 inches, tied at 5ft. 3 1/4in., and Conlon won by a toss.

THIRTEENTH REGIMENT, N. G. S. N. Y.

At their annual fall games, held November 14th, in the Regimental Armory, Sumner and Jefferson avenues, Brooklyn, L. I., the attendance was large, competition spirited, and B. J. Wefers surpassed all previous indoor performances at running 100 yards on a board floor.

- 100-yard handicap run. Thirteenth Regiment—Final heat, E. D. Plate, Company I, scratch, 11s.
- 100-yard handicap run—B. J. Wefers, Georgetown University, scratch, 10s.
- 220-yard handicap run, National Guard of New York and New Jersey—W. H. McManus, Twenty-second Regiment, 5 yards, 24s.
- Half-mile run, novices—L. Frank, Twenty-third Regiment, 2m. 11 3/5s.
- 880-yard handicap run, Thirteenth Regiment—E. L. Lucius, Company E, 10 yards, 2m. 10 3/5s.
- 880-yard handicap run—A. R. Tomlinson, Knickerbocker A. C., 35 yards, 2m. 1 3/5s.
- 1-mile handicap run, Thirteenth Regiment—A. T. Janett, Company E, scratch, 5m. 21 2/5s.
- 1-mile handicap walk, Thirteenth Regiment, in heavy marching order—Private E. F. Meyer, Company E, 25 seconds, 10 2/5s.
- 2-mile bicycle handicap—Final heat, W. E. Mosher, Riverside Wheelmen, 150 yards, 4m. 55 2/5s.
- Running high jump, handicap—D. J. O'Sullivan, Xavier A. C., 2 inches, 5ft. 5in.

TWENTY-THIRD REGIMENT, N. G. S. N. Y.

Their annual fall indoor sports, open only to members, were held November 21st, in the Regimental Armory, Bedford and Atlantic avenues, Brooklyn, L. I.

- 100-yard handicap run—Final heat, W. Dubois, Co. K, scratch, 10 3/5s.
- 220-yard run, novices—C. Brown, K, 26 1/5s.

- 220-yard handicap run—Final heat, E. Codet, K, 6 yards, 25 1/5s.
- 440-yard handicap run—E. Codet, K, 7 yards, 55 1/5s.
- 880-yard run, novices—G. A. Rollins, A, 2m. 21 4/5s.
- 880-yard handicap run—W. F. Rollins, A, scratch, 2m. 13 4/5s.
- 880-yard run, Regimental championship—W. F. Rollins, A, 2m. 14 4/5s.
- 1-mile handicap run—F. R. Coffin, A, 10 yards, 5m 9s.
- 50-yard sack race—F. D. Coffin, A, 14 1/5s.
- 50-yard potato race—A. C. Porter, H, 1m. 3 2/5s.
- 880-yard relay race—Company K, 1m. 42 4/5s.
- 250-yard hurdle race, for novices—W. Dubois, K, 31 1/5s.
- 220-yard hurdle handicap—H. F. Whitney, A, scratch, 30 4/5s.
- 880-yard handicap walk—J. H. Bogardus, F, 25 seconds, 4m. 45s.
- 440-yard bicycle exhibition—W. H. Owens, South Brooklyn Wheelmen, 34 1/5s.
- 1-mile bicycle race, novices—W. R. French, K, 2m. 48 1/5s.
- 1-mile bicycle race, children—E. A. Fiske, Jr., Brooklyn Bicycle Club, 3m. 17 3/5s.
- 2-mile bicycle handicap—E. C. Barnum, K, 20 yards, 5m. 12 1/5s.
- 2-mile bicycle race, Regimental championship—E. C. Barnum, K, 5m. 55s.
- Running high jump, handicap—A. A. Forman, K, scratch, 5ft. 8 1/4in.
- Pole vault, handicap—A. A. Forman, K, 6 inches, 9ft. 9in.
- Putting 16-lb. shot, handicap—G. Burnett, F, 5 feet, 31ft. 11 1/2in.
- Tag-of-war—Fourteenth Regiment, 1; Company D, Twenty-third Regiment, 2, by 3 inches.

TWENTY-SECOND REGIMENT, N. G. S. N. Y.

Their annual fall indoor sports were held November 25th, in the Regimental Armory, Sixty-seventh street and Boulevard, New York City. The path, marked out on the board floor, was one-tenth of a mile in circuit.

- 70-yard handicap run—Final heat, T. A. Denham, Company H, 8 feet, 7 3/5s.
- 220-yard run, novices—Final heat, A. W. Weston, I, 36 4/5s.
- 440-yard handicap run—R. Hutchison, I, 10 yards, 53 3/5s.
- Half-mile run, novices—W. J. Costello, H, 2m. 20 4/5s.
- Three-quarter mile handicap run—E. Hjertberg, E, scratch, 3m. 21 2/5s.
- 70-yards sack race—E. C. Puffer, E, 13 2/5s.
- Obstacle race, one-fifth of a mile—T. A. Denham, H, 1m. 41s.
- Relay race, four-fifths of a mile, company teams of novices in fatigue uniform—Company H, J. J. Dean, A. Hofheimer, T. E. Cassidy, and E. T. Hanlon, 3m. 28 1/5s.; Company I, 2; Company F, 3.
- 220-yard hurdle handicap—E. W. Goff, H, scratch, 27 4/5s.
- 1-mile bicycle race, novices—B. Keeler, E, 2m. 40s.
- 1-mile bicycle handicap—B. Keeler, E, 70 yards, 2m. 28s.
- 2-mile bicycle handicap—B. Keeler, E, 120 yards, 5m. 4 4/5s.

W. B. CURTIS.

SWIMMING.

KNICKERBOCKER ATHLETIC CLUB.

THE first of their series of swimming contests for members only, was held November 12th in their club-house, Forty-fifth street and Madison avenue, New York City. The bath is 100 feet in length.

- 100 yards, with 2 turns, handicap—E. S. Goldstein, 2 seconds, 1m. 16s.; S. B. French, scratch, 1m. 13 3/5s.
- 100 feet straightaway, over and under hurdles—G. Abbott, 8 seconds, 28 2/5s.
- Plunging handicap—M. Metzler, 8 feet, 32ft. 8in.

The second meeting of the series was held November 19th,

- Swimming under water, handicap—S. B. French, 65 feet, 141ft. 10in.
- 880 yards, with 26 turns, handicap—S. B. French, scratch, 15m. 1/5s.
- French's times at various intermediate points were as follows:

 - 100 yards, with 2 turns, 1m. 17 3/5s.
 - 200 yards, with 5 turns, 2m. 40s.
 - 300 yards, with 8 turns, 4m. 28s.
 - 400 yards, with 11 turns, 6m. 1 3/5s.
 - 440 yards, with 13 turns, 6m. 41s.
 - 500 yards, with 14 turns, 7m. 42s.
 - 600 yards, with 17 turns, 8m. 23 1/5s.
 - 700 yards, with 20 turns, 11m. 4 4/5s.
 - 800 yards, with 23 turns, 13m. 25s.

- French's times at 200 yards, 300 yards, 400 yards, 440 yards, 500 yards, 600 yards, 700 yards and 800 yards now become the best American amateur records.
- There were no previous American records under similar conditions at 200 yards, 600 yards, 700 yards and

800 yards, and the former records now supplanted by French's performances are as follows: 300 yards, with 8 turns, in 4m. 44s., by P. F. Dickey, New York City, March 18, 1896; 400 yards, with 9 turns, in 6m. 15s., by R. Baum, in Chicago, Ill., October 1, 1883; 440 yards, with 13 turns, in 7m. 9s., by B. A. Hart, at Wayne, Pa., August 22, 1896, and 500 yards, with 12 turns, in 8m. 20s., by W. G. Douglas, at Philadelphia, Pa., July 17, 1894.

CHICAGO, ILL., ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

Contests open only to members were held

November 27th in the club-house. The bath is sixty feet long.

80 yards, with turns, open to those who have never won a prize in a swimming competition—R. E. Beach, 1m. 4s.

80 yards, with three turns, handicap match—W. Wingley, Jr., scratch, 1m. 8 2-5s.

80 yards, with three turns, handicap—Final heat, R. E. Beach, 12 seconds, 1m. 3-5s.; G. A. Thorne, scratch, 2. Fancy diving, each man allowed three trials—H. A. Cronin, 1.

ROWING.

ROWING AT HARVARD UNIVERSITY.

THE visit of Mr. R. C. Lehman to Harvard has been pleasant and successful in every way.

He has established himself as a favorite with the students, and his suggestions are accepted and adopted promptly and earnestly. He has refitted two of the University boats with seats, slides, outriggers and thole-pins of English style, and taught the oarsmen to row with less slide, more body swing and longer stroke in the water. Two trial races have been rowed, and after the second

contest the University crew was selected, including S. Hollister and A. A. Sprague, Class of 1897; C. C. Bull, D. M. Goodrich and J. F. Perkins, Class of 1898, and J. H. Perkins, E. Boardman and C. Thomson, Class of 1899. This crew will row on the Charles River as long as weather permits, and then exercise on the rowing weights in the gymnasium until March.

Mr. Lehman sailed for home December 9, but will return next March and remain with the crew until after their annual races.

Among other English customs introduced by Mr. Lehman is that of conducting university rowing affairs openly, and it is pleasant to note

that the old-fashioned secrecy has been abandoned, and that Mr. Robert J. Cook, of Yale, was on the official boat at the recent Harvard trial races. If Mr. Lehman's visit results in no other good he will not have labored in vain.

Mr. Lehman is a wealthy gentleman and a rowing enthusiast. He will look after the Harvard oarsmen as he has coached the crews of Oxford and Leander at home, purely for love of the sport, and without recompense of any kind. These facts are now generally understood in America, and the only newspaper which slandered him in this respect has made ample though somewhat tardy apology.

CORNELL UNIVERSITY.

At their fall regatta, rowed November 10, on Cayuga Lake, the weather was pleasant, with wind from the west, and water in tolerable condition for the first half of the race, and quite rough in the final half. The race was one and five-sixteenths of a mile straightaway, in eight-oared shells, with coxswains.

Sophomores—A. Stamford (bow); T. L. Bailey, J. W. Wakeman, A. C. King, A. B. Raymond, C. M. Oddie, W. C. Dalzell, G. O. Wagner (stroke); J. E. Fisher (coxswain); a dead heat for first place in 7m. 17s.

Seniors—C. H. Smith (bow); W. B. Chriswell, H. H. Crum, F. W. Freeborn, W. M. Odell, L. Kinne, L. L. Tatum, E. O. Spillman (stroke); F. D. Colson (coxswain); a dead heat for first place.

Juniors—Ludlum (bow); Bentley, Savage, Fuller, Johnston, Jeffers, Moore, Griggs (stroke); Kuhn (coxswain); 3, by 2½ lengths.

W. B. CURTIS.

SKATING.

THE CHAMPIONSHIPS OF THE WORLD.

THE International Skating Union recently published the following official notice:

STOCKHOLM, SWEDEN.—Notice is hereby given that the championship competitions for the winter of 1896-97 have been fixed as follows:

The competition for the championship of Europe for distance skating will be arranged by the Nederlandsche Schaatsenrijdersbond, and will take place in The Hague, on January 9 and 10.

The competition for the championship of the world for distance skating will be arranged by the Amateur Skating Association of Canada, and will take place in Montreal on February 5 and 6.

The competition for the championship of the world for figure skating will be arranged by the Stockholm Allmanna Skridskoklubb, and will take place in Stockholm on February 14.

FOR THE BOARD,

V. G. BALCK, President; ALF. BERNHARDH, Secretary.

The Amateur Skating Association of Canada have accepted the management of the World's Championship Meeting, and make the following announcements:

The International Skating Union has allotted their annual world's championship meeting for 1897 to the

management of the Amateur Skating Association of Canada, and the contests will be held February 5 and 6, on the grounds of the Montreal (Q.) Amateur Athletic Association.

There will be two concentric courses averaging about 437.44 yards (400 meters) in circuit, and only two starters will be allowed in any heat. Each man will start on one course, and at a designated point change to the other, and so on, changing tracks at each circuit until the end of the race. Each path will be measured, and the starting and finishing points for each race so established that each man will skate exactly the same distance as his opponent: neither will have any advantage of track if one of the paths should be faster than the other, and fouling is impossible, as the men are never on the same path at once. Each man will be timed separately in each heat, and in the 5,000 and 10,000 meter races the prizes will be awarded in accordance with the times made by the men in their trials, so that there will be no final heats, and fast time is assured, as each man is forced to do his best because he cannot know how fast some of the other heats may be skated. In the races at 500 meters and 1,500 meters, the men making the fastest four times in their trial heat will compete in a final round of two heats, with two starters in each heat, and the prizes will be awarded in accordance with the times made in this final round.

The first day's races will be 500 meters and 10,000 meters, and for the second day 1,500 meters and 5,000 meters.

W. B. CURTIS.



PHOTOGRAPHY.



LANTERN LIMES.—Every reader of *OUT-ING* who is also a lanternist will agree with me in saying that the greatest nuisance connected with lantern exhibitions is the trouble with the limes. We get them generally in tins of a dozen, sometimes bored and sometimes not, and always packed in powdered lime, about as messy a substance as one can handle when it gets into the wrong place—the operator's hands and sleeves for instance, which it generally does just before the show begins. Sometimes the cover can be screwed off, but more frequently the tin-opener has to be employed, and in either case, but especially in the latter, the life of the remaining limes is short indeed. It may be all very well for the professional lanternist exhibiting every night and using up the limes before they are too far gone, but it comes pretty hard on the amateur and humiliating as well when he has gathered a number of friends together to see the show and opens a tin from which only one or a pair of limes had been used to find nothing but a crumbling mass of partially slaked lime.

Now what have we on this side of the water done that we should not be catered for as well as our confrères on the other side? There they get hard limes of the best quality, bored and free from lime-dust, each hermetically sealed in a glass tube so as to remain unchanged for a century if need be, for eight cents each, or to be perfectly correct, according to quotation, six limes for forty-eight cents. We would not expect to get them at that price; indeed, I have no doubt that lanternists generally would willingly pay three times as much, although they need not cost anything like that. Suitable tubes of soft glass should not cost more than fifty cents a pound, and from practical experience I know that girls can be taught to cut and close one end of such tubes at the rate of forty or fifty per hour, and to insert the limes and close the other end at about the same rate. Who will be the first of our dealers in lantern supplies to earn the everlasting gratitude of the whole fraternity by the introduction of hermetically sealed limes, both singly and in pairs?

THE ANAGLYPH.—Although the Anaglyph has been before the public since 1893, I am very much mistaken if one in a hundred of the great body of amateur photographers knows what it is or anything about it.

I have not hitherto noticed it in the *Record*, partly because, although a photographic process, or a process based on photography, the larger part of the operation is beyond the ability of the average amateur, and partly because I had my doubts as to whether, supposing he could produce an anaglyph, the dance would be worth the candle. It has, however, been at least twice before the Photographic Society of Philadelphia, and therefore the readers of the *Record* should know enough about it to take an intelligent part therein.

Briefly stated, then, an anaglyph is a single stereoscopic picture, seen stereoscopically without a stereoscope, and by a number of people at the same time. A pair of stereoscopic pictures are made in the ordinary way by a stereoscopic camera, or of larger size up to, say, 24x20 inches by two cameras side by side, or with one camera by taking one picture first, and sliding it along a suitable base-board from, say, three to nine inches, according to the size and nature of the object photographed, before taking the other. From the negatives thus produced half-tone blocks are made and printed on white paper in transparent primary colors—the one complementary to the other, and the one superimposed over the other, but not in actual register. That is, the second printing should overlap the first, but only to a very small extent, varying from only a little over nothing to, say, a quarter of an inch, depending on the size of the pictures and the manner in which they were exposed. They must be out enough to produce the stereoscopic effect, and not so much as to produce double vision.

To the naked eye the result will be a blurred picture; but when examined through two pieces of glass, simply held before the eyes, each of the same color as the inks in which the images were printed, the blurring disappears, and the picture is seen in true stereoscopic relief, solidity or roundness.

The anaglyphs produced by M. Ducos du Hauron, the inventor of the method, are printed in red for the right eye view, and blue for the left, and in looking at them the blue glass is held before the right eye and the red before the left. Instead of simply holding the pieces of glass before the eyes, it is, of course, much more convenient to have them mounted in spectacle frames, and to such an arrangement the name "anaglyphoscope" has been given.

When the anaglyph is examined by the anaglyphoscope the red image for the right eye appears black through the blue glass of the right, but is invisible through the red glass of the left eye; the blue image, in like manner, is black through the red of the left, and invisible through the blue of the right. It will be evident that success will depend largely, if not altogether, on the suitable selection of colors and tints, and that experiment only can lead to that selection.

Anaglyphic lantern slides—slides that through the anaglyphoscope will appear on the screen with stereoscopic effect—are about to be introduced. Presumably these are produced by printing on glass from the half-tone blocks;

but they may be as successfully and more easily made in the same way as the "three-color" slides already noticed, and so are quite within the ability of the intelligent amateur. All that is necessary is to make a print from each half of a stereoscopic negative, on a

transparent film, stain them respectively in suitable red and blue aniline dyes, and superimpose them on the glass plate. I need hardly add that for the satisfactory exhibition of such slides a very brilliant light is *sine qua non*.

JOHN NICOL.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

R. T. F.—We do not believe that any American agency has been placed for the skate you mention.

A. B., Baltimore.—We prefer separate solutions as giving greater latitude in developing, but the following will answer your purpose: Metol, 180 grains; hydroquinone, 60 grains; potassium bromide, 20 grains; sodium sulphite, 960 grains; potassium carbonate, 150 grains; water, 15 ounces. Put the salts into a pint bottle, fill it up with water and dissolve, applying a gentle heat if necessary.

To make a developer, add one part of the stock solution to three, four or five parts of water.

J. H. L.—The principal and first thing to secure for golf, is the use of a rather considerable range of land. It need not be the exclusive use, only the right to move over. Except in a few places, where the putting greens are, the land may remain in *statu quo*. In New York the municipality has laid out public links in Van Cortlandt Park, and at Boston, in Franklin Park, with excellent results. The next thing is to get some gentleman expert to advise you what route the several greens should follow, *i. e.*, what facilities the site naturally presents. Then, with a few days' instruction to two or three desirous of acquiring the skill, given by one of the many instructors regularly engaged, and by careful study of, say, the Badminton Book on Golf, we think you could go ahead, with every prospect of adding the most permanent, all-round and-all age sport to your outdoor amusements, with tolerable success.

Querist.—"The Liberty Bill" was a measure passed by the Legislature of the State of New York, in 1888, granting to bicycles the same rights as those accorded to other vehicles, establishing a precedent which has never been overruled in America, and has been sustained by the courts of nearly every State and Territory in the Union. Up to that time the pastime in the metropolis had been hedged about with many troublesome restrictions, chief of which was the exclusion of wheels from Central Park. The bill was passed largely through the efforts of the present Chief Consul of the Empire State, Isaac B. Potter, was signed by Governor Hill, and at a stroke established the present place of the bicycle in American law.

J. E. H., Providence, R. I.—It is very much better to have the field or athletic ground level, and have all the drainage effected by under-drains, but this cannot always be done on account of the great expense of putting in the drains and of grading the grounds, but there are many fine grounds built the other way. The track of the Montreal Amateur Athletic Association, one of the best in America, has quite a steep slope to one side. We think all the drainage must be made at the lower edge of the grounds, thus making necessary only one

drain. The Cricket and Athletic grounds at Stenton, Wayne Junction, Pa., considered one of the finest grounds in Pennsylvania, are built in the same way. The track is 1,514 feet, 8 inches in circuit, with four sharp corners, and the grounds inside the track will have a slope of four or five feet. The slope of the ground need not affect the grading of the track, and does not on these two grounds. The track on each of these grounds is exactly level throughout, being flush with the surface of the inner field on the high side of the field, and banked up the necessary four or five feet on the lower side of the field. By all means have the track exactly level, no matter what may be the grade of the grounds. It is not necessary, in order to get a level track, to bank to the full height on one side, because the grading can be averaged by putting the track, say two and one-half feet above the field on the low side, and cutting it down two and one-half feet below the field on the high side; although it would be much better to have it flush on the high side, and banked to full height on the low side, because where the track is cut down two or three feet below the level of the field, as it used to be, for instance, on the east side of the New York Athletic Club's track at Mott Haven, the contestants are partly eclipsed by the bank along that side, and it is impossible to watch them so closely as where the track is even with, or above, the level of the field.

"The Steerer".—A. A. Zimmerman, the amateur champion, did no racing during the last season, but it is possible that he may return to the path next year. He is now a professional, and as such, his career has no further place in OUTING records.

The Canadian two-mile amateur record against time, paced, is held by Harley Davidson, of Toronto, at 4:45, made at Chatham, Ont., October 18th, 1896.

The world's unpaced mile record is said to be held by C. R. Coulter at 1:59 1-2, made at Denver, Col., October 17th, 1896. This time has, however, not yet been accepted by the L. A. W. Racing Board.

The Chicago-Milwaukee road record is five hours, flat, held by A. E. Smith, of Chicago, and made in October last.

The De Soto (Missouri) Century Tandem record, over one of the most difficult courses in the country, is held by R. P. Searle and William Scarlet, of Chicago, in 7h. 49m. The record over the same course for a single bicycle is about eight hours, and is held by Herman Kohl.

"Q."—The course was a free reach to a mark up the river in mid-channel, a close reach with the river current to a mark on the Canadian shore, a reach home. On the second round the wind shifted, so that spinnakers were carried on the first leg.



Painted for OUTFIT by Albert Hencke.

(See "Striking a Tarpon," p. 470.)

THE CRITICAL MOMENT.

OUTING.

VOL. XXIX.

FEBRUARY, 1897.

No. 5.

UNDER THE SNOW.

By William Bleasdel Cameron.



IMMEDIATELY after an early dinner, we said "so long" to Old Kamoose and the squat log building he called his hotel; Suyder and The Boy climbed onto the buckboard, Jim and I into our saddles, and amid the popping of buckskin, with a preliminary "Yee-ee-yip!—yup!—yup!" and the loose horses swinging before, we clattered down the one street of old Fort McLeod in a brown veil of dust. Over the Old Man's River, the steel hoofs nipping the ice crisply in the clear air; up the tortuous hill—out onto the upland level.

Ah, the ecstasy of it! The absolute freedom! The blood tingling to every finger-tip and toe,—every sense keenly alive. Avaunt, pale, hide-bound conventionality!—nor marvel that thy thralls are ready to forsake thee forever once they have tasted of this freedom.

The day was bright and mild. Boreas had been doing his best to assert himself, but a chinook had poured its pacific breath, strong and warm, for three days through the cañons of the Rockies, and now all that was to be seen of winter were the white bundles against the willow bluffs along the river bottom and in the coulees, and the steel breast-plates over the sleeping streams.

We expected to make the hundred miles between us and Calgary in three days, or four at the most.

"No use to pack any grub," Jim had affirmed. "Stoppin'-places right along, every twenty or thirty mile. We'll make one every night, an' git lunches for noon-spells."

And as Jim was chief authority on all matters expeditionary, we deferred without protest to his superior judgment. Nevertheless, I thought it might be not unwise to provide slightly against the possible unforeseen, so accordingly, I

stowed a tin of beef and a few hard-tack in the seat-box of the buckboard.

"See them mountains now!" Jim exclaimed, with a wave of his arm to the left, as we galloped along. "Peaceable as a dozy infant. Nobody'd ever suspect they'd lay out for to bury a fellar. Yet I've seen 'em swoop down an' strike a man so stiff an' hard he'd break, like a Chinar cup, if y'u let him drop. Blizzards off'n the mountains is bad, sure bad. They're the worst," he added.

With their soft, white tops and blue shadows, their dark, pine-clad sides and nestling foothills, they certainly did look more friendly and home-like than the sea of yellow grass rolling to the horizon, with not so much as a solitary shrub in all the hollow distance. But Jim told how he and Shorty and McClay had left Maple Creek on just such another afternoon five years before to go to a Christmas dance at Fort Walsh, thirty miles off; and how he was the only one to arrive and did not dance after all. A blizzard from the mountains caught them after nightfall in the last five miles, and his companions were frozen to death and he was almost frozen.

It was a sad tale, and we rode on silently when it was ended, not noting how the hours had sped, till all at once it struck me how dark it had become, and I looked at the mountains. The sun rested just over their tops and appeared like a bloodshot eye. It was snowing up there. The wind had freshened, too, and angry gusts now and then swept across the trail. Soon the snow began to sift through the air, stinging like coarse salt.

The horses did not like it. They veered continually to the right, trying to get it behind them, so that it was hard to keep the trail, which was now uncertain in the fast thickening gloom.

"Six mile yet to the Leavin's, anyhow," Jim observed. "Reckon we've



Painted for Ouring by A. W. Van Deusen.

"A GLIMMER OF DAY STILL REMAINED." (p. 423.)

come over twenty, some. Chances if we kin make it, with these hosses shyin' the trail; we're liable to git lost. Blamed if it 'ain't gittin' a plumb blizzard," he exclaimed, as a stronger gust than any yet whipped him in the face. "Willow Crick's between us and the mountains, not more'n a mile or two away. We'll hev to try an' make it. Ther' ain't no shelter to speak of, but it's a heap better'n bare plain a night like this."

We turned from the trail and bent into the storm, driving the loose horses before. The wind blew into our nostrils, forcing our breath back so that it almost stifled us.

"'Fraid—'f I open my mouth—I'll inflate'n—sail off like—balloon," gasped Suyder. And he was not an Irishman, either. I noticed, however, that his lips were parted only just enough to let the words through.

An hour of this and we came onto the creek. It was narrow, and dipped only two feet below the level to the ice; but we had blankets. We spread some on the stream; the others we fixed on the wheels of the buckboard, which we drew between us and the wind. No wood grew near; luckily, though, we found a few poles of an ancient tepee, of which we built a small fire on the ice. The horses we hobbled and turned out, keeping only two picketed close by.

Jim's eyes lighted when the corned beef and the hard tack came out.

"Blamed if this ain't a reg'lar picnic!" he declared. By a unanimous vote, we decided that we might be a good deal worse off. We chatted, smoked and drank tea (for of course we had a kettle), while the fire lasted. Then we pulled the blankets over our heads and went to sleep—or tried to. The only drawback was that while one side was warm the other was always cold; we had to turn constantly, so that we did not sleep very much. By daybreak it had cleared, and we were on the move again. We did not return to the trail, but followed up near the creek. Yet, though we were only six miles from the Diamond Ranch at the Leavings, it was ten o'clock when we reached it.

"H—m!" drawled the cook. "Slep' out, did y'u! That's what some o' the boys come nigh doin' last night. Sure bad storm. What—nothin' but one can o' beef? Why, Jim—say! you fel-

lars must hev come straight from a grindstone with your appetites!"

We had the choice steak of the plains, canned corn, potatoes, eggs, butter, milk, coffee, fruit and pudding—a feast for princes! We reveled in the atmosphere of the shack, sitting round the ample stove, glowing with pleasant heat.

"Take a lunch along?" murmured the cook from the doorway as we saddled up again.

"Oh, no. We'll make Trollinger's before sundown; we can live till then, I should hope, after that 'tuck-in,'" I replied.

At noon we started. Fire had run in the fall, and the prairie here was black and bare, save where the storm had swept huge drifts across it, in which the buckboard often stuck. Our one broken horse, which drew it, too, was tiring. By four we had come eleven miles. Leaden clouds were piling overhead; darkness was shutting in again. The trail here curved round the end of Pine Coulee. We halted and held a council.

"We're half-way to Trollinger's, and no shelter after this. What do you think, Jim? We couldn't make it till long after dark, at best, and the sorrel's all lather," I said.

"He's about played," said The Boy.

"Looks like more snow," Jim observed, glancing at the clouds. "Yes, you're right; we'd best camp. We'll go up the coulee to the foothills; we kin find wood there, I guess—Mr. Chairman; y'u can't dig up another cache of tinned meat from under your chair, kin y'u?" he added, addressing The Boy. No; there were no more caches. Not make Trollinger's. . . . As Jim himself would have said: "That's just the way with fools who think they know it all."

Suyder had ridden, too, this afternoon, to save the sorrel. On our way up the coulee, his mount switched his tail over the rope trailing from his neck. Then something occurred, common enough to plainsmen, but decidedly novel and entertaining to a "pilgrim"—especially when in Suyder's situation. Then it is apt to occupy all his attention while it lasts.

The pony's head ducked down between his forelegs, his tail curved under his belly and his back went up like a bended bow. We thought Suyder was the arrow, and watched to see him shot.

"Hang to 'im!" shouted Jim Vue, encouragingly.

Snyder, his eyes bulging in consternation and surprise, glanced back over his shoulder; but the cayuse had let fall the offending rope and stopped.

We rolled a dry pine log down the side of the foothill, at the bottom of which we camped, and made a good fire. We smoked a little, drank more tea and talked, but not for long. We were tired, and spread our blankets on the ground where we had kicked away the snow as well as we could and went to sleep.

What time it was when I first woke, I do not know. Wolves were howling on the hills over the coulee, and it was their cries, probably, that awoke me. The blankets were over my head, and I did not move them, but turned and dropped off asleep again. I was warm and comfortable. The blankets seemed quite heavy, though I did not particularly notice it then, and I congratulated myself on our ample supply of bedding. When I next opened my eyes I was fully awake. There was no question about the abundance of the bedding now. It appeared to weigh a hundred pounds at least. I put up a hand and raised the edge of the blankets an inch or two. A shower of snow fell round my neck.

"Best not move!" said Jim, warningly. "We'll be flooded out!"

I lay quiet for another hour. The snow was melting with the heat of our bodies, and water began to filter through and wet our clothes, which of course we had not taken off. At length I could stand it no longer.

"You can lie there if you choose, Jim," I said, dragging myself out of the two-foot drift on our bed. "I prefer facing the snow to being drenched."

The others crawled out; and we all stood, somewhat disconsolate, about the fire which we rekindled. An assured hollowness made itself apparent to everybody about his middle.

"Snowflakes bigger'n flapjacks," remarked Jim, with a stretch. "That's what I'd like to see 'em turn to 'bout now."

"Or birds," suggested Snyder. "I'd try my new breech-loader on them with a will."

The flakes fell thick enough in all truth, though they were soft; the day

was not cold. The horses grazed quietly along the sides of the coulee, where the fire had not touched, pawing the snow off the grass.

About one o'clock it turned colder, and the clouds broke. We thought we might safely make a start for Trollinger's, though we should all have to ride horseback and leave the buckboard behind. A heavy team of horses could not pull it through the depth of snow that had fallen. We had only two saddles. The Boy and Jim Vue girt blankets on their horses.

When we came out on the upland, where we had left it the day before, no trace of the trail was to be seen,—nothing but a blank waste of white. We held another council.

"There's only one house—that's Trollinger's; an' there ain't no trail. It's 'leven mile, an'—if we didn't happen to hit it before dark. . . . Well, no grub y'u know. An' it gittin' chilly; an' there ain't none of us got any too dry clothes, I guess." This from Jim.

"I'll tell you what we'd better do, Jim," I said. "If we make too straight a course for where we think the ranch lies, we may not strike Mosquito Creek close enough to Trollinger's to see the buildings. Or it may be too dark before we get there, through this snow. In that case we'd not know whether to go east or west—up or down the creek. Now, our best plan is to keep far enough out to be certain Trollinger's is above us when we reach the creek. Then we can follow it up till we come to his shack."

"Good idea," assented Jim. Snyder and The Boy agreed, and we started.

The wind veered to the north and blew biting cold when we had ridden for a couple of hours, and the moisture in the air thickened to a heavy frozen mist that shut out everything fifty yards off and covered us and our horses with a white drapery. Our damp clothes rattled about our stiffened limbs like dry sticks.

At length we came upon Mosquito Creek in the fog. We saw the wisdom of adopting the course we had in keeping well out; for, indeed, we could not have seen Trollinger's shack had we been a hundred paces from it. We traveled slowly for an hour, being obliged to follow every bend of the stream so as to be sure not to miss the stopping-place, which was close beside it.

The mist blew over just before the

sun went down, and our eyes searched the horizon.

"Hurrah!" I shouted. "Trollinger's at last."

A dark spot showed far ahead. We clapped spurs to our horses and plowed forward through the drifts. . . . The stopping-place resolved itself into a cut-bank of the creek! Again a black mark on the horizon and again we pressed eagerly forward. Another cut-bank! And the depression deepened as we went on silently, famished and benumbed.

"Looks like another night in the snow," said Jim. "No fire either; that's the worst. Guess we could tough it . . . but ——" He stopped and nodded significantly at The Boy. He was young—a mere stripling—and rather delicate. His face was swollen and purplish and his eyes big and wide in the pitiless cold. I whipped off the leather coat I was wearing over a tweed one and made him put it on.

"No," I replied, "we can't stop—not yet; camping's the last thing. Trollinger's *can't* be very far, now; we'll have to go on—as long as it's safe, anyway."

"We might miss it in the dark," said Jim; which was only too true.

A glimmer of day still remained. Off to the left, a short way in advance, a small rise appeared. I spurred ahead for a good-night look. Far away toward the mountains a slight line showed on the white field, looking like a rail at that distance.

"I see another line," I said, as I rejoined my companions. "If that isn't Trollinger's, there's nothing left but to camp."

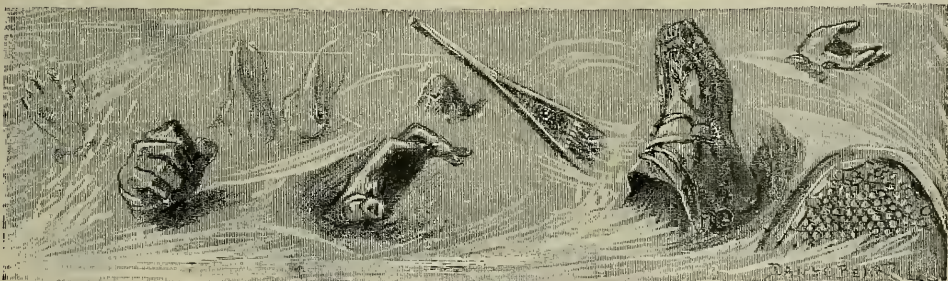
Blank darkness soon enveloped us as we rode on, stumbling into holes and through drifts, yet with a faint thrill of hope stirring in the breast of each. I was in the lead, and it must have been half an hour since any one spoke. Sud-

denly—a flash! ahead. I held my breath; my heart thumped painfully against my ribs, and my lips were parted; but I waited. My eyes were straining into the darkness. . . . *Could* it have been a light? Or was it a fantasy of the tired senses? It would not be the first time my imagination had so tricked me after dark on long and wearing prairie trips. Another flash!—bright unmistakable. I struck my horse cruelly with my big spurs, and the patient beast shot forward like a bolt, as I gave a yell of delight. The others were plunging at his heels; while directly ahead the light shone, steady, clear and yellow—the only thing visible in that blank void.

In five minutes old Trollinger was helping to pull the saddles from our reeking horses, while his Blood squaw was cooking us a supper equal to our enormous needs. The horses were carefully stabled, rubbed dry and fed; and soon we were stretched on the earth floor of our rude refuge, to forget in sleep the perils we had passed through. The wind shook the small hut fiercely through the night, and howled furiously about its notched corners, like a demon balked of its prey.

"If this roof was to drop in on us, that snow-bank'd be feathers to it," murmured Jim, drowsily, from the borderland of consciousness.

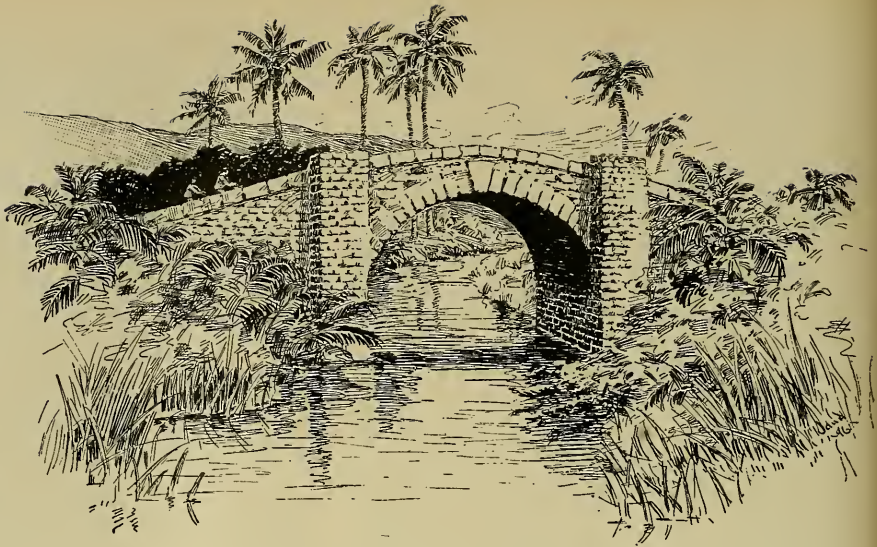
I thought of Shorty and McClay, and I felt as, perhaps, never before, how much we owed to the loving Father, whose watchful care had guided us in safety to that tiny pile of logs, the only shelter in all the wide, white waste surrounding us. Then, before I sank into slumber, I leant over The Boy, who lay beside me with his face toward me. He was sleeping peacefully, and I kissed him softly on the forehead. He was my brother.



THE WHEEL IN CUBA.

By

C. P. Sweeney.



DAY by day the bicycle stretches itself farther beyond the picket lines of civilization; slips silently into the remotest places of the earth and noiselessly fades away before the optics of up-the-creek natives. Yet at the very doors of the United States, only ninety miles from Florida, lies beautiful tropical Cuba, rich in nature's handiwork, teeming with the interesting and strangely picturesque, thoroughly foreign in customs, language and architecture; and it has never yet seen the touring cyclist, although tourists visit it by hundreds. Possibly it is considered too torrid; more probably its wheeling facilities are unknown. I speak, from personal experience as a cyclist in Cuba, only of the vicinity of Havana, and I can assure my fellow cyclists that there is no danger from the heat and but little discomfort. Of course high summer is somewhat unfavorable to the cyclist of Northern blood; but with the advent of cooler breezes, roads that have never felt the frost open wide arms of welcome to the wheel. I had been in Cuba nearly a year before my wheeling proclivity arose and demanded satisfaction. To be sure there were no signs of wheels nor of wheelmen, but that signified nothing in a country so far behind the times as Cuba; it even put a slight spice of adventure into the undertaking. In the broiling sun of July my safety arrived from "the States," and after explaining to customs and other government officials that it was not to be used to further a revolution, I took

it ashore and wheeled it up the street attended by a guard of Cuban juvenility, curious and extremely critical. Thus did the bicycle invade the Queen of the Antilles. Now in this hitherto wheelless region of the earth the palm catches the glint of the nickel, and astonished roads are kissed by the flying rubber.

Shortly afterward my chum's wheel arrived and "*los Americanos*" were ready for explorations in pastures new as well as caloric. "*Las cinco, caballeros,*" cried Don Manuel through our open but jail-like, iron-barred window; five o'clock it was, sure enough. We were soon up and out with our "bikes" for a short, early spin.

Our start was made from Guanabacoa, a town of 15,000 people, situated upon the hills three miles east of Havana, than which place it is even more ancient, the Spaniards having found an Indian settlement existing when they arrived about the year 1510. It is built in the ever unchanging style of Spain: stone houses that are rarely more than one story in height, large and iron-barred windows without a pane of glass, massive doors with old brass knockers, and keys that weigh a pound; red-tiled and chimneyless roofs, for there is not a stove in all the town; many of the dingy, weather-beaten walls give lodgment to an apparently flourishing truck garden; houses that still contend for respectability are painted or washed white or yellow, with red or blue decorations. Guanabacoa, thirty years ago the fashionable suburb of Havana, is

now in rack and ruin, overrun with goats, decrepit dogs and ragged negroes, and is largely inhabited by the poorer class. Its streets, naturally of a rocky formation, are, of course, narrow, and in common with most Cuban towns, if paved at all, are paved in a manner that would shock a New England pasture; but the picturesque attractions they afford are worth the jolting discomfort.

We shortly made our way through town and headed due east to the beautiful macadam road, called "*la calzada*," or "*la carretera*." When these are spoken of the wheelmen may expect "a thing of beauty." Generally speaking, the *calzada* is excellence in the art of road-making; it is built and kept in repair by the government as a military road. One will often encounter workmen repairing it while upon a near-by bush hang their belts and carbines.

In the vicinity of Havana the *calzada* stretches its hard, smooth and rounded surface away in five different directions, in league after league of windings, through a beautiful and scenic land of surpassing strangeness. The only fault of the *calzada* is, that being largely composed of limestone, it is a bit white and glary upon a bright day; of dust it has little or none, and its mud need never stop one, even after the heaviest rain. Altogether the *calzada* is the wheelman's delight and the surprise of the foreigner in Cuba. Every route out of Havana is correctly measured off, and neat granite posts by the roadside give the number of kilometers, distances always based from the city limits of Havana; Guanabacoa shows kilometers 9.

The sun peeped above the horizon as we went skimming along the height of land well out in the country. How beautiful the early morning wheel was, what a delight in this land of mid-day heat to fly through its dewy freshness, and drink in its cooling air! The great spines of the *magüey* or century plant, which here attains an enormous size, glistened with the dew; the hedges of cactus and *piña raton* (rat pineapple) flew past us, a procession of quiet color, enlivened here and there by some bright flower; great spider webs looked like silver wires, the cane fields sparkled in a brilliant green. To our left was the valley of the Cojimar River dotted with palm and wide-spreading banyan, and

here and there a thatched hut; across the valley, at a distance of five miles, and parallel to the eastern course we were making, loomed up the coast range of hills beautiful in rich contrast of light and shadow. Now came that joy of the cyclist, a coast—down it we streaked side by side. At the foot of the hill we encountered a bridge spanning thirty feet of creek. The bridge is of solid masonry arching, twenty feet above the water; its sides are black with the long years, and the tops of its walls along the roadway are crumbling away. The hands that placed those stones, and they were probably the hands of slaves, are long since dust. All up and down the stream is a forest of towering palm, waving rush and bamboo.

Onward we pedaled up a sharp incline and over some rolling country. At kilometers 14 we emerged suddenly upon a hill-top; below was a valley now showing a bit gray with the mists of early morn, and at the foot of the hill was a glimpse of red-tiled roofs showing dimly through an earth-hugging veil of smoke; it was the village of Bacuranao. The smoke arose from the fires for the early morning coffee, which every Cuban must have to the exclusion of all else, unless, perhaps, it be his cigarette.

The people are hardly awake as we flash down the grade through the town with our feet up; they lazily rub their eyes and say "*Ave Maria*." The village, consisting of some thirty houses, straggles along upon both sides of the *calzada*; the last house is a *bodega*, a sort of a general store common to the island, and extremely uncommon elsewhere. At its grimy portals we dismounted and were saluted with a doubtful "*Buenos días*" by the proprietor, who, clad in undershirt and trousers and with the usual "*flor de Cuba*" in his mouth, at once put his eyes out on semaphores and critically scanned the outfit. "*Podemos tomar café, señor?*" (Can we take coffee?) we ask. In a great puff of smoke comes back the answer, "*Sí, señores*," and away he scuffles to the back, shortly reappearing with two steaming cups of coffee, and such ambrosial coffee as they make only in Cuba. A ten-cent bit pays for our refreshment, and we once more mount. The road continually rose, winding around through the hills for two

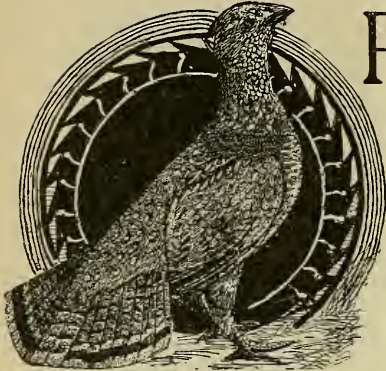
kilometers to Gallega, a small hamlet of fifteen houses.

At Gallega we were the center of the inevitable mob of curious natives always to be found around the *bodega* or *café*. After a short stop we lit our cigars and started upon the return trip, with the sun of the tropics, now well up, beating square upon our backs; but, as we had often met old Sol before on many a hard and all-day drive, and as there

was a good deal of sliding down hill on the way back, we experienced no discomfort whatever. Sunstroke is unknown in Cuba; so, while summer wheeling is, at times, perspiring work, there is no danger, and the pleasure more than balances the tanning. The wheel in Cuba has a great future in a fair field so soon as the present troubles are happily over, and peace once more smiles on the Pearl of the Antilles.

GROUSE-SHOOTING IN THE SNOW.

By R. B. Buckingham.



FOR hours and even days preceding the coming of the snow, all nature gives unmistakable warnings of the approach of this great transformation. The sky assumes

a look of sullen determination, appearing as though drawn down at its four corners like a vast curtain, and is of a dull, leaden color; the wind strives to breathe its ominous secret to the leafless trees; and the very air seems heavy with a strange foreboding.

An expectant hush is over all, more meaningful than the loudest tumult. Such feathered denizens of the wood as have dared to remain until now, seem awaiting with anxiety the outcome of this brooding silence. The cheery note of the chickadee is stilled; the usually noisy jay sits on a dead limb, eyeing askance the threatening sky; the piratical hawk no longer sails over the wood, but seeks the shelter of a giant spruce; even the busy gossips of the woodlands, the froward crows, have retired to the feathery tufts of the pines.

A tiny flake floats down, drifting hither and thither before it finally alights. It is followed by another and another, and presently, as though at a

preconcerted signal, the air is filled with an innumerable host of flying particles, as if springing from myriads of hidden ambushes, concealing the very landscape from view, and muffling and deadening every sound with the multitude of their presence.

What a strange phenomenon suddenly takes place! The familiar woodways, even the road and the village street, are blotted out of existence. No difference is to be seen now between the shaven lawn and the abandoned waste. Everywhere is a spotless, unsullied plain, bearing no trace of the presence of man. His grain fields, his meadows, his highways, even his footsteps as he goes, are snatched away in a twinkling. Nature seems disputing with him once more the right of supremacy in her domains.

The day of the arrival of the snow is a day of greatest interest with me. With each returning year, I note its approach and eagerly await its advent. More and more pronounced become the premonitions of its coming, until, at length, earth and air and sky unite in heralding that it is at hand.

Let others, on that day, lounge in their parlors or offices or hang over their stoves; I hie me afield. I don my warmest woolen clothing, and over all my dog-skin jacket; then, with my cap, with its broad visor to keep the inquisitive flakes out of my eyes, my canvas leggings and my thick buckskin gloves, I stroll abroad to enjoy this day of unwonted sights and experiences.

Before the sun is an hour high I am away, for I have a hard day's work be-

fore me. Ruby and Rufus, my two red Irish setters, leap and prance about me in ecstasies of delight, for they know as well as I what the day has in store.

Up over the hill and down to the edge of the pine woods I go, noting, on the way, how low the clouds hang and how thick they are, entirely concealing from me the whereabouts of the sun.

Surely they have, in their capacious store-houses, heaps upon heaps of glistening snowflakes, the harvest of this period of the year, which they will, ere long, scatter with unstinted hand. Although not a flake has fallen as yet, I can fairly smell the snow in the air as I breathe it, and know that it will be descending ere many hours have passed.

Once fairly in the woods, I lower my much-prized breech-loader from my shoulder and insert the shells into the shining tubes, not without glancing through them in pride at their polished condition.

As I walk leisurely along over the brown forest floor, Ruby and Rufus depart to right and left, lifting their heads in high spirit and sniffing with eager breath the snow-scented air. I hear them pushing through the underbrush, or their feet pattering in the leaves as they go, and so am able at any time to determine their locality.

How slowly and cautiously they work along! They are no tyros, but have been, often and often, on the trail of the grouse. They know that he is ever a wily fellow, but especially so at this time of the year, and that, to discover his hiding-place without alarming him, they must exercise the utmost caution.

Meanwhile I advance into the very heart of the pine woods, following the course of a small gully. It is a weird place, indeed. The pines close me in, overhead and on every side. My vision is limited to a range of a few rods by the dull tangle of dead limbs about me, to the canopy of green above and the soft carpet beneath my feet. In the dim light I see my faithful companions quartering back and forth, examining every promising spot and every clump of bush.

Presently Rufus becomes all excitement. He draws cautiously up towards a clump of scrub hemlock, and stiffens into a point. His body is rigid and his starting eyes betray his anxiety of mind. Ruby sees him and backs his point,

turning herself almost double in doing so. What a sight!

With silent steps I approach, my gun thrown forward at ready. Rufus can stand the strain no longer. He hears me coming in spite of my caution; he knows that I am close at hand, and rushes in.

A roar of wings follows, and I see the bird dashing ahead of me through the dead branches, fanning them right and left with the strength of his flight. I cover him fairly and press the trigger. Through the thin volume of smoke before me I can dimly see a cloud of feathers floating down. Smoke, did I say? That is not smoke, for it is behind me as well as before me, and on every side! It is the snow, and the storm has already begun.

Rufus brings me the bird, and as I consign it to the game-bag, I exclaim: "Aha, my fine fellow, you were going to weather the storm in those thick hemlocks, were you? An excellent place, I assure you! And once safely housed in there, you hated to get out and seek a shelter elsewhere, didn't you? I knew that this day of all days you would lie well to a point, and so you did!"

The snow is falling fast now, sifting down upon me in spite of the outstretching arms of the friendly pines. They catch it by the armful and toss it back into the wind again, but still there is more to spare, and it drops beneath in a fine powder. It is the spray of this great swirling ocean of snow breaking upon the strand of the tree-tops.

I make my way to the farther edge of the woods, and peer out into the storm. I know that half a mile beyond is another dense growth of pines; a myriad of ancient veterans standing shoulder to shoulder, but the storm is raging so without that I am barely able to discern the dim outline of this phalanx of giants.

I stand for some time watching the sublime display of Nature before I turn to retire. As I am about to depart I stumble over a heap of brush, and in doing so startle a grouse seated in a hemlock near-by.

He dashes out into the storm for a moment, and then back into the woods again. I throw up my gun and endeavor to shoot, but I am taken unaware and am at a disadvantage, for I must turn partly around, and my shot proves unsuccessful.

The opposite wood catches up the report of the gun and hurls it back to me through the snow, exactly like a loud shout of derision. Ruby rushes in and dashes back and forth with nose close to the ground, searching for the dead bird. "No need, Ruby; hie on. I have made a miss!"

I return to the depths of the woods again. It is as though I was walking through the numberless corridors and courts and ante-chambers of a huge palace with vaulted roof and marble floors. The wind sighs and moans in the tree-tops above, but all is perfectly quiet here beneath. The snow whirls about in clouds without, but very little of it reaches me. As I stroll along, munching my lunch as I go, I am warm and comfortable. The exercise and zest of the hunt are just keen enough to keep my system in a genial glow, and the wind has no chance to chill me here.

I descend into the deepest, darkest, and most sheltered gullies, for I know that I shall find the life of the forest there before me. Look, quick! down that long, irregular aisle leading into the tiny ravine below. Do you not see some animal stealthily prowling along there, crouching almost to the ground?

It is a fox. This is a gala day for him as well as me. Sly fellow! He knows that he may safely go abroad at such a time as this. He knows that now, mankind, his dreaded enemy, is confined to the house and the narrow street, like the moose in their yard. I wot not but that he thinks it is already night, too, it has become so dark.

He is far out of range, and I can only watch with interest his guarded step and agile movements. Suddenly, without ever turning to look in my direction, he becomes aware of my presence, and scampers noiselessly away, like a huge dried leaf borne along on the wings of a whirlwind.

And now I find what of interest there was for him in this ravine. A little farther on I come upon the tracks of grouse, already half covered by the fine snow. All tracks are fresh on such a day as this, and I conclude the trim feet that made these cannot be far away.

I do not advance to endeavor to find them for myself and so spoil my sport at the outset, but wait until my companions' return, who know better than I how next to proceed. I submit this

newly discovered evidence to their critical inspection. They consider it and weigh it well, subject to what rules of admission and exclusion only they can tell, and as a result, two more birds are brought to bag.

The course of the ravine leads me at length to the shore of the lake, or rather, to a dark, well-nigh impenetrable swamp or lagoon lying between me and the high sand beach beyond.

As I peer into the forbidding depths of this unexpected barrier, I reason that it would be folly indeed to attempt to cross the treacherous morass; but even at that moment a sound is borne to my ears, above the distant roar of the breakers on the beach, that fills me with keenest excitement—the well-known and unmistakable honking of geese, directly ahead of me.

Instantly my irresolution is forgotten. My gun is quickly loaded with heavy shot, and slung over my shoulder with a bit of stout cord, and I am plunging through the half-frozen bog, now clinging to a limb, now leaping from mound to mound, or creeping along the trunk of a prostrate tree.

At last I reach the beach, and gaze out over the tossing water. I cannot see far, for the descending snow is precisely like a dense fog-bank, stretching about on every side. In the calm water inside a narrow tongue of sand, I see the geese, not more than forty yards from me. Their flight has been stopped by the snow, and they are waiting here for the heavens to clear.

With a bound I rush down towards them, lifting my gun as I go. Almost before they have time to rise on their clumsy flight I am within twenty yards of them, and, selecting the nearest, give him both barrels in quick succession.

Retiring to the shelter of the woods again, with my prize, I turn my face homeward, for the short winter day is almost spent. On the way back, I run upon a whole conclave of grouse in the deep valley under the hill, and thereby materially increase the weight of my game-bag. Never after the day of the scattering of the broods in the early fall have I known these birds to thus congregate, except on these snow-laden days. Is it to discuss plans for the winter, I wonder?

As I pass along the village streets, wholesomely weary and hungry, the

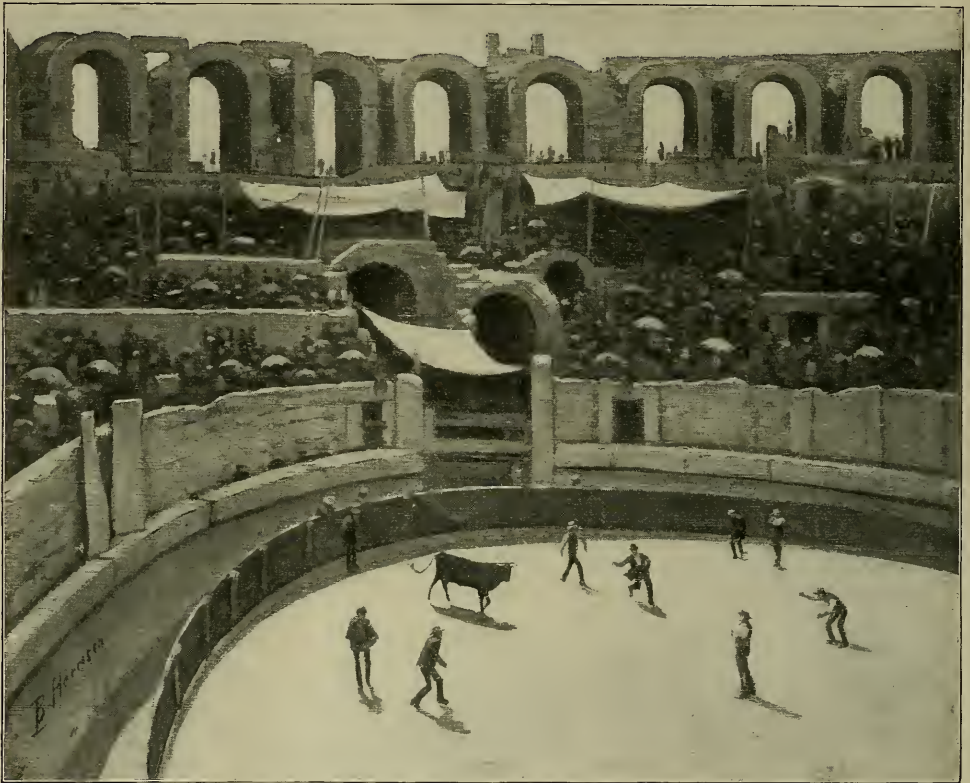


Painted for OUTING by Hermann Simon.

PLEASURE DIVIDED IS DOUBLED.

inmates of the houses stare out at me, wondering what could have taken me abroad on such a day. Every sports-

man knows (would that all others knew, too!) what a pleasure it is to be afield in the snow.



THRO' THE LAND OF THE MARSEILLAISE.

By Birge Harrison.

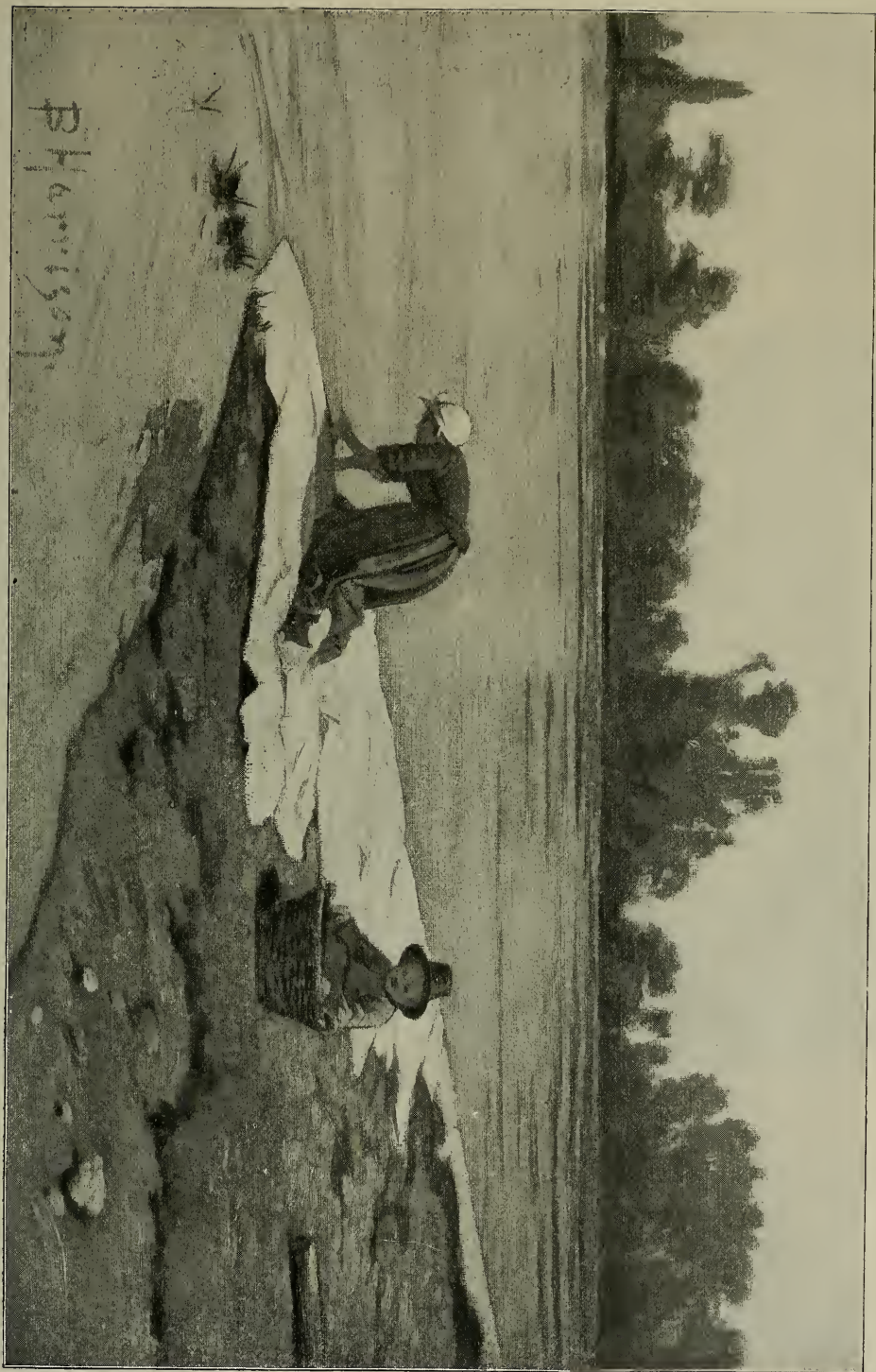
(Continued from January.)

THE recollection of our recent experience at the Auberge de l'Assassin was still strong upon us.

There was no rival house of entertainment in Les Pennes; so, exchanging a glance of humorous despair, F—— and I submitted to the inevitable and postponed our ablutions. While dinner was preparing, however, we sought out the local barber, and were fortunate enough to find in him a man of culture and travel, who had no prejudice against personal cleanliness, even at nightfall. He had served his apprenticeship at Marseilles,

was a talkative little man, and was evidently overjoyed to converse once more with a stranger from the outside world.

Returning to the Maison Chevillon, we found spread for us a table of spotless whiteness, upon which was presently served a dinner so complete and excellent in all its appointments as to make some amends for our past trials, and put us once more upon good terms with ourselves and the world at large. Pea soup, omelet, ragout of kid, macaroni, cheese, and a delicious salad of tarragon and lettuce. Goat cheese and



Painted by the Author.

A RIPARIAN RIGHT ON THE RHONE.

black coffee completed the repast, and there was a bottle of good wine with which to wash it all down. Could anything have been better, even at a first-class Parisian restaurant? Quite certain it is that the appetites which lent it gusto could not have been acquired anywhere within a league of the capital. Of our accommodation for the night, perhaps the least said the better; but in the morning we enjoyed copious and wholesome ablutions upon an elevated terrace, overlooking the blue sea of

centimes, or exactly sixty-eight cents, for dinner, breakfast, and a night's lodging for ourselves and our steed.

We were on foot again by eight o'clock. The air was brisk and lively; the white roads gleamed in the sunshine, and Les Pennes with its ruined castle made a fine, dark silhouette against the eastern sky. The landscape in advance of us was sharp, bare, savage and intensely satisfying. On the left stretched the limitless *étang*, whipped blue by the mistral; on the right rose



IN THE GLOAMING.

Berre, from whence the view was inexpressibly glorious and exhilarating. Here we had our coffee served us, and the bill which followed was the most remarkable document of its kind which twenty years of pretty constant travel had thrown in my way. Its items covered a sheet and a half of note-paper; even the bread and the butter served at each meal were separately noted. Its total footed up to the astonishing sum of three francs and forty

an escarpment of white cliffs reaching away in endless perspective; between lay a vast, sandy plain, bespotted here and there with small, white fishing villages and occasional dark patches of verdure. A land of whiteness and lightness; a land of infinite charm and beauty to the artist, but of meager enough attractions, I should fancy, to the thrifty agriculturist. Man lives not by olives alone, yet during all that day we saw nothing in the way of culture,



ONE OF OUR CHEERFUL LANDLORDS.

save a few wretched specimens of the olive species. The peasants whom we passed by the way, however, seemed well fed and contented enough. The secret of this we discovered later in the day. It lay in the various remunerative little trades and handicrafts which they followed. One village for instance was given over to the manufacture of eel-pots and fish-traps, which the inhabitants braided out of the stiff wild grass of the neighboring moors. Another was wholly occupied with the turning of pipes and other smokers' articles from the tough roots of gorse and briars. In still another they knitted jerseys for the fishermen of the *étang*, and in a fourth, which announced itself long before our arrival by a formidable pounding and hammering, we found a vast cooping shop, wherein were

shaped the casks and barrels which were to contain the season's wine and oil and salted fish. These peasants were a handsome race, with clear-cut features and large dark eyes, and more than once we fancied a distinct resemblance to the head upon some old Roman coin. But this was wholly a surface matter, for all that now remains of the Roman occupation of Provence are a few stupendous ruins and the wraith of a facial resemblance. These mild-mannered peasants approach about as near to the fierce and sturdy legionaries as does the tame house-tabby to his royal congener of the Indian jungle.

We were somewhat surprised, in view of the apparent agricultural destitution of the country, to come every now and then upon one of those vast Southern farmhouses which, with its various offices, oil-mills, wine-presses, threshing-floors, packing-houses and pigeoniers, are known in Provence by the general term of a *masse*.

Each of these old mansions was built with the intention of sheltering at least a dozen families; and they remain to-day the last stronghold of the true patriarchal existence, as it is depicted in the Bible. They are practical phalansteries, where three or four generations live together under the same roof in harmonious intercourse. The keystone of the domestic structure is the grandfather—"the ancient," as he is affectionately called—a spoiled and petted potentate, who is revered by old and young alike, and who is treated by all with equal love and tenderness. One of the most talented sons of this Southern soil, Alphonse Daudet, in his "Lettres de Mon Moulin," gives a very pleasant description of the simple and admirable life which is still led in some of these Provençal houses, where the family idea appears to have reached its highest and most perfect development.

But how came these noble mansions to be built in the midst of this parched and inhospitable desert; and being built, how came they to be deserted again, as they now are almost without exception? One after another we saw them with their broken windows staring pathetically out upon white, neglected fields, their parched shutters banging idly in the mistral. The answer to this is very simple: the phylloxera. Fifteen

years ago the arid plains, now given over to briars and wild sage, were covered with flourishing vineyards. Then came the terrible vine-pest, and on its heels came ruin. The original proprietors, discouraged and disheartened, crossed the seas to Algeria or the Argentine, in the hope of retrieving broken fortunes; and the scant harvest of olives that still remains is gathered in by tenant-farmers.

We invaded one of these abandoned houses, and notwithstanding a certain foreknowledge of the comfortable conditions of existence formerly maintained within their walls, we were surprised by the luxury of its appointments. We were hardly prepared for floors of particolored marbles, and lofty apartments frescoed with allegorical figures and graceful panels of flowers, fruits and cereals. In the rear of the house was a great, old-fashioned garden, wherein we found marble fountains still plashing water, graceful balustrades and long box-alleys which spoke of much former care and attention. The whole neglected area was filled with the sweet fragrance of lilacs and climbing convolvulus. It was a pathetic picture which left upon the mind a keen sense of the mutability of human affairs.

The mistral had increased in violence all day long, and towards evening it developed into a shrieking tornado that tore at our clothing and beat us back as with invisible hands. We had long ceased to enjoy its exhilaration, and now battled against it in a stubborn and half-dazed condition, intent only upon reaching the city of Berre before nightfall. The last mile or two we fought as it were by inches, and when at last we gained the shelter of the old city walls, F—— turned with tears of rage in his eyes and shook a defiant fist at the enemy. But it had a final go at us, nevertheless, round street-corners and under arches, and when we drew up before the Hôtel du Luxembourg, it was piping so loud that a vigorous application to the door-knocker did not at first bring any response. When the hostess finally appeared, we saw a large, gentle, motherly woman, whose kindly and genial welcome atoned in no small degree for our inhospitable reception of the day before.

Berre is a strange wind-blown little city—we explored it in the gathering

dusk—remarkable for an architecture of singular solidity and compactness, as became the capital city of the defunct republic. Many of its houses have deeply carved mullions and ornamental doorways; and a fine old church oozed antiquity at every pore and mossy joint. Upon one side the city faces the Sea of Berre, but on all others it is hedged in by great salt-marshes, which stretch away interminably; desolate enough they appeared in the windy twilight.

As we made our way back to the hotel, we crossed a square, more than half of whose available space was usurped by a grove of stunted limes, whose ranks were so close and serried that a grown man could scarcely squeeze between them—evidently thus planted as a protection against the constant onslaughts of the mistral. Oh, windy Berre! here was the very mark and countersign of your tempestuous climate, stamped with the municipal seal!

The Hôtel du Luxembourg did not in all respects maintain the metropolitan pretensions set forth and suggested by its imposing title. Here, it is true, as at the Maison Chevillon, we were served a repast which was in all respects above reproach; but the sleeping accommodations appealed to us so little, that, under pretext of necessary attentions to St. Martin, we escaped to the stable, and there upon the fresh sweet hay we spent the night. The haymow, although an airy couch, proved by no means uncomfortable, and we rose at dawn thoroughly refreshed. The mistral had blown itself out in the night; the air was sweet and balmy once more. A cup of coffee, to which were added delicious bread and butter, and the freshest eggs from the barn-yard, sent us off once more in a most cheerful and buoyant frame of mind. And I may as well say right here, that from this time forth until the expedition reached its term a fortnight later, we encountered nothing but smiling landlords and fair to good accommodation. It is my experience that the wandering pedestrian or bicyclist in France need never fear for his digestion. The sleeping accommodations may be, and often will be—well, questionable—but in nine cases out of ten, even in the smallest and least pretentious of inns, the fare provided will be both wholesome and palatable. Outside of a certain class of shady Parisian res-

taurants, I know of no part of France where the culinary art is not thoroughly understood and well performed.

I find in my note-book no record of the next day's journeying, but I know that we wandered all day long through groves of towering almonds, and that at nightfall we arrived at the large and bustling town of St. Chamas. Here we found once more the railway, our port-manteaus, letters, and a civilized hotel. How dependent upon these conveniences modern man has become, we learned by the intense pleasure they afforded us.

Only one who has passed two such days and nights as we had just come through can fully appreciate the luxury and delight of cut glass and silver, noiseless servants, lace curtains, a bath and spotless linen. We were so fatigued that we retired immediately after dinner, and before eight o'clock were sound asleep in beds of immaculate whiteness, under canopies of lace that hovered above us like the shadows of angels' wings.

We had been lost to consciousness for, perhaps, half an hour, when I was awakened by a sudden and violent pandemonium, which, as I came to my senses, resolved itself into a crash of instrumental music, accompanied by a powerful operatic chorus.

The uproar was far too startling and realistic to be mistaken for any dream, and for one stupid moment I fancied I must have fallen asleep in the side-scenes of a theater. And, in very fact, this came near to being the truth; for when I reached the open window, as I did with a bound, I discovered that this opening, instead of giving upon the street or an interior courtyard, as might have been expected, looked down upon the flies of a country playhouse, where the opening chorus of the "Cloches de Corneville" was just in full swing.

As sleep again was evidently out of the question until the performance was over, I dressed summarily, descended to the front entrance, paid my fifty centimes admission and disposed myself to see the affair out to the end, prepared not unnaturally, I think, to extract a certain amount of amusement, if not of entertainment, from the performance. But my complacent superiority proved to be entirely uncalled

for. I came to smile, but remained to admire. The voices, if not remarkable, were at least well handled; and the acting was excellent throughout—far superior to much that is commonly seen in many a pretentious theater of New York or London. Such a performance, indeed, could have been witnessed in no country theater outside of the boundary of this artistic land of France. The piece, of course, was not wholly devoid of comical incident; the bare hand and arm, for instance, that was thrust from behind the curtain at the beginning of every act, violently agitating a large dinner-bell to announce the rise of the curtain; the three energetic supernumeraries, also, who personated a stage-crowd by appearing and disappearing expeditiously through as many exits and entrances as the stage afforded, and the one shabby shift which was made to represent successively a market-place in Corneville, a room in the town hall and a scene upon the cliffs. Yet the piece was rattled through with such swing and *abandon*, such admirable verve and go, as to be entertaining in spite of these defects, and not because of them.

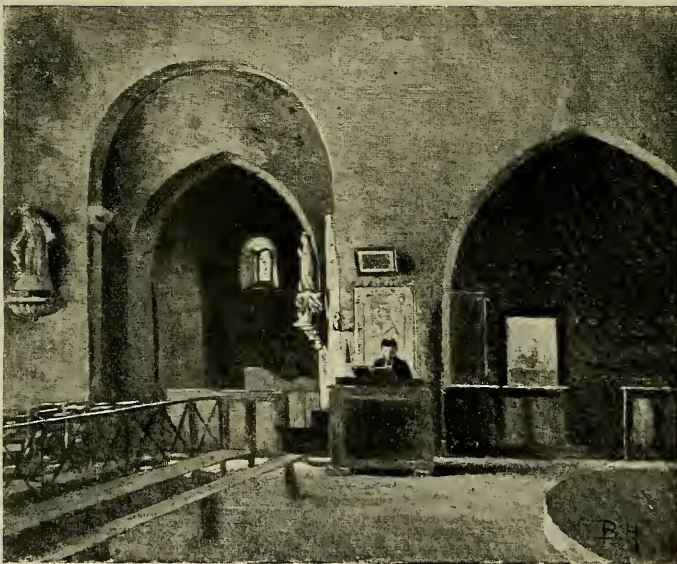
That which has lifted St. Chamas out of its sleep of centuries and made it the bustling and lively commercial center which it is to-day, is the great government melinite factory, which lies tangled in a network of ponds and canals by the shore of the lake. The approaches to this sleeping volcano are guarded with the most jealous care, and the authorities of St. Chamas regard with chronic distrust the loitering stranger within her walls. If the said stranger chances to speak with a foreign accent, and, more especially, if he chances to make sketches, he would do well to avoid the vicinity of the "poudrière." This we had very nearly learned to our cost, and in the following manner: On the second day of our stay (we spent three days in St. Chamas) we had just returned from a little sketching tour, when we received a call from the local gendarmerie, represented by a magnificently caparisoned brigadier and two fierce-looking corporals. The chief of this rather formidable trio invited us politely, but peremptorily, to exhibit our "papers." Now every Frenchman carries his "papers," even a French rogue. To the official mind,

with its passion for red tape and routine, a man who is not thus ticketed and described and accounted for is no man at all, but only a wandering atom or outcast to be thrown into jail at will and kept there until his antecedents can be looked up and "papers" of some kind supplied to him. I felt, therefore, the fatal weakness of my position, when I explained to my gorgeous interlocutor, that in the great republic of America, from whence I came, papers were an absolutely unknown quantity. Under any other circumstances it might have been entertaining to observe the scornful incredulity with which this statement was received. But the French gendarme has power to arrest and imprison without a warrant, and is quick to exercise his prerogative in certain cases, more especially when he thinks that the suspect comes from over the Rhine. Now, when the said suspect is a foreigner, this is very apt to be the case, for to the ears of the country gendarme any foreign accent resounds with a Teutonic twang. Having no desire to pass a week or more in the damp seclusion of a country prison, in the character of a German spy, I confess that I did not at the moment fully appreciate the latent humor of the situation.

Just as the affair was beginning to wear a serious aspect, it occurred to me

that I carried in my pocketbook a bit of pasteboard that might perchance help us out of the scrape. This was my entrance card to the late Paris Exposition. It stated succinctly my name, my profession, my age and my nationality; moreover, it was French, it was official, and it bore the signature and the seal of the all-powerful Minister of the Interior, dread chief and commander over all the gendarmes of France. Nothing could have been better; the stern official at once subsided into the courteous and graceful Frenchman, and before his departure we even shared together a bottle of wine, to the lasting friendship of the two greatest republics in the world.

The presence of the "poudrière" has done very much for St. Chamus. Owing to the perilous nature of their occupation, its hundreds of operatives receive exceptional wages, which they dispense in high and generous living. The excuse for this wholly un-French improvidence is not only good—it is unanswerable; for the pernicious fumes given forth in the manufacture of melinite are so deleterious to health that three years in the "poudrière" is said to be equivalent to a sentence of death; and where life is sure to be short there certainly is every temptation to make it as merry as possible. This insecure tenure of life seems to have filled the town with a reckless and febrile sort of gayety, which has



THE CHURCH AT LES BAUX.

made it the prize station of all the wandering circuses, merry-go-rounds and dramatic troupes that tour the French provinces. More than half the male inhabitants are employed at the "poudrière," and although some few of them have the prudence to retire at the end of one or two years, the great majority accept with fatal aplomb the consequences of their deadly calling.

When we first came into the place it was as if we had entered a plague-stricken city—a town given over to some new and awful form of deadly epidemic; for the makers of melinite are dyed all over a ghastly, golden-yellow. Their cuticle, their hair, their clothing, and even the very whites of their eyes partake of the same extraordinary saffron tint. When we saw these strange creatures making merry

at a public ball one evening, dancing and clinking glasses, smirking and clapping hands in uncanny mirth, it was as if the patients of a jaundice hospital had risen from their beds to join in some grotesque and fantastic saturnalia.

I had almost forgotten to mention two very perfect Roman arches which enoble the entrance to the town. This would hardly have been fair to St. Chamas, for, after the "poudrière," these two lovely arches are the chief pride of the inhabitants. Yet here the St. Chamasians are at fault, for did they but know it they have a third and more illustrious claim to distinction, a claim which crowns their little municipality queen of all French provincial cities—and this is the surprising beauty of their women.

(To be Continued.)

HORN AND HOUND IN

GRANDE CHÊNIERE, LOUISIANA.

By Andrews Wilkinson.



tation huntsman. During his involuntary bondage he had endured no heavier tasks than were allotted to a hound-master, gamekeeper, and venison provider of the old régime.

Though grizzled with advancing age by thirty years of freedom, and blackened and warped by the winds and suns of half a hundred hunting seasons, he still remained guardian, trainer, and master of our general neighborhood pack of deerhounds.

Our place of assembly was on the northwestern edge of the Grand Chêniere of the "Lower Coast," and our leading purpose to hunt the gallant bucks of that great, live-oak forest of Louisiana.

WE were seven, counting for the luck of odd numbers, Jean Baptiste, our colored "master of the hounds." Three of us hunters were Creoles from the large rice fields of the Louisiana "Lower Coast." Three were, in the local vernacular, "Americans" from the neighboring sugar plantations, and Jean Baptiste was a born subject of one of the same sugar estates, where he had been brought up as a plan-

Our opening hunt began as usual at sunrise. We six hunters were on horseback, while Jean Baptiste drove a large hunting-wagon, of which the ample body behind held the hounds, and the roomy lockers in front contained the cooked rations, wet groceries and ice deemed indispensable for an all-day hunting campaign.

Chêniere, derived from the French *chêne*, for oak, is a general name given by the Louisiana Creoles to any large

grove or extensive wood of live-oaks. The grand Chêniere of the Hermitage, which is the combined Creole and American title for our hunting-ground, begins on the west bank of the Mississippi River, at a point forty miles below New Orleans. Like a spur striking out from the populous delta strip of the "Lower Coast," it stretches forth, a densely wooded peninsula, twelve miles or more toward the Gulf of Mexico into the great tide-water wilderness of trembling prairie and treeless sea-marsh lying along the Louisiana Gulf Coast.

This oak-covered tract, which in some places is no more than a mile in width, is a comparative ridge raised four or five feet above the level of the surrounding sea-marsh. Since the colonial days it has been famed for being one of the finest natural deer parks in Louisiana.

Owing to eighteen years of wise protection, the deer in Lower Louisiana have become more numerous than they were fifty years ago, and this despite the murderous "Jack-light" hunters.

We stopped in the early morning under the shadowy western edge of the live-oak forest, dismounted, fastened and fed our steeds, tempered the chilling effects of the cool, dewy air with a little inward spiritual fire, and held a brief council of chase. We quickly decided not to amend in the least the campaign that our Captain of the Hunt and the majority of us had mapped out the night before, but to begin the day's sport.

Jean Baptiste, our sable hound-master, slung his polished heifer-horn over his shoulder, took a professional sniff at the light, northwest wind, as if to positively assure himself of the direction from which it blew, and gathered the leashed hounds about him preliminary to a start.

The dogs were eleven in number, but this limited pack more than made up in quality of nose, voice and limb for what they lacked in quantity. They were all of the large black and tan Louisiana breed of deerhound, with long, drooping ears, low, pendant dewlaps, deep, strong chests, and keen, straight tails swinging to and fro like fencing foils in slow, guarded action.

We took a final look to the fastenings of our steeds haltered to the low, hanging boughs of a large oak, loaded our guns, and, leaving Jean Baptiste with the hounds, walked down by an old

wood-hauler's road about a mile into the depths of the Chêniere. In a part of the forest comparatively free from palmetto and other undergrowth, the six of us formed a skirmish line across the wood from marsh to marsh.

Our dog-driver led the coupled hounds a mile or more up-wind into some extensive cow-pea fields, skirted by dense willow and brier thickets in the back part of the Deer Range plantation. We soon heard a warning blast of his horn as he turned the pack loose on the largest and freshest buck track he could find in the mellow soil of the pea-field, where the deer had been feeding, before the first flush of dawn had sent them to cover. There was no pottering around over the trail. Old Tambour, the leader, promptly sounded the assembly call, and struck out with head well up and tail down, in a long, wolf-like lope, toward the nearest willow thicket, a third of a mile away; the pack quickly closed up in a line behind him, each blowing his or her own particular blast.

To us, about a mile away, the baying of the hounds in the open came clear as church-bell chimes; and we could tell when the pack entered the thicket, as then their music was so muffled by the briars and low underbrush that it was scarcely audible. Soon, however, a simultaneous rising symphony of baying, and three blithe blasts of Jean Baptiste's hunting-horn warned us that the gallant game was up.

Then followed another muffled diminuendo of the canine minstrelsy as the roused deer dodged about the thicket, and traversed it repeatedly from side to side as if he wanted to get his limbs well suppled up for a good, long run. But he was soon forced to the conclusion that dodging and quartering was a dangerous device in such close cover, with that fleet pack so hot at his heels; so he broke forth, as Jean Baptiste described it: "Holdin' dat sassy tail o' his'n high, yaas!" and flew straight across another old pea-field to seek refuge in the greater and fancied-safer asylum of the Grande Chêniere.

Five short notes of our driver's horn sounded a view halloo for a big five-pronged buck as Jean Baptiste caught sight of him. The dogs tore out of the tangled thicket ere the game had gone a hundred yards, straightened themselves out for a killing burst of speed,

and, to save all their breath for the work, ran silent in a terrific sight chase, with the buck a hundred yards ahead, and but a thousand more to go before he reached that forest sanctuary.

The memory of a day when they had pulled down and killed another big five-pronged buck, unwounded by man, after a furious four-mile run, may have added speed to their rushing feet and courage to their straining hearts; but, in spite of all they could do to finish that fast life-and-death race in the open ground the buck held his own, and, bounding into the shadows of the Chêniere, vanished.

The moment he disappeared the pack opened again in a loud and angry cry, which swelled into a clamorous roar as they swept from the open field into the vast echoing aisles of the stately old live-oak forest.

As that grand sound-wave rolled nearer and nearer toward us the strain on our nerves became intense; but it was soon ended by a loud boom from V——'s big deer gun, which was followed by the hunter's exultant *cri de mort*.

We all soon gathered around a two-hundred-pound buck. The heated hounds lay with heaving flanks and lolling, dripping tongues on the thick carpet of dead leaves. From the trail-start to the death it had been no more than a fifteen-minute's run, but it was hot and fierce all the while it lasted.

V—— was duly toasted in the circulating hunting-cup and congratulated by all hands for having bagged the first buck of the season. After he had narrated how it was all done and the hounds had enjoyed a breathing spell, our "Captain" wound on his own horn a signal note to Jean Baptiste to tell him that we were ready to continue the chase. Our driver's horn began tooting in the far pea-fields, and up and away the dogs all scurried to the distant summons, while we leisurely re-formed our skirmish line to welcome some coming or speed some departing deer.

Within a half hour after we had resumed our places, a strong, young, spiked buck came streaking through the Chêniere with the howling pack close at his heels. That unwise deer, we learned later from Jean Baptiste, had rashly remained in his bed until the dogs all but lifted him out of it with their noses. As a result of his folly, he was having the hardest kind of run for his life be-

fore he could attain the high honor of being shot.

As he crossed our deadline, M——, chancing a long shot, cracked away at him. The buck turned a complete somersault and fell on his back, but was up in a flash and tried to make off again. But the pack was too close, so the gamey spikehorn turned to bay, backing up against the knotted bole of a big live-oak.

The excited Creole, whose shot had crippled the buck, ran up to give his game the *coup de grâce* with his keen hunting-knife. I will give the account of the subsequent proceedings in his own language, regretting my inability to record its accompanying gesticulations. Said he:

"When I shoot, brrroom, dat bawk he fall down, brrroom, like dat! He jump up quick, he stan' back by dat big hoak tree for fight dose dawg. I drop my gon me, I take my knife an' ron kill him, yaas. But when I go dere dat bawk two eye come rred, rred like fire; his hair all stan' up like dose brissle on dem wil'-hawg; his two horn stick out straight, sharp like two long Sicilian dirk, yaas.

"I stop, I say to myself, Antoine, you got one large fameelee, you have not make yo' will, yo' life is not hinsho', no; you let dat bawk 'lone, yaas. I put back my knife. I go git my gon. When I turn 'roun' dat bawk he make one big jomp to stick dem sharp horn in my back. Ole Tambour he make one big jomp, too; he ketch dat bawk t'roat; all dem dawg deypile deyséf on dat bawk, I ron in, me, I kill dat bawk quick, yaas!"

Now, I have heard a little and read a lot about bold hunters valiantly stepping up and giving the finishing stroke with a hunting-knife to a weary or wounded buck at bay. But all the veteran deer-hunters known to me consider a well-grown, hard-horned male of our *Cervus virginianus*, defending his life at close quarters, about as dangerous an animal to deal with as a cornered cougar; hence I think that friend Antoine's discretion was the better part of his valor. The book-hunters are the fellows to do this business in the bold, befitting style.

After a full hour's rest, with the usual chaffing and interchanging of individual hunting romances, we again heard the mellow tooting of Jean Baptiste's horn, back in the trailing grounds, recalling the hounds to the favorite coverts in

the rear of the deer range. Once more we formed our line across the forest for the third and final run.

The next fugitives driven past our posts were a four-pronged buck and a big doe running together. S—— dropped the buck in his tracks with the right barrel, and let her graceful ladyship go by unscathed, though he could have killed her as easily as he slew her antlered lord.

When the pack came up a minute after the shot, they stopped for a short sniff and a bugle blast or two of triumph over the fallen buck, and then rushed fleetly on after the flying doe. In a half-hour they were out of hearing and miles away.

We had enjoyed enough legitimate sport, and we had sufficient game for all of our respective homes. The three fine bucks had fattened on the sweet acorns dropped from the live-oaks, fallen ripe persimmons and rich cow-peas, a combination diet which produces the finest and fattest venison in the country.

Our head huntsman blew a few signal notes to Jean Baptiste to bring up the wagon and the horses. As many faint responsive blasts informed us that the orders were heard and comprehended; and in the course of an hour Jean drove down the old wood road. The six saddle-horses were hitched to the back-board of the wagon.

We bore our gralloched game up to that vehicle on double shoulder poles, loaded it on, and took our way for a mile or so to the banks of the Hermitage bayou, where we dismounted to lunch, rest and wait for the return of our pack.

The Hermitage bayou, a deep and sluggish stream, flowing up or down, according to the governing gulf-tide, winds through the wildest and densest part of the Grande Chênier, between low, verdant banks and comparatively elevated shell-mounds, all covered by immense live-oaks.

Those giant monarchs of a mighty forest stretch their great gnarled limbs toward each other nearly a hundred feet across the dark waters of the bayou, as if they would clasp them together in a final, fond embrace. Many of them have long been dead, and yet stand with their skeleton trunks and limbs shrouded with trailing black and gray moss. They form in their gloomy forest solitude one of the most impressive pictures of tree-scenery that man ever beheld.

Our cold feast of meats and mysteries, prepared and compounded by the magic art of Creole cookery, was enlivened by the best imported vintages of Burgundy and Bordeaux. We showed great staying-qualities at this open-air luncheon! When forced to a reluctant retreat, we lay on our backs on the leaf-carpeted bank and wafted the pale blue smoke of our Habanas up toward the sky.

When half the afternoon had been spent in this *dolce-far-niente* style we grew weary of waiting for the unreturning hounds. Two or three times some one of us declared that he heard their distant bay. But the intent listening of all proved that he was wrong and had been deceived by the scarcely audible cry of some wild creature, or by the murmur of the breeze in the foliage.

Jean Baptiste blew many a loud, prolonged blast on his horn to recall the dogs from their distant chase; and, for better and louder signals, we occasionally let off a gun at the horny heads of several big alligators that popped up from the middle of the bayou for short and hungry surveys of our interesting group gathered at the brink of that black, drowning-deep water.

The afternoon passed slowly away without the blast of horn or the boom of gun bringing one responsive bay from afar; so, shortly after sunset, we reluctantly left the pack to their long chase and rode homeward through the forest in the soft gloaming.

It was past noon of the next day before the pack, or ten of the hounds, got home. They were neither footsore nor weary to any extent, and not hungry. I think fresh doe venison largely contributed to their lack of the usual voracious hound-appetite.

Tambelle, the fleet and beautiful, the two-year-old daughter of Tambour, was missing. Jean Baptiste noted her absence at once, and grimly frowning and regretfully shaking his grizzled head, the old hound-keeper declared that Tambelle would never come back; she had been caught and devoured by one of the big alligators of Hermitage bayou while stopping for a drink of its black, brackish water.

The old man was surely correct, for no one has ever seen the gifted young soprano of our Grande Chênier pack, since she, for the last time, passed the dead-line of that hunt.



Painted for OUTING by A. W. Van Deusen.

THE RENDEZVOUS AT DAWN. (p. 438.)



I HAVE FOUN' DE MAN W'AT TRY KILL ME. (*p.* 455.)

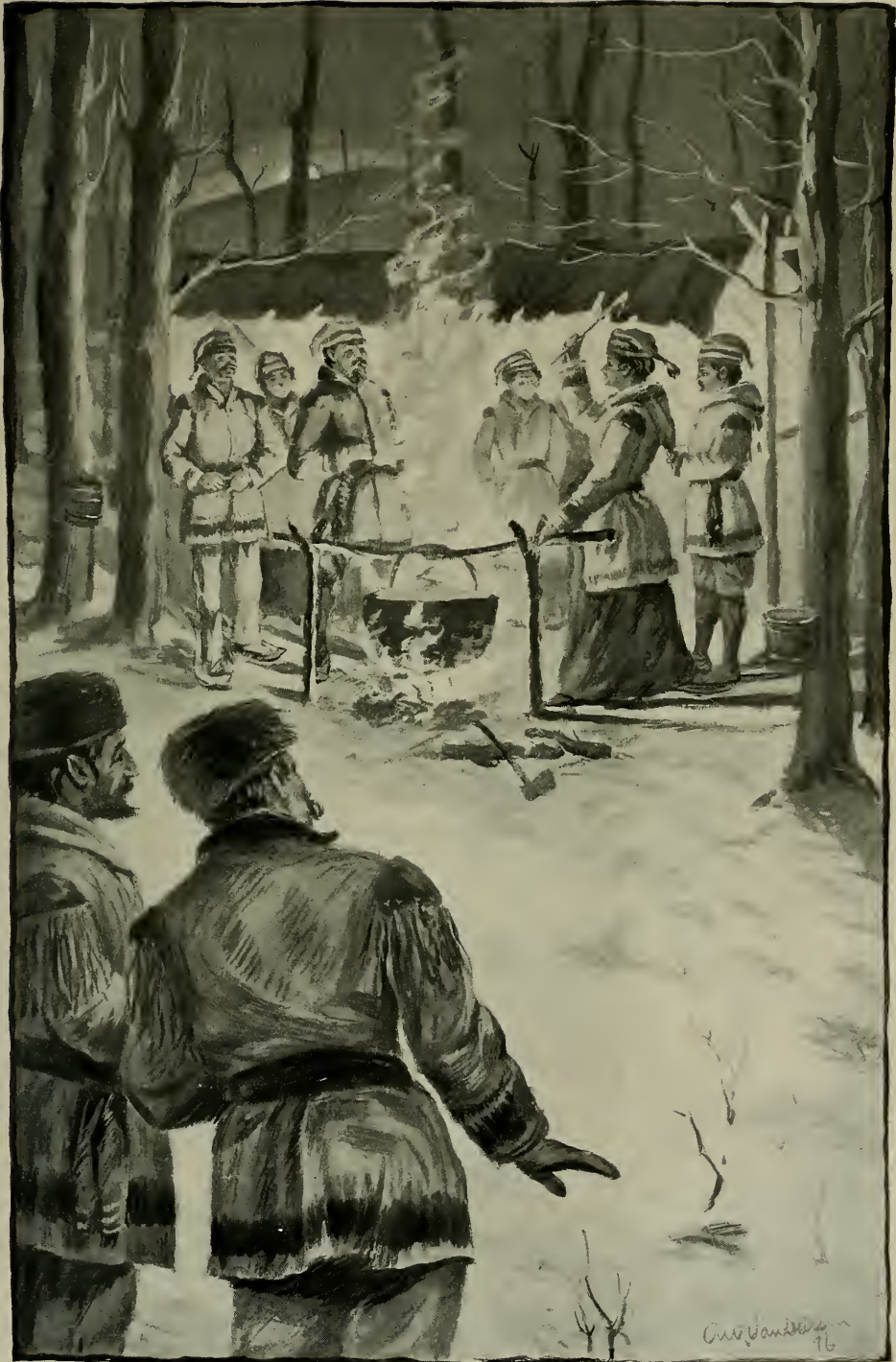
'WAY BEYON' DE SASKATCHEWAN.

By Therese Guerin Randall.

IT was de end of de season, an' many of de trapper have come to de post to do deir tradin'. I was stan' by de lil' roun' window, where long ago de cannon peep out for Injun, an' read de letter. It was come from my

sweetheart back in Quebec, an' have wait a long time for me here.

She say in de letter w'at fine time she has had at the weddin' of my ol' frien' Louis Baton, an' how dey tease her by say I was never goin' come back



Painted for OUTING by A. W. Van Deusen.

"SHE HAVE SOME T'ING IN HER HAND TO STIR DE SUGAR." (p. 447.)



Painted for OUTHING by A. W. Van Deusen.

"A WOMAN STAGGER IN." (p. 453.)

from de Nort' Wes'. Den she tol' me how cross was de ol' fadder, cause las' year he don' have so many shoe for mend. De odder cobbler come in de village, an' dat make it ver' bad. "Sometime de ol' fadder got mad," say dat nice letter, "an' tell me 'you is get old 'Toinnette; you mus' have twenty year now, an' dat Baptiste he don' never come marry wit you. Me, I t'ink you better get some odder *garçon*.' You know, Baptiste," she say den, "I will never have some odder *garçon* but you."

Dat letter make me t'ink ver' much. De great wish come in my heart to go back to dat village in Quebec an' marry wit my 'Toinnette. I was fill wit disgust' when I t'ink I mus' go hunt once more beyon' de Saskatchewan, so far Nort'. Dere de worl' is jus' as God have it when he stop makin' t'ings. Dere is no money but "skins"; dere is lil' to eat, on'y de dried meat an' fish, an' even de high wine is not sell.

"Baugh," t'ink I, "why have not I 'nough money for go home?" My heart was sick wit being lonesome when de loud voice fill my ear, an' its soun' bring once more de courage to my breas'.

"*Sacré*," say dat voice, "one letter for me from Quebec. Where is Baptiste? My eye is bad when I try read." "Ah," he say, as I come from de darkness of de store-room, where I sit an' t'ink, you is de great scholar; tell me w'at you see on dis piece of paper," and he han' me de letter.

Dis was Gregoire, de mans of all de trapper I like de bes'. He was de half-breed, an' many of our mans don' like him, cause dey t'ink de half-breed is ever treacherous. But to me he was de mos' fine fella in de whole worl'. He was born near dis post, where hees fadder have been trapper an' have marry de squaw. He have never go to school like me an' get such fine education—dat is why he call me to read de letter.

It was from the Not'ry in de village far 'way in dat parish in Quebec where I was born. It tell how de gran'fadder of Gregoire have die an' leave him de lil' farm.

"*Ma foi*," cry Gregoire, an' he slap hees leg, "w'at can I do wit such place 'way off in Quebec? I t'ink my old gran'fadder ought better have die out here an' leave me de lil' place. If he had show such sense I would now be

ver' glad," an' he laugh hees big laugh. "By gar, I must go see dat farm. Dis not'ry offer sell it; but, me, I don' never trust de strange mans w'at can write such fine word; eh, Baptiste?"

Me, I cannot lis'en to all he say. I was pain in my heart wit t'ink how lil' he care for dat farm; but, me, if I had it I could marry wit dat 'Toinnette I love, an' be for ever happy.

Den mus' I tell him all 'bout dat fine girl; how fas' she can knit de sock, an' how fine she can fry de fish, and w'at clean white floor are in de house, where she do all t'ings for her ol' fadder.

I can tell Gregoire all in my heart w'at I can never say to some odder mans, 'cause me I love him nex' to 'Toinnette. An' 'tis de hap'ness to praise some one we love, an' de hap'ness make de hour move way so easy as de morning sun.

I mus' have talk ver' much, but I don' know it till I was interrupt by a snore ver' loud, an' I see Gregoire, wit hees chair tip back 'gainst de wall behin' de stove fas' asleep. I say in my heart, ver' mad, w'at great fool was de man w'at can snore while I tell 'bout dat fine 'Toinnette.

So soon as I stop talk he wake up, an' shake heeself an' stare at me. Me, I look ver' cross.

"Ah," he say, soon as he know where he is, an' he laugh hees loud laugh, "you is mad 'cause I has sleep while you preach more dan one hour on you' girl. By gar, Baptiste, if I have talk so long 'bout my girl, you would be so soun' sleep dat on'y de judgment-day would you wake."

"Ah, but you' girl is not 'Toinnette," say I, an' den he roar dat big laugh 'gain, an' slap hees knee, an' I mus' laugh, too—t'ough I don' know why.

"Ah," he say, so soon as he can stop laugh, "ah, Baptiste, you is de *vrai innocent*."

Den he light hees pipe 'gainst mine, an' we is 'gain de bes' frien'.

"Why don' you not buy my lil' farm?" he ask. "If you want marry wit you' 'Toinnette."

"I ain' got 'nough money yet say I. "Las' year when de poor ol' modder was sick so long before she die, I mus' spen' ver' much—dat was de time I go home an' get engage to 'Toinnette. De ol' modder had no one else but me, an' I must be ver' good to such nice, kind modder as she was ever. You mus'

know she has sent me four winter to school when she mus' work as cook in de tavern. Me, I can't never forget dat, an' by gar, after I was grow up she live like one real lady, do no'ting but on'y sew an' cook for she self. When she die, well, she have not be bury like one pauper, eh, Gregoire?"

"You is ver' lib'ral mans, Baptiste, ever' one say dat," answer Gregoire, "an' I suppose it is right be good to de parents, but me, I don' know 'cause I has none for so many year. But, we mus' talk bus'ness. Now, you is my frien', an' you know once you has save me when dat bear jus' refuse to get shoot, an' hees mate—"

"Baugh, Gregoire," say I, an' jump up to run 'way, "you ain' goin' tell dat ol' story 'gain—I ain' never goin' hear it no more."

"Sit down, *mon camarade*," say he; "since you like it more we talk bus'ness. I want say you an' me we mus' go to Quebec de firs' chance, an' if you like my lil' farm I sell it to you ver' cheap. You can pay me w'atever you can, at firs', an' later, as you get it, de res'. Me, I don' care so much for de money."

"Ah!" say I; "you is de good frien', Gregoire, but my 'Toinnette has de ver' hard ol' fadder. He tell me never can I have hees daughter till I own my own farm, an' have pay ever' *sou* on it—not owe one York shillin'."

"Well," say he, "p'rhaps you has save 'nough, 'cause me, I don' ask my bes' frien' so much as de stranger. We go back an' see de farm—p'rhaps you an' me can live on it togedder—but no, I don' want stay ever off dere in yon' Quebec so far from my peoples here. Anyway, you an' me, we fix dat all up—you has de farm, an' de ol' man needn't know everyt'ng, eh?"

"*Mille tonners!*" say I, an' I shake hees hans; "you is de frien'! Dat lil' farm would just suit me, I know it well."

Before we lie down to sleep dat night we has agree to go to dat far-off Quebec togedder. Me, I was so excite I can on'y t'ink of all Gregoire have say. When we have had de high wine, he even offer sell me de farm for w'at I have save; but me, I don' never take a'vantage of de frien' like dat.

Of course, I know it might be long time before he can sell it where it is,

t'ings go slow dere; but still, it is bes' he talk wit M'sieur de Not'ry 'bout it—an' besides, I want him to go see my 'Toinnette.

Well, ver' soon we has de fine chance to leave de post wit de ox teams dat mus' haul many load all de way to Fort Garry.

Ma foi, I was glad when we was start, but I was more glad when we was reach Winnipeg. You, M'sieur, don' not know w'at it mean to travel over one thousand mile by ox team, eh! But even I can be gay dose long days, for I was come wit ever' sunrise nearer my 'Toinnette!

Well, it t'aint no use to try tell all dat girl she say to me when I come to her widout tell her. She laugh an' she cry, an' she hang on my neck, an' she say never, never more shall I leave her. Den I mus' tell her 'bout Gregoire an' w'at he have say 'bout de lil' farm, an' oh, M'sieur, you should have see dat girl how happy she was.

Well, her ol' fadder was ver' kind to me, an' laugh at me t'rough de on'y two toots he had. He pat my back an' say I was one fine *garçon*, and me, I was de mos' happy man.

Nex' day him an' me we go see de farm of Gregoire. Dis ol' fadder of 'Toinnette is ver' shrewd mans, but me, I don' take him dere 'cause I want him see if t'ings is all right. No, I t'ink what Gregoire say an' w'at I see is 'nough. I jus' take dat ol' man for make him feel proud, 'cause ever dat make peoples happy an' in de good humor.

He like de farm, an' he offer Gregoire so lil' for it dat we was both laugh—me an' my frien'. But me, I wink de eye at Gregoire which say: "You an' me we has settle the price—jus' pretend agree wit the ol' man," an' he did.

'Toinnette's fadder was ver' glad, an' boast a good deal as we go back to hees house, he say:

"I is on'y the ol' shoemaker, but me, I have make more good bargains for odder man's dan anyone else in de village. I is ver' smart 'cause I has offer dat Gregoire so much less dan de farm is worth, but you see he have agree. You mus' ever take me when you make de bargain, 'cause me, I know de worl'."

By gar, dat firs' day Gregoire have see my 'Toinnette he don' fall 'sleep an'

snore! I take him wit me to de maple grove, on de farm of M'sieur Perault, where mos' all the young peoples have gone to boil de syrup into sugar, an' after have de dance in de barn.

I have so often, ah, so ver' often, in de long lonely years dat follow, t'ink of dat day. How fine she look, my han'some 'Toinnette, as we came 'mong dose trees. She was stan' in a lil' grove wit some odders, by one of the big iron kettle hung over de blazing fire, an' she have some t'ing in her hand to stir de sugar.

She was dressed in some pretty red wool skirt, an' her foots in t'ick shoe show so nice, an' her shiny black hair was braid so smooth an' roll roun' her head. Oh, how her big dark eye dance wit fun, as she pretend to t'row a ladle of de hot sugar at de schoolmaster, w'at tease her 'bout me. Ah, I smile, as I stop to look on. I ain' jealous, 'cause even dis mans, w'at knows so much he can teach de village school, an' have such fine whisker, have want marry wit my 'Toinnette; but 'Toinnette she love on'y me. Dat was before he marry wit de daughter of M'sieur de Not'ry.

I have forgot all about Gregoire, as I stan' back 'mong de tree, an' burn wit love for dat fine girl, but I can't not always remember such frien'. I turn to him after while an' say :

"Was I right when I tell you she was de mos' han'some girl in Canada?" An' I laugh as I see hees seprise—hees mouth open, hees eye stare straight at 'Toinnette.

He start when I speak, an' say wit a lil' laugh, "Is dat you' 'Toinnette?" By gar, Baptiste, you was right. You is ver' lucky boy. Dere can be no odder girl so fine in de parish."

'Toinnette have see us den, an' she come to us wid a lil' more red in de cheek. I tell her de name of Gregoire—an' he looked 'shamed, as he scrape back hees foot, an' pull hees fron' piece of hair. Ah, I was ver' proud when I see how polite he can act—just like one *vrai* M'sieur—an' how beautiful look my 'Toinnette when she gave him her han' so shy.

Well, I can't not tell you w'at nice time we had dat evenin'. We dance in de barn till de oil was all burn out of de lamp, an' I was glad to see how Gregoire like my 'Toinnette. You see I has praise her so much I don' want

him fin' her not so han'some as I have say—dat don' go, eh M'sieur?

So many time he try make her dance wit him, and he gave her de molasses cake an' apple, but ever she keep by me an' say ;

"Ah, I has not see Baptiste in so ver' long, an' we is ol' frien's."

But at las' I say in her ear ;

"Come, *ma belle* 'Toinnette, you will dance 'a lil' wit my bes' frien' to please you' Baptiste, eh?" an' she do.

I was stay wit Gregoire on hees nice lil' farm an' work wit him, an' in de evenin' he come wit me to see 'Toinnette. Sometime I t'ink would 'Toinnette more like if I come 'lon but me, I can't not tell my frien' dat he ain' want.

Dose happy May day go so quick. Ah, M'sieur, gladness is one swift runner. Gregoire he has not sell me dat farm yet. Firs' de not'ry was ver', ver' sick, an' den when he is well Gregoire he don' seem be ready.

"We is so busy now," he say ever ; "wait till I has done dis an' wait till I do dat. It will take one whole day to go to de not'ry an' back—dose mans w'at know ever' t'ing take deir time for do t'ings."

But one day I say : "*Mon camarade*, my 'Toinnette is all ready be marry now. She would not in May marry 'cause it is not lucky in de mont' of de *Sainte Vierge*. Now it is June an' she has de long muslin veil of white all make for go to de *Curé* wit me."

"Well," he say, "I ain' prevent you."

Ma foi, how seprise I was at hees surly voice.

"No, *mon camarade*," say I, "you mus' go too an' stan' by my side like you has promise. But you know I have tole you how de fadder of 'Toinnette have ever swear she shall not marry wit de mans w'at own not hees own house. He is ver' strong will, dat ol' man, an' 'Toinnette is de obedient daughter, an' ever do as he say. Dere is no good come to peoples w'at don' not respec' de parent."

Gregoire, he don' say not'ing, he frown an' look ver' queer.

"Now you mus' come to de not'ry wit me to-day an' fix up 'bout dis place, eh, Gregoire? I have draw de money an' it is right here in dis pocket," I say as I slap my hip. "We settle it up now, eh, *mon camarade*?"

Gregoire he don' not look at me, but I was see dat he was turn pale an' hees eyes have de queer shine in dem.

"Baptiste, to-day I can't not go, but to-morrow in de morning we go togedder. Since I have been in dis place 'mong so many peoples I don' feel like I use. Don' you see I is never so gay? An' my hand, see how cold," an' by gar, M'sieur, it were like ice when he touch me.

I was scare, an' when he bring out de high wine I was ver' glad—he need some. Well, we go out in de field an' work when we has had de drink; an' all day we say no more 'bout de t'ing I t'ink mos' of while I was help him.

In de evenin' I grease de boot, an' wash de face, an' put some much lard on de hair, an' tie de han'some color han'kerchief roun' de neck of my blue flannel shirt. You see I mus' look gran' when I go ever' evenin' see my 'Toinnette. Gregoire he stan' by de stove an' fry de bacon, an' he tell me he t'ink I get so proud I has crack de lookin'-glass.

Well, when I is all ready he say he don' t'ink he go wit me dat night 'cause he believe 'Toinnette she like better see me 'lone. "*Ma foi*," think I, "he is sharp at guess." Den he bring out de bottle so dat we drink to de bride.

I don' know how many time he have say: "To de healt' of you' 'Toinnette," or "We drink to you' hap'ness," or "Dat you' life be ever prosp'rous," but I know he get mad when I don' want empty my tin cup ever' time. At las' I get so mix up dat I don' know whether I is drink high wine or *veille Jamaïque*, for we has some of each.

"By gar, Gregoire," say I, as I laugh at de empty bottle—he has turn it upside down, "you has made me drunk, an' you is jus' as sober as a proud ol' elk."

"Well, I has had my share, Baptiste; I has drunk wit you, but you is de lucky man's ever, you can get drunk so quick. You be sober by de time you walk five-mile to de village, eh?" an' Gregoire he look at me wit de eye so strange. T'ough I was lil' drunk I can feel dat look, an' *ma foi*, it make me a lil' queer.

I go 'lone down de river road to de village, an' I t'ink how glad be 'Toinnette 'cause I come without Gregoire. When I reach de long piece of pine fores' I was feel giddy an' I wish de night was not so hot an' de bush fire

don' fill de air wit smoke. As I stagger t'rough dat dark wood a man jump ver' sudden from de trees an' struck my head wit somet'ing hard. Ah, M'sieur, if I had be sober dat would never happen to de good woodsman like me, but de drink have made me stupid. When I know anyt'ing again I was lie dere 'mong de tree an my money, all dat money I have earn so hard 'way beyon' de Sackatchewan, was gone.

How 'Toinnette cry when she see my swell head, an' how her ol' fadder swear 'cause I was such fool to carry dat money by me. He b'lieve not my story 'bout de wood, an' say:

"Ah, you is not de smart *garçon* like you' frien', de fine Gregoire. You has been to de town an' has gamble all night."

But me, I was near break de heart. How now can I marry my 'Toinnette widout one *sou* in all dis worl', not even 'nough to take me back to be trapper.

Dat ol' fadder of my 'Toinnette, he don' lis'en to her prayers nor my coax when we ask jus' let us be marry before I mus' go 'way 'gain.

"No," he say, "I curse my daughter if she marry de man w'at can't not give her de roof over de head; wit my las' breath will I curse her," he say wit such anger an' bitterness it make 'Toinnette grow white as de curtain on de window.

Gregoire, he seem ver' sorry for me, an' when I say to him, "Ah, why have you not go out wit me dat night?" he say:

"Why don' we never do de right t'ing, my frien', when de devil temp' us to do de wrong?" Dat night I was get so drunk I can't not even go to bed.

He offer pay me for all de work I have done on hees farm, now dat I can't not buy it, an' he promise do all he can to find de thief w'at have rob me. An', M'sieur, as it don' never cost de mans like me much for travel in Canada, I was soon back in de Nort' Wes'.

I had been dere a lil' more dan t'ree mont' when one day I was at de post I was seprise hear dat Gregoire have arrive. Ah, M'sieur, it don' take me long to meet him, an' how glad hees face make me feel.

"But why," I say, when I have ask him so many question 'bout my 'Toinnette, "why has you leave you' farm an' come back here?"

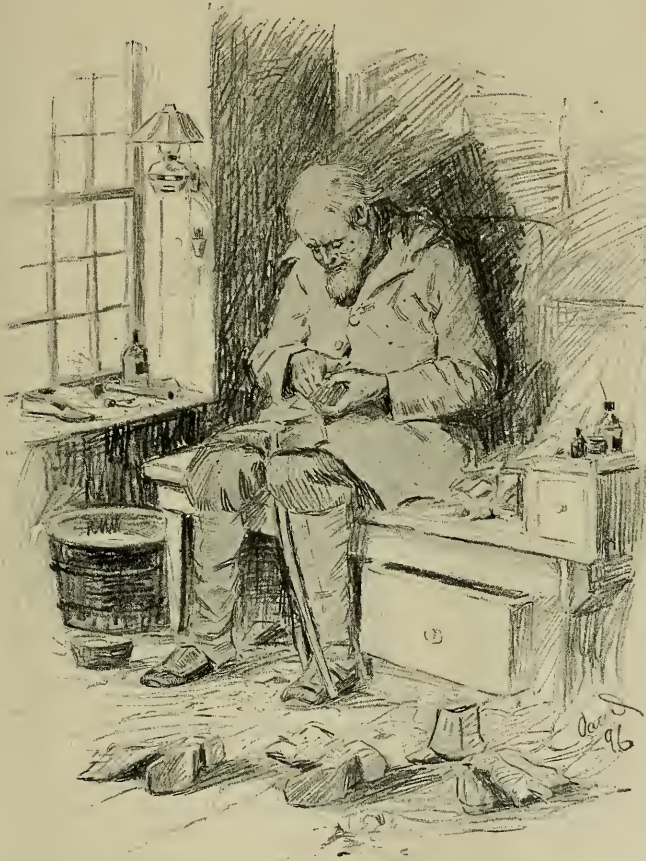
"Oh," he say, an' hees eyes look down at hees gun-stock what res' on de groun'; "oh, I have love one girl an' she can't not marry wit me; t'ough she like me ver' well, she like anudder fella better. Dat is why I come back here 'gain"; an' me, I don' know whether I b'lieve him or not 'cause he laugh so queer.

Ver' soon I see dat Gregoire was change. He don' like make fun wit me like he use when we can be togedder. No more he play de jew's-harp an'

dat won't not do, Baptiste; you don' not make you'self more rich or more happy by curse over you' luck. You mus' jus' work a lil' longer in dis wil' place, an' de hap'ness you mus' have when you can marry wit your 'Toinnette is worth de years of suffer' an' lonesomeness.

After I have t'ink dis sensible way I try be more gay wit Gregoire, an' I say to him one day.

"*Mon camarade*, you an' me we seem



"DE OLE FADDER." (p. 445.)

dance de jig *vis-à-vis* to me. De odder trapper, de Scotchmans, de half-breed, de Canadians—dey don' gather no more in de lil' log-house.

Me, I was change, too. Since I lose dat money an' was so disappoint' not to marry wit my 'Toinnette I feel sometimes cross an' mad, an' evert'ing seem go wrong. But I say to myse'f once when I t'ink on how I was act now,

like dat big glacier in de Selkirk was ever between us. It was not like dis in odder time, an' me, I t'ink I is to blame, 'cause my heart has grown ver' sour since I have been so disappoint' 'bout not get marry. You will try not mind me, *mon camarade*," I say, "an' me I mus' ever remember dat you has been de brudder to me—de bes' frien'. If I is like one hungry grizzly at times don'

forget, Gregoire, dat in my heart you is nex' to 'Toinette."

I offer him my han' but I t'ink he not see it, 'cause he turn 'way an' look up at de sky :

"Soon we has de snow," he say.

One day him an' me we go an' sink de trap by de burrow of one fish-otter. We has paddle up de river bank an' carrying our canoe walk to where dey end. As we go 'long dis high bluff, Gregoire he point up de river where on de sloping bank on de odder side de fish-otter play. You know how he bend hees front leg under him, an' wit hees hind ones push heeself an' den slide down de sof' mud or snow of de bank. Dese tom fool fish-otter can do dis play all day.

When we has pass de rapid an' I was start to climb down de steep lil' bluff, Gregoire he ask me res' here one minute. I have stoop to lay my end of de canoe on de groun' when *sacré!* M'sieur, I was push over de edge of dat bluff an' down I went into de swif' river.

But dat time I was not to die. I could not swim, and de current carry me 'long, but yet I was save.

Dis happen in de beginning of dat second rebellion 'mong de Injuns in de Nort' Wes', led by dat half-breed Riel. You have read all 'bout it. Well, it happen dat some Injuns was lie in ambush up one of de lil' creek w'at empty into de river. Some of dem have watch Gregoire an' me when we was paddle up from de Sout', an' when I was pitch off dat rock by Gregoire dey was save me. You see dey t'ink I can give dem some news of de Nort' Wes' troops which was comin' from de Sout' to try catch dese Injun.

Well, me, I can't give dem no word 'bout de soldier, 'cause I have never known dere was such real trouble, t'ough I know de Injun was grumble. I mus' t'ink of some way for save my scalp an' I t'ink of dis plan. I ain' no use get kill when jus' one lil' lie save me.

I act ver' glad to see de chief, an' tell him I is de half-breed name Gregoire Mensonge—dat was dat false Gregoire's name—an' was comin' to join hees band when I was fell off de river bank. Den I tell him all 'bout de Injuns where belong de squaw mudder of Gregoire. Well, de chief he say he know my fadder w'at was trapper, an' he b'lieve all de lie I can tell.

De Injuns treat me all right an' in de fightin' an' massacres w'at follow I ain' 'bliged to do no'ting but look on, t'ough dat was 'nough. You see where I has fall into de river I has break my right arm, an' t'ough de Injuns set it, it don' get well fas'.

Well, you know, M'sieur, 'bout de Frog Lake Massacre dis band do, an' 'bout de time at Fort Pitt. After dis we have some prisoner, twelve I t'ink. All dis time de troops was chase dese Injuns an' we mus' march 'way far nort' of de Saskatchewan. At las' dey come up wit us an' dere was a ver' sharp fight, but de white soldier win, an' I was release wit de twelve prisoner w'at was taken after de las' massacre. Dat is all in de his'try, eh, M'sieur?

Well, by gar, M'sieur, it don' seem right, but it was near one year before I was 'gain back at de post where I left dat las' time wit Gregoire. Ever' one dere was t'ink I was ghost, 'cause he have tell I was drown, but when dey hear w'at have happen dey b'lieve I was on'y dat unlucky Baptiste.

No one know much 'bout Gregoire, dey say he was scare 'bout de rebellion, an' dey t'ink he have made hees way out of de Nort' Wes'.

Dere was no letter for me at de post, an' dis was seprise me, 'cause even if I have not had de chance to write to my 'Toinette, I t'ink she write to me. You see never can I scratch one line all while I was prisoner wit dose Injun.

Well, firs' t'ing I mus' do I write to my 'Toinette an' tell her t'ough de trouble have fall t'ick on me as hailstone I was still 'live, and begin once more work to win her. I tell her 'bout dat false frien' Gregoire; I say I know now it was he w'at rob me dat night way back in Quebec, after he have make me drunk on *veille Jamaïque* an' high wine; how he have try kill me out here, an' all cause he want marry wit her.

"But me," say I in dat letter, "me, I will one day have revenge if he live; ah, he better die before he meet wit Baptiste Trudeau, if he is de lucky mans."

But M'sieur, I don' never send dat letter. Of course it take me good while for write such long news, an' I mus' t'ink much for find de fine word when I send letter to my 'Toinette. Well, before I has quite finish it, some mans come to de post from de Hudson Bay.

Dey tell me dey has met my frien' Louis Baton from my village an' he has tell dem dat Gregoire was on hees farm in Quebec, an' have marry wit my 'Toinnette.

Well, if some mans stan' by you an' tell you w'at you t'ink was lie 'bout you' girl, you knock him down, eh, M'sieur? So mus' I. Dis time I have meet de wrong man, he was strong like one mad moose. But when I was lie in one of de log shanty at de post bruise an' sore all over, I don' feel half so mad 'bout de t'umpin' as 'bout what dat man say of my 'Toinnette.

So soon as I can I write de letter to M'sieur de Not'ry in my village. He was ever de good frien' when I was de lil' boy. I ask him why don' not my 'Toinnette write, was she ver' sick or w'at had happen? An' I send him de lil' muskrat tobacco-pouch for present.

When hees answer came I feel as if never had dere been so unhappy mans as I. He tell me dat 'Toinnette was marry an' wid dat false Gregoire. He say Gregoire have come back at de beginning of de Nort' Wes' rebellion an' say I was drown, an' 'Toinnette was near break de heart. Her ol' fadder have take de small-pox a lil' while after dis an' before he die he make 'Toinnette marry wit Gregoire. You see, de ol' mans want her have de home.

"Now," say M'sieur de Not'ry, "I don' know where is Gregoire. He have had de chance to sell hees farm an' he have start for de Nort' Wes' somewhere."

When I read that letter over t'ree time, I can begin un'erstand it. You see firs' my head feel like asleep, when I see dose word dat 'Toinnette, *my* 'Toinnette, was marry.

Well, de end of ever't'ing had come for me. It wasn't no use stan' up to fight jus' to be ever knock down. Dat was de way I felt firs', but after de rage come in my heart an' I mus' work, work, an' t'ink on revenge.

"No, I won't kill myse'f," I say, "cause M'sieur Gregoire, you is not done yet wit me, by gar, you is not."

Oh, it is de drefful t'ing, de rage for vengeance an' not be able take it. I was like de mans beat 'bout in de dark by de strong enemy he can't reach—burn up wit fierceness an' yet not be able to make one blow hit.

All dis time de great railroad 'cross Canada was build, an' de settlers come

pretty fas' all 'long where it was. Me, I get disgus' wit ever' one an' don' never want to see some mans, an' ever I go farder up Nort'.

De ol' Scotch hunter say, one day when he learn I have been lucky mans in my work, 'cause I get many peltry an' skin, 'mong dem, dat rare one, de silver fox.

"Ah," say he, "I ever t'ink dat de mans w'at have bad fortune wit de heart, have good fortune wit de pocket."

So it seem wit me, for ever since I hear 'Toinnette was no more my girl, I have de great luck in trap an' hunt. After seven year I get de news which make more strong dat wish for revenge, an' I come down to de Saskatchewan, an' 'way far off in de heart of de fores' I build the lil' log hut. M'sieur, I have hear dat Gregoire was see 'bout dese part!

I was dere but a ver' short time when I find dat my trap was being rob, not by dat t'ief, de wolverine, but by some mans. For many day I watch so well as I can for him, but I don' catch him. At las' I mus' go hunt for I have see new "sign" of deer in the snow dat was get a lil' hard. Wit my Winchester in my han' I follow, ever' look well wit each step I mus' take. But t'ough I keep my eye watch for de deer, my mind was t'ink of dat false Gregoire. Ever't'ing he have do was bodder me, dat day, an' 'gain I burn for revenge.

When I come to de "run-way" I was 'bout six miles from my house, an' I t'ink I won't go no farder. I jus' wait here an' I be sure to see some deer pass. By gar, M'sieur, some one else have t'ink he wait too, for pretty soon as I see a young doe put her head t'rough de t'ick trees I step 'mong de net-work of low bushes an', *sacré*, dere was a man. He was hide from me as well as de deer. I know dat, for so soon as I come where he was he gave such screech as you have never hear, an' ran far into de wood. Me, I mus' laugh firs' an' den I t'ink.

"Aha, I know why you is so scare, you is de rogue w'at have rob my trap."

Well, I have lost dat doe an' de odder deer dat day; such yell as dat man have sent t'rough de fores' would frighten mos' anyt'ing; I get tire hunt when it begin lose de daylight in dat wil' fores' an' I go back to my lil' cabin.

Well, I have much to do de nex' day, an' it was not till de day after I have go



"WHERE LONG AGO DE CANNON PEEP OUT."

(p. 442.)

hunt de deer 'gain. I was near dat "run-way," when I stop to tie up the thong of my snow-shoe which was unfasten. By gar, M'sieur, I jump up straight in one second, for I hear de cry come t'rough dat silent place jus' like de voice of a lil' chil'. After I lis'en a minute an' don' no more hear it, I say: "Baugh, it was on'y the sneak cat w'at cry." But in one odder second I mus' change my mind, 'cause dat lil' wail, so pit'ful, come 'gain to me, an' I know now it was not de panther.

De fores' was not ver' light yet, an' I can't not b'lieve dat cry come from one chil'. How can it be in dis wil', far 'way place at dis hour.

But spite of w'at I had to say to my-se'f, I walk fas' to my left where I hear it, an' once more it come "*Maman! Maman!*" I was sure it say.

Well, M'sieur, my heart was beat more hard dan it ever did even in de wors' fight wit de grizzly. I keep say: "No, it can't not be de lil' chil' in dis wil' place; it can't not be." But soon, M'sieur, I fin' it was. I come on dat lil' chil' lie dere in de snow, wit hees small snow-shoe on de feet an' hees bow an'

arrow tight in de han'. By gar, I was jus' in time, for he was near freeze to death.

De ol' voyageur know w'at do in such case, eh, M'sieur? an' soon wit hees lil' body wrap in my blouse I press him 'gainst my heart beat so wil' an' carry him to my cabin. Oh, you can never un'erstan' how I feel to have in my arms dat boy! You has never had your heart break wit pain for love, nor has you live far from de sweet voice an' sof' ways of chil'ren while you ever long to feel deir lil' clingin' arm 'roun you neck. Such fierce love come in my heart as I press him 'gainst my lonely breas', an' I t'ink:

"Now never shall he leave me. He has been put in my way to bring some lil' joy at las' into my life. I have been rob ever; now my turn has come to rob."

When we are in de lil' cabin, an' he has some food, he begin talk so nice, an' I t'ink I can never watch him 'nough, my eye was so greedy; he run 'bout an' look at de skin on de floor, de claws of de grizzly hang on de wall, de head of de "big horn"—all de t'ing de man like me can have.

Many time I take him in my arm an' kiss him, hees lil' roun' cheek, his soft baby han', an' de fat leg in deir red wool stockin' some woman's have knit. Baugh! I wasn't going to let t'oughts of his modder make pain in my heart. Who ever can t'ink dat de rough mans like me can feel—who has ever spare my heart, even when it was bruise an' sore?

While he play an' laugh an' talk to me de devil was inside me an' say ever:

"You has fin' dis chil'; keep him—you has fin' him; keep him."

Me, I plan how I go 'way off in de Selkirk an' be de guide to de mans w'at come hunt de big game. Dere no one find us, I feel sure, but firs' I mus' meet dat Gregoire an' kill him like I would dat t'ief, de wolverine.

Byme-by dat lil' chil' begin say he want to go to "*Maman*," an' me, I take him on de knee while de *ragout* cook on de fire, an' tell him he have no more "*Maman*."

He open de eye wide an' look at me as I say:

"You is my lil' boy now, an' you mus' never say de name you has been call by—hush! I don' not want hear it. Now

you is Antoine—you hear, lil' one?—Antoine."

She was call Antoinette, an' I t'ink firs' of de name I has love.

De lil' boy, he put hees arm 'roun my neck an' he sob: "I want my *Maman!* I want my *Maman!*"

Well, for make him t'ink of somet'ing else I begin ask him question, an' he tell me dis lil' story:

"Me, I is great big man now, *mon père* he tell me so some day, an' I t'ink I mus' take my bow an' arrows, 'cause papa have de gun, an' go kill de deer an' de bird. I laugh when I t'ink how glad will be *Maman* when I bring dem to her."

"Well, soon *Maman* she mus' get some wood for de fire an' dere is none split. When I see her take de axe outside I climb to de shelf over de stove



"I CAME ON DAT LIL' CHIL' LIE DERE IN DE SNOW." (p. 452.)

"*Mon père*, he have gone hunt, an' he ain' never come home. *Maman*, she cry an' look ever t'rough de window. To-day when she make some *galettes* I hear her say: 'Dis is de las' of de flour, an' we have not'ing else for eat in de house. Oh, why have we come so far from de neighbors?' an' she cry more hard.

an' take down dose fine moccasin papa have bring me from de Injun. You see, M'sieur, how beautiful wit bead. Ever dey has been on dat shelf for ornament where we can look at dem. Den I reach on de wall for my bow an' arrow, an' outside de door I tie on de snow-shoe. M'sieur mus' see how I can run on dem; papa say mos' as fas' as he can. Den I

go outside where de fores' is all 'roun our house, like yours, M'sieur.

"Well, I t'ink I see de track in de snow, an' I follow it, oh, so ver' far, an' den I was get col' an' hunger, an' I don' never see dose deer, nor some bird. Den I t'ink I go home an' get warm, an' I can come 'gain for hunt, but I can't see my house an' I call *Maman, Maman!*"

Jus' as he cry dose words so strong an' loud as he can, de door was t'row open an' a woman stagger in. She snatch dat lil' child to her bres', oh, I can't never tell you how she pant an' de wil' word of love she sob.

"I know all de time I was follow thy lil' snowshoe track dat de good God would let me find thee," she cry. "I knew even when I fall in de deep snow an' can scarce walk more I was so out of breath, dat I would have strength to go to thee. When I sink to de waist in de snow drift I say: 'Oh, *Sainte Vierge*, thou wilt help me in this drefful fores' wherever I am so 'fraid. Thou wilt not again tear from my heart its hap'ness.' An' I beg her to save thee, an' to give me strength to take thee once more in my arm. Ah, lil' one, let us togedder thank the holy modder w'at save thee," an' she fall on her knees.

"But, *chère Maman*," say dat lil' boy, "it was not the *Sainte Vierge* w'at save me, it was de good M'sieur, *voilà*," an' he run to me.

For de firs' time de woman's great black eye turn on me, an' she gave, oh, such sharp cry: "Baptiste, Baptiste," an' sink to de floor.

Ah! on'y den I know who was de modder of dis lil' child—it was 'Toinnette.

My heart was ver' hard, for widout pity I look down on dat womans, on de t'in white face wit de hair all hang over it, an I t'ink: "Now is de hour of my revenge, God has send dese peoples into my han's."

But when dat lil' boy t'row heeself by hees modder an' cry 'cause she lie so still an' don' not speak to him, my heart don' feel hard no more.

"M'sieur, oh, good M'sieur," he cry as he run to me an' pull my han'. "You has saved me from de bad bears in de fores', now come make *Maman, ma chère Maman*, talk to her lil' boy."

Ah, w'at power lie in de sweet voice of a lil' child! De mos' savage mans have de love of Heaven in de heart, an'

de chil'rens is on'y angel wit fat legs an' dirty lil' face, eh, M'sieur? Well, 'gain I snatch dat lil' boy in my arm, an' kiss many times 'Toinnette's son—an' I ain' shamed to say it—I was cry more hard dan was he.

After dat I was do all I can for dat poor girl w'at look so starve an' sad an' still. De devil dat have live in me so long was exorcise by dat baby kiss.

Soon 'Toinnette, she open dose big eyes, an' look at me ver' much 'fraid.

"Is you de real Baptiste?" she say, an' de voice shiver a lil'.

"Yes, 'Toinnette, I is Baptiste who you t'ought was drown."

"Ah," she sigh, "I t'ought I was dream, 'cause in de daylight no ghost are."

Well, M'sieur, I is never forget be hospitable, an' I see how weak was she an' tire, an' soon dat *ragout* was ready an' we all try eat. Den the lil' boy fall 'sleep on my knee, an' 'Toinnette she talk to me jus' as we be ever frien'.

She tol' me how Gregoire was ever restless after dey was marry, an' move, move. He was drunk an' fight wit ever one, but he try be ver' kind to her an' hees lil' child. At las' he get in so much trouble in ever' settlement where dey have gone dat he tell her one day dat he was comin' here, an' take up some free land, where he be far from de drink an' companion wit whom he ever get in trouble.

Den she tell me 'bout deir lil' cabin in dis fores' on'y few miles from me—I mus' t'ink as she say dis:

"God have guide me here so close to dis Gregoire w'at have try to be my murderer. I has live to punish him, an' now de time have come," an' my heart near burst wit joy.

"I is goin' in de fores'," say I, "while you lie by you' boy on dose skin an' get rest. You is all exhaust', 'Toinnette," an' I reach for my gun on de wall.

De tear was shine in her eye, as she take my han' an' say wit de voice dat was sob:

"Promise me, Baptiste, dat never will you try hurt dat poor Gregoire if you see him. God have punish him an' make him suffer even more dan you have suffer."

Ah, dat was hard t'ing to ask of me who have all dese year t'ink in day an' in night of de joy an' de vengeance of such meeting. Who have come here

all dese mile from de Nort' jus' 'cause I has hear dat false frien' was somewhere on de Saskatchewan. Ah! 'Toinnette could never know how much she ask, but I look down on dat lil' child asleep, an' I t'ink de mans I hate is *hees* fadder!

Yes, I promise her—how can I help it when 'Toinnette—'Toinnette wid de tear in de eye—have ask me!

When I leave her I was feel all tremble up inside. I hardly know 'nough to tie on my snow-shoe. I don' notice where I go—I jus' walk, an' feel bad, an' I t'ink.

'Taint no use for me to try do one t'ing in dis worl'; my hap'ness dat I have plan was steal from me by de man I was love bes', an' de revenge I was hug like one real joy dat is steal from me by de womans I love de bes'! Well, M'sieur, I feel as t'ough I has not'ing to live for. For de firs' time I look up

as I t'ink dis, an' I see dat I is at de "run-way" where I has met dat strange mans. By gar, sir, as I t'ink of how he has screech and run I t'ink I wish I had see hees face, an', by gar, I would never need make dat promise to 'Toinnette. I would have kill him den, for *now* I was sure it was Gregoire.

I was keep on walk ver' fas', for I was much excite; and pretty soon I saw an ol' wool mitten lie frozen to de snow near de edge of a lil' ravine. I don' know why I have look over, but I did, an' den I pull off my snow-shoe an' climb down.

Why have I do dat? 'Cause I wit my sharp eye have see somet'ing on de rock below. M'sieur, when I go back to dat poor 'Toinnette I mus' tell her she was widow! I have foun' de man w'at try kill me, de robber of my trap, an' my false frien' Gregoire.



THE SONG OF THE WHEEL.

WHIRL and click of sprocket and chain,
Shimmer and flash of steel,
Throb of pedal, and saddle-creak,
This is the Song of the Wheel.

Think you, you of the shoulder-shrug, you of the scornful glance,
That I am only the season's fad, slipped into vogue by chance,
Toy of the moment's childish whim, 'til next year's fancy? Nay,
I am the balanced, whirling, swift, still Spirit of To-day.

Tyrant am I of the woodland road; Mercury of the street,
Slipping soundless athwart the rush, fragile, elusive, fleet,
Whispering over the asphalt, ghost-like I glide through the Park,
Flickering my firefly light along the driveways in the dark.

They know me in the far defiles where Kurdish bandits wait,
You may trace the curve of my serpent's track through Bagdad's storied gate,

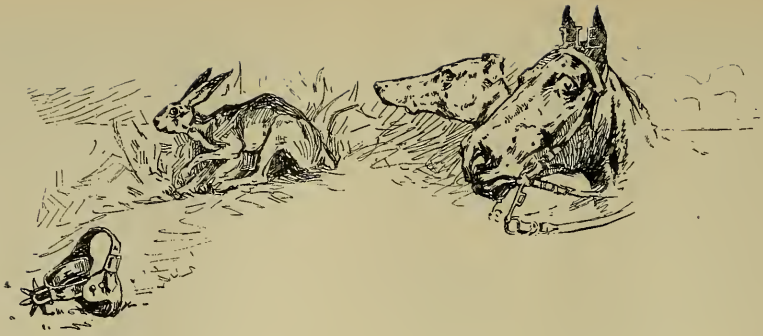
Across their stretches gray, the Persians watch me gleam,
To the endless sleep their cities keep I come, a disturbing dream.

Where'er the sun my cobweb strands (spun-wire of spoke) hath kissed
The annaled praise of feudal days hath faded like a mist.
Flight of machine where once was seen knight-errant brave and gay!
Ah! yes, I am the whirling, swift, still Spirit of To-day.

Pleasure hath drunk the draught of haste, and learned to laugh to scorn
All the sauntering ease and free of a leisured age outworn.
Tense she speeds! Imperative her clanging summons ring!
I am the Spirit of To-day—and I am Pleasure's King.

Whirl and click of sprocket and chain
Shimmer and flash of steel,
Throb of pedal and saddle-creak,
This is the Song of the Wheel.

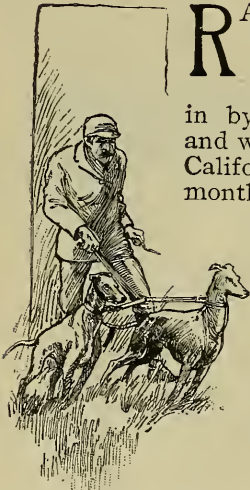
GEORGE LYNDE RICHARDSON.



CROSS-COUNTRY RIDING

IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

By Henry G. Tinsley.



RABBIT-CHASING is a form of equestrian sport, generally participated in by the young men and women of Southern California. In the winter months, when the army of tourists and health seekers from the Eastern States lives temporarily in the land of fruits and flowers, large parties eagerly follow it. It is to the sport-loving Californian what fox-hunting is to

the hard riders of the older East and Southeast. Many people who have followed hounds in England and the United States enthusiastically assert that no field sport surpasses in variety of scenery, vigor of riding and excitement a genuine rabbit-chase.

The season of rabbit-chasing begins in Southern California in October and ends some time in early March, when the ranchmen plant their broad areas to grain and set up notices of no trespass. The country in the hunt season is the most beautiful in the world. The warm summer is past, the rains have fallen, the face of Nature has been washed, the brooks from the mountain cañons are once more gurgling with water, and all vegetation has had a thrill of new life under the freshening

showers. The orange and lemon groves with their deep olive foliage cleansed, glisten in the clear sun as if varnished.

As far as the eye can reach across the valleys there are waving masses of color; broad sweeps of the rich yellow of wild poppies, areas of flowering cactus, clumps of golden-rod and eschscholtzia, and enormous beds, acres wide, of marguerites, wild heliotrope, lupines and geranium. Hedges of green cypress, of a score of varieties of roses and of laurestine extend up and down the roadways in every direction as lines of demarcation between the holdings.

Hundreds of cottages, the homes of ranchmen and fruit-growers, literally embowered amid tangled masses of the rarest climbing roses, and all manner of fragrant, blossoming vines, dot the landscape, and appear at a distance like stupendous bouquets of roses. To the north and east the Sierras rear themselves thousands of feet high, their rugged sides and snow-capped peaks adding to the picturesqueness of the scene. Away to the west are the tossing blue waves of the Pacific. To the south are the foothills, now green as emerald, with fields of alfalfa and alfileria. The air comes as soft as a caress from the ocean, and the heavens are for days at a time an azure peculiar to a California sky.

One of the numerous rabbit-chasing clubs in Los Angeles or Santa Barbara counties has fixed upon a day for a hunt. The secretary sends out invitations to a score of ladies and gentlemen to join in the pleasure of following the hounds.

The trysting-place is a well-known mesa, a mile or so from town, and the hour is probably seven A.M. The morning is clear and cool.

As the moment for the start approaches, the saddles are cinched tighter, the last whiffs of pipe or cigarette are hastily taken, and the dogs are called up. There is a moment of silence as each person gathers reins in hand, and, with foot in stirrup, awaits the signal for the start. The master of hounds blows a sharp musical toot on a silver horn. In a second the dogs are off like rockets, while the riders, amid a jangling of heavy Mexican spurs and bridle chains, start down the mesa, following the master of hounds at a rapid rate.

Under the direction of the master of hounds and his assistants the party spreads out, covering, perhaps, a quarter of a mile. The horses settle down to steady pace. The hounds keep several hundred feet ahead, now and then stopping and looking wistfully around, then moving on again. The riders move across a field of barley stubble, and through a grove of live oaks, and then the hounds lead the way across an upland of olive trees. A turn is made to the left, and the party rides quickly over a mile or so of broad adobe country road lined by giant palm trees, close beside one of the historic and lonely Franciscan missions of the last century. Beyond is a seeming boundless area of alfalfa and barley fields, now barren since the summer harvest.

A small muddy-gray animal has darted from the brush under the front horses. For a second the apparition is startling to those of the party, who are having their first ride after the hounds. The creature has an inquisitive head, a pair of enormous black-tipped ears, erect and rakish. For a fraction of a moment the rabbit stands, and then by leaps of ten and twelve feet each, it shoots forward in full view of all. The hounds follow in pursuit like mad, the horses plunge forward, and every one is fired with zest and excitement. The field is now away fast and furious.

All the dogs gradually close in upon the jack-rabbit, and the irresistible cry, "hi, hi, hi!" goes up and down the line of riders. The rabbit, an experienced old fellow, begins the run as if he had been seeking just such sport. He leaps four or five feet in the air to clear a

boulder or to skim a piece of chaparral. One almost believes he could hop over a whole country if really hard pressed. For a few hundred yards he goes in a straight line, never diverging for any obstruction. The dogs are exerting every muscle, and glide along through the short vegetation like animated arrows. Such sinuosity, such grace were never better seen in animals. The pace is a hard one for novices, but other riders are taking everything. Narrow arroyas are jumped, fences are leaped with ease, and irrigation ditches are crossed at a bound. At the end of two miles several riders have fallen by the wayside, and are considering the old saw of discretion and the better part of valor. But most of the hunters are still going, and are well up with the hounds.

The rabbit has stopped several times as if in actual ridicule of his pursuers, and now turning dashes at the horses, whose riders pull them on their haunches and take the new direction. Down into a hollow, or through an old river bed, now across a vineyard they go. The rabbit slips under a horse's feet, and a hound snaps at him while the horse rears and snorts. For a moment the jack is confused, and then is off again outdoing the dogs in dodging, and at last saving himself from death by reaching a high mesa of scrub oaks and manzanita, after wearing out half-a-dozen horses and several hounds, and, as one old New England fox-hunter and cross-country rider says, providing more excitement than could be mustered in a dozen paper-chases.

The panting dogs, with tongues extending, seek the nearest irrigating ditch which is fed by the icy mountain streams. The riders halt their horses for a brief rest in the shade of umbrella trees about a ranch house. Nearly every one dismounts. By this time the ladies and gentlemen have lost much of their freshness and extreme neatness so noticeable an hour ago when the hunt started. White riding trousers are sadly soiled by rude contact with the hedges and the foliage of orchards; several ladies' riding habits are spotted with mud and discolored with the stains of wild flowers. One or two riders have suspicious earth stains across their shoulders, that cause general merriment.

The master of hounds sounds his horn

again, and the field is away. This time the riders turn to the southeast, where there are smooth broad rural roads and fewer hedges. The route leads toward Santa Anita, the rural beauty spot and the "show" ranch of Los Angeles county. A veritable garden of Hesperides stretches away in every direction—a checker-board of vineyards, a lily farm with acres of snowy bloom, olive and prune orchards, orange groves, grain plots and mammoth patches of *eschscholtzias*, daisies, bluebells and violets.

In fifteen minutes another rabbit is started up in a heavy growth of wild heliotrope by a hound away off the left of the riders. The rabbit bounds ahead by several hundred feet, and is breaking away for adjacent cover, opening and shutting automatically like a jack-knife. Surely nothing on four feet ever traveled faster. The old fellow is not to have his own way long, for a dog that has many rabbits' ears and scalps to his credit, does not waste his wind in the early part of the run, but wisely notices the direction the rabbit is taking and then starts upon a course which will head off the swift jack.

"Watch out! watch out!" shouts the master as the rabbit turns again, quick as a flash, and comes like a streak of gray right in front of the horses. The dogs are terribly excited, and as they dash under the very horses' feet in close pursuit of the rabbit, two gentlemen are unhorsed. There is no time for more than a passing glance at the fellows scrambling to their feet, for the field is a hundred yards away. The horses have become thoroughly warmed up. They leap ditches and fences and tear through brush with as much spirit as the hounds. A lean, sagacious dog that has served a long apprenticeship has closed in upon his victim, and now by an adroit movement, that only a shrewd hound knows, the rabbit is intercepted just as it is about to plunge through a bunch of laurestine or seek refuge in a waving sea of wild mustard.

The rabbit is caught—a vigorous shake by the dog and its life is ended. In a few seconds more the hunters gather at the scene of the capture. The gentleman who first seizes the dead rabbit, cuts off its long ears and presents them to the lady who has kept up with the hounds and is first "in at the death."

After another rest for dogs and horses, and a few minutes of conversation, the field is off on another chase. Thus the runs are made in succession until the noon hour comes and the ears which are fastened to the girdles of the ladies number seven pairs. The master of the hounds has led the party seventeen miles from the starting-place. He has planned to finish the last run of the morning near the mouth of a cañon, where there is cooling shade beneath sycamore trees, among which a little stream of water twists and swirls on its way down into the valley. This has been previously fixed upon as the place for luncheon, and some older people and invited guests have come there in carriages to watch the chase through field-glasses, and to have luncheon with the riders.

The hampers of food are opened, and their contents arranged upon the tables beside the brook, where the shade is most inviting and the grass is heaviest. There are bunches of freshly picked carnations, roses and verbenas, garlands of wistaria and ivy geranium to decorate the tables, and a score or more of little bouquets for the ladies and gentlemen. All the riders bring to the luncheon appetites thoroughly sharpened by the exhilaration of the past few hours. Sitting there in the coolness of the sycamore grove two jolly hours are passed.

The chief pleasure of following a pack of greyhounds across country lies mainly in the variety. The dogs are models of grace, beauty and intelligence, and the rider, despite the speed, finds more actual enjoyment than in hunting with fox hounds.

The greyhound, notwithstanding some writers, is most intelligent and affectionate, and in a short run often makes remarkable exhibitions of shrewdness and rare judgment of topographical conditions. The more finely bred greyhounds have rarely a good sense of smell; they depend upon their marvelously accurate eyes, and when once the game is in sight their extraordinary speed should enable them to capture it. One dog, a beauty of her type, has tactics of her own. When she has lost sight of her game in brush or tall grass, she occasionally leaps high above the cover, and while suspended a second she looks quickly about and sees the waving of the grass caused by the fleeing form.

By repeating this maneuver, she is enabled to locate the rabbit until it is again forced to the open.

After luncheon and a restful smoke the sport begins anew. There are but half a dozen more runs. The riders are now even more excited and reckless. The horses catch the spirit of the thing as good horses will. The hounds dart this way and that, while the riders, wild with enthusiasm urge the pack with ringing calls. It is the last spurt. The rabbit, after a gallant effort, is seized

from behind by a blue dog, and tossed, dead or dying, into the air.

The master of the hounds blows a signal that the last run of the afternoon is finished, and the last trophy ears are had. The field slowly rides back to town. The sun is dipping in the dimpling blue of the Pacific and the rough and rugged sides of mountains are bronzed with the rays of sunshine. Even the most tired among the riders enjoys the panorama of royal scenery which graces the homeward route.



TO ONE WHO WRITES OF PLEASANT THINGS

By Margaret Vandegrift.

RECORDING angel of the true and good ;
Thou gatherer of the simples plain and
sweet.

Which grow alike for all, in field and wood,
Crushed by so many feet !

Surely to thee the unseen winds must bring
A rarer perfume, one of higher birth
Than that of any flower the poets sing,
Or herb that grows on earth.

For to how many weary hearts, and dumb,
Thy cheery talk, as only meant for each,
With its refreshing has most timely come ;
A blessing crowns such speech.

We take thy kindly hand, and forth we fare,
Where herbs are sweet, and old-time flowers
grow ;

With thee we gladly breathe the " caller air,"
And hear the waters flow.

As in the old-time gardens thou hast found,
Color was given to blooms which knew it
not,

By wise-like watering of the roots around—
In the heart's garden-spot.

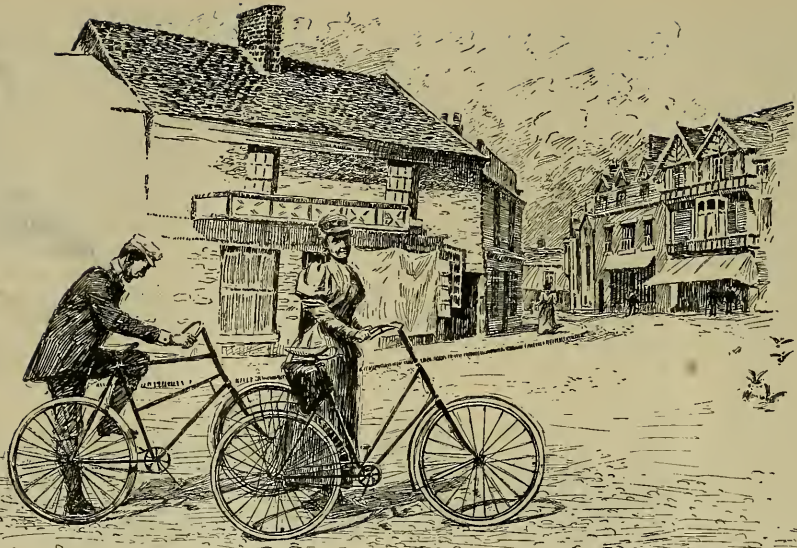
The blooms are colored as their thirst we slake ;
If bitter, sullen, poisonous and mean
The stream we pour about the roots, we make
Ill weeds, nor sweet nor clean.

So take us with thee to the wood and shore,
Into God's sunshine, where the free winds
blow ;

To the great rocks where ocean surges roar ;
Gladly we rise and go.

And take thou kindly from an unknown hand
This blessing on thy happy, friendly way ;
A little crown, from stony pasture-land,
Of wild and rough-leaved bay.





A BOHEMIAN COUPLE A-WHEELING THROUGH MIDDLE ENGLAND.

By Alice Lee Moque.

(Concluded.)

WASHINGTON IRVING was not a cyclist, but he had the tourist's spirit; and as our eyes fell on his words in the Black Swan at Stratford-on-Avon, where we had arrived hot, tired and yearning for rest, they established between us a new bond of comradeship: "To a homeless man [and temporarily we were homeless] who has no spot on this wide world which he can truly call his own, there is a feeling of something like independence and territorial consequence, when, after a weary day's travel, he kicks off his boots, thrusts his feet into slippers, and stretches himself before an inn fire. Let the world without go as it may; let kingdoms rise or fall, so long as he has the wherewithal to pay his bill, he is, for the time being, the very monarch of all he surveys. The armchair is his throne, the poker is his scepter, and the little parlor, some twelve feet square, his undisputed emporium. It is a morsel of certainty, snatched from the midst of the uncertainties of life; it is a sunny mo-

ment gleaming out kindly on a cloudy day; and he who has advanced some way on the pilgrimage of existence knows the importance of husbanding even morsels and moments of enjoyment." We had husbanded many a morsel of enjoyment on this trip, but there is a fly in every one's honey, and ours lay in the trepidation with which I contemplated going to church (for it was Sunday when we arrived) in my bicycle suit. John, man-like, insisted it looked all right, and at five minutes to eleven, we joined the fashionable well-dressed throng, who are no doubt wondering to this day where we came from. We were soon at our ease, however, for in the rector we recognized an old friend, he having lectured at the Geographical Society in America for the benefit of the American memorial-window, to be placed in this very church, the burial-place of the "Bard of Avon." After service we renewed our acquaintance.

We walked through the old churchyard, and sat on the wall, with our feet

dangling down over the shallow stream, while we tried to realize we were really at the home of Shakespeare.

After lunch at the Black Swan we visited the birthplace, and I was actually disappointed to find it so very like the pictures as to be a twice-told tale. Everywhere abroad this thought recurs, and you say to yourself, "I feel as if I had seen it all before." The faithful camera does its work so well that the reality is nothing but a large realization of the view we are familiar with.

The Memorial and Anne Hathaway's cottage are so much written of that they require no notice, and another hour saw us on our way once more.

We were glad when at last arrived at Evesham and dismounted, but Evesham Hotel prices savored of extortion, of which we would have none, and so we remounted and rode on.

As if to reward us, the road outside the town afforded a most delightful coast, and down we flew without any exertion, into a little hamlet of crooked lanes and straw-thatched one-story houses. There was but one place to stop, so we had no trouble in making our selection; and there we had a good

dinner, and our landlady gave us the best room in the house, with many exclamations that they were "but common folks," and that it wasn't good enough for "a real lady!" Bless her heart, she did not know how much better it was than the real lady had had, and was to have, many a time before she reached home.

Next morning we were on our way early, with the best wishes of our hostess, her husband and his friends. The news of the two Americans at the "Pub" had gone the rounds, and we had quite a crowd of rustics to see us off. A small dog, with whom I had become friends, joined the assembled company at the door of the "Pub," wagging his tail by way of adieu.

Cheltenham, a pretty city of fine trees and well-built houses, was the next place we visited, but only to procure photographic film, which was secured after endless trouble in hunting up the chemist,—for photo-supplies are sold only in drug-stores,—then it was love's labor lost, for the film bought as "undated but perfectly fresh" proved to be date inside—four years old—and useless.

So we rode on by smiling grange and



WINDSOR CASTLE.

farm and hall, with passing glances at the bare bones of many a past grandeur, to Gloucester, where we rested awhile and visited the cathedral, one of the finest in England. The scenery in the neighborhood is delightful.

Before continuing our journey through Stroud, and crossing a stream, on a small bridge, we passed on to Nailsworth, on the opposite side of the stream, and began what proved to be the very hardest climb we were to have. It was night and quite dark before we were again able to mount. We had to toil upward, seemingly hour after hour, pushing our wheels before us. Our one reward was, while resting on the mountainside, to watch one of the most beautiful sunsets seen in England. Far, far below, we could see the small village we had passed long before, lying in the valley, by the little stream.

Night quickly settled down before we reached the top, and then nothing was to be found in the way of a public house; so on and on we rode, until at last, tired out completely, we came to a small isolated inn, that seemed indeed a haven of rest.

Only one little window of the long, rambling building showed a light, but without misgivings we dismounted with relief, for the place was of a size to have sheltered a small army.

The night was dark, and there was something weird in the echo of John's brisk knock upon the old door. The windows stared at me, with their vacant sashes reflecting back, from the darkness within the fitful light of our cycle-lamps. The whole length of the road was silent and deserted, and the old inn seemed uninhabited, for even the one light had completely disappeared. Again and again John woke the echoes in the old house by his raps on the door, before at last the sounds of falling chains, and the grating of the key in the lock proved that some one had decided to answer.

The great door swung on its rusty hinges, and through the aperture appeared a fresh and round English face. The face belonged to a comely young woman, who eyed us in mute astonishment, as John asked if we could have accommodations for the night.

"Hi peeped hout, an' Hi seen the lady, or Hi never would er hopened the door," she told us frankly. "Me farther is away to-night, han Hi never hopens at

night—for no one ever do come hafter nightfall."

"Can you let us have a room?" asked John, anxious to get settled.

"No. We hain't got one."

"Haven't got one!" cried John.

"Why, surely in all this big place you can find a room for my wife and me?"

But she hastened to explain that the building was uninhabitable, except the few rooms used by her father and herself, and confessed that they had no beds but their own.

Our dismay increased when she told us that we must go back down the mountain, up which we had so long and patiently climbed, for there was no inn to be found in any other direction for ten miles.

Go back a step I wouldn't listen to, and proposed starting forward at once, since it seemed we must—there being no alternative.

The English woman listened to John's side of the question, and to his statement that I was too tired out to have him dream of letting me, for the day's run had been a hard one. I think she thought he was the best and kindest husband she had ever known, for she told me as much afterwards; and certain it is that she took us in, and gave us her own bed—I know not where she stowed away her old father when he came in later.

We had many queer little chambers, many funny old beds, many rooms that no camera on earth could ever do justice to; but of all we encountered, this little low-ceilinged room in the deserted old "White Horse Inn," a crumbling remnant of the coaching days, was the most unique.

Miss Malor, for that was the cheery female's name, left John down-stairs in the sitting-room while she took me up to see the room, with many protestations that they were only common folks, and knew they had nothing fit for a lady, as she led the way up a stone staircase steep and narrow, carrying a candle that I feared every moment would flicker out and leave us in the dark.

The room was reached by crossing a garret, where "Dad" slept, she told me; and the room she occupied adjoined with a door between, but as this had neither catch nor lock, it might as well have had none as far as exclusiveness went.

She warned me to walk carefully "for the floor's a bit uneven," and so it proved to be, in fact so much so that it was with some trouble I stood upright, and made my way after her to inspect the great uncanny chamber. A high four-poster stood with difficulty in a corner, for its posts seemed to bear the whole weight of the ceiling, that, cracked, stained and broken, seemed in momentary danger of falling if the old bedstead had relaxed its support. The walls were as bulged and billowy as the ceiling and floor, and the room was damp. On a high chest of drawers a brass clock of a bygone age still ticked in the sepulchral gloom that the one candle faintly illuminated; and a broken and mildewed mirror in what had been once a handsome gilt frame, reflected in fragments the odd chamber and a pair of frightened eyes that did not belong to the placid Miss Malor.

I had a childish wish to catch hold of my companion's dress as a child does who fears he may be left alone in the dark, but resisted, and listened to the good soul's quaint talk of the old coaching days in her grandfather's and great-grandfather's time, when the inn had been in all its glory, and the guest-rooms and stalls for the horses in the crumbling stable outside, all filled.

I examined the bed, wondering if any amount of covering could warm us in such a damp, moldy room, which was chill, in spite of the summer night; and selfishly accepted an offer from Miss Malor of an extra comfort,—knowing that "my good man" and I would be chilled to the bone without it, before morning.

Dreams of the most frightful character visited me all night as I tossed among the hills and hollows of the straw mattress; but the morning sunlight came in early, and the old room was transformed with life and glow, as the little casement windows were opened by my eager hands to let in the fresh, pure air that fluttered the gay cotton curtains, and seemed fragrant with the odor of new-mown hay.

A good breakfast of ham and new-laid eggs, bread and butter and tea,—they had no coffee,—was placed for us on the table in the sitting-room, while Dad had his, I suspect, as usual, in the kitchen. On putting on our bags, we discovered that Dad had risen early, and given our steeds a well-deserved

and much-needed cleaning. Our kind friends, the Malors, refused anything extra for all the trouble we had been, but finally Miss Malor was persuaded to accept, surreptitiously, a sixpence, for the old man, to get Dad a glass of ale—at his own bar—to drink our health in.

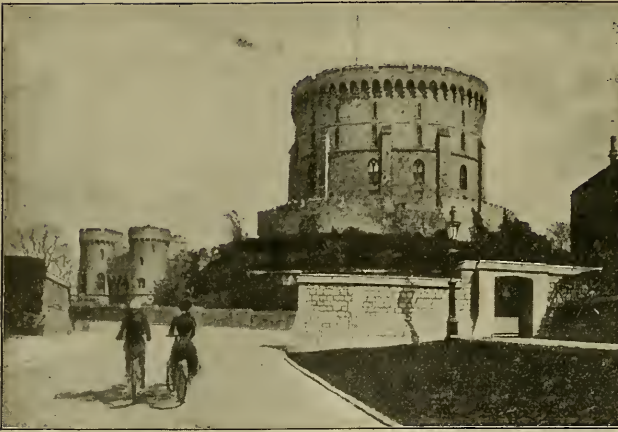
Our next mile-post said "Twenty-two miles—Bath," which was indeed good news, so, quite rested and refreshed, we bowled along, enjoying every mile of the way, and rejoicing that we were alive, and had youth and health.

"What a coast we shall have going down!" I had exclaimed many times as we climbed up and up the day before. A coast we did have, indeed, and one that was one too many for me. It was really down the side of a mountain. Having gleefully perched my feet up on the coasters, I, without a fear or thought of danger, told John to catch me if he could, as my wheel, released from the brake, shot forward like an arrow, flying down the road that wound round and round towards the valley below.

Very soon the momentum necessitated a firm hold on the brake, as the wheel almost leaped downward, and then a feeling of fear crept into my heart as I saw that the road ahead became more and more precipitous—and yet I now had the brake on with all my power; but the cycle still went forward with terrific speed. "What shall I do!" I thought, helplessly, as my cramped fingers almost refused to keep their hold longer on the brake. "John, she's getting away from me!" I cried, in terror; "I can't hold the brake much longer!"

John quickly let his wheel go, without the brake, and it shot forward madly; and then, springing from the saddle—a leap worthy of a trained acrobat—he threw himself in front of my runaway steed and grasped me in his arms as I was whirling past. The shock unseated me and almost knocked him down, but there I was all safe and sound; and just ahead, at a sharp turn in the road, the two wheels lay on the grass, waiting their riders.

For five minutes or so I was afraid to mount, having quite lost my nerve; but it soon returned, and, in spite of warnings from John that he wouldn't promise to be so successful again, we were once more coasting, but this time



THE ROUND TOWER WINDSOR.

warily, with a sharp lookout for danger ahead. Such was our entry into Bath.

Bath is a city well worth a visit. The abbey church has an old, carved stone front, representing angels climbing up and down a ladder, to and from heaven—the effect is comical, as many of the angels have no nose and only one mutilated wing; and there are a number of headless ones, besides numerous stray wings and feet belonging to no one in particular—there are the remains, in Bath, of the old Roman baths, constructed eighteen centuries ago for the luxury of the legions of the mighty empire. The old pool is still intact, so are portions of the beautiful columns that once graced the spot. In duty bound, we visited the “Pump Room” and drank a glass of the famous hot-spring water that has brought salvation and health to twenty centuries, and how many more we know not. Many visitors were met being wheeled through the city in their comfortable bath-chairs, looking like invalids, whether they were or not.

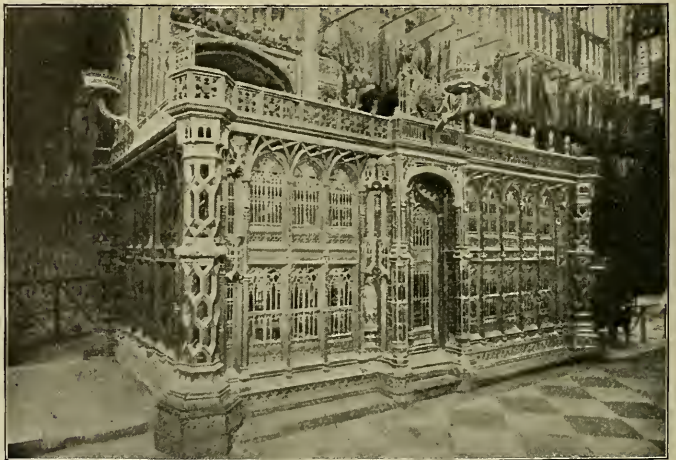
Bath is built right on the mountain-side, and I have a great admiration for the sturdy legs of the Bathites, who climb to their mid-day dinner, and again at night. “Nob” Hill, in San Francisco, is a level plain compared with it,

and I prefer the round trip on foot to the top of Washington's Monument in the Federal capital to ever going up there again.

Architecturally Bath is very striking, many its streets, squares and crescents being bold and uniform in design, and appropriate in situation. The classic age of Queen Anne seems yet to linger in the very stones; as indeed it does in reminiscence. Bath in its hey-day was both Athens and Saratoga, a singular compound of high dames and literary

giants, of wits and actors, of authors and artists, poets and beaux. Pope and Sheridan, Dr. Johnson and Fielding, Goldsmith and Garrick, Nash and Gainsborough and a host of other of the men and women who moved the world to mirth through two centuries, jostle the elbows of the mind at every street corner.

Our day and night in Bath was quite a rest, and we felt the better for it as we turned our wheels toward Windsor. Nothing of note was seen until we arrived at Reading and saw a number of Eton lads, who looked so Dickensish they might have been some of Cruikshank's own specimens. Small boys strutting about in tall beavers with bobbed-off coats, looking for all the world like tailless sparrows. It is



TOMB OF THE FOUNDER OF ETON, WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

characteristic of things English that hoary Eton to-day so full of life and youth, owes its foundation and its income to the foresight and benevolence of a pious king whose bones have reposed nigh five centuries within the Chancel of Westminster Abbey.

We arrived at Windsor in due time to inspect the famous castle, and to walk through the beautiful grounds, and down to the river Thames, from which point the view on page 464 is taken. The situation of Windsor Castle is suggestive of its history: first a refuge and a look-out; next a feudal stronghold, and after centuries of enrichment

over the walls into the beautiful grounds below, and following the road as it lay spread out before us like a narrow ribbon, until it dwindled away in the distance. On the pretty river were many small boats, and here, as everywhere in England, a number of young girls and lads were rowing up and down the stream.

Once more we mounted our steeds of metal, with happy hearts indeed, for we now were very close to our real destination, towards which we had been pedaling ever since we left Liverpool, although by a circuitous route,—the great and only London! Sacred to wheelmen



THE BARE BONES OF A PAST GRANDEUR.

from the genius of the passing ages, the peaceful home of a monarch whose constitutional rights and limitations are, like itself, the outcome of experience and, though stable and useful, derive some of their charms from age.

The Queen is not at Windsor more than half the year, but the whole castle is in readiness for the royal owner at any moment. The Memorial to her ever-lamented Albert is very handsome, and the magnificent furnishings, vases, and malachite ornaments, etc., with which the castle is filled, delight those tourists who are pleased with such things. We enjoyed, rather, wandering around the battlements, and looking

as the home of the pneumatic tire: tho' it is scarcely to be credited that but seven years have passed since the first rude samples were shown at the Stanley Show, then held amidst the sylphlike beauties of the near-by Crystal Palace.

As the sun was going down, two American-Bohemian wheelmen rode in triumph into the great hive of humanity, feeling they had well earned the week's rest they were now to have in the world-renowned city, so crowded with the richest treasures of art, science and history. The slow English yeoman and the quiet lanes are forgotten, the sleepy little inns and the babbling

streams meandering through the green meadows are behind us ; here is a new world, quite unlike the other,—and here, too, is another style of Englishman, as quick, active, restless, money-getting, and money-spending as any of our own kindred in the States.

We are almost dazed by the sudden roar and clamor, after our days of rural

quiet and tranquillity. A sudden pleasurable excitement fills our hearts with new joy, and amid the jostling hurry-burry, the maze of vehicles, the clamor of new sounds, and the tangle of lights and medley of strange objects—all combined in a roar that knows no ceasing—we fall asleep with the consciousness that this—is London !



THE CRADLE OF THE PNEUMATIC TIRE.

HOW WE WON!

A YARN OF THE SOLENT.

By W. R. P.

“THIS the voice of the Doctor ; I hear him complain,” warbled Fred, as we impatiently walked up and down the Southampton Pier one blowy evening ; and sure enough there he was, as usual haggling with a cabman. All we heard distinctly was the sarcastic assurances from the Doctor that he only desired to pay for his ride, not to buy the horse and cab ; and then he came towards us, a boy in his rear tottering under a huge basket, presumably of medicinal necessities. After favoring him with sundry quotations on the evil attendant upon unpunctuality, and being assured with irresistible unction and “on his honor as an officer and a gentleman,” it was entirely the fault of that Jehu and his horse, we hailed Jim to bring the dinghy alongside the steps. Now, our dinghy was a fine, wholesome fourteen-foot

boat, but she required care in stowing, and if our friend the Doc, a featherweight of two hundred and fifty pounds, had been invited by a careless stevedore to stow himself aft without previously trimming her “by the head,” she would quietly have gone transom under. On the occasion of our first making this discovery I incurred the Doctor’s wrath by remarking that I thought his greatest beam was below the water-line. With care we now pulled off to our little ship, and without the aid of tackle Doc was safely got on deck.

Down below in the handsome little cabin we were soon discussing some of the Doctor’s “epiglottis lubricator,” and the great question how we were to keep the Cup, “as we bitterly thought of the morrow.” I may say now that our noble ship *Jessie*, ten tons, according to the old “1730” rule, then fighting its last,

was one of the fearfully and wonderfully made machines evolved by that rule which produced so many curiosities in the way of naval architecture, albeit, if not sacrilege to say so, I prefer the old long, lean, deep, all legs and wings craft of those days to the present "saucer on a fin." She was forty-two feet water-line, seven feet three inches beam, and drew about eight feet, with a sail spread that would make a thirty-ton cruiser a handsome allowance. However, *Jessie* never voyaged from regatta to regatta, on a steamer's deck. Many a long and trying passage did she make, and many a "dusting" did she give her owners. At the commencement of the season she had "faced the gun" on the Thames and east coast, and then made her way, following the crowd (aye, and often leading them) from port to port on the south and west coasts for the finish in the Scotch fun on the Clyde.

Good old *Jess*, I can picture you now, your timbers rotting peacefully in a quiet little creek. Your owner, too, *Jess*, is now far away from the scene of your many triumphs; and you know, *Jess*, you were a terribly extravagant quean, but you were the pride of his heart, and did he ever complain? No, not even when in one single week you tore the clew of your mainsail, carried away a topmast, sprung a bowsprit, and split your best Sunday jib, and a brand-new suit, too, from the nautical "Worth."

The cup now under discussion was a very fine challenge cup, the ownership of which was dependent upon its being won thrice by the same vessel. *Jess* had taken two of these events, the last with great éclat in a heavy wind and sea; but now we feared she would "meet her Waterloo" in the shape of a new craft, the *Kate*, who had already proved herself too heavy metal for *Jess* to tackle, and sadly we thought that without the aid of some special little cherub, or some wonderful fluke, we had but a poor show. Doc was intensely lugubrious; even the gay Fred was not quite so "devil-may-care" as usual, while I felt equally the seriousness of the case, *Jess's* reputation being as the apple of my eye. The mere value of the cup was not thought of, but to win it twice and get a fall from a newcomer at the third trial would be hard luck. After much useless talk we evolved our scheme.

"What can I do to help?" says galling old Doc.

"Well, you *might* be called on (being such a fairy) to go up and lace the top-sail, or, perhaps, I might send you out on the nose-pole to hank on the jib-topsail; but on this occasion if you'll promise to lay up to wind'ard as well as you can, we'll call it square."

Somewhere in the middle of the night I heard the rattle of chain and smiled softly, as I knew Dick wouldn't be giving her more cable if it wasn't blowing harder, and every roll she gave as the hard wind caught her lofty spars made me happier.

About six o'clock Fred was yelling like a wild Indian down the companion, "Get up, you lazy imps, and have a dip; there's wind enough to blow the legs off an iron pot." This was good news. After a swim we had breakfast, and I told the boys to make a good one, as we couldn't tell how long it would be before we should get any more.

I went on deck and explained my plan to Dick and Jim, and what I wanted of them. Then we watched the preparations of our three competitors.

Two of them, whom I will call *Dawn* and *Rose*, we already had the measure of on many a well-fought day, and in this weather we had no fear of either. *Kate* and we had met only twice before, and on both occasions her gear had given out; but we had seen enough to know if all held she was too good for us. They all had topmasts housed, and the skipper of the new ship was getting his first reef down. "Good! boys," said I. "Our old scow can stand up to her whole mainsail, anyway, if it don't come on hotter than this."

We got our covers off and topmast struck, and Dick arranged that the heel-rope *should* lead aft to a cleat where I could tend it myself from the steering well. Getting our anchor we ratched around under mainsail and jib, just to loosen her joints, as Fred said.

Fred was merrily whistling something about the girl he left behind him (I mentally wondered which one), but the Doctor was still mournfully inclined, and his musical efforts were of the inspiring style of the Dead March in "Saul."

At 10:30 the preparatory gun went off. I was gilling *Jessie* about till the last quarter, when I gave her her head,

and bore up for the line on starboard tack, her covering board under and she going like a torpedo boat. With a cheer, we were over first and to wind'ard, besides having the ineffable satisfaction of putting *Kate* about as she came for it on port tack. Away we went down Southampton Water, smooth for the first seven miles, until we should enter the Solent.

Jess was roaring along, raising a quarter sea like a steamer, and it was not until three or four miles were covered that we noticed *Kate* creeping up on us. As for *Dawn* and *Rose*, they were going a steamer course, and were now actually leading, but to leeward. I wasn't playing for them, for I knew if only I could dispose of *Kate* they would be gathered in quick enough as soon as it came to checked sheets. Neither of them could last as long as a snowball in July against old *Jess* on the wind. *Kate* was my real game, and I meant having the weather berth of her as long as I could.

Nearing the castle at the entrance to the Solent, *Kate* was up close astern, and making shoots for my weather, but, as Doc said, we weren't "dead yet." The mud runs out in several places, and I hoped to make her luff and touch, but she was wary, and, making a rush for my lee, got clear through and drew out ahead. "Now, boys," said I, imploringly—

"Now, by your children's cradles ;

"Now, by your father's graves."

Now be smart !! *Kate* was then thirty yards or so out on our lee bow. Still sheltered by the land, we were yet in smooth water, but two hundred yards ahead the white horses were leaping and the sea was rolling up the West Channel big and savage against the hot weather-going tide. I could see *Kate's* helmsman watching us, and my hope was that, she being a new boat, he might be influenced by what such an old hand at the tiller as myself did, even if against his own judgment, and my surmise proved true. While still I thought her within ear-shot, I shouted "Up topmast," and Dick began to sway away on the heel-rope. A lanyard being hitched to the backstays it traveled most of the way up ; then I belayed the heel-rope, and Dick and Jim appeared to be frantically employed in getting some of its gear clear. Dear old Doc's furious red face emerged from the companion mak-

ing a great show of passing up the topsail to Fred, while I was waving and yelling at the innocent Dick and Jim for'ard.

Aboard *Kate* the ruse had its effect. I saw her helmsman point to us, and, after a brief and seemingly stormy argument with his skipper, her topmast crept up and was fidded home. Just as she made her first plunge in the heavy seaway now opening up, her topsail was set and it buried her to the skylights. In two seconds we were snug once more. I eased away the heel-rope, our topmast slid down, the backstays were belayed, Dick and Jim lay up to wind'ard, Fred threw the topsail down the hatch and, in his excitement, stamped furiously on it to force it down, with the Doctor underneath. From the tangled-up topsail in the hatch came fearful cries, yells and imprecations. Fred, on deck, in the roar of wind and spray heard nothing, and with an extra heavy stamp the topsail went below. I was up to my eyes sailing *Jess* for all she was worth in the heavy swash to windward over the nasty steep sea, but I got one glimpse of the cabin floor through the hatch that nearly ended my usefulness there and then. The dear old Doc, still entangled in the folds of the topsail, was rolling from side to side and being pitched from end to end of the cabin. There he lay, unable to get on his feet, and certainly using the most reprehensible language ever used by any Surgeon-Major in her Majesty's army. Now and then the swinging lamp gave him "one for his nob," and in my momentary glimpse I saw the swing-table give him one where it would do the most good.

When we rounded the W. Bramble buoy, and the boom was squared away, Fred and Dick descended and got the Doctor right end up, and soon the genial fellow was his own kind, jovial self once more. On the reach from the E. Bramble buoy to the Lightship we were nearly a quarter of a mile ahead, as our opponent was smothered in wind and sea, getting his topsail on deck again.

Our old girl had all she could stagger under, and we were fondly hoping some of *Kate's* gear would give out, but no, she held on all right, and was once again in smooth water, and there were seven miles yet to the finish ; it looked any odds we should have an opportunity of

studying her stern before the line would be crossed. Now the Doc came on deck again to perform his duty at shifting ballast and look out for floating anchors or flying-fish.

To cheat the strong ebb I was now cutting it very fine, my intimate knowledge of the bottom, gained in my winter sport of trawling, making me an *Ar* pilot for these waters.

Kate was now coming along with "a bone in her teeth," dead astern, and gradually creeping out on my weather-quarter, but the stars in their courses fought against her that day. Nearing Fawley, the muddy shore shoals out farther, and after luffing her up as high as I could I gradually put my helm up, and although I felt *Jess* smelling the bottom I knew that her work was done. *Kate*, ten yards to windward, was hard and fast!

As Dick tersely put it, "She got tired and sat down to rest," and we romped away for the Committee vessel, with a free sheet. We got the winning gun, anchored, and had our mainsail down by the time *Rose* roared past, some fifteen minutes later. As for *Dawn*, as usual she got in trouble below. She always

was a brute, and in a seaway, as her owner used to say, "it was like steering a monkey by his tail."

Nothing better describes the condition of mind of *Kate's* helmsman when she grounded than Homer's oft-repeated line, "And darkness came over his eyes," and his crew had a "very bad quarter of an hour." To be so badly fooled twice in one day was, as his skipper expressed it to Dick afterward, "a clean bowl out." That night we had a very jolly evening at the club-house, where the Doctor, with his full-moon face, full of peace and glowing good will to all men, fought the battle o'er again and told many a wild and doubtful yarn of *Jessie's* achievements; and Fred kept the whole room in a roar by his account of how we won a prize at Harwich through his falling from the gaff (a good yarn but too long to tell here). As for me, well I was just happy chock-a-block; and as an envious competitor remarked, as we "tacked" carefully and mutually-supportingly (good word that) toward the pier, "They're so swelled and stuck up over the old mug, that the Admiral's great coat wouldn't make a waistcoat for any one of 'em."



STRIKING A TARPON.

By John Dent Peabody.

MUCH has been written of tarpon-fishing on the Florida coasts with rod and reel, but little has been published about "striking," a sport that, in the opinion of many, excels that by rod and reel in the variety of excitement it affords. For this one uses a barbed iron called "grains," or a short light harpoon known as a "lily-iron," either of which is temporarily attached to a light pine

pole, "the striking-pole," and is cast as a spear might be, by the "striker."

The grains is a double-pronged, wrought-iron instrument; the prongs usually not more than three or four inches in length, and from three-sixteenths to three-eighths of an inch thick. Strong barbs are sprung an inch from the delicately sharp, hardened points, having a spread of three-eighths of an inch, and about an inch and a half

of space between the two. As usually fashioned, the prongs are cut so that the points, while extending inward, are raised from opposing sides. This gives the greatest holding power. The grains has also a tapered socket for the insertion of the pole.

The lily-iron is a short powerful harpoon, much heavier than the grains, and, unlike the latter instrument, is capable of killing at a single blow. It varies in length from ten inches to a foot and a half, with weight in proportion. The barbed point is often of tempered steel, shaped like a short, broad arrow-head, and very sharp. The barbs are sprung from an inch and a half to two inches above the point, and are given about three-fourths as much spread. The outer edges of this head are given a long bevel and ground to a fine finish, which, with the acute point, makes an instrument of keen cutting and penetrating power. The upper sides of the barbs are left broad and flat, enabling them to withstand a strain of several hundred pounds.

For striking tarpon a three-inch grains is best, as the lily-iron is too heavy and is better adapted for striking porpoise or sawfish. The latter, if large, require the heaviest and sharpest of tools, for unless the heart or other vital organ is penetrated at the first cast, the fish are dangerous to handle.

The striking-line ordinarily used on the coast is three-sixteenths, medium-laid, white cotton line. The softer, more elastic cotton is easier to handle and is less expensive than braided hemp or hard-laid line. In one end of this line an eye is spliced, by which it may be quickly attached to the iron or grains.

With a sound pair of grains, three or four hundred feet of line, a light pole about an inch in diameter and twelve or fourteen feet long, the striker is ready to embark for the scene of his sport.

The boats used are the ordinary fish-boats so well known along the coast. They are fourteen to sixteen feet in length, with a flat or diamond bottom and a beam of from four to five feet. The rig is a spritsail on a short mast and a buttoned jib, all of which can be stowed in the boat within two minutes. These boats are safe and speedy, and when built with a six-inch wash-board will out-

weather many a more pretentious vessel. They are fitted with a net deck aft, about four feet square, and a small standing-place in the prow.

Upon reaching the tarpon-run, the sails and mast are stowed, while the sprit is used for poling the boat, or for an extra striking-pole in case of necessity. The inner end of the line is fastened inboard and coiled neatly beneath the fore-thwart. After passing the eye through a loose ring at the stem-head, the striker attaches the grains by a double loop around each prong, bringing the eye through the bight and over the socket, and drawing taut; he then inserts the end of the pole in the socket. Then he takes his stand in the bow of the boat, ready either to strike or to aid in directing the course. His companion, stationed in the stern, uses the pole in the shallows, or sculls when in the channel.

When the striker discovers a fish, he indicates by motions its direction, and the boat is slowly propelled with as little noise as possible.

With legs widely spread to gain stability and power, the striker stands with one foot on the second thwart and one on the stem. He leans well back, and slightly bends his knees. The inboard end of the pole is grasped in the right hand and carried well back of the shoulder, while the swaying outer end is balanced on the extended left hand. The line is tightened, and passes, with a turn or two about the pole, from the socket through the left hand to the coil.

When the fish is within striking distance, which is, unless the man be exceedingly powerful, between fifteen and twenty feet, the pole is thrown with all the strength of shoulder, arm and loins. It describes in its flight a graceful curve, and shoots with a hiss of the line beneath the surface.

The action may seem as simple as it is graceful, but let the novice stand on solid ground and endeavor to hit with the same apparatus a stationary object twenty feet distant, of a size say six by forty inches. He will fail more often than he will succeed. How much more art then is required when one is stationed in the prow of a boat constantly tossed this way and that by the play of waves? Moreover, the fish to be struck is constantly changing position. It is anywhere from two to ten feet beneath

the surface of the water, and, owing to refraction, not at all where it seems.

The angle of refraction varies with every inch of depth and distance, and is the rock upon which split many men, who would otherwise be successful strikers. In a nutshell, a good striker must have a quick eye, correct judgment and a steady arm.

If the throw prove successful, the barbed points are buried in the fish; the pole by its buoyancy is loosed from the socket and floats to the surface, where it is easily picked up, while the tarpon makes its first mad rush.

It is the usual practice among the best strikers to make no attempt to check this first burst of speed, which almost invariably ends within a hundred yards. It not only gives ample time to regain the pole and arrange matters for the coming fray, but allows the flesh to settle firmly about the barbs. This point is one of value, especially if the penetration has been shallow or only one barb is holding. Many fish are lost by the tyro in his hasty effort to hold back his game.

The tarpon will be anywhere from fifty to three hundred feet away when the boat is ready to follow him, and as it is propelled nearer, the line is neatly coiled once more in the prow. As the boat draws near, the line becomes taut and hauls on the buried barbs. The response comes without a moment of delay, and a fish capable of jumping five feet with a hook in its mouth will jump double the distance with the barbs in its side. It is not a steady spring and a shake of the head, but a wild surge out of the sea, ending in a double or triple twist, coiling the light line once and perhaps twice or even thrice about the glistening body.

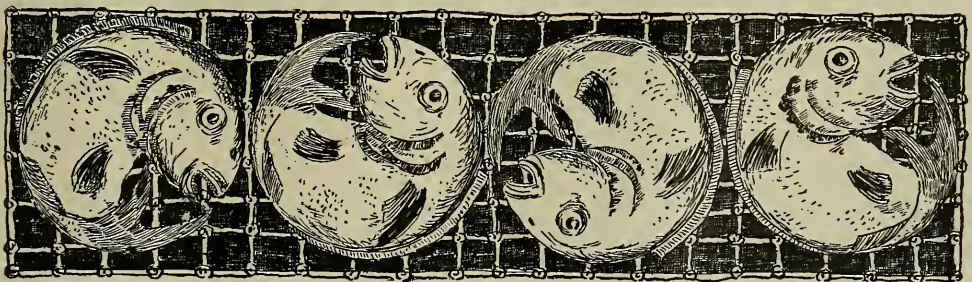
Then, indeed, commences a "battle royal," for all the strain comes on the coils, and the fish, if he be a hundred or

a hundred-and-fifty pounder, will carry along the boat with a smother of foam under her stem. If the striker is sure of his line and the trueness of the set of his grains, he enjoys the ride; but if doubt lurks in his mind, which is more often the case, he plays that plunging, silvery-sided organism with a skill that would make an expert envious.

Becoming tired of jumping six or eight feet as many times and numbed by the grains, the fish at last drops to the bottom in a sulky mood. The boat is moved nearly over him, and, by gently drawing on the line he can be brought to the surface. If he comes up underside first he is a safe fish, and can be taken into the boat by means of a loop slipped over his head or tail; but if his fins are quivering and his back is uppermost, be wary. He is liable to make a dart for the bottom of the boat, and, if he strikes it, will tear out the grains and escape little the worse for his fight.

It is best to let the boat drift a short distance from him, when a gentle but quick jerk on the line will renew his acrobatic display. In a large fish this procedure may have to be repeated as many as four times, and the sportsman may consider himself fortunate indeed if he lands his game inside of an hour. It is often necessary to plant a second pair of grains in a large and strong fighter, and to use both lines.

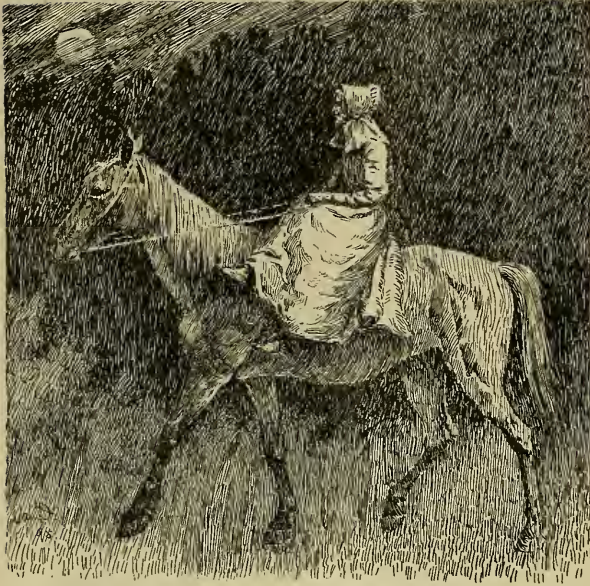
Many tender-hearted persons object to the sport, claiming it to be more cruel than capture with the hook; but such is not the fact, for there are few nerves in the tough muscular mass on a tarpon's side. If this were not the case, however, the sport would be less cruel, for the time of suffering is never more than half as long as when the fish is worried with the hook. The beauty of the game, his wild fight, and the skill necessary in striking and handling him, make the pastime one of extreme fascination.



REDCOAT AND CONTINENTAL.

By Sara Beaumont Kennedy, Author of "A Jamestown Romance," Etc., Etc.

(Concluded from January.)



"THERE CAME INTO CAMP AN OLD WOMAN." (p. 476.)

THE struggle for liberty drew party lines sharply in New Berne. There were in the town men who were stout loyalists, men who had small faith in the successful result of the war, and who believed that even if victory were achieved the new government would be too weak to maintain itself or protect its citizens, and consequently a return to English rule under humiliating conditions would be the final outcome—men who were bound to England by the closest ties of blood, and who, though condemned, were conscientious in their convictions. But Bryan Council was not of these. From the first his fortune had been cast on the side of his country; and Sally, with a united duty but a divided heart, sat among the patriotic women of the town and sewed garments and picked lint for the Continentals, thinking the while of her two lovers, one in his somber-hued uniform, the other in his scarlet and gold. Now that they were equally removed from her there was naught to turn the scale of preference. Filled with consternation at the British successes, she listened with quickened breath and

brightening eyes when men talked of the magnificent dash of the young cavalryman, Colonel Ferguson. But when news came that Jonathan Daves had been promoted on the field for signal gallantry, she fled to her apartment and in her transport kissed the radiant image her glass gave back, crying joyously:

"'Twas for me he did it—for me—for me!"

Five years went by, five years of the fluctuating fortunes of war. Then all seemed lost; the Continental armies in the North were defeated; the ports of the South were in the English grip, and Cornwallis sent out Ferguson to wipe the last vestige of Toryism from the Carolinas, and his scouting parties swept the country as

with a besom. The most shadowy pretexts served as a basis for the arrest of Whigs, and the country was filled with terror.

During this time Sally and her mother dwelt alone in the Council farmhouse, save for the Ipock witch who had overcome her gypsy habits that she might guard her young mistress; and not a regiment of soldiers could have made her more secure. Ferguson's couriers passing back and forth brought her many missives, and once or twice, slipping away from his distant command, he came himself to visit her, bringing with him ever a breezy realization of the outside combat. The war was going his way; already he saw within his grasp the martial and political honors he coveted, and his impetuous heart craved the reward of its devotion. Of Jonathan, Sally had had no word since that one brief note in the years ago, and thinking of him in defeat, her heart began to weary for news of him.

This restlessness grew into a fever of impatience as the autumn of 1780 drew on apace. She would ride, she said one morning, into the town yonder and learn,

if possible, some tidings of the war ; and her mother, pining for news of her husband, said her not nay, although the Ipock was not there to go with her. At the horse-block the girl found that, in taking her gloves from their box, she had also picked up Jonathan's letter, and not wishing to return to the house, she slipped it inside of her dress and went on her way. In the town she heard only wild rumors of Continental disaster and the depredations of Ferguson's host, with just a hint of some intended coalition of scattered bands of Whigs throughout the district. Returning a few hours later, discouraged and unhappy, she drew from its hiding-place the hidden note, and letting the pony choose its own gait, she read and re-read its tender phrases to soothe thereby her melancholy. She lost herself in a host of crowding memories evoked by the words, and she rode on asking herself how she had resisted their earnest pleading. But suddenly the pony shied, and she looked up to find her path barred by a musket in the hands of a British soldier. Her heart leaped to her throat, but with a gesture impelling silence the man turned the horse a few yards from the road where another soldier sat by the fire eating his early dinner. They were looking, they said, for a courier with American dispatches. In such times the messenger was as like to be a woman as a man ; they had reason to believe that it would be the former ; and pointing to the edge of the letter protruding from her gauntlet, where she had hastily thrust it, they demanded its surrender. They would be sorry to use violence—but the dispatch they must and would have.

Then it was that Sally first knew her heart aright. This note was the last link between her and Jonathan, but rather than have its secrecy violated, its tenderness jeered at by these rough men, it should go ; and with a sudden passion she tore it apart and threw the fragments upon the red-hot embers of the fire, where they shriveled into nothingness.

"A spy !" cried the men as the flame flared up ; "'tis proof enough. Away with her !"

Powerless to resist, she was forced upon her horse, and with a guard on either side was hurried away from home, her friends left in ignorance of

her fate. Her brain reeled with the peril that menaced her, and at times she was forced to grasp the horn of her saddle with her disengaged hand to maintain her upright posture. All the September afternoon they pushed forward, stopping only to water the horses ; and in the dim twilight they came at last to the British camp.

The news that the scouts had brought in a spy gained them speedy admittance at headquarters. Ferguson, for it was he, sat at a camp-table writing and did not look up as the party entered the tent, so that Sally had space in which to collect her thoughts. When at last he raised his eyes he sat transfixed, then stood up unsteadily, his brain reeling with a tempestuous thought. But her defiant face set it at rest ere he spoke—she had not come for love of him.

"How came *you* here ?"

"By force ; certainly not through choice."

"You were the—stop, have my men used aught of discourtesy toward you ? If so, by heaven they shall repent it !" Without awaiting her answer he turned fiercely upon the scouts, who cowered before his anger, protesting they had shown all consideration in the arrest.

"Nay, they used me with no special roughness," she interposed, "save, indeed, to tear me from my friends and bring me hither."

"We learned," said the courier, "that the dispatches you bade us capture would be sent at a certain hour and by way of a certain road. We met this lady upon that road at that hour, and saw the letter in her glove."

"Where is the latter ?"

"She destroyed it ; then it was we seized her."

Ferguson turned to the girl, retaining with a visible effort his official air.

"This letter was of a secret character ?"

Her lip was twitching suspiciously :

"Of a most private character ?"

"And you refuse to divulge the contents ?"

"I do."

"And the writer's name and to whom it was addressed ?"

"It was addressed to myself ; the writer's name is of small import."

He waved the men away, save the guard at the door, and restraining his desire to take her hand, he seated himself at the table opposite her.

"See here, this letter," he said, pushing the half-written sheet toward her. "I was writing you at the moment you arrived. Not that you ever answer my epistles, but all these months of silence have not abated my love—I was telling you so there; read it." She ran her eye mechanically over the page. "You see what I ask there, that you play fast and loose with me no longer, but say you will marry me when this campaign is ended. A strange chance has brought you hither—on my soul I had no hand in it—and now I say marry me at once; 'tis the easiest way out of this difficulty."

She pushed her chair back angrily, but he detained her.

"Wait. The war is virtually over; Georgia and the Carolinas are in the hands of Cornwallis. The North is paralyzed for lack of supplies. I go West to quell the mountaineers, after which the whole British army will sweep up through Virginia and meet Washington and his insurgents. Who can doubt the end? After that the old order will be restored. My reward for service will be the governorship of Carolina. Sally, will you go back to the palace with me to rule there?"

"No, I will not. And now, Colonel Ferguson, I pray you let me depart, I have surely suffered enough and all to no purpose."

He hung over her chair, using every argument he could lay hold of to forward his cause, his wealth, the brilliancy of his position, and above all his devotion; but naught availed him, she persisted that she must return. To accede to her request would be generous, and yet the opportunity in his grasp seemed sent of heaven. He hesitated and yielded to the temptation.

"But you could not go alone, even if it were not already night, and I cannot spare you an escort. My scouts are all called in; at daybreak we take up our march to the West. There is no help for it, you must go with us at least part of the way, until I can make arrangements for you otherwise." Then seeing how pale she grew, he added, hastily: "Fear not, you will have pleasant traveling companions. There are with us quite a number of loyalist ladies who are afraid to remain in their homes and so are accompanying their husbands. You will find acquaintances among them, perhaps friends."

And so it was that Sally speedily found herself under the protection of Mistress Moore, her mother's former friend, and cried herself to sleep in that lady's motherly embrace.

Next day, at dawn the brigade took up its march and pressed westward day after day. Sally had a place in the Moore carriage, beside which Ferguson rode all day as an escort. The starry evening hours he spent in front of the old lady's tent, pressing his suit with Sally. The other women wondered at her indifference, he made so charming a wooer.

The march was almost a triumphal procession, and each day brought fresh Tory refugees and Whig prisoners to the camp. Among the latter the couriers brought in one day a Continental officer, and Ferguson laughed to himself as he recognized Jonathan Daves. The fine chivalry of the man's nature shrank from a plan that flashed meteor-like through his brain, but he was well-nigh desperate with the long waiting and wooing, and here at last was a means to make Mistress Sally acquiesce in his demands. Consequently she was summoned next day to the prisoner's trial in the audience-tent. Jonathan, who believed her safe at home in New Berne, started violently as she entered and moved forward to speak; but she having heard of his arrest and guessing vaguely at the scheme in Ferguson's mind, returned his greeting but coldly, and passed to the chair placed for her. The farce went on, the evidence was summed up against him, he acknowledged with a touch of exultation that he was a Continental officer and had been captured while seeking information within the enemies' lines. Then Ferguson, dismissing the guard, turned to Sally.

"Mistress Council, I have here a man who, by the laws of war, should die, but he is your friend and I am loath to sign the death warrant. You can save him as you will."

"I? I do not understand."

"To my *wife* I could refuse no favor; marry me and the prisoner's life is yours."

It was a terrible moment, the death-like silence in the tent, the strong, eager faces of the two men awaiting breathlessly her decision, the blood beating through her veins with a sudden mad-

ness of dread and despair. She stood up, leaning the tips of her fingers hard upon the table to hide their trembling. Her eyes looked straight into Ferguson's.

"You mean to make his life conditional upon my marriage with you?" He bowed. "Then, Colonel Ferguson, you have done the first cowardly thing of which I ever knew you guilty. But I cannot— He must—meet his—fate."

Mistress Moore caught the swaying figure and the two women made their way from the tent into the open air. In her heart the girl did not believe that Ferguson would carry out his threat, but all that afternoon she lay with her face buried in her hands, her fingers pressed over her ears, lest she hear the shot that gave Jonathan to death. Night came, however, without catastrophe, and the next morning the army took post on King's Mountain. Thence Ferguson sent out imperious messages to the mountaineers of Tennessee and Carolina, and sat down to await their surrender and to renew his proposals to his fair prisoner. Her position was full of trouble. Dreading the lengths to which Ferguson's jealousy might carry him, she dared not show the slightest interest in Jonathan; nor, on the other hand, could she let the latter know by note or message how, in these recent days, her heart had turned to him, for there were none whom she dared to trust. She could only maintain her indifference and wait; and the nights went by in a passion of prayer.

Meanwhile, in the prisoner's tent, another struggle was being waged—a fierce combat between love and despair. All thought of personal danger was forgotten in Jonathan's anxiety concerning Sally. Why had she given him such chilling greeting; above all, how came she in Ferguson's camp? No officer went near him, his guards kept a sullen silence, and a thousand torturing suggestions tore him with their miseries as he sat alone, hour after hour, listening with straining ears for some sign from her. At first, the fact that she had given him over to death rather than yield to Ferguson's wish brought with it a flash of hope; but, as the days went by and no word came from her and his sentence remained unexecuted, a madness of desperation came upon him. He

could account for the delay only on the ground that Sally had reconsidered and yielded. Her refusal in his presence had been, perchance, but a mockery, a fine bit of acting; and he owed his prolonged life, doubtless, to the fact that she was even now Ferguson's wife. In their happiness his very death sentence was forgotten. The thought was a bitterness unspeakable, and in his jealous wrath he conjured over the words of scorn he would heap upon her when his hour of liberation came. In this dark mood he began to question with himself if he should take his life at her hands—if he should not rather demand the penalty of his sentence, refusing thus even the semblance of her sacrifice. Pacing the tent with these thoughts thronging his mind, the guards shrank away from the fierce pain of his glance.

Then, one October day, out of the mountains, by the flow of the Western Waters, there came the answer to Ferguson's message. Sevier and MacDowell and Shelby, each with a picked band at his back, brought it in their rifles and delivered it amid the flash and flare of a battle that turned the tide of the whole war. The redcoated invaders laughed as they looked down from their high place at the undisciplined hunters and planters girding the mountain with their sparse line. But the jeering ceased as the long, keen rifles of the assailants, with unerring aim, picked off the outer pickets and gunners, and that thin line crept ever nearer up the shelving slopes and rock-ribbed cliffs. Lower toned than the crash of the cannon, more insistent than the crack of the artillery, but clear and vibrant, shrilled ever the silver whistle with which Ferguson rallied his men; but in such close quarters his cavalry was of no avail, his infantry well-nigh powerless; while from behind every tree and boulder below leaped up the leaden messengers of death. Confusion—panic among the British; then a strong cry as a figure swept to the front cheering on the brigade by voice and example. An answering shout from the men, the sharp ring of a rifle below—and Ferguson went down at the head of his column, dashing, defiant to the end; and two armies paused a moment with suspended arms to watch in wonder the frantic flight of a riderless horse adown the flinty gorges. An ominous silence followed the last hoof-beat;

then, from the crest of the mountain, into the waning sunlight, there stole a flag—the white flag of surrender—and the battle of King's Mountain, with its romance and its marvelous results, passed into history.

Huddled with the other women behind the wagons in the rear; Sally heard the roar of the conflict with exultation; here at last was the succor for which she had prayed. Two hours later she was no longer a prisoner, and was pleading with Sevier for her Tory friends. For Jonathan she knew there was no need for intercession. When at last she had sufficiently overcome a shyness that had crept upon her to ask to speak with him, she learned to her dismay that in attempting to escape and join the assailants he had been wounded, and at his own request they had carried him to the impromptu hospital at the foot of the mountain. She resolved to go to him in the morning. But that night after the watch fires had been lighted there came into camp an old woman riding a decrepit farm horse. It was Mother Ipock who, learning through diligent inquiry the fate of her mistress, had followed her, sometimes on foot, sometimes riding, across the State, vowing all the while vengeance upon Ferguson. She was too late to do aught but upbraid his dead body, as it lay in a tent through the open door of which the red light of the camp fire stole weirdly. The soldiers mounting guard moved away in awe, for in that light the hag was more uncanny than ever, her coarse, gray hair streaming in the wind, her long arms outstretched, her voice rising and falling in sharp curses or broken mutterings.

The news she brought filled Sally with consternation. Her mother, worn out with anxiety, lay dangerously ill, and her father had been sent from service wounded. Under the pressure of this new sorrow the girl's dominant thought was to get home. A party of released Whigs started on the return journey at daybreak the following morning; she must join them or wait days, perhaps weeks, for another opportunity. This would prevent her seeing Jonathan, and her heart was on fire to explain to him her past conduct. But the thought of her mother prevailed; his wound she knew was slight, so she consoled herself by spending half the night

writing him a letter in which her love was half confessed. She put her lips to the pages, thinking of the joy they would carry him, of the answer he would send, and how in reply she would give him her heart unreservedly.

But the letter never reached its destination, for Mistress Moore, to whom it was intrusted, forgot it in her great anxiety concerning the fate of her captive husband.

Tossing impatiently to and fro on his straw bed, Jonathan, who had learned much of Sally's late experiences from the surgeon, waited and longed with a gleam of renewed hope for her presence or a message. She would come ere midday, if only for old acquaintance' sake, he told himself, as through a rent in the canvas above him he watched the tree-tops redden with the dawn; and at noon he said again she would be there before the sunset. But instead there came the tidings that she had gone at daylight, leaving no token, and the old misery came back upon him with tenfold bitterness. Her grief then for Ferguson's death was so great as to make her unmindful even of the claims of common friendship. He had been a fool even for that moment of hope. Had he not told himself years ago that he was done with love and with her? The dream was indeed ended now, other interests must claim him henceforth; and he reached out dumbly to where his sword stood a-prop against the canvas that shut him from the sun.

The year went by, and Sally sat at home and ate her heart out for a letter that never came. Her overtures had been too late; he despised her, and had indeed flung her back her bleeding heart and all was at an end, and nothing seemed to matter. The news of Cornwallis's surrender roused her to a temporary enthusiasm, but she fell again into her listless ways. The war had cost her both her lovers, and with the loss of one had gone her joy of life, so she was glad to hear no more of armies and battles.

The town began to take on a more animated air as the disbanded soldiers found their way home. But the palace at the head of George street was deserted, for the loyalist keepers had fled this long while. By some strange freak the Ipock witch forsook her hut and took up her abode in the spacious rooms,



Painted for OUTING by A. W. Van Deusen.

BARRED BY A BRITISH SOLDIER. (p. 473.)

and was allowed by the townfolk to remain as its protector until peace should send a rightful governor. And here Sally often came to look after the old woman and to dream away an afternoon.

One winter day, detained longer than was her wont by a violent storm, she went wandering about the house, and at last sat down to rest in a window-seat of

With the beating storm cloud as a background and the window drapery casting soft shadows upon her, she made so sweet a vision that a man coming in at the open door stopped abruptly.

"Jona—Colonel Daves!" She recovered herself with an effort. He came forward and shook hands stiffly, but at sight of the color that crept into her face his hauteur softened.



HE TOOK THE VACANT SEAT BESIDE HER.

the great hall. The rain beat in blinding sheets against the panes, but she gave it no heed; she was remembering, not how she once thought to rule here with Ferguson in splendor, but how she had danced down the long room with Jonathan and felt the clasp of his fingers over hers and his breath upon her cheek in the quick turns of the figures.

"Mother Ipock told me not that I should find you here. I thought the rooms deserted."

"Else, of course, you had not come," she answered, coldly.

"I should not have presumed to disturb you."

After a turn about the room, he took the vacant seat beside her, and they

drifted into commonplaces, each striving to maintain an air of cold reserve. But during a pause he said suddenly, as he glanced about him: "This is quite different from our last place of meeting."

"Hush! Those days were the nightmare of my life."

"And of mine. Once I thought I understood your defiance of Ferguson, your condemnation of me. But I was mistaken." Then seeing the eyes she lifted to him were swimming with tears, he burst out impetuously: "How could you leave me as you did, without a word, a line—knowing, too, that I was wounded and heartsick? A hurt animal would have deserved better at your hands. How could you do it? How could you?"

"Without a line? What can you mean? Surely you had the letter I left for you!"

"You wrote me one?"

"Truly I did, and left it in keeping of Mistress Moore."

"I never had it."

The joy that flashed into her face was beautiful to see. "Then your long silence meant not that you hated me for the part I played at your trial in Colonel Ferguson's tent?"

"Hate you? What madness are you talking? I have never done aught in my life but love you. But stay, why did you bid Ferguson kill me?"

She turned toward him with outstretched arms: "Because the condition of your life was my marriage with him, and I had rather we both had died than become his wife, I—loved you so!"

Mother Ipock closed the door, she had opened, and went softly down the stair, laughing to herself.

"Love outshines a palace; said I not so, said I not so?"

SPORTSMEN'S DOGS—THE SETTERS.

By Ed. W. Sandys.



setter of to-day is so unlike his spaniel ancestor, that we may well skip several chapters of musty history.

From the term "sitter," of course, came the name setter, and the expression, "to set game." The latter is now seldom heard, for our modern setters are not encouraged to adopt the true setting, or crouching, position when on game. Fashion has decreed that the more upright *point* of the pointer is *the* thing for the setter, and the jauntier and bolder the pose, the better it is liked.

Only twenty years ago the term "set" was in general use. A sportsman, especially an old-timer, when a setter paused on game, would then say, "There's a *set*!" while if the same man were following a pointer he would say, "There's a *point*!" when the dog stiffened. Some old fellows stuck so rigidly to these little distinctions that they would chaff one of the younger school who was careless in his use of the two terms, but gradually the "set" was dropped until "point" (the better term) came into universal usage.

AT this late day we need not bother about the exact origin of the setter. Suffice it to say that he was originally a spaniel, and was known as "sitter," because he would sit down or crouch, and wait for the sportsman's approach, after locating the game. Records tell of the work of these sitting spaniels in 1515, and even prior to that date, but the dust is so deep upon those ancient tomes, and the



Hermann Simon

THE IRISH AND THE GORDON.

Painted for Ours by Hermann Simon.

This was hastened by the professional handlers at field trials, for these gentry were given to bawling, "Point!" at every possible, and for that matter, impossible excuse. The bawlers, too, were mighty sharp about certain other *points*, with which, however, we have nothing to do.

The modern setter is an "improvement" of a grand old stock. Some field performers that I have seen have suggested the idea that the improvement (?) has been carried too far, yet most of our modern dogs are better for the work required of them than their ancestors would be. In this respect the setter is a curious illustration of man's ability to alter, by what we may term "artificial selection," the characteristics of any breed of animals. Field-trials and bench-shows have been powerful factors in the improvement of the dogs; and had the breeders of the past fifteen years been wise enough to have bred to a uniform type, and striven to produce the best field qualities without losing beauty, there would be more useful and handsome dogs, and we should have been spared much bitter feeling and endless, wearisome discussions of "field-type" and "show-type."

Good as are the modern dogs, some of the unimproved old-timers were, perhaps, their superiors as all-round workers, and especially as companions for gentlemen sportsmen. The old-fashioned dogs were heavier and slower than the latter-day crack-a-jack, but they were stout, stanch, brainy and frequently very beautiful. They had "bird-sense" a-plenty, were great stayers, if not lightning goers, and they admirably suited the conditions then existing. In the days of the muzzle-loader matters afield moved more slowly than they do now, and stanchness and obedience were of the utmost importance. With the breechloader came more rapid action (in more ways than one); ejectors hurried things still more, until at present the flying American types of dogs and men fairly *rush* their sport.

I have no objection to this field-trial style of taking one's pleasure. I can shoot as fast, load as fast, and tramp as fast as any sportsman should be expected to do. Yet I sometimes sigh for the somewhat staid, better controlled, more picturesque and much more enjoyable sport of a couple of decades

ago, before the Improver introduced the hurricane method now so much in vogue.

Were those slow, old potterers any use? Aye! that they were, my friend, and the days they helped one to enjoy were wondrous pleasant. Those dogs—peace be to their ashes!—the dear old orange-and-whites, lemon-and-whites, headstrong Irishmen, heavy Gordons, Campbells, "natives," *et al.* were *workers!* They were intelligent, willing and systematic; they dropped to shot, and to wing; they stood like rocks, they backed freely and they heeded commands. Many of them were very stylish, and while few of them would be deemed at all fast to-day, yet they were free rangers and quartered their ground with a systematic thoroughness which made them most efficient. All day and every day was their style. The end of the week found them "going yet"—a trifle foot-sore at starting, a bit raw as to end of stern, a bit pink on the flanks, but "going yet," running the soreness out and facing cover with a courage that seldom failed. They had good noses, too, had those old-fashioned dogs, and many of them were fine retrievers, wet or dry. Such a dog was Llewellyn's famous Dan, a slashing worker, which any sportsman of to-day might be glad to follow.

Now, to consider the different breeds of setters. These include the two strains of English setter proper, known as the Llewellyn and the Laverack, the red Irish setter, and the black-and-tan Gordon setter. An all-black strain some years ago had many admirers, and specimens of it may yet be found, some of them cracking good dogs too, but they and other minor strains need not be dwelt upon.

The Gordon setter, true to type, is a large, handsome dog, comparatively easily trained, and a stout, reliable worker. In nose, intelligence, and general field qualities he is excellent, yet he has only a limited number of admirers—perhaps for reasons which I shall mention later on. The original Gordon was a black, tan and white dog, but modern breeders dislike the white and prefer a coat without even a tuft of white upon the breast. The standard coat is marked as in the black-and-tan terrier. The black cannot be too deep and glossy, while the best shade of tan is a warm mahogany-red, showing in a spot above

each eye, on lips, cheek and throat ; upon the forelegs about to the elbows, upon the hindlegs to the stifles, and for a short distance upon the underside of the tail, or flag, the longer hairs of which should be entirely black. A good coat is not so very common, and when in fine condition it is a pretty thing to look upon.

One of the faults of the Gordon is a superabundance of bone and beef, causing more or less heaviness and clumsiness; there is also a heaviness of head and nose which is not either so sprightly in expression or so pleasing in general effect as the cleaner cut heads of the other breeds. The handsome coat, too, is an undesirable feature for field-work in a country like ours, where a large proportion of the shooting is done in cover. There the black-and-tan blends too well with the surroundings, and an obstinately stanch dog may frequently get on a point and cause a lot of delay, trouble and perhaps lost opportunities, while his owner is making a row trying to get him in, or locate him.

Some admirers of Gordons may object to my statements and point to the show-bench and ask, "Where are the bone, beef and clumsiness?" I'll admit that many dogs shown of late are somewhat of the Llewellyn model—but then they are not Gordons, unless we dub them *improved* Gordons. In the original home of the breed, the heavy, sedate, moderate-paced fellows suited the conditions, and the coat was not such a drawback, owing to the nature of the shooting grounds ; but, unless they are to be preserved here for some extraordinary quality, or qualities, which the English setter lacks, why not keep them true to type? The Gordon has no advantages over the English in any quality of excellence for field-work, or as a companion, and nothing desirable is to be gained by departing from the original type and producing an imitation of an English setter in a beautiful, but from the field-work point of view, undesirable coat.

The red Irish setter, or "Irishman," as he is affectionately dubbed, is a handsome animal, with considerable of the "divil," and perhaps the "laste taste in de wurruld" of Hibernian recklessness in his affectionate nature. He ranks next to the typical Gordon in size, "an' he's a darlin', God bless 'im!" Keen-nosed, lean, sinewy, ragged-hipped, he

can show them all how to cover the country. His methods are full of vim and dash, he has any amount of pluck, he is excitable, but he can stay to the end and can fight "wid the best av thim"—in fine, he's—I-r-i-s-h!

His best coat, which he is so ready to trail in the mud, water, or any old place, for sport or for war, is of a deep mahogany-red, with frequently a small spot of white upon the breast. Personally, I prefer a coat without a white hair in it. The eyes match the coat. The nose is chocolate-color. The typical Irish head is a thing of beauty, while it looks like "business." Long, lean, domed skull, pronounced stop and occipital protuberance, low-set, close-hanging ears, lean cheek and muzzle—clean-cut best describes it. It well suits the wiry, tireless machinery behind it.

A dog of this type must needs be a fast, high-headed and courageous worker, and when thoroughly broken and given plenty to do, there is no better dog on earth. He is also a delightful comrade, even for a man who does not shoot.

His coat is open to the same objection noted in connection with the Gordon. His other faults are a hilarious tendency to raise the deuce upon the slightest excuse, a general excitability of temperament, and an objection to being firmly controlled. Of all our sporting dogs the Irishman requires most work, most training and most whip. He sometimes has to be practically re-broken at the opening of each season, but this is apt to be partially the fault of his owner. An excitable sportsman should never own an Irish setter ; nor will a dog of this breed answer for the sportsman who himself breaks shot, chases, and does other things which men who value their dogs never think of attempting. The Irishman is only too ready to take advantage of any carelessness on the part of his handler.

Once I met a man in the field who had just had trouble with his Irishman. "What do you think of it?" he roared. "I paid one hundred dollars to have that brute trained, and here he goes and raises hob the first time I try him!"

"I think the dog will shortly need re-breaking as badly as you yourself now need *breaking*," I replied, and it just about covered the case.

The reader will readily guess that the Irishman is not the dog for a novice to

buy, yet, when handled by a cool, practical experienced man, the red fellow's work is up to the highest standard. It is true that English setters have beaten him when both have been handled by skilled professionals, but that signifies little. Much more attention has been paid to the development of the English strains, breeders have been at liberty to choose sires at will, while the total number of well-bred Irish setters in the country is comparatively very small.

If many of the complaints of the dog's being too headstrong were carefully gone into, it would be found that he, instead of being to blame, had merely got into the wrong hands. Not one of our sportsmen out of twenty, more likely not one in fifty, knows how to break a dog or how to keep him in form after he has been broken by a professional.

Give me a well-broken Irishman, and I will guarantee to get good work out of him; and so might any other man who can shoot well enough to keep a dog steady, who knows what a dog should do, how he should do it, what he should not do, and the proper course to pursue when the dog runs riot. The Irishman has plenty of brains, and like any clever dog, he mighty soon discovers when he is with a man who is firmly kind, but who will stand no shinanigan.

I like the dog well. He is a great bird-finder, and will face thorns and cold water without hesitation; he is lithe and active as a cat, is a noted stayer, and I have yet to see one with a poor nose. As a rule, too, his feet are good, while for his size he is so light and springy that he can get over almost anything without pounding himself when landing, as heavier-bodied dogs are apt to do. The only objection I have to him is his color, one of the very worst for cover, before, and while the leaves are coming down. So soon as the snow has come, his coat is a decided advantage, and he is a rare good one in rough weather. It is not my intention to claim that he is a better all-round dog than the Llewellyn setter. No dog out-ranks the latter for all-round work, but Llewellyn men are given to digging at the Irishman, whose many sterling qualities should instead command the respect of all who know anything about dogs. The Llewellyn has something the best of it, but none too much. Lest the reader may think that I am a crank on the Irish

question, let me state that my favorite dog really is the pointer. Now a word about the English setter.

Prior to 1870 the most prominent bench-show setters in England were of a strain known as the Laverack, their breeder being Mr. Edward Laverack, who had kept the same strain without out-crossing for about half a century. The fountainhead of this breed was the union of Ponto and Old Moll. While Mr. Laverack may have been fond enough of a good dog to pat the bark on a tree, he was not much of a trainer, and the dogs owned by him did not distinguish themselves in field-trials or even in ordinary field-work. They were, however, very pretty and almost unbeatable on the show-bench. Mr. Laverack did this much for the English setter: he established a type, he demonstrated that hardly any amount of inbreeding would cause a strain to deteriorate, and he supplied beautiful and well-bred material for others to experiment with, and to develop further in the line of field-work. The Laveracks, as he bred them, were a bit too chunky and short-timbered to suit modern taste, but their heads and coats were handsome enough to please all critics.

I have not had much to do with the Laverack. The fad for the pure strain was not long-lived in this country, for in a few years breeders appeared to find that the Llewellyn was the better strain. Champion Thunder, an excellent type of Laverack, imported Moll, Lady Thunder, and a few others were all that I can form an opinion by. Two puppies, Boz and Sport, by Thunder ex Moll, I handled for a friend, and the amount of trouble bestowed upon them would, perhaps, have produced more gratifying results upon something else. The Laveracks, as I know them, while very handsome, are what I may term a bit too soft all over—more like pets than hard, dashing workers for the field. None of the dogs I have seen had good feet. I have no intention of decrying the strain, as many of them must have done clinking good work, but I speak of the few I know as they proved to be.

Perhaps to Mr. R. L. Purcell Llewellyn, more than to Mr. Laverack, we owe thanks for the grand field performances of to-day. He was practical all through, and after he had secured Prince, Countess and Nellie (Laveracks), he put the ladies

through a course of sprouts which ultimately developed brilliant though erratic working qualities.

The Llewelin strain originated in this way. Mr. Llewelin had a brace of English setters, Dan and Dora, by Field's Duke out of Slatter's Rhoebe. Dan, of evergreen memory, was a slashing big fellow, very handsome, and a grand worker, as is attested by his winning three stakes in the Shrewsbury trials of 1871.

Dan was bred to Countess and Nellie, while his sister, Dora, was mated to Prince. The progeny of both crosses proved so good that breeders here became greatly interested. In March, 1874, Mr. L. H. Smith, of Strathroy, Ontario, imported Dart (Prince-Dora), the first of the strain to cross the water. Dora

too, have brought satisfaction to this kennel. Upon its roll of honor are, among other names, those of Dido I., Dido II., Mingo, Cambriana, Ticky-Tack, Luke, and a dozen others which have won upon the bench and in the field.

Of course, in a paper of limited length, it is impossible to even mention the famous Llewellins of America, and I have no intention of trying to do so. From the earlier importations have come the best dogs of to-day, and each succeeding generation has bravely upheld the family reputation for speed, courage, endurance, and all-round field qualities. The point which I desire to bring up is this, and I have mentioned the Druid-Star cross because it will excellently serve as an example. Paris, sire of Star, was an unusually handsome dog, hav-



DAN.

was afterwards brought over by a Boston gentleman. Leicester, Druid, Queen Mab and others followed. Mr. Smith was very successful as a breeder; his famous dog Paris was as handsome a specimen of his race as ever stood upon feet.

The late Mr. Arnold Burgess, of Michigan, imported Druid and Queen Mab, both magnificent specimens. Druid I knew through some of his progeny—the Druid-Stars. Star was bred by Mr. Smith and sold, as a puppy, to my friend, Mr. W. B. Wells, of Chatham, Ontario. In time Star, a good one in the field, was bred to Druid, and Mr. Wells made a record with this nick. Most of the puppies of this cross were handsome and excellent workers. Other crosses,

the typical long, narrow head, prominent skull, pronounced stop, square muzzle, and long, thin ear, set very low. He also had the characteristic low body and beautiful coat of the Laverack. Druid, too, was even handsomer than Paris, while Star had her fair share of her sire's good looks. The Druid-Star puppies were handsome and good workers. Next we will notice Mr. Wells's famous Dido II., which the late Dr. Rowe and other good judges pronounced to be the best bitch of her year, an opinion confirmed at the important shows. She was young when Mr. Wells sold her, and I do not know how far her field education was carried after that, but I know that if she did not develop into a

crack-a-jack she should have done so. In the field she was very fast, stylish, and a stayer; in fact, just about as promising a youngster as a man could wish to see.

Now, the point is this. All these dogs were beautiful, and their beauty did not interfere with their field qualities. Yet one would have to search, perhaps, far and wide to find a few dogs as good as they were and of their types. Dido's was not the Laverack type, but something between it and to-day's Llewellyn type. Mr. Wells's best dog, at present, of a dozen or more, is probably Luke (Toledo Blade—Cambriana)—nothing at all like his old type; indeed, Luke, in form, more nearly resembles a good Southern foxhound than a Laverack. He is a clinking good dog, too, stout, fast and intelligent, as his work in trials has proved; but his beauty is seriously incommo-
 ded by limits.

ing, in my opinion, as the Druid and Paris cast. These dogs won along the line, and very nice dogs they are, but no judges who fancied the racing Llewellyn type would approve of them; and *vice versa*. They are Laveracks out and out, in heads, coats, and everywhere, dogs that Edward Laverack himself would have considered to fill the bill. Dogs at all resembling the crack Dido II., good old Cambriana, who won many a time in her day, or, in fact, any animal of what may be called the modern Llewellyn type, would stand no chance whatever under a judge who admired the Laverack pattern, as exemplified in Cactus and Maid Marian. These latter, too, under some Llewellyn men whom I know, might as well keep out of the ring. Such a state of affairs is hardly likely to foster the best interests of the English setter. We should have a rec-



PARIS.

What has been done in this case has been done in kennels all over the country, and the result is a lot of fast trial-machines, all of one general family, some handsome, some homely, and representing half a dozen or more different types. I believe that a handsome good dog is better than an ugly good one, and I do not believe in "show-type," and "field-type" being necessary for a breed of dogs that is supposed to be for shooting purposes above all other things. A tip-topper among Llewellyns should be good enough to win upon the bench and at trials; and, in justice to all concerned, breeders should decide upon what may be termed the standard type.

Not long ago, at Madison Square Garden, I devoted some time to Cactus and Maid Marian. Here we find a good deal of the old type, though not quite so tak-

ognized type to breed to, keep as close as possible to it, and then let conformation, coat, and condition decide where the ribbons should go.

The trouble with breeders appears to be that the moment a dog of any type, or of no recognized type, wins an important trial, there is a desire to breed to him because he is a winner, and not because he is by blood, conformation and disposition the best dog to be mated with the bitches sent to him.

The typical English setter is not only a handsome dog, but he is admirably suited to his work. As he must be both fast and enduring his form shows a blending, or happy medium, between the speedy lines of the greyhound and the endurance model of the foxhound. The best type of head is as follows: Skull, long and rather narrow; the muzzle long, me-



A FAVORITE OF THE OLD TYPE.

dium in width and deep, end square ; nose large with open nostrils ; eyes, medium fulness, bright and mild ; ears, long, thin, placed low on the head and close-hanging. The neck is moderately long, clean and graceful. The dog's body and legs should be strong enough for endurance without being too clumsy for speed. The chest is deep, ribs well sprung, without any suggestion of barrel-shape, and well-ribbed back. The feet may be either what is termed "harefoot," or "catfoot," so long as there is plenty of hair between

the toes ; for in this hairy foot lies the setter's sole advantage over the pointer as a worker in severe weather and over ice, frozen, or other trying ground. The tail is of medium length, strong at root and tapering to a point ; it is carried with a moderate curve, and it should be well feathered.

The coat of the English setter varies in color, but it is always rather silky, close-lying, abundant and free from curl. Unpopular colors are orange and white, lemon and white, liver and white, roan

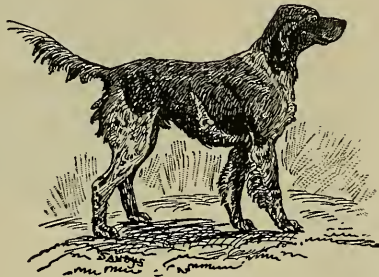


COUNTESS.

and all black. One or more of these, however, may crop out now and then in litters of the best Llewellyn blood. It indicates a throwback to the old stock, and the off-colored puppy may or may not be the best one of the litter, exactly as though he were of the most fashionable markings.

Some English setter coats are marvels of beauty. The favorite color is some combination of black, white and tan; next we may rank what is termed the "blue belton," white and black flecked, in which the black shows with a slaty-

blue effect; and thirdly, black and white in large markings, without any tan. The black, white and tan, if evenly laid on, certainly is attractive, but it is not always as evenly distributed as though an artist had done the work. The handsomest coat I have ever seen was a blue belton, in which white predominated. The oddest coat I have seen was in the case of a Laverack-Llewellyn bitch called Lady Patch. She had one side of the top of her head liver and the other jet black, two black ears, and a white body with a few small black marks.



LUKE.

MY DOG.

By Clarence Hawkes.*

COME in, my dog, nor linger at the door,
Come in, old Gip, and lie upon the floor,
And rest your faithful head upon my
knee,
And deem it joy to be alone with me;
My dear old dog, unto creation's end
Of all the world thou art my dearest friend.

Thou dost not ask me to be good to thee,
It is enough that thou dost care for me,
And if this hand could beat thee from my door,
Thou wouldst come back again and whine
once more,
And lick the hand that made thy body smart
And love me still deep in your doggish heart.

Thou dost not ask for dainty bread and meat
But lovest best the food I cannot eat,
And sweet the bit, if looks I understand,
That thou canst take from out thy master's hand,
And while wise men in thankfulness may fail
Old Gip says thank you with his wagging tail.

And when my dog is sleeping in the hall
I have no fear that danger will befall,
For thieves would find that passage doubly
barred,
A truer soldier never mounted guard.
And lasting is a dog's fidelity,
To those he loves, as man's can ever be.

What love is beaming in those two brown eyes,
When chidden, too, what sorrow in them lies,
And how they follow me from place to place
As though they tried to read his master's face,
And how he springs and barks when I am
glad,
How soon his tail will droop when I am sad.

And when I die, if friends forget to pine,
I know there'll be one faithful dog to whine,
To bark impatient at my bedroom door,
To hunt the meadow and the woodland o'er,
And watch and whine for master who is late,
And die at last, still watching at the gate.

* The author of these lines is blind.



Photo by the Author.

FENCE CLIMBING DRILL.

RECENT EXPERIMENTS IN INFANTRY BICYCLING CORPS.

By Lieutenant James A. Moss, U. S. A.

IN his last annual report General Miles, who is an enthusiast on military cycling, recommended the organization of a regiment of cycle infantry.

It was in harmony with the spirit of this recommendation that the Twenty-fifth United States Infantry Bicycle Corps was organized last July at Fort Missoula, Montana. The corps consisted of one sergeant, one corporal, one musician and five privates, among the number being one cyclist mechanic.

Although a number of experiments have of late years been made with the bicycle in the conveyance of messages and other tests of rapidity, little has been done in testing the wheel as a means of transportation for troops. The main object of the Twenty-fifth United States Infantry Bicycle Corps was to thoroughly test this part of the question, in the heart of the Rocky Mountains, where, if the utility of the bicycle for military purposes could be established, there could be no doubts about its practicability anywhere else.

The first three weeks were devoted to practice rides, drills and exercises in jumping fences and fording streams. The weather permitting, we made daily rides of from fifteen to forty miles. In drills we confined ourselves to simple movements, designed for utility only.

After little practice the corps attained

great proficiency in getting over fences and fording streams. Several times we got over, with but little trouble, a board fence nine feet high, the bicycles being packed in heavy marching order. On a number of occasions we forded streams in three feet of swift water.

One of the first problems to be solved was a system of packing, which was devised as follows: The knapsack was strapped to the handle bars on the front of the bicycle; on the knapsack was carried the blanket roll, containing one blanket, one shelter-tent half, and the tent poles; the haversack was carried either on the front of the knapsack or on the horizontal bar, well to the front; the tin cup was secured under the saddle, and protected from mud and dust by a cloth bag; the canteen and cartridge belt were on the body of the soldier; every other soldier carried a rifle strapped horizontally on the left side of his bicycle; those not so armed carried revolvers, and had canvas luggage-cases in the diamond of their wheels; every man carried thirty rounds of ammunition.

To facilitate the packing of the rations, the flour, salt, sugar and coffee were carried in rubber-cloth bags about eight inches by twenty inches, and stored away either in the knapsacks or the luggage-cases; the bacon was cut into small chunks and wrapped in cloth. Can goods,



Photo by E. Burton Holmes.

A TRYING GRADE.

such as corn, baked beans, jelly, deviled ham, etc., were generally carried in the knapsack.

The cooking utensils, consisting of three dripping pans, one patented baker and one large coffee-pot, were carried in a tin case attached to the front of the bicycle and resting on a frame.

Every soldier carried in his knapsack: one summer undershirt, one pair summer drawers, two pair summer socks, one towel, two handkerchiefs, one winter undershirt, one pair winter drawers, one pair winter socks, one tooth brush and powder, one cake soap, one blanket, toilet paper. Every other man carried a comb and brush, and every one carried in his haversack, a knife, fork, spoon and meat can.

On the morning of August 6th the corps started out with 120 lbs. of rations, for Lake McDonald, a body of water in the heart of the mountains, sixty-three miles from Fort Missoula. The first night after reaching the lake, there came up a violent rainstorm, and we under-

went a number of hardships before returning home. Under most adverse circumstances, however, we covered 126 miles in twenty-four hours of actual traveling. The average weight of the bicycles, packed, was 76.2 lbs.; riders, 155.7 lbs.; average total, 231.9 lbs.

On August 15th we left for Yellowstone Park, *via* Fort Harrison, Mont., where we were to draw a fresh supply of rations. The following is a list of the provisions with which we started out: five lbs. prunes, twenty-five lbs. flour, fourteen lbs. sugar, four lbs. ground coffee, sixteen lbs. bacon, three cans milk, one and a half cans syrup (eighteen lbs.), four cans baking powder, one box pepper, five lbs. rice, two cans jelly, three cans deviled ham, ten lbs. bologna sausage, one jar Armour's extract of beef, two cakes chocolate, four cans corn, six cans baked beans, five cans salt.

Besides this, we carried medicines, tools, repairing material, tents, blankets, extra underwear, cooking utensils, arms, ammunition, extra bicycle parts, one pair extra tires, and a number of personal effects.

The heaviest wheel, packed, weighed 86 lbs.; rider, 186 lbs.; total, 272 lbs. The average weight of the bicycles, packed, was 79.7 lbs.; riders, 157.4; average total, 237.1 lbs.



Photo by E. Burton Holmes.

WHERE OTHER WHEELS WOULD FAIL.



Photo by Haynes.

ON MINERVA TERRACE, YELLOWSTONE PARK.

On this trip the Main Divide of the Rocky Mountains was crossed and re-crossed for the first time in history by a body of armed cyclists. Going, the summit was crossed near Mullan Pass, and returning, by way of the old Mullan Stage Road, much traveled before the N. P. Rail Road, but now little more than a mere trail, full of rocks and ruts. We covered 797 miles in 126 hours of actual traveling, averaging six and a quarter miles per hour. Our best ride was made on September third, when we rode seventy-two miles in eight three-quarter hours. Our poorest ride was made the day we returned, covering forty miles in ten hours, through rain, mud, water and snow.

Three days after our return to Fort Missoula, we left again to join the troops on a practice march up the Bitter Root Valley. The morning after the day we joined the command, the Bicycle Corps left camp at 7:35, and as we rode along, cyclists were fallen out at intervals of about a mile, with instructions about preserving, as nearly as possible, the distances between one another. In this manner a system of relays were established between myself and the head of the command. At nine o'clock, the head of the relay reached a small town called Grantsdale, and the following message was sent back to the Commanding Officer:—

GRANTSDALE, MONT.,

Sept. 14th, 1896.

TO COL. A. S. BURT, U. S. A.,

Commanding.

SIR:—I have the honor to inform you that Corpl. Williams and myself reached this place at 9 o'clock. Distance from last camp, per cyclometer reading, 10½ miles. I am making inquiries about forage, camping grounds, etc.

Very respectfully,

(Sgd.) JAMES A. MOSS,
2d Lieut. 25th Inf

Within fifteen minutes after the courier left me the message was delivered to the Commanding Officer at the Hamilton saw mill, four miles away.

The next morning, at 7:15, the corps left camp, and a similar system of relays was established. By 11:30 I had ridden twenty-five miles, and thoroughly reconnoitred the country along the line of march that day, as well as within a radius of several miles of our camp that night. Long before the troops had made camp, permission had been obtained for them to camp on certain ground and use fallen timber thereon, and information had been gathered as to where forage, vegetables, eggs, etc., could be gotten, the price thereof, etc.

On September seventeenth one company of infantry was sent ahead to defend a bridge over the Bitter Root River and prevent the passage of the rest of the battalion. After the company had reached the bridge the Bicycle Corps was sent out as scouts to obtain infor-

mation as to the different dispositions the Company Commander had made of his men, their strength, etc. Information so gathered was sent back to the Commanding Officer by couriers.

Every day a bicyclist was detailed to follow immediately in rear of the wagon train, with instructions to report at once to the officer in charge of the train any accidents or delays, and then to ride forward as rapidly as possible and report the facts to the Battalion Commander. The first day this use of the cyclist was inaugurated the "B" company wagon sank so deep into the mud that a number of men was necessary to get it out. The bicyclist immediately informed the officer in charge of the train of the nature of the accident, what wagon, name of the driver, etc. He was then sent forward to report to the Battalion Commander, with the request that a number of soldiers be sent back to unbog the wagon. Thus, with but little delay and no inconvenience, the wagon train was soon moving again.

While in permanent camp near Corvallis, Montana, a picket line was established around the camp. The corps was sent out to act as spies, and, moving forward about a mile, we turned off to the left and followed an old wagon road running parallel to, and about a quarter mile from, camp. Between this road and camp were dense timber and underbrush. As we rode and walked along, cyclist-soldiers fell out at short intervals, with instructions to

go through the woods and get as near as possible to camp, so as to get all possible information. It was really astonishing to see what places they got through with their wheels, at times riding and at times carrying them.

Aside from the value of the Bicycle Corps on this march from a military standpoint, it was a source of great convenience to every one to carry mail, telegrams and messages.

In all our experiments we traveled one thousand four hundred miles, by far the greater part of this distance being over some of the worst roads in the United States.

Only when in gumbo mud did we find our wheels to be a hindrance. At all other times, when we could not ride, the wheel was a great aid, as we could roll the loads on our bicycles much easier than we could carry them on our bodies.

After being out in the mountains about a week, I found we would not, under ordinary circumstances, feel the effects of a ride of forty-five miles or less in one day, but that anything over this would make us feel tired at night. It is true we were well hardened by this time, but such would be the normal condition of soldiers in time of actual warfare. At no time on the trip was any one made sick or in any way disabled from riding.

We found brakes to be absolutely necessary. Going down any kind of a grade, it would have been impossible to control, without brakes, wheels as



Photo by Shively.

heavily loaded as ours. Furthermore, we were often compelled to make sudden stops upon meeting wagons along sinuous roads, lined on either side with timber and underbrush.

In all our experimental work the wind was one of the hardest things to contend against.

A wood rim is, I think, less likely to buckle than a steel one, but it will not answer for military purposes, unless, in addition to being glued where the ends meet, it is also riveted. After being out in water and dampness a day or so, the glue is likely to wash out and the rim become loose.

Although the present pneumatic tires ride very easy and will answer in every respect for good roads, they will not do for military work. The bicycle itself is

now about perfect, and the all-important part of the question to be solved is a resilient, non-puncturable tire, which will very likely be shortly attained.

Our trips to Lake McDonald and Yellowstone Park, and the work on the practice march have, I think, demonstrated the practicability of the bicycle for military purposes, even in a mountainous country. The matter was most thoroughly tested under all possible conditions—we made and broke camp in the rain; we traveled through mud, water, sand, dust, over rocks, ruts, etc.; for we crossed and recrossed mountain-ranges, and forded streams, carrying our rations, rifles, ammunition, tents, blankets, extra underwear, medicines, tools, repairing material, cooking-utensils and extra bicycle parts.





MAJ. COLLINS.

COL. KENDALL.

MAJ. BRADBURY.

THE NATIONAL GUARD OF THE STATE OF MAINE.

By Captain Charles B. Hall, 19th U. S. Infantry.

(Continued.)

THE act of the Legislature approved February 24, 1872, authorizing the formation of ten companies of cadets, "to be composed of boys not subject to military duty under our military laws," was followed by a remarkable number of applications during this and subsequent years from organizations requesting the authority of the commander-in-chief to parade in public with arms. These requests were granted in many cases, and the organizations then became *independent* military companies. The adjutant-general in his report for 1872 stated as follows: "The policy of organizing military companies of boys under eighteen years of age, of whom no duty could be required, and who would not be responsible for the public property they would need to use is at least of doubtful expediency." General Chamberlain in his report, speaking on the same subject, says of the act, "it was unnecessary because the Governor, under the general militia law, was au-

thorized to give his sanction to any military association he may deem proper." The general also stated in effect, that the organization of these so-called independent companies would "doubtless serve many excellent purposes of instruction, discipline and patriotism." While I agree with General Chamberlain in his theory of the great good that *might* be accomplished by these companies, if we could always be sure they would never become *too* independent and their patriotism always be shown for the State and its laws, I consider that in practice the existence of independent companies is a constant danger and menace to the safety of the State. If a company is not willing to join the authorized militia force, or there is no room for it, it should not be allowed to exist. Maine is as free from strikes, mob violence and disorders of any kind as is any State in the Union, but the same inflammable material is found there that exists elsewhere.

There are to-day too many independent companies existing in our States; there are but few, I am glad to say, in Maine, and I trust no more will be allowed. In some of our larger cities the number of these companies or organizations, armed with rifles, liberally supplied with ammunition, and of course not subject to duty under, or recognizing the authority of the commander-in-chief, is almost beyond belief. Secret and religious societies probably have the largest number. In case of riots from any cause, labor, religious or otherwise, what is to prevent the rifles and ammunition of these companies being used against the authorized militia of the State? The disorders of the last few years should teach caution.

During 1873 the ten companies of infantry authorized under the law of 1869 were formed into a regiment to be known as the "First Regiment of Infantry, Maine Volunteer Militia," and at a meeting of its line officers the following-named field officers were elected: Colonel, Charles P. Mattocks, of Portland; Lieutenant-Colonel, Daniel White; Major, William H. Folger; the staff and non-commissioned staff were announced as follows: Adjutant, Matthew Adams; Quartermaster, Samuel J. Gallagher; Surgeon, George W. Martin; Assistant-Surgeons Charles O. Hunt and F. W. Chadbourne; Chaplain, Joseph C. Snow; Sergeant-Major, A. H. Jacobs; Quartermaster-Sergeant, Thomas P. Shaw. The Biddeford Light Infantry, Captain James M. Andrews, was, in June, 1873, assigned to General Chamberlain's division and formed the third unattached company in the State. In February, a "Board of Officers," consisting of General Charles P. Mattocks, General George L. Beal (of the Governor's staff), General Isaac Dyer, General Daniel White and Captain A. S. Perham convened for the purpose of selecting and recommending a uniform for the militia. The result of their careful consideration was published in a general order from the Adjutant-General's Office, dated Augusta, March 29, 1873, adopting the "uniform, equipments and dress for all general, staff, field and line officers and of the enlisted men of the militia to be the same as prescribed for the army of the United States by General Order No. 92, dated War Department, October 26, 1872, with certain modifications and alterations.

A regimental organization having been effected, it was considered advisable by the Commander-in-Chief to place General Chamberlain in command of the "First Division of the Militia of Maine," comprising all the counties in the State—a command which, as General Chamberlain stated, "might be looked upon as a technical or geographical command," there being no organization of the militia in many of the counties. As Major-General commanding a division, General Chamberlain was entitled to a staff and so appointed the following-named well-known gentlemen to serve as such: Lieutenant-Colonel John Marshall Brown, Division Inspector; Major Seth C. Farrington, Assistant Adjutant-General; Major Joseph W. Spaulding, Division Quartermaster; Major Joseph S. Smith, Division Commissary of Subsistence; Major J. Frank Godfrey, Division Judge-Advocate; Major Albert W. Bradbury, Captain Abner R. Small and Captain George S. Follinsbee as Aides-de-camp.

As the commander of a division containing but one organized regiment of infantry and three unattached companies (two infantry and one artillery), it was at once apparent that the military organization of the State was very imperfect and so unnecessarily top-heavy as to threaten a fall at any time. This was particularly noticeable in the first annual encampment of the troops which, as Division Commander, General Chamberlain was required to order, and was held at Deering on the 19th to 23d of August. General Chamberlain in his report of the encampment says: "Some embarrassment in the forms of proceeding were experienced on account of the very imperfect organization, and bearing the name of a division, without brigades, and composed of four independent and unequal commands. Such, however, was the good disposition and soldierly conformity to military discipline on the part of all concerned, that the objects of the encampment contemplated by law were in a very high degree secured. The good order and discipline of camp, I think, have not been surpassed on any similar occasion, while as a school of instruction in tactics, guard duty, and all the sanitary and police duty of camp, and in the practice of acting in a body, and in connection with other bodies, the encampment

afforded the most useful lessons and resulted in a success recognized by all, and appreciated by competent judges."

The Inspector-General, General Haynes, pronounced the police of the camp "most thorough and excellent," and guard duty, though light, was faithfully and strictly performed; as is usual at encampments, the very short time allowed was fully occupied with reviews, drills and parades.

The close of 1874 saw no change in the condition of the military force, there being a total strength of nine hundred and seventy-three officers and enlisted men. A new Commander-in-Chief, Nelson Dingley, had succeeded to the command and with him appeared a new staff; excepting Colonel George L. Beal as additional Aide-de-camp, General Benjamin B. Murray, Adjutant-General, and Major A. H. S. Davis, Military Secretary. General Isaac Dyer became Inspector-General in place of General Haynes.

The annual encampment took place at Bangor from September 1st to 4th, inclusive, in what is known as "French's Field," and proved to be satisfactory in many ways, but not in all. The Inspector-General, General Dyer, in his report for the year took occasion to refer to the altogether too common and false opinion held by many unthinking people in the State that there was really no necessity for military instruction, and encampments not worth the cost. He expresses my ideas on this subject so fully, and also those who have the true interest and safety of the State at heart, that I quote him on this point in full: "It is an erroneous idea that the expenditure annually made for military instruction is thrown away. If the volunteer troops of the Federal army had been acquainted with military discipline in the beginning of the war in 1861, unquestionably much of life would have been saved and much of disaster avoided. To be prepared for every emergency should be considered the part of wisdom." These are true words and it may be that only those of us who faced the storm in the dark days of the last dreadful war, are able to appreciate their importance.

By an act of the Legislature approved March 4, 1874, a company of infantry was to consist of one captain, one first and one second lieutenant, one first ser-

geant, four sergeants, eight corporals, two musicians, one wagoner and not less than forty or more than sixty-four privates. General, field and line officers were to be commissioned for the term of six years, the same period for which the men were enlisted.

Up to this time the law required that no volunteer company should be accepted unless its rolls contained "at least the maximum number of enlisted men," which was ninety-eight. Both the Adjutant-General and the Division Commander had recommended a change in this respect on the ground that sufficient uniforms could not be obtained for so large a number of men, and therefore it was necessary to carry ununiformed men in a company from whom no duty could be asked; and also because by having fewer men a better selection could be made for a company. In June, 1874, Upton's Infantry Tactics were adopted for the instruction of the State militia.

No appropriation having been made by the Legislature for the purpose of an encampment in 1875, none was ordered, and no occasion offered for bringing the troops together that year. The companies were carefully inspected at their armories, most of the inspections being made by the Inspector-General, who reported all but one or two of the companies in good condition.

In 1876 that thorough soldier—Selden Connor—became Governor and Commander-in-Chief, and he selected for his Adjutant-General Jonathan P. Cilley, and for Inspector-General, Charles W. Tilden. The number of recognized companies was neither increased nor diminished, with the exception of the battery of light artillery which, on the inspection report of the Division-Inspector, General Brown, was reduced to one section of fifty men and two guns.

Money having been appropriated it was possible to have an encampment this year, and one was held at Brunswick from the 12th to the 15th of September, inclusive. From the reports made on the encampment it was evidently the most successful one that had been held up to that date. Great interest in the work was manifested by both officers and men, and at the review by the Commander-in-Chief, General Connor pronounced the march-

ing of the troops equal to that of noted regiments in the great review of that year at Philadelphia.

In order to give his juniors an opportunity to exercise higher commands, General Chamberlain placed Colonel Mattocks of the First Regiment in charge of the camp for three days, Lieutenant-Colonel White succeeding to the command of the First Regiment.

In his report for 1876 General Chamberlain alludes to the perplexities (as he evidently considered them) encountered by him as Division Commander, without an existing division to command, as follows: "There was unavoidable awkwardness in official formalities, as our small command scarcely admitted of even a brigade organization, being in fact but a detachment of mixed troops." This same view the Legislature appeared to take of the matter when at its next session it failed to elect a Major-General and by so doing abolished the division organization. General Chamberlain also called attention to the large amount of military property scattered all over the State, and suggested that it be collected at one convenient place owned by the State, where there would be suitable grounds for the annual encampments; a most wise recommendation that has since been carried out and resulted in the State's owning at Augusta, the most healthy, convenient and beautiful camp-ground to be found in any State, having a fine target range and ample storehouse for military property.

Further on in the report General Chamberlain refers to the unsatisfactory organization of the militia, and to the military companies which were recognized by the Governor, and allowed to bear arms though not belonging to the actual force of the State, and which on account of their fine organization and discipline it would be a great advantage to have assigned. Referring to the ease

with which a second infantry regiment could be organized if the State was disposed to pay for sustaining it, but assuming that the Legislature would not be willing to appropriate for the purpose, he submitted his second plan for the organization of the entire force, involving no material increase of expense and making more effective what was available to expend. This plan was to disband the Androscoggin Light Artillery, on account of its poor condition, for which Lieutenant Menneally was not held responsible, and divide it into three sections (or platoons) to be assigned to and recruited at different parts of the State and to be known as the "First Battery, or Battalion of Light Artillery." The companies were to be grouped according to location into three battalions, east, west and center, and to these battalions were to be assigned such other "companies as are from time to time accepted into the service." One battalion was to be composed of the Biddeford Light Infantry, Portland Mechanic Blues, Portland Light Infantry, Portland Montgomery Guards and one two-gun battery; the second to consist of the Norway Light Infantry, Auburn Light Infantry, Augusta Capital Guards, Skowhegan Light Infantry and one two-gun battery; the third to be formed by the Belfast City Guards, Hampden Crosby Guards, Bangor Jameson Guards, Bangor Hersey Light Infantry and one two-gun battery. Each battalion was to be commanded by a field officer, assisted by an adjutant and quartermaster, and lieutenants detailed from the line. Attention was called by the Adjutant-General to the necessity for target practice, and from that time (1876) to the present great interest has been manifested by both officers and men in this most important duty of a soldier.

(To be Continued.)



OUTING'S MONTHLY REVIEW

OF

AMATEUR SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

FACULTY CONTROL OF INTERCOLLEGIATE SPORT.



THE most noteworthy feature of modern intercollegiate sport is its apparently constant and crying need of control. Almost every successive edition of OUTING reports meetings held for this purpose, and we now chronicle two more.

Representatives of Hobart College, Union College, Syracuse University, Colgate College, Rochester University, and Hamilton College, met November 28, 1896, at Utica, N. Y., and effected the temporary organization of an Intercollegiate Athletic Association of the State of New York. The principal point discussed was the regulation of competition with a view to exclude all but genuine students in good academic standing.

A similar meeting was held November 27, 1896, at Chicago, Ill., delegates being present from the Faculties of Northwestern and Purdue Universities, and the Universities of Chicago, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota.

The existing code of rules was amended, and some of its provisions made more stringent, but several proposed reforms failed to obtain a majority vote.

Purdue University and the University of Illinois proposed a rule limiting athletic competition to undergraduate students, but the five other universities united in opposing such a law. This was merely a renewal of the old fight of the smaller institutions, with few or no postgraduates, against the larger universities, with many and large postgraduate departments.

The amended rules do not take effect until indorsed by the Faculty of each university, and it is more than probable that, as has happened in former years, each university will amend or reject some of the rules and thus weaken, if not totally destroy, the good effects of the conference. The representative of the University of Illinois publicly stated after the

meeting, that he should advise the Faculty of his university to reject the postgraduate rule and to discontinue playing with universities which adopted the objectionable law. He also hinted that the difference of opinion on this point might lead to the formation of an opposition league, with a rule limiting competition to undergraduates.

These oft-recurring meetings thrust into prominence two unpleasant points. One is that a majority of the delegates examine and discuss and vote on each proposed rule, not with an eye to the welfare of honest sport and its continued growth and prosperity, but solely in accordance with how the new rule would affect their own college at the present time.

The other, and more disagreeable fact, is the undeniable proof that severe restrictions are necessary. If intercollegiate sport had always been conducted with honest purpose and manly methods, regulation would be idle, and control impertinent. If the vestments of intercollegiate sport had been spotless, such constant cleansing would not be needed. Laws are not framed to punish unknown offences, and each of the restrictions now placed on competition states in effect that the objectionable practice has been prevalent. From these amended laws we learn that in the not remote past students have competed under assumed names: that men have competed who were not members of the colleges they claimed to represent: that lads, whose total hours of study for a month were less than the working time of an honest student for a week, were allowed to represent colleges, and compete in intercollegiate sports: that men have been hired to compete for certain colleges by free tuition, free board and lodging, and sometimes actual payments in cash, that athletes have been allowed to join a college solely to compete on its team, and have severed their nominal connection with the college as soon as the competition ended, and that professionals have been allowed to compete.

Faculty control and Draconian codes may scotch, but cannot kill these abuses, and the one thing needed is such a reformation of the spirit of intercollegiate competition as will render rules and control unnecessary.

THE REGISTRATION OF ATHLETES.

At the annual meeting of the Amateur Athletic Union, held in New York City, November 16, 1896, a special committee was appointed to prepare and submit to a mail vote a new general rule, covering a system of registration for amateur athletes, and the appointment of a permanent registration committee, with powers somewhat akin to those of the Racing Board of the League of American Wheelmen. This special committee did its work promptly, and its report has been accepted and adopted by unanimous mail vote of the A. A. U. The new rules are as follows:

REGISTRATION OF ATHLETES.

On and after March 1, 1897, in no meeting, game or entertainment that has been sanctioned or scheduled by the Amateur Athletic Union or any of its branches as an open athletic meeting shall an athlete's entry be accepted unless he shall have received from the secretary of the Amateur Athletic Union a numbered certificate of registration, stating that he is an amateur and eligible to compete in amateur sports.

The provisions of this paragraph do not apply to events that are "closed," *i. e.*, open only to members of the organization giving the said games.

All organizations giving open games or competitions under Amateur Athletic Union rules and sanction must state on their announcements and entry blanks that no entries to open events can be accepted except from registered athletes.

Each athlete applying for registration and receiving same shall be assigned a number, which number shall be plainly written on his registration certificate. Managers of all open athletic meetings must leave a space on their entry blanks for recording the name and number of each registered athlete who enters.

All applications for registration must be accompanied by a \$1 fee and endorsed by the Secretary of the club of which said applicant is a member and approved by the Secretary of the Union Association within whose jurisdiction said club is located. Should the applicant for registration not be a member of an athletic club, he must procure the endorsement of three reputed citizens of the locality in which he resides and the approval of the Secretary of the Union Association within whose jurisdiction his place of residence is located.

From the fee of \$1 paid by each athlete for registration, one-half shall be diverted to the treasury of the Amateur Athletic Union and one-half to the treasury of the association from which the athlete registers.

All registrations shall expire on the last day of February of each year.

A Registration Committee, consisting of not less than three nor more than seven Governors, shall be appointed at each annual meeting of the Board of Governors, whose duties it shall be to receive, examine and decide upon all applications for registration. Infractions upon the intent of registration shall be decided by the Registration Committee. The decision of the Registration Committee shall be final in all cases, and subject to appeal only to the Board of Governors.

The Registration Committee shall file with the Secretary of the Amateur Athletic Union the names of all athletes registered and all details in connection thereto.

An athlete's number shall be considered cancelled when he fails to pay his fee within sixty days after it is due, or if he fails to enter into competition for a period of one year, unless for good reasons special permission be given him to retain his number.

The registration fee shall be for one year and be paid annually in advance.

It shall be the duty of the Secretary of the Amateur Athletic Union to furnish to the Secretary of each of the different associations from time to time a printed list of all registered numbers, names and addresses, and duplicate lists shall be forwarded to the handicappers of each association.

It shall be the duty of the committee to make, or have made, inquiry regarding any athlete whose amateur status is questioned, and all charges shall be entered

with the Chairman of the Committee, who shall provide for an investigation by a member or members of the Committee. Pending investigation the athlete against whom charges are brought may be suspended. Suspicious circumstances which are in the judgment of any member of the committee sufficient to make the status of any athlete a matter of reasonable doubt shall be the basis of investigation in the absence of formal charges.

The member or members to whom the investigation is assigned shall immediately communicate with the party under suspicion, either in person or by registered letter, lay all charges before him or set forth the circumstances which lead to a reasonable doubt and call for an answer to the charges or a satisfactory explanation of the circumstances which gave rise to the doubt.

If the athlete cannot prove his innocence to the satisfaction of the Registration Committee, the committee may inflict such punishment as is in their judgment fitting.

It shall be within the province of the Registration Committee to suspend from competition for such a time as it may deem proper any person guilty of unfair dealing in connection with athletic competition or for violation of the rules of the Amateur Athletic Union.

A failure to pay entrance fees shall be considered as unfair dealing.

Any person who has been declared a professional, or suspended for violation of the rules, shall have the right of appeal only to the Board of Governors.

Application for registration shall be made to the secretary of the association wherein the athlete makes his home.

The registration law will go into effect March 1, 1897. It will be necessary for the athlete to apply to the secretary of the association in whose district he resides. Below will be found the names and addresses of the secretaries of the different associations:

Metropolitan Association—John J. Dixon, 28 Spruce street, New York City.

New England Association—Wm. H. Plummer, Worcester A. A., Worcester, Mass.

Atlantic Association—J. W. Kelly, Jr., Box 471, Woodbury, N. J.

Southern Association—B. P. Sullivan, 233 Baronne street, New Orleans, La.

Pacific Association—Wm. B. West, 1,977 Webster avenue, Oakland, Cal.

Pacific Northwest Association—A. E. Grafton, Tacoma A. C., Tacoma, Wash.

There has been prepared a special form of entry blank which must be issued by all clubs. On these entry blanks the athlete must put his registration number.

NO MORE CHAMPIONSHIP FOOT-BALL FOR NEW YORK.

Those persons who hold at heart the best interests of intercollegiate sport, have for several years been convinced that playing the annual game for the intercollegiate championship in New York City was not desirable, and the point has now been reached where a change seems certain. At a meeting of the Council of the University Athletic Club, held January 13th, the Foot-ball Committee submitted a report to the Council of the University Athletic Club in which they presented their reasons for urging the Colleges to hold their annual contests on College grounds and not elsewhere.

After some interchange of views, the Council, by unanimous vote, accepted the report of the Committee, and adopted the following resolutions:

Resolved, That the report of the members of the Club interested in the management of the annual Yale-Princeton Foot-ball Game be accepted and adopted as the views of the members of this Council; and

Further resolved, That the Secretary of the Club send a copy of the report and a copy of these resolutions to the Presidents of the Yale and Princeton Foot-ball Associations and to the Athletic Committees of the Universities.

This action makes it certain that the intercollegiate championships hereafter will be de-

cided on the grounds of one of the competing colleges, and will thereby become more of a collegiate affair and less of a great public spectacle.

THE MILITARY CARNIVAL.

During the week ending January 16th, there was held at Madison Square Garden, New York City, a series of competitions and exhibitions remarkable alike for their novelty, their genuine merit and their unqualified success. The official title of the meeting was "Grand Military, Bicycle and Athletic Tournament," and its purpose was to raise a fund for the endowment in Hahemann Hospital of free rooms for the National Guardsmen of Greater New York. Any person might well be proud of devising and organizing such a magnificent entertainment, and the claimants for that honor are almost as numerous as the cities in which Homer was born. The truth seems to be that the pristine plan was limited to an ordinary athletic and cycling meeting, with special attractions in the shape of military exhibitions by members of the National Guard, and that the scheme gradually grew like a rolling snowball, new contests and exhibitions being added, fresh and interesting features obtained, the co-operation of the regular army secured, and the programme enlarged and enriched until it bore but faint resemblance to its original outline.

The programme for each evening began with athletic and cycling contests, followed by various military exhibitions.

The athletic and cycling events were limited to the National Guard and the United States Army, but the entry lists were most unexpectedly long, and included not only hundreds of soldiers who never before competed outside their own armories, but also many athletes well known on the cinder-path, and several who are or have been amateur champions. The poor track—a tenth of a mile in circuit on boards—prevented fast time, but all of the competitions were interesting and some resulted in fine finishes.

Very few of the contestants were from the regular army, but in the half-mile run, in heavy marching order, which was won by the veteran amateur champion, E. W. Hjertberg, Twenty-second Regiment, N. G. S. N. Y., W. T. Koch and M. Fitzgerald, of the Thirteenth United States Infantry, hunted the winner to the finish and beat all of the National Guard runners but Hjertberg.

The Bicycle Corps of the First Battery, N. G. S. N. Y., gave an exhibition which combined cycling evolutions with military manoeuvres in a manner alike novel and pleasing.

The lads of the First Naval Battalion, State of New York, gave an exhibition with light field-pieces and Hotchkiss guns. After the ordinary routine drill they supported their guns with riflemen and went into action. At first they gained ground and drove back the imaginary enemy. Then came a reverse; the riflemen fell back; the artillerymen dismembered their battery, upsetting guns, removing firing apparatus, and trundling off the wheels as they retreated. Then the tide of battle turned again, the riflemen regained their lost ground, the gunners adjusted the vagrant wheels, remounted their guns, and were once more ready for work.

A picked team of the Thirteenth Infantry, U. S. A., under command of Lieutenant E. L. Butts, gave an interesting exhibition in new styles of gymnastic drill. With muskets instead of wands, barbells or dumb-bells, the team went through a well-selected programme of free calisthenic and gymnastic movements, which not only improve the general health and strength, but serve as an effective substitute for the old-fashioned "setting-up" drill. Then a wall nine feet high and six feet broad was built across the arena, and the team scaled this obstacle without ladders, clambered down on the other side and advanced against the imaginary enemy. Whenever a man was wounded a comrade shouldered the cripple and his gun, carried him to the wall, pushed him up to the squad on guard there, and thus passed him back safely to the rear. The team also scaled the partition at the east end of the arena, climbing into the second-tier boxes by means of living pyramids, three men in height. The appearance and carriage of these men, both in action and repose, was a convincing recommendation of the gymnastic drill.

Light Battery D, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., in command of Captain Thorp, gave exhibition drills, and in some of their changes of position raced around the arena at a wonderful rate of speed, sending showers of tanbark across the cycle path and even over the rail. Their exhibitions of accurate driving were remarkable. Pegs were driven into the tanbark on either side of the arena, forming lanes which allowed but two and one-half inches between the wheels and the pegs on either side of the carriage. Through these lanes the guns and caissons were driven without hitting a peg, first at a walk, then a trot, next a canter and finally a wild run.

The Second Battery, N. G. S. N. Y., under command of Captain David Wilson, gave an exhibition with Gatling guns. After the usual routine evolutions the battery went into action, and opened fire. The opposing infantry were at close range, and man after man of the battery dropped to the ground, dead or wounded, until there was left but one gunner with left arm shattered, but still bravely bringing ammunition and working his gun. The performance was so natural that it was hard to believe it all a sham, and popular excitement grew intense. Just when the tension was becoming almost unbearable, when the Garden echoed with shrill soprano sympathetic shrieks, and groups of men around the ring seemed about to vault the rail and rush to help the crippled gunner, the captain waved his hand, and the dead men sprang to their feet. Professional managers of sensational theatrical spectacles could learn much of stagecraft from Captain Wilson and his men.

Troop F, Third United States Cavalry, under command of Captain Dodd, were the most admired feature of the meeting. The men are fine specimens of the modern soldier, and their horses can do anything but talk. The troop gave several different exhibitions. One was a parade in full dress uniform, the horses showing off their various facings and paces in time with the band. There was also rough riding, trick riding, various styles of mount and dismount, and feats of wall-scaling and skirmish-

ing which proved that these cavalymen were as adept on foot as in the saddle.

The attendance throughout the week was unexpectedly large, and on three of the six nights there were persons in line at the ticket offices after the last seat had been sold. In number and character of the spectators the meeting rivaled the Horse Show, and the financial returns will go far toward completing the endowment fund in whose behalf the entertainment was held.

Around the outer edge of the arena the committee left a promenade six or seven feet wide, and inside of this built a wooden athletic and cycling track, 10 feet wide, one-tenth of a mile in circuit, and having its curves raised about 4 feet on the outer edge. The grading of the curves was not well done, the southwest corner being particularly awkward. The flooring of the track was so thin, and the supports set at such wide intervals, that the boards sagged in the middle and made the surface of the curves a succession of hollows and ridges. The space inside the track was covered with tanbark, and used for the sack race, the three-legged race, the jumping and shot putting, and all the military exhibitions.

E. W. Goff and F. C. Puffer, of the Twenty-second Regiment, were protested on the claim that each of them had accepted money for training interscholastic teams. As Puffer won third place in the three-legged race, and Goff second place in the running broad jump, it will be necessary to withhold their prizes, and refer their cases to the Amateur Athletic Union.

There were many falls in the cycle races and a dozen machines wrecked, but no rider much hurt. During the week four different competitors rode or tumbled over the outer edge of the track into the promenade, four feet below, but each of them escaped with trifling injuries, while the soldiers, policemen and civilians upon whom they alighted were seriously cut or bruised.

The results of the races were as follows :

100-yard run—Final heat, W. Dubois, Co. K, Twenty-third Regiment, 10 4-5s.; G. M. Sands, Co. D, Seventh Regiment, 2, by 2 yards; B. W. Wenman, Co. D, Seventh Regiment, 3, by a foot.

220-yard handicap run, Second Brigade—Final heat, C. P. Tate, Thirteenth Regiment, 13 yards, 23 2-5s.; E. D. Plate, Thirteenth Regiment, 12 yards, 2, by 3 yards; E. Codel, Co. K, Twenty-third Regiment, 10 yards, 3, by 3 yards.

220-yard run—Final heat, J. Buck, First Naval Reserves, New Jersey, 24 1-5s.; G. M. Sands, Co. D, Seventh Regiment, 2, by 4 feet; L. Snedeker, Co. F, Seventh Regiment, 3, by 2 yards.

440-yard handicap run—Final heat, G. A. Sayles, Co. G, Twenty-second Regiment, 24 yards, 5s.; G. G. Hollander, Co. E, Twenty-second Regiment, 12 yards, 2, by 7 yards; J. G. Campion, Co. H, Twenty-second Regiment, 25 yards, 3, by 2 yards.

440-yard run—Final heat, L. Snedeker, Co. F, Seventh Regiment, and J. Buck, First Naval Reserves of New Jersey, 52 4-5s.; G. M. Sands, Co. D, Seventh Regiment, 3. In the run-off Buck was put back 3 yards for a false start, and was beaten by a few feet more than this penalty in 53 3-5s.

100-yard handicap run, National Guard and United States Army—Final heat, C. S. Tate, Thirteenth Regiment, 13 yards, 10s.; E. D. Plate, Thirteenth Regiment, 12 yards, 2; W. B. Wenman, Co. I, Seventh Regiment, 6 yards, 3.

380-yard run, novices—F. H. Romaine, Jr., Co. D, Seventh Regiment, 2m. 8s.; T. W. W. Cobb, Co. B, Seventh Regiment, 2, by 20 yards; R. Hutchinson, Co. I, Twenty-second Regiment, 3, by 7 yards.

880-yard run in heavy marching order—E. W. Hjertberg, Co. E, Twenty-second Regiment, 2m. 41 3-5s.; W. T. Koch, Thirteenth United States Infantry, 2, by

35 yards; M. Fitzgerald, Thirteenth United States Infantry, 3, by 40 yards.

880-yard handicap run—C. E. Snedeker, Co. B, Seventh Regiment, 30 yards, 2m. 1 1-5s.; G. G. Hollander, E. Twenty-second Regiment, 8 yards, 2, by 2 yards; A. A. Jackson, G, Thirteenth Regiment, 35 yards, 3, by 5 yards.

1-mile handicap run, United States Army and Navy—Private Cope, Thirteenth Infantry, U. S. A., scratch, 5m. 9s.; Private Koch, Thirteenth Infantry, U. S. A., 30 yards, 2, by 5 yards; Private Slattery, Thirteenth Infantry, U. S. A., 25 yards, 3, by 4 yards.

1-mile handicap run—E. W. Hjertberg, E. Twenty-second Regiment, scratch, 4m. 54 2-5s.; G. G. Hollander, E. Twenty-second Regiment, 10 yards, 2, by 8 yards, on surffance; W. S. French, E, Seventh Regiment, 3, by 40 yards.

2-mile handicap run—E. W. Hjertberg, E. Twenty-second Regiment, scratch, 10m. 16 3-5s.; G. G. Hollander, E. Twenty-second Regiment, 20 yards, 2; W. S. French, E, Seventh Regiment, 100 yards, 3.

Sack race, 65 yards—J. T. Norton, Co. C, Seventh Regiment, 9 3-5s.; J. Hopkins, Co. E, Seventh Regiment, 2; C. S. Busse, Co. F, Seventh Regiment, 3.

3-legged race, handicap, 65 yards—J. T. Norton and G. Schwegler, Co. C, Seventh Regiment, 1 1/2 yards, 8 3-5s.; C. S. Bussi, Co. B, and C. L. Jacquelin, Co. F, Seventh Regiment, scratch 2, by 2 feet; H. K. Zust, N. C. S., and F. C. Peffer, Co. E, Twenty-second Regiment, scratch, 3, by a yard; J. C. Outcault and R. A. Soich, Co. D, Seventh Regiment, 1 yard, 4.

Chariot race, 176 yards, teams of four men and a driver; teams to run singly and prizes awarded in accordance with the announced time—Seventh Regiment, picked team, F. Paisel, Co. F; L. Snedeker, Co. F; G. Schwegler, Co. C; C. E. Snedeker, Co. B; C. Drake, Co. F, driver, 23s.; Twenty-second Regiment picked team, P. J. Corley, Co. H; T. A. Denham, Co. H; W. H. McManus, Co. H; J. S. Newman, Co. K; J. G. Campion, Co. H, driver, 23 2-5s.; Company D, Seventh Regiment, H. B. Snyder, D. W. Armstrong, R. A. Soich, H. A. Wilson, W. W. Lee, driver, and Thirteenth Regiment team, A. S. Johnson, E. D. Plate, C. S. Tate, H. T. Walters, A. A. Jackson, driver, a dead heat in 24 1-5s., and in the run off Thirteenth Regiment won in 24s.

1-mile military relay race; teams of five from any company or regiment—Seventh Regiment, G. M. Sands, C. E. Snedeker, H. S. Lyons, F. H. Romaine, L. Snedeker, 3m. 26s.; Twenty-second Regiment, P. J. Corley, J. C. McManus, J. S. Newman, A. O. Ford, G. G. Hollander, 3m. 20 4-5s.; Twenty-third Regiment, E. Cadet, E. J. Harbordt, L. Frank, W. G. Dana, W. Dubois, 3, by 30 yards.

220-yard hurdle race, handicap—Final heat, E. W. Hjertberg, Co. E, Twenty-second Regiment, 12 yards, 28 2-5s.; J. A. Le Boutilier, Co. I, Seventh Regiment, 8 yards, 2, by 5 yards; T. Hener, Co. D, Seventh Regiment, 3, by 3 yards.

Quarter-mile bicycle race—Final heat, W. H. Owen, Co. E, Twenty-second Regiment, 34 4-5s.; J. W. Judge, Co. H, Twenty-second Regiment, 2, by 3 yards; J. W. Eaton, Eighth Regiment, 3.

Half-mile bicycle handicap—Final heat, G. Green, Jr., Thirteenth Regiment, 10 yards, 1m. 37 2-5s.; L. M. Gardner, Thirteenth Regiment, 20 yards, 2, by 20 yards; J. C. Bennett, Co. F, Thirteenth Regiment, 25 yards, 3.

Half mile bicycle race, Second Brigade—Final heat, C. Sanford, Jr., Twenty-third Regiment, 1m. 1 2-5s.; G. Green, Jr., Thirteenth Regiment, 2, by 50 yal ds.; J. C. Bennett, Co. F, Thirteenth Regiment, walked in.

Half-mile bicycle race—Final heat, W. H. Owen, Co. E, Twenty-second Regiment, 1m. 10s.; J. W. Judge, Co. H, Twenty-second Regiment, 2, by 3 yards; R. A. Miller, Co. D, Twelfth Regiment, 3, by 3 yards.

One-mile bicycle race, novices—Final heat, A. W. Smith, Seventy-first Regiment, 2m. 41 2-5s.; L. M. Gardner, Thirteenth Regiment, 2, by 3 yards; E. W. Ott, Eighth Regiment, 3, by 4 yards.

1-mile bicycle handicap—Final heat, P. Engeldrum, Co. H, Ninth Regiment, 60 yards, 2m. 24s.; J. W. Judge, Co. H, Twenty-second Regiment, scratch, 2, by 4 yards; B. J. Keeler, Co. E, Twenty-second Regiment, 15 yards, 3, by 6 yards.

1-mile bicycle race—Final heat, A. A. Miller, D, Twelfth Regiment, 2m. 42 2-5s.; A. Garrigues, H, Twenty-second Regiment 2, by 4 yards; J. W. Eaton, Eighth Regiment, 3, by 4 yards.

1-mile bicycle race, National Guard and United States Army—Final heat, W. H. Owen, E, Twenty-second Regiment, 2m. 25 3-5s.; J. W. Judge, H, Twenty-second Regiment, 2, by 5 feet; B. J. Keeler, E, Twenty-second Regiment, 3, by a foot.

2-mile tandem bicycle race—Final heat, J. W. Judge and W. E. Mosher, Co. E, Twenty-second Regiment,

5m. 5 4-58.; W. H. Owen and B. J. Keeler, Co. E, Twenty-second Regiment, 2, by 185 yards.
 Running broad jump, handicap—T. H. Williamson, Co. D, Twelfth Regiment, 2 feet, 10ft. 1 1/4 in.; E. W. Goff, Co. H, Twenty-second Regiment, scratch; 2; A. D. Rockwell, Co. D, Seventh Regiment, 1 ft. 9 ins., 3.
 Putting 16-lb. shot, handicap—G. E. Shastey, Co. A, Seventh Regiment, 5 feet 6 inches, 29ft. 1in.; E. F. Simpson, Seventy-first Regiment, 6 feet 6 inches, 29ft. 1in.; G. Schwegler, Co. C, Seventh Regiment, 3 feet, 33ft. 4in.

The score by points for the regimental prizes was as follows: Twenty-second Regiment, 90; Seventh Regiment, 68; Thirteenth Regiment, 40; Twenty-third Regiment, 15; Twelfth Regiment, 14; Thirteenth Regiment, United States Army, 13; Ninth Regiment, 10; Seventy-first Regiment, 8; First Naval Reserves, New Jersey, 8; Eighth Regiment 3; Fourteenth Regiment, 0.

HOCKEY ON ICE.

This game is so easily understood, and the interest is so constantly maintained from start to finish, that it needs only to be seen to be appreciated. The great obstacle to the popularity of the game has been the absence of covered rinks in which matches could be played with convenience and comfort. This year there are two fine rinks in New York City and one in Brooklyn, and this has led to a revival of hockey on skates. Not only have hockey clubs been organized, but many prominent

athletic clubs and colleges have selected teams and are playing matches. Two leagues have been formed in New York City, and one among the colleges, and every week sees the announcement of several new teams. None of the championship contests are as yet finished, but as far as can be judged from the games that have been played, Yale has the strongest college team, while among the athletic clubs the New York Athletic Club team has never been beaten, and seems sure of the championship. As between clubs and colleges the students seem the less expert, and in the match played January 13th in New York City, the N. Y. A. C. beat Yale by a score of 7 goals to 1.

PRINCETON UNIVERSITY.

Their first indoor games for the season were begun in the Casino December 9th, and finished December 16th.

28-yard handicap run—Final heat, Jarvis, 1900, scratch, 3 4-55.

Putting 12-lb. shot, handicap—Bottger, '99, 3 feet 6 inches, 43ft.

Putting 16-lb. shot, handicap—Craig, S., 3 feet, 35ft. 9 1/2 in.

Running high jump, handicap—Carroll, 1900, 1 inch, 5ft. 8 1/2 in.

Standing broad jump, handicap—Herndon, '99, 3 inches, 9ft. 7in.

Three standing long jumps, handicap—Garrett, '97, scratch, 29ft. 2in.

Running hop, step and jump, handicap—Jarvis, 1900, 4 inches, 29ft. 1in.

Pole vault, handicap—Tyler, '97, scratch, 9ft. 10 1/4 in.

BOSTON ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

This club gave an open amateur handicap

road run, December 12th, the course being a little less than five miles. E. W. Mills, Berkeley School, 10 seconds, 25m. 33s.; H. W. Foote, Boston Athletic Association, 45 seconds, 26m. 21s.; P. A. Hutchinson, Harvard University, 1 minute 45 seconds, 27m. 32s.

Their invitation indoor games were held December 17th, in their gymnasium.

15-yard handicap run—Final heat, E. T. Burke, B. A. A., 2 feet 6 inches, 2 2-55.

Potato race—Final heat, E. H. Clark, B. A. A., 34 4-58.

Running high jump, handicap—W. E. Putnam, Jr., M. I. T., scratch, 5ft. 9 1-2in.

Three standing long jumps, handicap—N. Young, East Boston A. A., 1 foot 3 inches, 30ft. 5 1-4in.

Putting 16-lb. shot, handicap—C. L. Moyne, B. A. A., 3 feet 6 inches, 35 ft. 8 7-8 in.

EIGHTH REGIMENT, N. G. S. N. Y.

The Athletic Association of this Regiment gave open amateur indoor games, December 19th, in their Armory, Park avenue and Eighty-fourth street, New York City, the track, one-twelfth of a mile in circuit, being marked out on the board floor of the Drill Hall.

60-yard run, Eighth Regiment—Final heat, J. A. Holahan, Company E, 7 1-55.

60-yard handicap run—Final heat, B. W. Wenman, Berkeley Lyceum, 8 feet, 6 4-55.

440-yard run, Eighth Regiment—J. A. Holahan, E, 1m. 4 2-55.

440-yard handicap run—Final heat, O. J. A. Grasse, C. C. N. Y., 12 yards, 56 3-55.

880-yard run—Final heat, C. H. von Bauer, Columbia University, 2m. 20 2-55.

Three-quarters of a mile run, Eighth Regiment—E. Faust, E. 4m. 17 2-55.

Half-mile handicap run—J. W. Rumpf, St. George A. C., 70 yards, 4m. 40s.

880-yard walk, novice—H. W. Ladd, New West Side A. C., 3m. 47s.

1-mile bicycle race, Eighth Regiment—Final heat, W. A. Baker, E, 2m. 42 3-55.

2-mile bicycle handicap—Final heat, G. Durrant, New York County Wheelmen, 120 yards, 5m. 37 3-55.

Running high jump, handicap—J. H. Reilly, Institute A. C., 2 inches, and D. J. Sullivan, X. A. A., 2 inches, tied at 5ft. 7 1-4in., and Reilly won by a toss.

KNICKERBOCKER ATHLETIC CLUB.

Their New-Year's day hare-and-hounds had 45 starters, coming from many different clubs of New York and vicinity. The course was about six miles, starting and finishing at the Columbia Oval, Williamsbridge, N. Y. The hares, G. G. Hollander and J. J. Storms, started with the slow pack, the intermediate pack four minutes later, and the fast pack five minutes afterward. Three of the intermediate pack, B. Kinney, W. Horner and E. A. Younger, finished first, second and third, with H. Gray, of the fast pack, fourth.

NEW YORK ATHLETIC CLUB.

Their New-Year's day cross-country run was over a course of about seven miles, starting and finishing at Travers Island. The hares, W. D. de Podesta and E. J. Keane, were not caught, and E. Thorpe led the hounds home.

W. B. CURTIS.



GOLF.



THE definition of an amateur, so essential to the individual, and so potent in determining the status and future of any sport, has engaged again the special consideration of the United States Golf Association. That it should twice in the past year have been needful to define it is evidence of the position the subject holds. The definition now adopted and which will govern, in all probability, the whole of the coming season, should receive the careful attention of all golfers, not only that they may understand the letter of the law, but may gather its spirit, pure amateurism, and detect the faintest indication of any attempt which may be made to evade it. It is not very healthy for a sport when the wits of its participants are continually exercised in discovering how to evade the letter of the law. Loyalty to the spirit of it is a healthier tone. The following are the new and existing rules:

"An amateur golfer shall be a golfer who has never received a money consideration for playing in a match or for giving lessons in the game, or for example of his skill in or knowledge of golf, nor laid out nor taken charge of golf links for hire, who has never contended for a money prize in an open competition, who has never carried clubs for hire after attaining the age of fifteen years, who has never personally made golf clubs, balls, or any other articles connected with the game for sale, and who, on and after January 1, 1897, has never played a match game against a professional for a money bet or stake, nor played in a club competition for a money prize or sweepstakes."

Not satisfied with the above, the following rule was adopted, relating to those persons eligible to compete in contests between members of the United States Golf Association under its auspices:

"No person shall be eligible to compete for the amateur championship or in any golfing contest between clubs, members of this association, who, after January 1, 1897, has received compensation for services performed in any athletic organization or in any capacity connected with the game of golf. But persons debarred by any of the foregoing provisions of this section, having become ineligible by violation thereof, may, by the Executive Committee, be duly reinstated if their position then conforms with the rules and regulations of this association. But no person once a professional can be reinstated as an amateur. Only members of clubs belonging to this association, sub-

scribers for the season thereto, and those entitled under the rules to any associate or allied club to the use of the links, in whole or in part, for a period not less than the entire current season, can compete for the amateur and women's championships, and competitors must enter for the championships through the secretaries of their respective clubs, who, in sending in their names, shall be held to certify that the players are *bona fide* golfers in accordance with the terms of the foregoing definition."

The subject of loyalty to the spirit of fair play cannot be too often insisted on as another instance of necessity reminds us, *viz.*, to legislate to meet the tactics of those who, whilst obeying the letter, avoid the spirit. All players recognize the value of complete records of each individual of prominence, so that, in handicapping contestants and scaling allowances, the handicapper may give to each a fair and reasonable chance. This completeness can only be assured by each player handing in honestly all his cards, good, bad and indifferent, the lucky days with the unlucky; yet some golfers have made selections of their cards, delivering in those that were suitable to their views or needs, and withholding others. The Ocean County Hunt and Country Club has introduced a condition into its forthcoming handicap that no player can start in the final unless he has turned in full cards in the two previous handicaps.

Readers of *OUTING* in two recent issues have had the advantage of the tuition and opinion of Mr. Hutchinson, the English author. That he can put his theories into practice is shown by the following report from *London Golf*.

An interesting thirty-six-hole match was played at Mitcham on December 9th, between Major D. Kinloch and J. H. Taylor, on the one side and Horace Hutchinson and Jack White on the other. The play was very good on both sides, and Hutchinson and White won by 6 up and 5 to play, doing the thirty-six holes in 162—the same score as Taylor and White took in the match they played a few weeks before. Hutchinson and White were fortunate enough to win the first three holes of the match with 5, 3, 4, a rather hot start. The other side got badly bunkered at the first hole, and they never caught up to Hutchinson and White, who finished 4 holes up the first round, doing 80 against 85. The afternoon round was a close match. Major Kinloch and Taylor won the bye by a hole. Their scores were 83 against 82.

Winter presents but a temporary difficulty to golf even in the Middle States, whilst in the upper South and South its season, instead of departing, is approaching, and the clubs of Chattanooga, Memphis, Atlanta, Rome, Knoxville, Nashville and Augusta, are negotiating for a circuit of games. It is to be hoped that this will be in conjunction with, and under the regulations of, the U. S. Golf Association.

The growth of golf may be indicated, but not measured, by the affiliations of clubs in the U. S. Association:

Founded on December 22, 1894, by five clubs, it had, on January 1, 1896, fifteen associate and twenty allied members. Counting the clubs on the waiting list that will become full-fledged members at the next meeting after the annual meeting, one hundred associate and allied members will be registered.

Baltusrol, N. J.—New-Year's day, and the snow extensive and deep, would naturally suggest widespread silence on the links; but really, if the weather be otherwise propitious and fine, snow presents no insurmountable obstacle. Red balls are used instead of white,

and some modification of the rules is necessary—to wit: a player is allowed to pry his ball out of the snow if it should fall into drift and dive beyond sight.

Of the forty-four entrants in the New Year's Day Handicap, twenty-one finished. The handicap was won by W. D. Vanderpoel, of the Morris County Golf Club. As a record of a game played in the snow, which may be without parallel for many years, the full cards are given as follows:

	Handi- Gross. cap. Net.									
W. D. Vanderpoel, Morris County Golf Club—										
Out.....	6	7	5	6	3	7	6	4	7	51
In.....	4	7	4	4	7	8	7	30	100	10
C. F. Stout, Staten Island Cricket and Baseball Club—										
Out.....	4	5	4	6	6	3	6	6	8	48
In.....	7	4	5	3	4	5	8	7	30	98
J. A. Stillman, Jr., Newport Golf Club—										
Out.....	3	6	6	6	4	7	6	6	8	52
In.....	5	4	5	3	4	5	6	7	8	30
S. D. Bowers, St. Andrew's Golf Club—										
Out.....	5	4	5	7	5	5	6	5	8	50
In.....	5	4	5	4	4	4	6	7	8	47
E. C. Hoyt, Country Club of Westchester—										
Out.....	7	8	4	7	6	5	8	6	58	
In.....	7	5	4	7	6	5	6	6	48	
Henry P. Toier, Baltusrol Golf Club—										
Out.....	6	5	5	6	7	4	4	5	5	49
In.....	5	5	4	4	4	6	7	8	47	94 plus 4
James A. Tyng, Morris County Golf Club—										
Out.....	5	6	5	5	5	5	5	5	9	50
In.....	5	4	6	4	2	6	8	6	45	95 plus 4
E. V. Connett, Jr., Baltusrol Golf Club—										
Out.....	8	6	4	4	4	5	3	7	9	50
In.....	8	4	8	6	5	6	5	9	11	62
William Runkle, Essex County Country Club—										
Out.....	7	4	8	5	6	6	6	9	58	
In.....	7	6	5	6	4	6	6	8	5	52
E. N. Todd, Baltusrol Golf Club—										
Out.....	5	6	6	6	6	4	6	9	8	56
In.....	5	5	4	6	6	6	4	10	9	55
A. F. Riach, Baltusrol Golf Club—										
Out.....	7	6	5	7	5	4	5	6	7	52
In.....	8	6	7	6	6	6	7	6	11	63
E. R. Connett, Baltusrol Golf Club—										
Out.....	6	6	6	8	5	3	6	5	11	56
In.....	8	6	7	6	5	10	9	10	10	66
Arthur Colgate, Essex County Country Club—										
Out.....	5	5	4	7	4	5	5	5	8	48
In.....	7	7	4	6	6	7	9	6	59	107
O. Hockmeyer, Staten Island Cricket and Baseball Club—										
Out.....	5	6	5	8	7	4	6	6	8	55
In.....	5	6	7	7	5	5	8	7	8	58
V. Hockmeyer, Richmond County Country Club—										
Out.....	8	7	5	6	6	6	8	10	59	
In.....	8	5	9	6	4	7	9	6	60	
J. R. Wilmer, Baltusrol Golf Club—										
Out.....	5	9	5	10	8	5	4	7	9	62
In.....	7	4	7	9	5	5	6	8	9	60
Grier Campbell, Baltusrol Golf Club—										
Out.....	7	9	5	7	7	5	5	6	8	59
In.....	5	6	5	6	4	3	7	5	11	57
J. S. Barnes, Jr., Lenox Golf Club—										
Out.....	5	7	4	6	9	6	6	5	9	57
In.....	9	5	8	5	3	9	7	8	7	61
John Farr, Baltusrol Golf Club—										
Out.....	8	6	4	8	5	6	8	7	8	60
In.....	7	6	8	6	5	4	7	9	9	61
B. Hardwick, Baltusrol Golf Club—										
Out.....	5	7	6	5	4	6	7	9	54	
In.....	7	7	6	8	7	6	10	8	66	
John Du Pais, Baltusrol Golf Club—										
Out.....	6	9	7	7	4	4	6	5	12	60
In.....	7	7	5	4	5	16	7	9	8	68

San Francisco, Cal.—From Staten Island to San Francisco is a far cry, but golf has got there, and that its permanence is confidently looked for is instanced by the fact that New-Year's day has been selected as the date of the annual tournament. Two medals, known as the Liverpool medals, have been put in competition, a gold one to represent the annual championship and a silver one to represent the monthly championship. The first of the annual

tournaments was played on January 1st, and the championship was won by John Lawson, Harry Babcock second. In the annual championships all players are to be rated at scratch. The monthly contests are handicaps, but no handicap of more than fourteen strokes will be allowed.

Lakewood, N. J.—The weekly handicap of the Lakewood Golf Club competition on January 9th, brought out a field of twenty-one players. Ernest Lloyd, a comparatively young golfer, proved the winner, with a net score of 89. The summary was: Ernest Lloyd, gross, 120; handicap, 31; net, 89. Paul Stockley, 101, 10, 91. C. C. Curtiss, 125, 30, 95. James Morey, 110, 12, 98. Jasper Lynch, 98, add 2, 100. S. D. Bowers, 101, scratch, 101. Arthur E. Clafin, 108, 6, 102. Paul T. Kimball, 103, scratch, 103. Robert B. Kerr, 108, 5, 103. F. A. Walthew, 108, 3, 105. Frank M. Freeman, 123, 18, 105. T. H. Kerr, 136, 30, 106. G. W. Stockley, 120, 14, 106. D. L. Schwartz, 119, 11, 108. S. B. Ferris, 138, 30, 108. E. R. Walker, 120, 12, 108. Mrs. E. R. Walker, 160, 50, 110. M. L. Sand, 145, 30, 115. James Converse, 121, 6, 115. P. S. Pearsall, 135, 15, 120. B. Ward, Jr., 128, scratch, 128.

Lakewood.—It was snowing on the 13th of January, and a gale was blowing, but that did not deter the women's weekly handicap games of the Ocean Country Hunt and Country Club, wherein Mrs. F. M. Truman handed in a net score of 140, with Mrs. E. Robbins Walker a close second with 144.

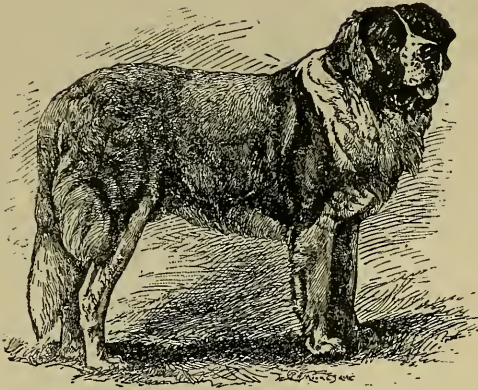
Westchester, N. Y.—At the annual meeting of the Mohegan Golf Club of Mohegan, Westchester County, N. Y., held January 11th, the following officers were elected: President, Walter Kobbe; Vice-President, George F. Kunz; Secretary, Walter B. Haws; Treasurer, William E. Haws, Jr.; Captain, Chas de Bost, and Governors, with the above officers, P. Curry and A. H. Sands.

Nutley, N. J.—A golf club under the title of the Nutley Golf Club has been organized in connection with the Nutley Field Club, Nutley, N. J. The following Governors, who will nominate the officers, have been elected: William H. Boardman, Edward Morgan, Jr., Frederick S. Delafield, Wentworth S. Conduit and T. W. Tatterthwaite.

U. S. G. A.—The annual meeting of the United States Golf Association will be held at Delmonico's, Wednesday evening, February 17th.

Intercollegiate Golf Rules.—The representatives of Princeton, Yale, Harvard, Columbia and University of Pennsylvania, who recently met at New York to form an Intercollegiate Golf Association, have drawn up a constitution to govern the association, which provides an organization to regulate Intercollegiate Championship competition and an executive to be elected at an annual meeting to consist of two delegates from each college, which has been represented by a team at the then last championship tournament. A copy of this constitution has been sent to each of the five universities represented at the first meeting.
C. TURNER.

KENNEL.



DOGS OF TO-DAY—THE ST. BERNARD.

FOR the initial sketch of a series treating of the dogs of to-day, it is natural to select the St. Bernard. Not only is this magnificent animal the colossus of his race, but he possesses an intelligence and kindness of disposition proportionate to his stature. It is only a few years since that other canine giant, the mastiff, commanded the homage of show patrons, but the St. Bernard speedily supplanted him, after the fickle public had been granted the opportunity for comparing fine specimens of the two breeds. It is quite safe to say that to-day the rough-coated St. Bernard has more admirers than any other variety of dog.

In this case the judgment of the public will bear investigation. A fine specimen of the breed is as handsome as a dog can well be, with his impressive bulk, his general aristocratic air and his dignity of bearing, which always goes so well with size and power. Yet with all his strength and mighty bone, the big fellow is almost invariably sweet-tempered and gentle in the extreme. He is the children's dog, and the veriest infant may do unto him whatever the small human brain may devise without fear of a reckoning. Of the many St. Bernard's which have passed under my observation, only one showed any trace of viciousness and even that one was gentle with children.

Give them a grassy lawn for a play-ground and dog and children will have a happy time of it. The noble brute appears to thoroughly understand his small friends. They may ride astride his strong back, or get him down and maul him with all their might, it is all one to him so long as they find pleasure in it. An unusually severe tug at an ear may elicit a thunderous rumbling from the outraged giant, but this false show of anger is neither meant nor heeded. One of the most beautiful pictures I have ever seen was composed of a bit of sunny lawn, a fine St. Bernard and a lovely little girl. The golden-haired wee one, with her chubby hands clutching the dog's coat, was soundly sleeping, while the dog played the double rôle of pillow and protector. His owner tried to call him from his charge, but he merely beat the ground with his tail, looked very distressed,

but refused to move till the child awoke and stirred. Then he at once obeyed his owner's call.

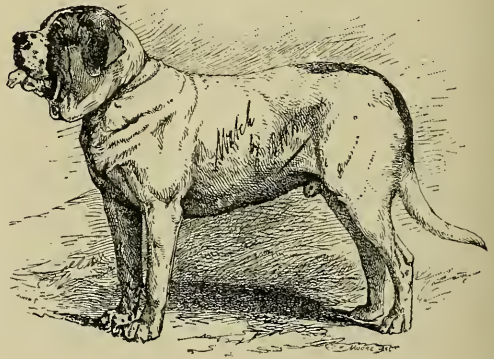
Because of this loving gentleness of disposition, when amid proper surroundings, it must not be imagined that the St. Bernard is a big, soft-hearted lump, lacking the spirit to resent abuse or to take his own part. When roused, he is apt to be a vicious fighter. If kept on the chain (which should not be done), he may become savage. He has a marked aversion to tramps, and seems to be able to instantly detect an undesirable visitor. The crowded city is no place for this dog; he should have plenty of room for exercise, and if his range should include a bit of beach and privilege to swim at will, so much the better. He rightly belongs to the country home, where he will keep himself in good health and condition.

The pedigrees of even our best St. Bernards are comparatively short, most of them vaguely ending with, "Descended from the celebrated Barry," which means about as much as if we spoke of John Jones as being descended from the celebrated Adam! The breed is the result of judicious crossing, and no reliable data exist to prove what crosses were used.

The two varieties, the rough and the smooth-coated, are from the same stock, the only marked difference between them being the length of coat. The roughs, owing to the mass of hair, appear larger, and are handsomer than their smooth brethren; but if a rough were clipped he would appear as a smooth.

As everybody knows, the breed was originated and perfected by the monks of the Monastery of Great St. Bernard, the dogs being trained to act as guides through the Alpine passes after heavy snow had blotted out all landmarks. Many a lost traveler has been found and saved by these keen-nosed kings of the snow. The celebrated Barry is credited with saving from 42 to 75 people. The career of this noble animal ended about 1816. His stuffed skin is now in the Natural History Museum at Berne. For the work in the snow the monks prefer the smooth-coated dogs, not because of any superiority of nose or intelligence, but owing to the fact that a long-haired coat collects so much snow as to incommode the animal.

The standard of points for St. Bernards should be about as follows:



Head.—Large and massive, circumference more than double the length from nose to occiput. Face short, full below eye, and square at muzzle, great depth from eye to lower jaw. Lips, black, deep, but not too pendulous. From nose to stop, perfectly straight. Stop well defined. Skull broad, slightly rounded at top; brow prominent.

Ears.—Medium size, lying close to cheek; not heavily feathered.

Eyes.—Rather small and deep set, dark, haw visible to slight extent.

Nose.—Large, black, nostrils well developed.

Teeth.—Large and level.

Expression.—Benevolent, with dignity and intelligence.

Neck.—Of good length, muscular, slightly arched; dewlap fairly developed.

Shoulders.—Broad and sloping.

Chest.—Wide and moderately deep, not reaching below elbows.

Body.—Back, broad and straight, ribs well rounded, loin wide and very muscular.

Tail.—Set on rather high, moderately bushy, carried low. The best sort is the otter-tail, which hangs straight down, or with a very slight curve. In excitement it may be raised level with, or slightly above the back, but never curled over the back.

Legs and feet.—Fore legs perfectly straight, strong in bone and muscle and of good length. Hind legs heavy in bone; hocks well bent,

thighs very muscular. Feet large, compact, with well-arched toes.

Dew-claws.—To be of value, must be distinct toes and form part of hind feet.

Size.—The taller the better, provided symmetry be maintained. A dog should be at least 30 in. in height at the shoulder, and a bitch 27 in. Proportion and substance are required; the general outline should suggest great power.

Coat.—In the long-coated variety, should be dense and flat, rather fuller round the neck, so as to form a ruff. Thighs feathered, but not too heavily. In the short-coated variety, it should be close and hound-like.

Color and Markings.—Orange, mahogany-brindle, red-brindle, gray-brindle, or white, with patches on body of either of the above-named colors. Markings should be: white muzzle, white blaze up face, white collar round neck, white chest, white feet and end of tail, black shadings on face and ears. If the blaze be wide and run through to collar, a spot of the body color on the top of the head is desirable.

Objectionable Points.—Dudley, liver, flesh-colored, or split nose, unlevel mouth, snipy muzzle, light or staring eyes, cheek humps, wedge head, flat skull, badly set or heavily feathered ears, short neck, curly coat, curled tail, flat sides, hollow back, roach back, ring tail, open feet or hare feet, cow-hocks, straight hocks, fawn, black-tan-and-white, or self-colored.

NOMAD.

ROD AND GUN.

TAKE CARE OF THE QUAIL.



IT is during February and March that the quail suffer most from scarcity of food and from the weather. Unfortunately, too, the worst weather is apt to find the birds in the poorest condition. It is worth while to take a little trouble to help the birds through a bad spell, for one quail nursed through the winter may mean a dozen, or twice that number, for sport next autumn. One earnest, energetic sportsman can easily provide food for all the quail on 500 acres. He will know where

the food should be placed to do the most good, and the cost of a few sacks of grain is too trifling to be considered. Placing the food makes no serious demand upon one's time, for at most four days in a season would be ample. "Too busy" is no excuse, for it is no sin to do such work upon Sundays. It is well, however, to have some one keep an eye upon the feeding places, for hawks, cats, and other foes of the quail may discover where the bebies regularly feed, and act accordingly. It is better to feed the native birds than to go to all the trouble and expense of restocking.

RAIL AND FROG.

A Jerseyman writes me that he recently saw in some sporting publication that the rail, or sora, turns into a frog when atmospheric conditions are unfavorable to the bird end of the

combination. Furthermore, he declares that he believes the bird does turn into a frog, that many of his friends, men of long experience in shooting, share his belief, that the belief is of ancient standing, and, as a clincher, adds that nobody ever saw frogs and rail at the same time.

It is curious how this moss-grown, foolish notion hangs on. In the days of Alexander Wilson, Jersey gunners declared to the famous naturalist that rails turned into frogs. Since then at irregular intervals the fake has crept into print. My correspondent wants to know what I have to say, and I say—rubbish!

UNIFORM GAME LAWS.

To again refer to a subject discussed in *OUTING* for November, 1896. That veteran sportsman and accomplished writer, Charles Hallock, has for some months been agitating for uniform game laws in accordance with a plan of his own. Mr. Hallock's idea is to divide the United States, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, into two concessions, along or near the fortieth parallel of latitude. Each of these concessions shall have uniform laws and close season; the close time for the northern concession to be from January 1st to September 1st, and for the southern concession from February 1st to September 1st. During these close times no shooting shall be allowed at any game except woodcock and shore birds, which may be shot during August. The proposed law for fish need not be dwelt upon, as it has been discussed.

After reading my opinion Mr. Hallock, in a later number of *Western Field and Stream*, quotes a lot of figures, and asks if they con-

vince me. If he means, do the figures convert me to his views on game protection, I must reply that they do not. The figures do convince me that far too much game was killed during the year they cover—a fact that I suspected before I saw the figures. I do not, however, see wherein this destruction of game supports Mr. Hallock's proposed game laws. Every well-informed sportsman knows that our game is being too rapidly destroyed, and that existing game laws are all too frequently useless; yet I utterly fail to see how lengthening the *open season* is going to help game protection. Mr. Hallock advocates an open season of *four months*, which, in my opinion, is at least one month too long.

The best feature, and it is a valuable one, of Mr. Hallock's scheme is that it promises to give us uniform laws instead of our present patchwork, intricate system, and unquestionably uniformity would be a great improvement. I have heard from a number of sportsmen on the subject, and every one declares for a shorter open season. I might ask Mr. Hallock, how

would it be to again divide his proposed two concessions by a line running north and south through the center of the country, so as to quarter the United States, and then let each quarter frame its own game laws? The two northern quarters might adopt the same day for the beginning of the close season, while the beginning of the open season might vary, so as to better protect the quail without interfering with the cream of the prairie-grouse shooting. Such an arrangement might also meet my objection to the provision in Mr. Hallock's original scheme which would allow of woodcock shooting in August, and, as I believe, tempt men to shoot young, ruffed grouse, found while the men were searching for woodcock. If the sale of game were made illegal, the protection problem would be at once solved; but, as we cannot expect such a sweeping measure, the best we can do is to strive for laws that will protect. If this game-law question is thoroughly ventilated, we should find some solution for the present difficulty.

ED. W. SANDYS.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF FILMS.



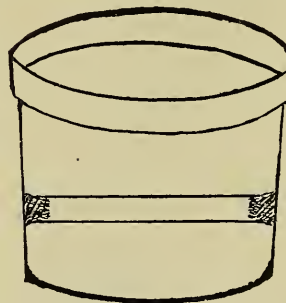
THE pocket-camera family has come to stay, and would be more generally employed for certain difficulties incident to the development of the films. They are sufficiently portable to be constant companions ready for a shot at the thousand and one objects of interest that continually present themselves in the highways and byways and in the crowded streets; and although the results

may not be pictures in the artistic sense of the word, they are sufficiently interesting to be valuable as studies for pictorial work, memoranda better than could be made by words, and records of passing events more trustworthy than any ocular observation.

To those who merely "press the button" and let others "do the rest," the difficulties of development are not felt; but one does not, or should not, care to pay others for doing what he can do better himself, and have pleasure in the doing of it. But how is it to be done? If the film is cut into lengths suitable for his largest dishes, there is necessarily a considerable waste of developing solution, and, worse still, however careful he may be, there are sure to be some of the negatives, and of course always those that would have been the best, cut in two.

Both of those objectionable features are obviated by the method recommended in the instructions for working the "Pocket Presto"; a tumbler is about one-third filled with developing solution, and the film strip, one end of which is held between the thumb and finger of

the right hand, the other by the left, is passed slowly up and down, backward and forward, through the solution till development is complete. With films of a dozen or so of little pictures this is comparatively easy, but with longer lengths and in the dim light of the dark room, the film *will* get out of the tumbler, splattering the solution over the table and making a mess that is not conducive to good clean work. This method, especially with slow development, is also a severe trial to the patience of the operator, and consequently the cause of many a film strip being transferred to the fixing solution before its time.



The drawing here is the key to the method by which the development of strip films becomes as simple, certain, and delightful as the development of glass plates. It speaks for itself. For lengths of a dozen pictures or so, the Roquefort cheese jar, as represented, answers admirably,

but for longer lengths deeper jars would be preferable, as the deeper the jar and the lower the stop-bar the longer will be the proportional time that any one of the images will be covered.

The stop-bar is a piece of glass tube about three-eighths of an inch in diameter and an eighth shorter than the internal diameter of the place in the jar which it is to occupy. Corks are inserted in the ends, and projecting far enough to keep it firmly when sprung into position.

For a descendant of Job, and especially with short lengths of film and a rapid developing

solution, this is all that is necessary ; but the less patient ones with longer strips, and especially with the popular method, the multiplying factor of which, according to Watkins, is twenty-eight—that is, complete development with methol occupies twenty eight times the time that elapses between the pouring on of the solution and the appearance of the first high light of the image—require something more, a support for the upper bend of the film so as to leave their hands free for anything else, say, to light their pipes.

This is most conveniently found in a similar piece of glass tube of any convenient length and suspended over the jar at the required height in any convenient way. Twenty inches above my work-bench there is a shelf to the under side of which there is screwed a block of wood, an inch square and three inches long, and in this block a hole into which the tube fits, and when in position projects at a right angle from the shelf. In this way film strips of any length, up to forty inches, may be developed, and, of course, greater lengths by simply increasing the height of the supporting tube.

The *modus operandi* is self-evident. One end of the film is slipped under the stop-bar, sensitive side down, and fastened to the other end by a touch of cement ; the commercial varnish made by dissolving celluloid in amyl acetate answers admirably, and dries in a few minutes. The upper end of the endless band

is hung over the glass rod, and the developing jar raised to such a position as will enable the band to be drawn round and round.

I prefer to begin by filling the jar to above the stop-bar with water and passing the band several times round in it, so as to moisten the film and give an opportunity of brushing away any air-bubbles that may adhere to it. The developing solution then takes the place of the water, and, with the thumb and finger, preferably covered by rubber tips, the band is slowly passed round and round till development is complete.

Should, as is frequently the case, some of the images be fully developed before the others, further action may be stopped by brushing over with a ten-per-cent. solution of potassium bromide, applied as they come out of the jar rather than as they are going in, so as to give time for its action or absorption.

This is the idea in its simplest form, and, of course, there is much room for improvement. The ingenious mechanic, laudably anxious to avoid touching the film, may easily devise a drum arrangement instead of the supporting tube, which, on being turned by a crank, will carry the film with it ; nor will he stop here if he is worth his salt. He will get a suitable clock movement for a couple of dollars, connect it with the drum, and thus have an automatic arrangement that will be in every way satisfactory.

JOHN NICOL.

YACHTING.

THE AMENDMENTS TO THE RACING RULES.

IMPORTANT progress has been attained, during the past few months, by the yachtsmen of New York and vicinity in the perplexing quest of a satisfactory racing rule.

Not that any new formula has been evolved, or any radical departure has been taken, but co-operative action has been secured and a basis laid for future work. Perhaps the perfect racing formula may never be invented, but now that the large and the small clubs are working harmoniously, order will certainly come out of chaos and some satisfaction be secured.

The object of racing formulas is two-fold—to encourage the building of yachts which shall be seaworthy as well as fast, and to form a basis of time-allowance.

In the matter of restricting freak models, very little has been done in the recent legislation. The limitation of draft over which considerable discussion has been occasioned, amounts simply to a command to the designers from the powers that be, to this effect : "Stop right where you are in deepening your schooners, and don't go much further in the draft of your cutters and fin-keels." No attempt, however, has been made to bar out the freaks which are already among our fleet and against which no normal boat has the ghost of a show. Let us be patient—thousands died of small-pox before vaccination was invented.

In the matter of time-allowance, much has been done in that the troublesome practice is to be abolished in regard to all new yachts, excepting those of the largest class which are seldom raced, and we shall have the satisfaction

of seeing old-fashioned boat-for-boat contests in which the first boat home shall be the winner.

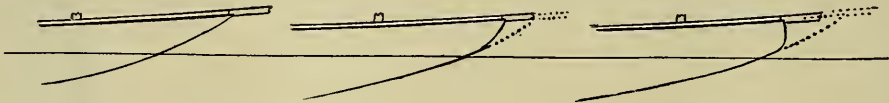
The great achievement that has been accomplished, however, is that the New York Yacht Club, the Larchmont, the Seawanhaka-Corinthian, and the Yacht Racing Union of Long Island Sound have all adopted practically identical classifications and rules. The other neighboring clubs will undoubtedly follow, and officials of the Eastern, Western and Canadian clubs and unions have been in friendly consideration of the matter of uniform rules. The question of uniform rules is one thing, and that of improved rules is another ; but the attainment of the former is a long step in due direction of the latter.

A rule which would develop the perfect type of yacht and discourage the machines is what everybody has been crying for years. But as nobody knew what the perfect type of yacht was and as unexpected freaks were always the progeny of new rules, few who were wise were willing to make suggestions. However, the fin-keels brought matters to a focus and when some of the best Corinthian yachtsmen, who had been racing for twenty years or more, said right out : "You put a limit on this deep fin business or we are done !" the committees got down to work. They tried hard enough, no doubt, but they could not arrange matters according to precedent, so as to conform to the pleasing parliamentary method of algebraic formulæ ; so they came out crudely and bluntly : "The 95-foot schooners shall draw no more than 14 feet." "The 70-foot cutters will stop at 13 feet," etc., etc.

Before the new amendments were decided upon there was a general discussion in all the clubs in the direction of a new racing formula. There was, however, so much uncertainty and such difference of opinion that it was evident that the solution of that problem would prove to be the work of months if not of years. Besides, the failure of the English measurement formula, which had been begotten after years of toil and controversy, is a warning to ambitious rule-makers.

At the request of the Commodore of the Seawanhaka Yacht Club, a conference of designers was held, and several made tentative suggestions for consideration. All were ingenious enough, but all pointed in diverse directions. Mr. Irving Cox's formula, based on ratios between the over-all length, the draft, and the sail-area, severally, with the water-line length, was explained in our November Review.

Mr. John Hyslop submitted two propositions for consideration, both of which aimed at the restriction of the over-hangs, not only by measurements on deck, but also by taking the length a short distance above the water-line. If over-hangs were directly taxed without some such safeguard, it is evident that a new line of monstrosities would be developed upon a line already in vogue.



Mr. A. Cary Smith offered a simple rule, which was designed to prevent the cutting away of the fore-foot and heel under water, and the shortening of the stern-post and rudder. His suggestion provided that draft be measured vertically from the water-line to the *intersection of the keel and stern-post*, as the first requirement. Then, that a horizontal line be taken midway between the water-line and point of extreme draft; and that the length of this line from stern-post to stem should not be less than 64 per cent. of the water-line length.



These interesting suggestions are noted to show on what diverse lines the best minds were working on the rule question.

With nothing ahead but glittering idealities, and with scarcely any two opinions alike, the various committees did wisely in resting content with arriving, for the present, only at a systematizing and straightening out of the rules of the various clubs, and adjusting the differences between them so as to secure a uniform set of regulations covering all clubs in whose races any one yacht would be liable to sail. In fact they went further than this and secured some improvements, those pertaining to the abolishment of time allowances, of

special classes, and of sand-bag ballast being especially valuable.

The important rule pertaining to the restriction of draft has been the cause of a great deal of disappointment and dissatisfaction, probably for the reason that its purpose was not understood. If this rule was designed to reform the present system of racing with deep fins, and to stop the building of them, it is undoubtedly a flat failure. Applying the new rule to the racing fleet of last season, under its enactment no yacht will be barred from the races, and only the large schooners *Colonia* and *Amorita* would be taxed. The sloops would not be taxed at all; in fact, considerable latitude is allowed under the new rule for a further increase of draft.

The rule for restriction of draft, which originated at Larchmont and which was subsequently adopted by the New York Yacht Club, the Seawanhaka - Corinthian Yacht Club and the Racing Union of Long Island Sound, is as follows (the provisions for yachts of 30 feet and under do not apply to the N. Y. Y. C., that club having no classes for small yachts):

SCHOONERS.

- A. First Class—No draft limit.
- B. 95-ft. Class—14ft. draft.
- C. 85-ft. Class—13ft. draft.
- D. 75-ft. Class—12ft. draft.
- F. 65-ft. Class—11ft. draft.

SLOOPS, CUTTERS AND YAWLS.

- G. First Class—No draft limit.
- H. 70-ft. Class—13ft. draft.
- J. 60-ft. Class—11.5ft. draft.
- K. 51-ft. Class—10.25ft. draft.
- L. 43-ft. Class—9ft. draft.
- M. 36-ft. Class—8ft. draft.
- N. 30-ft. Class—7ft. draft.
- P. 25-ft. Class—6ft. draft.
- Q. 20-ft. Class—5ft. draft.
- R. 15-ft. Class—4ft. draft.

CATBOATS.

- S. 30-ft. Class—7ft. draft.
- T. 25-ft. Class—6ft. draft.

- V. 20-ft. Class—5ft. draft.
- W. 15-ft. Class—4ft. draft.

Should a yacht's draft exceed that specified for a given class, the amount of excess shall, in computing her measurement for racing length, be multiplied by 2 and added to the length of the l. w. l., provided, however, that in no case shall this excess be more than

10 per cent. of the draft specified for the respective class. On all yachts launched after November 1, 1896, there shall be placed upon the hull, and immediately over the point of greatest draft, a metal plate or other distinct mark. Such mark shall be placed above the l.w. l., and within 6 in. of it, and the owner shall furnish to the regatta committee, if required, a certificate of the vessel's draft to such mark, signed by himself, the designer or the builder of the yacht.

The provision protecting existing yachts is as follows:

These limits shall not apply to any yacht launched prior to November 1, 1896, when racing in the class in which she was raced prior to that time. This exemption, however, shall not be so construed as to permit the increase of the draft of such a vessel beyond that allowed for her class.

The recommendation of the Council of the

Yacht Racing Union in relation to these restrictions is as follows :

For some time past it has been the opinion of the yachting world that there should be some restriction placed upon the building of extreme types. This has resulted in the N. Y. Y. C. adopting arbitrary limits of draft that yachts in the different classes shall not exceed, with the purpose that this limitation will have the effect of preventing the building of deeper hulls than are now in existence. The Council is of the opinion that some rule should be adopted that will encourage a more wholesome type of yacht than is now being built for racing purposes, but it hardly thinks that this rule will have that effect. At the same time, as the limits are so liberal in the classes of single-masted vessels and yawls, it can see no objection to their adoption by the Union, as the rule will probably not preclude the building of keel vessels in preference to centerboards for racing purposes. The limits named for the schooner classes will probably prevent any more keel schooners being built for maximum speed. As uniformity of rules is most desirable at the present time, the Council believes that it would be advisable to adopt this rule and have it given a fair trial. It is to be hoped that before another season is over some formula will be evolved that will be acceptable to all the clubs, and that will have the effect of promoting the building of more serviceable yachts.

The following examples of typical deep-cutters show that considerable latitude is still allowed under the new rule :

Class.	Yacht.	Draft.	Rule Allows.
70-ft.	Queen Mab.	11ft.	11ft.
60-ft.	Wasp.	10.8ft.	11.5ft.
51-ft.	Uvira.	9.6ft.	10ft.
43-ft.	Eidolon.	7ft.	9ft.
	Norota.	7.25ft.	9ft.
	Drusilla.	8.33ft.	9ft.
36-ft.	{ The Herreshoff "30 footers," Asahi, Mai, etc. }	7.2ft.	8ft.

Where the newly imposed restriction will be most serviceable, however, is in the schooner classes, as these instances show :

Class.	Yacht.	Draft.	Rule Allows.
95-ft.	Emerald	10ft.	14ft.
60-ft.	Colonia	15.4ft.	14ft.
85-ft.	Iroquois	10ft.	13ft.
75-ft.	Amorita	12.3ft.	12ft.
	Quissetta	11ft.	12ft.
	Elsemarie	8.6ft.	12ft.
65-ft.	Loyal	7.5ft.	11ft.

MANEUVERING FOR THE START.

In addition to the limit of draft rule, the New York Yacht Club has also followed the Larchmont Yacht Club in the adoption of a rule covering the right of way in certain positions at the start, and also a rule in regard to establishing overlaps during a race. The former rule is as follows :

When two yachts in maneuvering for the start, both on the same tack, one to the windward and one to the leeward, the weather yacht being freer than the leeward yacht, should the leeward yacht be close hauled on the wind, and before an overlap has been established, the leeward yacht shall have the right to hold and maintain her course, even if thereby the windward yacht should be forced on the wrong side of the starting mark.

This rule has been condemned by many experts as making an unnecessary complication in the rules, as putting a premium on "hogging" on the line, to the disadvantage of all other contestants, and as being liable to cause perplexing and dangerous combinations.

The rule for establishing overlaps, or more properly for letting one's adversary know that the claim of an overlap has been established, is as follows :

In order to prove beyond question that an overlap has been established, the owner or representative of the overtaking yacht shall hail the overtaken yacht, stating that he has an overlap, and that he shall maintain his rights.

The rule does not provide for the exigency of the owner of the overtaken yacht responding "No, you haven't!" nor are gatling-guns suggested as a means toward the maintenance of rights in question.

The Seawanhaka Yacht Club have been carrying out their old-time policy of trying to further the interests of the sport in general rather than their own special interests or sport, and have been working in harmony with the smaller clubs as represented in the Racing Union of Long Island Sound. Both these organizations have adopted certain conclusions of the larger clubs in order to secure uniformity.

Among the important amendments adopted are the following :

MEASUREMENT.

Add to Section 2.—All yachts in the 30 ft. and lower classes shall be measured for l. w. l. length with the same number of persons on board as are allowed for crew in the yacht's class, and whose average weight shall not be less than 150 lbs., or, at the option of the measurer, with a dead weight placed on board equivalent thereto.

CLASSIFICATION.

The classification as given above in connection with draft limits has been adopted.

Open yachts shall not be classed with cabin yachts. Yachts launched prior to November 1, 1896, not exceeding the limit of any class 30-ft. or under by more than .5 of a foot, and that have not been increased in sail-area measurement since that date, shall sail in such class.

These classes are designated by the letters of the Signal Code.

The important changes in the classification are the following : The elimination of special classes, such as the "34-footers," the "30-footers," the "21-footers," and the "15-footers," or "half-raters," and these boats will fall into the regular classes ; the dropping of the 80-foot class of sloops and the crowding out of the old-time sandbaggers.

TIME ALLOWANCE.

Time allowance shall be calculated on racing length according to the appended table, but yachts launched after November 1, 1896, except in the first class of schooners and the first class of sloops, cutters and yawls, shall not be entitled to time allowance in their classes, and no yacht that has been increased in measurement for the purpose of sailing in a class above that in which she sailed prior to that date, shall receive time allowance from other yachts in that class.

The adoption of this rule abolishes time allowance in all new yachts excepting those of the largest class. Mr. Thomas Fleming Day urged upon the Y. R. U. the advisability of abolishing time allowance in all classes after this year. The suggestion which was favorably received by many may be embodied in later rules. The dropping of the time-allowance system would remove a continued source of contention and trouble ; it will naturally result in all racing boats being built up to the full limits of their class, and it will render races of far greater interest both to contestants and spectators because the leading boat will be the winning boat.

ALLOWANCE FOR YAWL RIGS.

The allowance for yawls competing with sloops has been changed so that the former are to be rated at 93 per cent. of their racing-length instead of 94 per cent. as formerly.

CLUB-TOPSAILS.

The schooners and the 60-ft. and 70-ft. classes

of sloops will in future be allowed to use club-topsails in the Seawanhaka Y. C. and Yacht Racing Union as they have been in other large clubs.

CREWS.

The table providing for the number of men in racing crews has been slightly changed, and the following important provision has been adopted :

Except in the schooner classes, and in the first, 70-ft. and 60 ft. classes of sloops, cutters and yawls, each yacht must be steered by an amateur, and must be manned by amateurs, except that any yacht may carry and use her regular professional crew, but yachts in classes 30 ft. and under shall not carry more than one professional.

SLOOPS AND CAT-BOATS.

It has been decided that hereafter a sloop or cutter shall not have more than 80 per cent. of the sail area abaft the mast.

The above constitute the import and changes in the rules, which will govern the racing on Long Island Sound during the coming season. They were formulated after much thought and consultation, and embody the views of some of the most experienced committee-men and Corinthian skippers in the vicinity of New York. They have been adopted sufficiently early in the winter to permit the building of new yachts. The only criticism against them apparently is that they are not radical enough to satisfy those who would seek perfection in a day. Praise, without reserve, is due to the race committees of the Larchmont and Seawanhaka Yacht Clubs, and to the Council of the Yacht Racing Union, for their labors in the interest of the sport.

THE SEAWANHAKA CUP.

The negotiations between the Royal St. Lawrence Yacht Club and the Seawanhaka Yacht Club, of New York, in relation to conditions governing the contest in which a representative of the latter club will endeavor to regain the trophy won by the *Glencairn* are completed, and the international races will be sailed in August on Lake St. Louis. The American representative need not be a member of the Seawanhaka Yacht Club, as all clubs in good standing are invited to enter one or more boats in the trial races. There is now ample time to build for this competition and there is no more inviting path to distinction open to the skillful boat-handler; in last year's trial-races the most successful skippers were men hitherto strangers to the sound courses.

The trial races will be sailed near Oyster Bay on July 12th, 13th and 14th. The yachts must not exceed 20-foot racing length, Seawanhaka measurement.

$$\frac{L. W. L. + \sqrt{S. A.}}{2} = \text{Racing Lengths.}$$

The draft of hull or keel must not exceed five feet; and of centreboard, when down, six feet; the draft to be determined when yachts are in trim for measurement, carrying a weight of 400 pounds to represent the weight of the crew. Centreboards must be constructed so that they can be wholly housed. Weighted centreboards are considered as fixed ballast and allowed. The helmsman and crew shall be amateurs, and the total number of persons on board shall be limited to three.

The regulations as to rig are given in the following extracts from the Regulations for Match :

IX. The factor of sail area, used in determining racing length, shall be ascertained by adding to the actual area of the mainsail, computed from its exact dimensions, the area of the fore triangle. The hoist of the mainsail when measured shall be plainly marked on the mast, and its outer points on the boom and gaff or other spars used to set the sail, and the sail shall not be set beyond these limiting points. The fore triangle shall be determined by the following points: (1) The point of intersection of the forestay with the line of the forward side of the mast. (2) The point of intersection of the forestay with the bowsprit or hull. (3) The point of intersection of the forward side of the mast with the line of the deck.

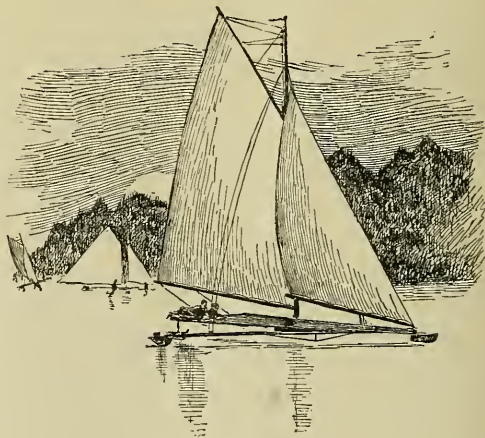
Any jib, when set, must not extend beyond the upper and forward points above defined.

Sails shall be limited to mainsail, jibs and spinnaker. The total area of the mainsail and fore triangle shall not exceed 500 sq. ft. The area of the mainsail alone shall not exceed 80 per cent. of the total area. The area of the spinnaker, measured as a triangle whose base is the length of the spinnaker boom measured from its outer end, when set, to the centre of the mast, and whose perpendicular is the distance from the deck at the fore side of the mast to the spinnaker halyard block, shall not exceed twice the area of the fore triangle.

X. The spinnaker boom when used in carrying sail shall not be lashed to the bowsprit or stemhead.

It will be noticed that these conditions vary in several important points from the rules of the S. C. Y. C. or the Y. R. U. Thus if one desired to build a 20-footer, which would not be eligible to enter these races, but which would probably be able to defeat the international contestant in all races of the Yacht Racing Union, he could do so, because of the above restrictions as to draught and sail-area. It is hoped, however, in the spirit of sport that this will not be done; that all who build in the 20-foot class will aspire to the high distinction and rare sport which these races will afford; that they will build in the hope of being sent to the St. Lawrence, and failing in that to enjoy the fun and win a share of the prizes in the Sound races. Full particulars concerning these races may be obtained from Charles A. Sherman, Secretary of Race Committee, 64 Leonard street, New York.

R. B. BURCHARD.



ICE YACHTING.

The winter thus far has not been favorable for this royal sport. The ice was later than usual; the best field seen in the Hudson River

district for many years was snowed under before any races could be held, and afterward, when good ice was found, there was not wind enough to sail a race.

The season opened with good prospects. The New York and New Jersey clubs were anxious for the fray, new boats had been built and old ones put in commission, and there was also almost a certainty of international racing, as it had been announced that a Canadian club would challenge for the championship-pennant, and also that the contest for the chief Canadian trophy would be thrown open to yachts of the United States. But the Canadian authorities subsequently decided to postpone their challenge, and also ruled that their championship cup should be open only to clubs of the great lakes. At the time OUTING for February goes to press, there has been no racing at Roosevelt Point and Red Bank and the only match yet sailed was on Orange Lake, January 12th, when the challenge cup of 1888, open to all yachts without time allowance, was won again by Vice-Commodore Kidd's *Snowdrift*. The wind was much too strong for safe or satisfactory racing.

W. B. CURTIS.

The first race of the season on Lake Orange, near Newburg, New York, was sailed on January 12th. The ice was in fair condition, and the wind was blowing at a forty-mile gait from due northwest. The entries were as follows: Commodore H. C. Higginson's *Cold Wave*, Frank G. Wood's *Flying Jib*, Vice-Commodore Kidd's *Snowdrift*, and Henry Kniffen's *Frolic*. All the yachts sailed with three reefs turned in on the mainsail, and two on the jib. The course was ten miles over a triangular course. The *Cold Wave* carried away a stay and dropped out, and the *Frolic* broke a shoe and went ashore. *Snowdrift* won in 29 minutes.

R. B. BURCHARD.

MODEL YACHTING.

Among the members of the A. M. Y. C. who have signified their intention to build in the new class for next season are: Treasurer G. W. Townley; Secretary George F. Piggott; Measurer Frank Nichols; Messrs. J. D. Casey, J. C. Meyers and O. L. Gray.

These boats are to be more or less within the restrictions as to extremes of design for the Seawanhaka Club's one raters, and in the competition for selection from the lines or half models submitted to the club a professional naval architect will be asked to advise the club's committee, and it is hoped that the ultimate awards will produce the very best results.

Mr. W. L. Vennard, of Lynn, Mass., is building a new 45-inch model, generally after the principle of designs published in OUTING in the Spring of '95 and '96, and from the small model forwarded to me she should prove a very serviceable and satisfactory form.

Mr. Vennard had very little trouble last summer in showing the superiority of his "35" over all comers in the neighborhood of Boston and Lynn, and, as at least his equipment will be considerably improved and all other good points retained, he should certainly repeat his successes with the larger boat.

Model yachts are sailed about Boston and contiguous waters without time allowances—

the largest against the smallest. This is manifestly unfair.

No rules of time allowance have ever proven satisfactory, and you cannot overestimate the power of the cloth in hard winds, so that allowances for disparities of size could never become accurate gauges of merit, unless they varied with the wind forces—a much too complicated problem—when those very forces may vary several times in a single hour.

Time allowances, then, may properly be considered impracticable and impotent. As, however, boats will vary in size and all should have an equal chance, a means must be adopted to secure that end, and class divisions allowing the least possible differences in racing lengths are the only solution of the problem.

If not more than five inches variation were permitted in any class—in other words, no boat of any size was compelled to compete with any other boat exceeding her racing length by more than that amount—all would meet upon about as equal a footing as could reasonably be expected.

I am informed by Measurer Nichols, of the American Model Yacht Club, that the ideas advanced in these columns as far back as February, 1895, have finally taken root, and the Club has this year established a class of boats coming inside of a 5-in. variation, and not more than 4 in. are allowed for extremes, viz.: from 36 in. to 40 in. racing lengths.

The opinions expressed in February, 1895, were to the effect that models of from 35 to 40 in. l. w. l. were sufficiently large for the closest and most scientific study, and to that may be added that the larger models, exceeding 50 in. l. w. l., afford quite the least instead of the most favorable forms for accurate comparisons, as a point is reached somewhere about 55 in. l. w. l. where, with but fair-sized sails, altogether disproportionate strengths and weights of equipment have seemed to be needed, at any rate have always been employed; and very few boats that I have ever seen of these sizes have shown 50 per cent. of their displacements in ballast.

With the recent advances in construction and the general adoption of finest steel and aluminum, both in their hulls and general fixtures, really racing yachts of to-day, to have merely a moderate chance for success against their competitors, *must* carry not less than 65 per cent.; and the *Defender*, largest of all, carries nearer 70 per cent., and *will never be beaten by any form carrying any less!*

FRANKLYN BASSFORD.

AN AMERICAN HENLEY.

There has been for a long time occasional talk of an American Henley, to be held on the Thames River at New London, and matters have now reached a stage where the local committee have sent to the colleges and amateur clubs of America a circular containing several pertinent statements and propositions. It is as yet too early to estimate the chances of success, but the committee will find many annoying obstacles in their path. We have already a national association of amateur oarsmen, which gave an annual National Championship Regatta, and it is doubtful whether another meeting of equal proportions, and similar or more

extended scope, could be made successful. The only drawback to the National Regattas heretofore has been that they failed to attract entries from the colleges. This point is well understood by the executive committee of the National Association, and strenuous efforts have been made to obtain college entries. Several years ago, three magnificent cups were presented for three races, open only to collegiate oarsmen, but the entry the first year was ridiculously small, worse the next year, and the scheme was then given up and the cups devoted to other uses.

The difficulties in attracting college entries at the National Regatta were two-fold. First, that the collegiate oarsmen prefer to race against each other, and do not care to compete in a regatta open to all amateurs; and, second, that the college racing season ends in the first week of July, while the National Regattas are held later in the month, or in August, and sometimes in September.

The difficulties experienced by the National

Regatta will also be felt by the promoters of the New London project. If the regatta is held in June to accommodate the college oarsmen, they will obtain very few entries from amateur rowing clubs, whose custom is to train and hold their minor races in June, to compete in the regattas of the various local associations throughout the country during July, and having thus winnowed the wheat from the chaff, to bring together in the National Regatta in August the best crews from all over the country.

Of course, individual crews, both college and amateur, might be found to enter a regatta held at any time during the season, but as the college men will not row after June, and the amateur clubs will not row before August, it seems impossible to organize an American Henley until these differences are reconciled.

In the interest of national honor, it is to be hoped that the projectors of this enterprise will drop the word "Henley," and give to their proposed regatta an American name.

W. B. CURTIS.

CYCLING.

THE PRODUCTS OF 1897.



E VOLUTION in man-driven mechanism began with the velocipede in Paris in 1779. Its subsequent history has been marked with four distinct types—"The Dandy Horse," "The Draisine," "The Ordinary," and the "Safety"—the latter two of which belong to the last

twenty-five years. The all-important point in this development of over a century was the comparatively recent merging of the spider-web monster of the '70s and '80s, first into the "Rover," and then into the diamond and drop-frame safety types—a process which transformed the sport of a very few hardy riders in England, France and America into the most popular pastime for both sexes and all ages, and brought into being one of the most notable industries of modern times. From the general adoption of the present designs to 1895, each year's products proved a distinct advance in methods of cycle and tire-construction over previous types. In this era of experiment the advantage or defect of any new feature became apparent in a season's use, and while this condition obtained, one year's models were out of date when the next appeared.

Of this century of evolution, practically nothing but the latest results now remain. The present perfection of the bicycle was nearly approximated in 1895, when the wood rim and the narrow tread were generally adopted, and weights reduced to the minimum compatible with rigidity and safety. The 1896 models were specially marked only by larger tubing, barrel-hubs and a few minor improvements; those of 1897 practically by the latter alone. This marked a universal endeavor for higher artistic perfection, with here and there a distinct gain in mechanical simplicity and strength. That point has evidently been well reached in the bicycle trade where the processes are lost

sight of in the products. The frame-joints, finish, name-plates, accessories and sundries of the new machines bespeak a consciousness of the near attainment of their utilitarian possibilities, and an unusual amount of attention bestowed upon æsthetic nicety in construction, adjustment and appearance.

The four principal models of nearly all the leading American makers are: (1) the roadster for gentlemen (2) and its drop-frame companion for ladies; (3) and the drop (4) and double diamond frame tandem, the former for a lady and gentleman, the latter ordinarily for two gentlemen. These differ in heights of frame and size of wheels, in weights and minor specifications sufficient to suit almost any individualities.

The typical machine of the first class may have a 24-inch frame, 10-inch steering-head, 28-inch wheels, perhaps 28 spokes front and 36 rear, 6½ to 7-inch cranks, 3½ to 4-inch rubber or rat-trap pedals, a tread of from 4½ to 5 inches, and a gear from 68 to 80, weighing, with regular equipment, from 20 to 27 pounds, averaging about 23.

Its lady companion will ordinarily have a 22-inch frame, the same length of steering-head, sizes of wheels and number of spokes, both front and rear; 3 to 3¾-inch rubber or occasionally rat-trap pedals, gear from 60 to 72, wood-guards for the rear wheel and chain, as well as brake and foot-rests. Its weight, fully equipped, will be from 23 to 28 pounds, averaging about 25; stripped, from 20 to 25 pounds, averaging about 23.

The specifications for the double machines will generally be found to include all the distinctive features of the single models, with the addition of sundry devices contributing to ease of management or to the comfort of wheeling by two or more riders on one machine. The double-diamond and drop-frames are similarly constructed, with the exception of the loop in the front of the latter; they are reinforced at every joint, have perhaps a height in the frame of 24 inches, and a wheel-base of 71, a front

tread of from 4 to 5 inches, and a rear tread of from 5 to 5¼. The spokes in the front wheel generally number from 28 to 32, and in the rear wheel from 36 to 40; lengths of crank vary from 6½ to 7 inches, and gears from 76 to 90. The weights of the tandem models range from 35 to 45 pounds, the former being the more common for track, and the latter for road use.

Although many lines of bicycles number several more models than the four named, nearly all such are simply departures from these types. The wide range of option given the purchaser nowadays, enables him or her to select a mount suited to almost any individualities—so much so, indeed, that a carefully selected machine is nearly equal to one built to order. Each line will be found to possess one or more distinctive features, as in the Columbia the use of fifty-carbon steel-tubing, in the Victor models, perfected dust-proof bearings with unique facilities for adjustment and oiling. The Sterling presents a special fork-crown; the Wolf-American an efficient eccentric chain adjustment, and the "Duplex cycle" a machine unique in itself; the Warwick, a pneumatic cushion frame, and a new cable-steering device for tandems; the Remington, special crank-hanger bearings, and the Iver Johnson line, a one-piece drop-forged crown and head. In OUTING for March we shall comment fully upon the various improvements as seen at the Cycle Shows in Chicago and New York.

CYCLE PARTS OF WOOD.

Nature's products, scientifically adapted to the various uses required of them, are proving superior to those of the factory and foundry for handle, rim and handle-bar construction. The only metal parts of the wheels are now generally the hubs and spokes, and the elimination of metal from the handle-bar bids fair to be even more complete. The handle was the first to yield in this direction, cork being universally accepted as affording the easiest grip, with the additional advantage of absorbing much of the perspiration from the hands. Wood rims came into general use in America in 1895, and throughout Europe in 1896.

The best wood rims will not shrink or swell, nor are they visibly affected by atmospheric changes or climatic conditions; and, while a trifle of weight is saved by their use, they will ordinarily yield and rebound without injury when metal rims would be bent or broken.

Where double-tube detachable wires are to be fitted, the wood rims are made with a square central groove and a supplementary groove on either side, while the outer case of the tire has double beads at each edge, which fit into the grooves of the rims. In such construction the entire strain of air pressure comes upon the square central groove where the rim is strongest.

The wooden handle bar has hardly passed the experimental stage; but of its many advantages there can be no doubt, and fully fifty per cent. of the bicycles of 1897 will be so fitted. When scientifically constructed of hickory or maple, it is less easily broken than the metal, nor will it be dented by impact with a force that would at least bend one of steel; even when tied in a knot, the tough wood splinters but does not break. Again, the wooden handle-

bar cannot rust, and is easily polished to look as good as new; while one of steel, which shows signs of wear or hard usage, must be renickeded at some cost. Wooden bars may be bent in any desirable shape, and admit of as wide a diversity of adjustment as those of metal.

Handle-bar grips and dress and chain guards—in each case light, strong and handsome in appearance—are also being made very generally of wood.

THE DROP-FRAME MODELS.

A few years ago the lady's bicycle was considered simply as one of the several models of our cycling product, upon which only secondary consideration was bestowed. It was always somewhat heavier then, and lacked many improvements found on its diamond-frame companion. One of the first seen in America was imported from England—a solid-tired safety with thirty-inch wheels, weighing over fifty pounds, and listing at \$150. The unparalleled number of feminine riders has, however, within the past three years, wrought a great change in this regard, and to-day the designing and construction of ladies' wheels commands the highest skill in the cycle trade.

The one slight drawback in the drop-frame construction is a trifling sacrifice of rigidity so well gained by the diamond frame, and formerly many machines would, after a few months' use, "track" improperly. On a number of ladies' bicycles which present the greatest lateral stability, it will be found that the dropped tube or tubes are placed so high that the dress of the rider is too far raised when in motion, especially when riding in the face of a strong wind. Yet the mechanical object of such construction is obvious, for it is desirable to connect the "head" with the rear forks in as direct a manner as possible. One method of shortening the tubes between these points would be to place the crank-bracket a trifle higher. The practical objection to this is the increased difficulty in mounting—a consideration of some moment to most women riders. On some machines experimental crank-brackets have been made fourteen and even fifteen inches high, and it has not been uncommon to see ladies with this sort of bicycle walking along in search of some convenient curbstone to aid them in mounting.

THE DOUBLE MACHINES.

Tandem riding over good roads is *par excellence* the luxury of cycling, and this feature of the pastime has, within the past three years, come into great popularity. When first introduced these models were heavy, awkward, unscientifically constructed and easily breakable, while the increased weight (on solid tires) made touring more fatiguing than on single machines. Such defects have now been entirely eliminated, however, weights brought below those of the first safety types; the seating arrangements have been perfected, and the former methods of steering vastly improved. The prices of the 1897 combination drop-frame and diamond, and the double-diamond frame tandems range from \$125 to \$175, and a splendid variety is given to cycling by their occasional use. The double machine is essentially a pleasure mount, and

as such is seldom in constant service. With proper care the latest models should remain in good condition for about three years.

TIRES AND SADDLES.

Single and double-tube tires are now made in three regular styles, one of very light fabric, principally for track racing, another of medium weight for light riders, and for use on good roads, and the regular road pattern for all service. In addition to these some makers are furnishing special tires for tandems, and for unusually hard usage, as well as for the equipment of pleasure vehicles, cabs and motorcycles.

While few tires show radical changes in construction over last year's types, a novelty is offered in the "Kangaroo Thread Tire," in which the threads, instead of being embedded in the rubber by calender-rolls, are passed through a process by which each separate thread is coated with rubber, and wrapped directly around the inner tube at an angle of 45 degrees, at only sufficient tension to wind them evenly, thereby preserving the natural elasticity of the thread fibres. As the threads are not embedded in the rubber by this process of manufacture, each one is free and independent of its neighbor. The second layer of threads is wound in a similar manner, but at right angles to the first, thus making, it is claimed, a stronger and more resilient tire than can be constructed of ordinary woven fabric.

1897 will see the first practically universal acceptance of the principle that "roughening the tread" of the tire increases the safety, and adds to the ease of cycling. This effect is produced in several ways; the surfaces of some are what is technically known as "serrated"—others corrugated or pebbled, while the outer covering of one make resembles a small alligator's back. The oft-promised puncture-proof tire still fails to materialize, for every attempt to produce this variety is made at the expense of resiliency, the first object of the pneumatic. Well-made tires are seldom punctured nowadays by the careful rider, however, and in such case a permanent repair of either the single or double tube is not difficult even for the novice. There is a general demand for a slightly larger-sized tire than the majority of those used last season, as experiment and experience have proven that they do not decrease speed, nor add to the exertion of pedaling, while the inch and one-half and an inch and three-quarter-tires are barely enough for speeding over rough surfaces. A two-inch tire is much preferable for touring and rough riding, as it may be pumped up hard enough to prevent the rim striking any object with which the wheel is brought into contact, and this without a material sacrifice of resiliency.

A great variety of saddles will be found on the 1897 bicycles, and no cycle parts deserve more attention from manufacturers and riders alike. The idea that one style of saddle may be ridden by all classes of wheelmen and wheelwomen has been proven to be erroneous, and the result is seen in the many shapes and styles which would seem to satisfy all physical requirements. Formerly the physiological necessities of the rider were rarely given sufficient consideration by the manufacturers, but the late in-

roduction of many anatomical and hygienic saddles, made in whole or in part of metal, rubber, wood, leather and cork, together with several pneumatic models, has created a strong and sensible demand for those styles which suit the individualities of the riders. The tendency to shorten the pommel on the saddles for ladies' bicycles is still noticeable, and will probably result in its elimination so far as possible.

MINOR 1897 SPECIFICATIONS.

The smooth or "flush" joint, so constructed that, by an interior connection, the jointure becomes invisible after enameling, adds to the strength, lightness, and appearance of the new models. In some instances the crank-hanger is brought one or two inches lower than formerly, having the effect of making the upper line of the chain run almost horizontal, or even slant a trifle toward the front sprocket. This departure will lower the centre of gravity somewhat, but otherwise will have no appreciable mechanical effect. Larger sprockets, both front and rear, are used on this year's machines, with the result of greater ease in propulsion, and a material increase in the wearing power of the bicycle as well as better management of a higher gear. The number of teeth in both sprockets will be correspondingly increased. This does not mean, however, that gears must necessarily be higher, but by increasing both sprockets in proportion the gear may be maintained at former standards, with a notable decrease in the friction of the chain over the sprockets, a fertile source of lost power and hard running. Chains will be improved considerably, those designed upon correct mechanical principles fitting accurately upon sprockets whose teeth are cut on perfect cycloided curves.

Hubs are ordinarily made of the finest tool steel, ground after hardening, virtually proof against cutting or wear from the longest or most severe use, and fitted with special oiling and ball-retaining devices. Bearings are uniformly dust-proof, and unusual attention has been given to neat and secure adjustments, both in the hubs and crank-shafts. In one model the adjusting cup has a small flange extending beyond the hub, and this cup is screwed in or out as required, the locking being effected by a jamb-nut working on the outside of the hub against a shoulder on the axle, making it absolutely impossible for the adjustment to work loose. In another the bearings are "three-point," both theoretically and practically, the surface of the cones being straight-lined from circumference to apex. Disk-adjusting bearings are also shown in which the hub is integral with the spoke flanges, and a sleeve with enlarged edges occupies the central part of the shaft, bearing against the inner convex side of the ball-races. Flanged sleeves bear with their inner ends on the outer ends of the races, and with their outward flange against the fork lugs. The outer part of the bearing is formed by cups screwed into the threaded hub ends, and is adjustable by means of a spanner and locked by a collar.

The bearings on the new Remington models are so constructed that by removing the left crank and loosening the binding screw under the crank hanger, the entire bearing may be re-

moved intact. The plan of locking the adjusting cone is similar to that used in 1896, but instead of oiling through the end screws, the crank hanger is fitted with oil cups directly over each bearing.

STYLES IN HANDLE-BARS.

The modern high-grade bicycle is fitted with a large number of interchangeable and easily adjustable parts and sundries. Of these the handle-bar, either of wood or metal, gives the widest range of option, admitting of secure adjustment in all positions, from the broad up-curve for touring to the narrow, extreme down-curve for racing. The former is by far the better for the constant use of the average rider, and invariably for ladies. Correct posture awheel means comfortable and graceful cycling with a minimum of fatigue, and this calls for nearly *straight* arms except when hill-climbing. Ordinarily, the bends in the elbows should be very slight. The "ram's-horn" handle-bars, the "scorcher's" favorite, are seldom suitable for stout riders, and should never be the sole equipment of a road machine. Their only advantages are found in the increase of distance between the saddle and the handles, so that the latter are not interfered with by the knees in making a short turn, and at the same time allowing one to adopt the racing position and exert a maximum of strength for a short time. The adjustable bar may be gripped by the hands in many different ways, thus allowing an occasional change of position, which is very restful on long runs.

YANKEE WHEELS ABROAD.

American bicycle manufacturers are paying more attention each year to export trade. At the National and Stanley shows, held in London in December last, a large number of our wheel, tire and sundry products were exhibited and received much favorable attention from the transatlantic press, trade and public. For two years or more, American bicycles have been gaining in favor throughout Europe. The British Isles and France have taken the major share of our export products thus far, but this year bicycles manufactured in this country will be much in evidence in Germany, Austria, Spain, and even in Australia and New Zealand. Already our trade with Mexico and the South American Republics is enormous. That this increase of exportations is due, in a large measure, to the omnipresent American touring wheelmen and wheelwomen is without doubt. Once well introduced, the Yankee cycles created a market for themselves in the shops of foreign dealers, because of their lightness, strength and ease of management and propulsion. Their lightness at first caused much doubt as to their strength and stability, but the high-grade products soon proved themselves fully equal to the test of English and Continental roadways.

The great secret of the popularity of the standard makes of bicycles is the thoroughness with which they are constructed. In many American factories every part is rigidly inspected after each operation. An example of the results achieved by this strict system may be cited in the case of the 1895 wheels of a well-known make. During that year there were

only five hubs returned for defects, and in each of these instances the guarantee, of course, protected the purchaser. There is no guess work in the making or buying of really high-grade bicycles.

The '97 market, like that of '96, will be deluged with low-grade wheels which bear no distinctive brand at all, or one of doubtful value. There are scores of manufacturers in America whose name-plates stand for all that is best in cycle construction, and perfect confidence in his mount is worth more to the average rider than the few dollars difference between high and doubtful grades. Let it be understood that there is a vast difference between medium-priced and very cheap bicycles. The former often represents as full value to the dollar as any one-hundred-dollar line, and the perfection of construction attained therein is surprising.

Five or six years ago no bicycles were sold before the opening of the spring or after the approach of autumn. The "season" spanned only seven months at the longest, the intervening time finding cycle tradesmen a race of unwilling Othellos, and the advent of the riding season was anxiously awaited by all connected with the sport or trade.

The expanse of the pastime, however, and the use, particularly in the South and on the Pacific Coast, of the bicycle throughout the winter, together with the adoption of the present types as permanent standards, have transformed the cycle business to such a degree that the new models are out as soon as the sale of the older ones shows a marked decrease. To ride the old year out and the new year in on a wheel of the new year's pattern was not vouchsafed to the pioneers of cycling.

A MARVELOUS RECORD.

The Century Road Club of America annually offers a special medal to the cyclist covering the greatest number of miles within the calendar year. That for 1896 has undoubtedly been won by E. H. Roth of the Clarendon Wheelmen of Chicago, whose performance, if authentic, must stand as the most notable in the history of cycling. From January 25, 1896, to January 1, 1897, he cycled 34,380 miles, a daily average of over 100 miles for that period. In this time he rode 146 "centuries," all told, of which number 32 were "double" or 200 miles in the day, and one a triple century (300 miles). His claims filed with the Century Road Club call for the annual century medal, the mileage record of America, Illinois State century record, the American 200-mile record, made in 14 hours and 35 minutes, as well as the American 300-mile record, made in 22 hours flat, the latter lowering the previous 24-hour record held by A. E. Smith by several miles. His greatest month's mileage was over 4,000 made in October, '96.

This wonderful performance, which nearly equals in miles covered five round trips between New York and San Francisco, was not accomplished over tracks or prepared paths, but on the ordinary roads in the States of Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, Kentucky, the Indian Territory, Texas and Colorado. For one year Roth followed the good weather throughout the central Western States in his search for the highest

possible mileage record. He used one wheel throughout the entire trip without an accident other than a broken rim, and only two pairs of tires, sustaining but one puncture, which occurred after he had ridden about 10,000 miles. The previous record for the year was made by A. A. Hansen of Minneapolis, Minn., who rode 21,028 miles in 1894. Such feats, though perhaps valueless in themselves, prove the bicycle secondary only to steam in its capacity for covering long distances.

NEW ROAD RECORD RULES.

The Century Road Club of America has adopted a new rule, recognizing a 30 and 60-day Century record, also a 30 and 60-day mileage record. The rules governing same are identical with those for the century and mileage competitions for the calendar year. The club has also adopted the following new rule:

"The claimant, when sending in a statement for a record, must file with the Committee an affidavit to the effect that the entire distance claimed was made on a bicycle, unaided in any way beyond pacing, together with a statement that all essential points of the claim, as submitted, are correct in every particular; the same to be sworn to before a notary."

The following road records have been allowed by the Century Road Club of America:
F. C. Fuhrman, Buffalo-New York, 58.10.00, September 10, 11, 12, 1896. Course record.

A. G. Relyea, 5 miles, 11.31 4-5, October 31, 1896. New York State record.

John H. George, Philadelphia, 39 centuries in 30 days, October 1-30, 1896. American record.

John H. George, Philadelphia, 70 centuries in 60 days, September 1-October 30, 1896. American record. Gold "meritorious ride medal."

John M. Nobre, New York-Philadelphia, 7.06.00, November 24, 1896. Course record.

A. W. Evans, 50 miles, 2 hours 30 minutes 34 seconds, August 10, 1896. New Jersey State record.

A. Peitcher, New York to Philadelphia and return, 18 hours 17 minutes, November 1, 1896. Course record.

C. A. Wescott, Chicago-Libertyville-Waukegan Century course, 5 hours 4 minutes, August 9, 1896. Course record.

Mrs. A. E. Rinehart, 200 miles, 16 hours 18 minutes, September 27, 1896. Colorado State record. This is the only long-distance road record ever made by a lady rider.

AMATEUR TRACK RECORDS.

The Racing Board of the L. A. W. has accepted the amateur competition-paced track records from 2 to 25 miles inclusive, made by Forrest H. Wilson at Chicago, Ill., September 22, 1896, as follows: 2 miles, 4.15 2-5; 3 miles, 6.22 3-5; 4 miles, 8.34 3-5; 5 miles, 10.48 2-5; 6 miles, 12.58 2-5; 7 miles, 15.07 2-5; 8 miles, 17.24 3-5; 9 miles, 19.34 3-5; 10 miles, 21.47 4-5; 11 miles, 24.01 4-5; 12 miles, 26.07 4-5; 13 miles, 28.18; 14 miles, 30.24 2-5; 15 miles, 32.40 1-5; 16 miles, 34.39; 17 miles, 36.54 3-5; 18 miles, 39.07 1-5; 19 miles, 41 21 3-5; 20 miles, 43.37; 21 miles, 45.53; 22 miles, 48.03 3-5; 23 miles, 50 13 1-5; 24 miles, 52.24 1-5; 25 miles, 54.35.

PRACTICAL CYCLING.

The first essential of easy and graceful wheeling is correct position. This is not always possible on a regular stock model, and the wise rider will have his or her individualities met by proper adjustment of saddle and handle-bar, while height of gear, length of crank, and width of pedal should be suited to one's strength, reach, and width of foot. The position sought should be that which produces a minimum of tension, and gives the greatest freedom from muscular restraint. Hygienic costuming for wheelmen and wheelwomen alike is, of course, presumed.

The saddle is the most fruitful source of trouble to the beginner. Placed too far forward, proper ankle motion is impossible, too far backward adds to the effort of pedaling, while a wrong tilt of angle, raising or lowering the front peak, is always uncomfortable and often harmful. For ordinary riding, the peak of the saddle should generally be placed from two to five inches behind the vertical line of the pedals, and perhaps an inch farther forward for touring in hilly districts. While sitting easily on the machine, the rider should be able to keep touch with the pedals throughout their revolution without stretching the limb, the saddle being raised or lowered to meet this requirement. When the adult cyclist obtains a correct and comfortable position, it should never be altered, and all subsequently purchased wheels should be ordered with identical specifications.

These can generally be obtained, without additional cost, by giving ample notice to the manufacturer or dealer.

Properly ridden, the wheel becomes a mechanism of life, the cyclist's other self in steel and rubber. The pneumatic tire eliminates most of the jarring formerly caused by contact with uneven surfaces, and if the rigid construction of the high-grade models be well supplemented by carefulness and skill on the part of the rider, the pastime should never prove injurious to any one in sound health. Scientific handling of the machine, which comes largely from experience, and proper distribution of weight on saddle, pedals and handle-bar, will transform it from dead to live weight, save physical and mental effort, and lay the foundations for the most pleasurable and profitable cycling. For ordinary riding, the saddle should bear a very large proportion of the weight, and the pedals firmly held, with just enough leaning on the handle-bar to easily keep the balance. More weight should be placed upon the pedals when riding over rough surfaces, crossing car-tracks, etc., as well as when hill-climbing or making fast time. While coasting, it is well to remember that almost the entire weight rests upon the saddle, and if the grade be a difficult one, additional rigidity may be obtained by bracing the foot against the steering head.

A feeling of weakness while in motion should be followed by a very slow pace or by a dismount for a short rest. This may be taken on the parkways, or even on the road, unless the atmosphere is chilly, in which case it is generally preferable to continue on slowly until some shelter can be reached. Deep, regular inhalations through the nose, with slow exhalations through the mouth, will be found beneficial.

THE PROWLER.

EQUESTRIANISM.



AMERICAN POLO IN ENGLAND.

IT is more than likely the season of 1897 will witness an American polo team battling for supremacy with the crack teams of England, on the native heath of the latter. The matter has been talked of for some time, but OUTING is glad to note that it is now in such a shape that some definite result will most probably be arrived at. Mr. Foxhall Keene, perhaps the best and most popular of our polo players, has gone to England with Mrs. Keene, as is his custom every winter, for the hunting in the shires. It is generally understood that he has authority of a more or less official nature, to arrange for some polo matches with English clubs in the spring. Whether or not the American team, if it goes abroad, will represent the Polo Association, has not been definitely settled as yet, but it is more than likely that it will, as many of the members of the latter, including Chairman H. L. Herbert, are anxious to see it represented on English polo fields. The team will very probably be made up largely of players who are already abroad, and in this respect the opportunity is excellent, since so many of our best players chance to be abroad at this time. Mr. Keene himself should prove a tower of strength to the team, if he decides to remain in England and play. He is, it will be remembered, the highest handicapped member of the Polo Association, and won several important games for his team, largely by his individual efforts, last summer. Mr. Raoul Duval sailed for England some time ago, taking with him, besides several hunters, a number of polo ponies, for his own use and that of his friend, Mr. H. K. Vingut, both of the Meadowbrook Polo Club. Other players who will be abroad during the coming season, include John S. Stevens and Benjamin Nicoll, who sailed recently; George P. Eustis, who is now in France, and W. C. Eustis, the well-known gentleman rider, who is at his hunting-box in Ireland. Then there is W. K. Thorn, who for many years has played on foreign polo teams, at Pau and elsewhere. All or most of these men are familiar with the English methods of playing the game, and in

this respect there will be little difficulty, as with the single exception of the rule against hooking mallets, which is in force here, the rules in both countries do not conflict. Should an American team play in England, it will probably play at Hurlingham and at Ranelagh, the two principal strongholds of the game there, as well as at Dublin, and probably at Paris. Teams from Spain and the Argentine Republic have visited England lately, and played with very fair success at the places mentioned above, and certainly this country ought to do as well, at least.

THE SAN FRANCISCO HORSE SHOW.

The third annual San Francisco horse show, which was held in the Mechanic's Pavilion in that city during the week beginning December 9th, was in every way quite as successful as either of the shows which preceded it. Some of the classes were very strong, especially those for thoroughbreds. The management of the show was the same as last year. The officers were: President, Henry J. Crocker; vice-presidents, John Parrott and J. L. Rathbone; secretary, George Aylmer Newhall, and assistant secretary, Obed Horr. The judges were as follows: Messrs. R. van Brunt, James Ferguson, A. B. Spreckels, Robert N. Graves, Green B. Morris, Reginald W. Rives, Richard F. Carman, Marion Story, J. D. Horan, George van Gordon, John McCord, Robert F. Morrow, and James McNab. One of the features of this year's exhibition, as it was last year, was the rivalry of Mr. Walter S. Hobart and Mr. George A. Pope, two wealthy young Californians who spare no trouble or expense in the endeavor to defeat each other in the show ring. In the classes in which Mr. Hobart and Mr. Pope competed, Mr. Hobart won twelve first and nine second prizes, while Mr. Pope had to be contented with four first and seven second prizes. Mr. Hobart was the largest exhibitor, having entries in forty-seven classes. Mr. Pope entered in seventeen classes, Mr. Henry J. Crocker in nineteen, Mr. John Parrott in fifteen, and Mr. Charles A. Baldwin in fifteen. These were the largest exhibitors. Many horses were shown which are well known in the East, among them the chestnut mare Frills, by the celebrated hackney stallion Fashion, which was shown by Mr. Prescott Lawrence at the last Madison Square Garden show; Monarch and Performer, the sensational pair of heavy harness-horses, which Mr. Hobart bought from Mr. E. T. H. Talmadge; and others of more or less national celebrity.

ALFRED STODDART (RITTENHOUSE).

AUSTRIAN TROTTING PRIZES.

The increasing popularity of light-harness horse-racing in Europe is well shown by a recent announcement made by the Trotting Association of Baden, Austria, one of the most progressive, as well as one of the wealthiest, racing organizations in Europe. Less than two years ago the association held its first international light-harness race-meeting, conducted on American methods, which took place on the Var track, near Nice. Several such

events took place in 1895, and this year there has been a large increase in the number of fixtures, open to all comers, and now the progress of the sport is marked by a munificent offer of the Baden Club. The club announces two stakes (futures), each of the value of \$8,000, to be decided at the July meetings of 1899 and 1900. Both events are named after Prince Solms, a well-known Austrian sportsman. The events are open for trotting stallions and mares of any country, the nominations to be four years old at time of competition. Foals of 1895 are eligible to the '09 stake, and those of '96 to the stake of 1900. Nominations must be posted with the Baden Association on March 1, 1897. The distance is a mile and seven-eighths, one dash. The money to be divided as follows: \$4,400 to the winner, \$1,600 to the second, \$1,000 to the third, \$600 to the fourth, \$300 to the fifth, and \$100 to the sixth. The full entrance fee is \$100.

Austria seems to be the coming happy hunting-ground of the American trotter, and buyers from Vienna at recent sales were by no means stingy in their offers. Messrs. Horace Brown and Ed. Tappan have taken over to Europe the smart stallion Quartermarch (2:11 $\frac{3}{4}$) and Quarter Cousin (2:23 $\frac{3}{4}$). In all about fifty head of trotters have been shipped.

Trevillian (2:08 $\frac{1}{4}$) by Young Jim, dam Miss Kittredge by Gambetta, for shipment to Austria for \$3,050 for Herr Schlesinger. Several other good ones, also from the Castleton Farm, were exported with Trevillian, among them being Falkland (2:13 $\frac{1}{2}$), a ten-year-old son of Happy Medium. Serge de Beauvais, a well-known European horseman, picked up several good ones, notably the three-year-old colt Captain Walbridge (2:18 $\frac{1}{4}$) by Arsaces, dam Ruth Medium by Happy Medium.

TROTTERS.

The get of the celebrated Charter Oak winner, seventy-six head, have been disposed of for the Cloverdale Farm. The average realized was \$352 50. Of these fifty-six were by Director, the average price of which was \$382.

The get of the trotting stallion Axtell have been sold. The highest price, \$3,750, was paid for the well-known stallion Azmon (2:13 $\frac{1}{2}$) by Azmoor, dam Ahwaga by Mohawk Chief. Azmon was afterwards resold for export. \$3,100 was paid for the promising three-year-old filly Marguerite A. (2:20 $\frac{1}{4}$) by Axtell, out of Marguerite by Kentucky Prince. Several others changed hands at \$1,600 and \$1,000.

THE NEW YORK DRIVING CLUB.

The annual report of the Driving Club of New York recently submitted to the members is in many respects one of the most satisfactory that has been published in years. The Treasurer's statement shows a balance in favor of the club of \$7,000. The following members were appointed to act on the Executive Committee for the ensuing year: James Butler, L. A. Burke, E. Martens, Captain C. H. McDonald, J. H. Rojan, Andrew Garside, W. E. Parsons, E. S. Hedges, F. T. Steinway, W. G. Leland, Alex. Newberger and A. B. Gwathmey. On account of physical disability Mr. E. S. Hedges, the Secretary of 1895 and 1896, will not accept re-election.

DEATH OF NUTWOOD.

The death of the famous stallion Nutwood marks the departure to the equine happy hunting-grounds of the greatest of sires of trotters since Electioneer. Nutwood died December 4th, the property of Messrs. Stout, of Dubuque, Ia., they having purchased him in 1886 for \$22,000 at the dispersal sale of the McFerren stock at Glenview Farm, Ky. The stallion's best mark was 2:18 $\frac{3}{4}$ against time at Stockton, Cal., November 27, 1879. He was foaled May 1, 1870, was dark chestnut in color, measured 15.2 hands forward and 16 hands over the hips, and weighed about 1,160 pounds. He was a beautifully formed horse, lengthy but nicely turned, had a sweet head, neat and clean, and intelligent eyes well set in a broad forehead. Unlike so many stallions of the speedy kind, his head was well put on to an arched neck, which ran back into a deep and flat-laid shoulder, his chest being unusually full, and his legs and feet exceptionally clear of defect. Nutwood was bred by Mr. Alexander, of Woodburn Farm, Ky., and was got by Belmont, a son of Abdallah. Belmont's dam was Belle, by Mambrino Chief II., and Belle's dam was by a son of Brown's Bellfounder, who was in turn got by imported Bellfounder, the English Hackney. Brown's Bellfounder was out of a mare by Mambrino, the thoroughbred son of Messenger. Nutwood's dam was Miss Russell by Pilot, Jr., and her dam was Sally Russell, a thoroughbred daughter of the celebrated race-winner, Boston. Nutwood was the sire of 147 sons and daughters with a record of 2:30 or better, and it is recorded that 91 of his sons have, in their turn, sired performers with similar records. Nutwood's fastest performer is Manager, the 2:06 $\frac{3}{4}$ pacer. His best trotter is Lockheart (2:08 $\frac{1}{2}$).

HORSES FOR ENGLAND.

Half a dozen of our most notable trotting-bred carriage horses have recently been shipped to England. Golden Rod and Blazeaway, Great Scott and Ganymede, Cracksman and Marksman. Between them, in all harness, singles, pairs, tandems and fours, the first four have won during 1895 and 1896 no less than 201 prizes, including 127 firsts and nine championships, amounting in value to \$10,225. Mr. Aurel Batonyi, who fitted and so often drove these horses to victory, will follow them to England and drive them at the Royal Agricultural Hall in London at the Spring Show of 1897.

HUNT STEEPLECHASES.

There are great opportunities for the Steeplechase Association to add attractive features to their programmes. There are plenty of hunters available and many gentlemen riders of ability to be found. To Mr. S. S. Howland must be awarded due credit for the manner in which he managed the Washington meeting last month. One of the many delightful features was the jumping event. The hunters were ridden by gentlemen in full hunting regalia. They were very interesting and added brilliancy to the scene. The "pink coat" race was exceedingly popular and the riders went at the fences as though they were sailing on clouds, and had more of a "devil-may-care" style about them than the professional huntsmen had. The pace was very

brisk. The horses were very well matched, and the event was more like a rich stake race than a flash across country for three miles. There are hundreds of gentlemen who would gladly participate in races of this kind if those who promote the sport would only carry out the idea. It was generally admitted by those who witnessed these races at Baltimore and Washington that nothing like them had ever before been seen in this part of the country. The National Steeplechase Association have now a chance to distinguish themselves by including such races in the 1897 programme at Morris Park.

* * *

A horse for every four of the population of the United States is a significant fact which the first special report issued by the Secretary of the Department of Agriculture, giving returns of the live stock in the United States, attests. It will attract attention to the enormous value of the horse as an agricultural product, and is of special interest to those who are in any way associated with horse-breeding. The value placed on the horse stock is much below what it would be if based on market prices, but it gives valuable information as to the number of horses raised in the several breeding districts.

The estimates cover a period of sixteen years, 1880 to 1896, and show that during the last three years the stock has been decreasing. In 1880 it is estimated that there were 11,201,800 horses in the country, and there was an increase of 220,000 the following year. In 1882 the total given was 10,521,554, the hard winter and poor food-supply having decreased stock. In 1883 there was an increase of 270,000, and this kept steadily on, until in the opening of 1890 the total estimate was 14,213,837. On account of decayed fodder and other minor causes, the next year saw the total down to 14,056,750. 1892 seems to have turned the scale considerably in the horses' favor, for the estimates for that year show an increase of 1,441,390. In 1893 the zenith was reached, for the total for that year showed 16,206,892. There has been a steady decrease since, for in January, 1896, it was estimated that there were only 15,124,057 horses in the country.

While '92 saw the largest number of horses, the year '91 saw them at their highest value, *viz.*, \$1,007,593,636 for 15,498,140 horses. The highest average value was in the year 1883, when it was \$74.64, and since then the value has dropped until in 1896 the average per head was only \$33.07. The estimated value of the 15,124,057 horses listed up to the opening of 1896 was \$500,140,186

It is generally believed that the number of horses in this country to-day is less than at the beginning of 1896, while the exports doubled during the last twelve months what they have been in any previous year.

As a matter of record the following list, showing the number of horses in each State is given:

<i>State.</i>	<i>Estimated Number.</i>
Texas	1,183,777
Iowa	1,182,056
Illinois	1,179,072
Missouri	918,415
Kansas	857,789
Ohio	771,355

<i>State.</i>	<i>Estimated Number.</i>
Indiana	694,445
New York	654,045
Nebraska	632,653
Pennsylvania	607,516
Minnesota	488,647
California	482,818
Michigan	454,610
Wisconsin	442,853
Kentucky	417,582
Tennessee	344,440
South Dakota	287,896
Virginia	246,046
Arkansas	235,618
Oregon	219,115
Washington	192,055
Mississippi	182,777
Montana	182,605
North Dakota	170,104
Colorado	164,645
West Virginia	161,352
North Carolina	144,095
Louisiana	137,344
Maryland	134,995
Idaho	134,705
Alabama	128,336
Maine	116,592
Georgia	109,185
Vermont	91,999
New Mexico	83,862
New Jersey	82,437
Wyoming	81,699
Utah	71,897
Massachusetts	65,102
South Carolina	64,514
Arizona	56,449
New Hampshire	55,589
Nevada	53,561
Connecticut	43,913
Oklahoma	38,332
Florida	35,162
Delaware	29,974
Rhode Island	10,029

HEAVY HARNESS HORSES.

Carriage horses are in strong demand, and some very high prices have been obtained under the hammer recently, an average of \$630 per head being realized at auction for the Messrs. Tichenor. At this sale pairs of high-steppers brought \$2,500, and the prices for single individuals ranged from \$1,000 down to \$250. Similar figures held good for the finer individuals and pairs offered by gentlemen who were reducing their stables. Sales at private contract have, of course, been influenced by the prizes the horses have recently taken in the show ring, and the prominent dealers who have had such to offer have found no trouble in getting prices well up in the thousands.

A ROUGH RIDING CLUB.

The equestrian exercises at the military tournament at Madison Square Garden reminds me that in equestrian circles not the least pleasant feature of the entertainments given at the riding schools to wile away wintry evenings is the exhibition of rough riding given by a specially trained troop of stalwart fellows, under the leadership of Captain Rawson Turner, late of Her Britannic Majesty's service. The Captain, a thorough cavalryman from top

to toe, was one of the officers of the Military Tournament Company, which, it will be remembered, gave several performances at the World's Fair and later in New York at the Madison Square Garden.

The idea of organizing a Rough-Riding Club occurred to the Captain at the sale of the Tournament Company's effects, so many of the guns, and sabres, etc., being purchased by young gentlemen well known as ambitious and daring riders. The Club to-day consists of about thirty-four members who drill at Durland's Academy every Saturday evening. There are two classes: the elementary, to instruct beginners how to manage their horses, learn the military carriage of the body, and how to secure the correct seat, etc.; then the expert members of the troop in full uniform give a brilliant performance, going through the sword and lance exercises, finishing with "tent-pegging"—rid-

ing at full speed and with carried lance lifting the tent-pegs from the ground.

All the work is done exactly as by the regular English troops, the Captain being a stickler for good form according to the old military rules, and a perfect martinet in the exaction of his orders. The result of all this is that instead of a mere club the troop form a smart and efficient body of cavalymen.

Their uniform consists of a forage-cap with gilt braid; dark blue tunic, frogged with black braid; blue trousers with gold stripes, and reinforced with leather; high boots to the knees with silver-plated spurs. White gauntlets and cartridge and sword belts of same color complete the turnout. A light cavalry-sword is carried in the belt, while in a socket near the stirrup rests a rather long lance, from the upper point of which flutters a pink and blue flag.

A. H. GODFREY.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

D. C. D., Savannah, Ga.—Watch the athletic fixtures from month to month and make your selection. Entry forms can be obtained by addressing Mr. J. J. Dixon, 27 Spruce street, New York City. He is the official handicapper of the A. A. U.

"Anxious."—The "mad-dog scare" is exaggerated. Rabies and the possibility of a human being contracting it are worthy of a serious consideration, yet genuine cases of it are very rare. The so-called "mad dogs" shot in the streets of our cities during the heated term were, in very few cases, if any, suffering from rabies. This terrible disease does not suddenly develop, as do the common fits, which may be produced by varying causes. Rabies takes time to reach the dangerous stage, and few dogs, if properly cared for, could develop it without their owners knowing that something serious was to be expected. Horses kill many more people than dogs are responsible for, yet we do not contemplate the extinction of the equine race. If the crumpled-horn source of the family milk-supply happened to toss the son and heir over the barn, should we advocate that the entire tribe of *Bos* be destroyed? The real difficulty about the dogs is not so much their fault as the fault of their owners. People who do not know how to take care of and control a dog should have no right to own one. A dog should never be kept where its owner cannot be certain that the animal will do no serious damage, will be properly fed, exercised, and kept in general good condition. Savage dogs and wandering curs should be destroyed.

H. H. A.—The Board of Directors is as follows: President, W. Campbell, Wyandotte; vice-president, A. Fraser, Toronto; secretary and treasurer, W. C. Jupp, Detroit; auditing committee, S. H. Hewitt, W. A. Ferguson and J. C. Sterling.

"Ex-Commodore."—*Sothis*, *Anita* and *Mischief* were all boats designed by Mr. G. H. Duggan preparatory to the Seawan-haka cup races. The *Sothis*, being the one originally intended for the important work in preference to *Glencairn*, was built under the designer's direction. The other two were built by H. F. Hodson at Toronto. *Sothis* is

similar to *Glencairn*, but with less freeboard and larger and deeper cockpit. *Missie* was designed by George A. Kittson, R. St. L. Y. C., and built by N. Gilbert, at Brockville. *Peggy* is a duplicate of *Ethelwynn*, but of lighter build.

W. W., Orange.—On Long Island, wild foxes are hunted successfully by the Meadowbrook Hunt Club. The hounds meet three times or oftener a week, time and place of meeting being posted at the club-house at 4 P.M. the previous day. The three principal packs of fox hounds in Pennsylvania are the Rose Tree Hunt, the Radnor Hounds and the Lima Hounds. These three packs complete the list of hunt clubs in the neighborhood of Philadelphia, but fox-hunting in Pennsylvania is not by any means confined to them. There are innumerable private packs throughout the State, the owners of which derive much pleasure from them; and the farmers in many portions of it keep fox-hounds, and frequently enjoy a gallop after Reynard.

Cycling Tourist.—You are entitled by law to be served. Two years ago a prominent summer hotel in Northern Illinois closed its doors to a party of touring cyclists, and suit was brought to determine the legality of such action. A verdict was rendered in favor of the complainants, and the precedent so established has been followed in several cases.

N. M., San Francisco, Cal.—The Post-Office Department uses the bicycle in the mail service for the collection and delivery of mail by a thorough trial in Washington and Philadelphia and their suburbs, and, owing to the uniformly good condition of the streets, it may be used throughout a large portion of the year. Over one hundred wheels were constantly in the service of the Philadelphia district alone during 1896, and they were found especially valuable in reaching the beginning of the route to which the carrier or collector is assigned, and also in making collections in the outlying sections. It often saves from twenty to thirty minutes in the time otherwise required by the carrier or collector in covering his route. The Department at Washington is very well satisfied with the experiments, and the extension of the service is but a matter of time.



Painted for OUTING by Hermann Simon.

See "An Adventure with a Tigress." (p. 565.)

ROYAL BENGAL.

LIBRARY
1887

OUTING.

VOL. XXIX.

MARCH, 1897.

No. 6.



THE OLD MILL.

QUICK PHOTOGRAPHY AFIELD.

By Dr. John Nicol.



“YOU press the button; we do the rest,” has done much to bring within the fascination of photography thousands who would not otherwise have thought of it; yet those who gave a too willing ear to the attractive declaration have often failed to achieve results.

and the attendant pleasurable conquests, travelers, tourists, and sportsmen are daily becoming more and more convinced that the camera is a necessary part of their equipment; and certainly there is no means by which they can so well record the manners and customs of other peoples, the interesting features of other countries, and the thousand and one curious things and occurrences seen in sports and pastimes; things which the privileged beholder may have neither the time nor the ability to faithfully record by any other process, but which, by properly directed snap-shots, may be reproduced with a fidelity that cannot be questioned.

It is one of those half-truths which, when acted on intelligently, with a knowledge of all that they imply, are sufficiently explicit to lead to success; but when applied too literally, and with the confidence of ignorance, result in failure. Notwithstanding the needful intelligent application, and perhaps because of it

But between snap-shots properly directed and snap-shots fired off, as it were, at random there is a wide difference; and, if I may judge from the very

large number of results that have passed through my hands, the random shooters are very much more numerous than those who shoot with knowledge. The fact seems to be that "you press the button" has conveyed to many, very many, would-be photographers the idea that photography is merely a mechanical affair in which personal equation has

within my own knowledge, showing to what extent the confidence of ignorance will go in inducing people, apparently sensible enough in all other matters, to tackle the most difficult branch of photography without any knowledge of the art or acquaintance with the apparatus they employ.

A young gentleman, bright enough to



THE QUEEN OF THE PADDLE.

no place, and that all that is necessary is to buy one or the other of the various hand cameras, each advertised as being better than all the others, and fire away in season or out of season.

Several amusing cases—amusing to the outsider, but far from amusing to the would-be photographer—have come

have finished his college curriculum with honors, determined to enjoy a four months' tour through the European show-places, and just before going aboard the good ship *Furnessia* invested in a No. 2 kodak and half a dozen rolls of film, perfectly satisfied that in "The Kodak Manual," that accompanied the



CLOSE QUARTERS AT THE STAKE.

camera, he would find all the information he needed. He wandered through Scotland, England, France, Germany, Switzerland, and Italy, firing off as he went, and on his return handed the seven rolls—on which, he fondly hoped, he had at least four hundred pictures—to somebody for development. He had not made a single exposure, overlooking the fact that it was necessary to remove the cap from the front of the camera.

An unusually bright young lady, an intimate acquaintance of my own, who could both “press the button” and “do the rest” very well, applied to me to help her out of her trouble. She had snapped away during a long holiday, and on beginning to develop could get nothing beyond a faint trace of an image, although perfectly certain that the light during every exposure had been quite as good as that under which she had formerly been very successful. Nor could I, by any known method of development, bring out anything more; and on examining the kodak I found that the quadrant-like part of the shutter was so placed as to leave only a minute crescent-shaped opening, instead of the circular stop that she supposed she was using.

The fault does not always lie with the would-be photographer. The manu-

facturer is sometimes caught napping. Another young lady, about to start on a long tour, had ordered a hand camera from a well-known New York manufacturer; a high-priced instrument with focusing scale of from a few feet to extreme distance. Happening to call on the day before her departure and just as she was packing, I examined the camera, and found not only that there was no correspondence between the scale and the lens, but that the latter when as close to the plate as it would go, was not close enough for even near objects. There was no time to return it to the maker, and no handy cabinet-maker within reach, so I removed the flange from the outside to the inside of the front board with a thickness of picture-frame backing between, and re-adjusted the scale. She brought back a series of very good pictures, which she certainly could not have done had the mistake not been discovered. Although such mistakes are serious enough, they do not happen often, and the knowledge that they do happen will go far to prevent their happening again.

Much more serious, because much more frequent—so frequent, indeed, as to be almost universal—are the mistakes arising from ignorance of the conditions under which, only, snap-shot photography can be practiced successfully. To

nothing else perhaps is the oft-quoted phrase, "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread," more applicable than to the way in which the average tourist or traveler, possessed of the little knowledge of photography that is the dangerous thing, "presses the button," as he goes, on every object that attracts attention, careless as to the quality and direction of the light, and regardless as to distance, and consequently size of image or amount of space included in the picture, but fully confident that he, who will "do the rest," will produce fine photo-

knowing his taste and artistic abilities, I borrowed them in the hope of getting a much desired set of lantern slides; a vain hope, alas! as there are only three out of the whole lot from which even a passable slide can be made. He only "pressed the button," and sent them to an expert for development, and, of course, blames the expert for the failure, or rather I should say *did* blame him, as since then he has done what he should have done before starting, practiced sufficiently both exposure and development as to become thoroughly acquainted with



WHERE THE COOK IS SUPREME.

graphs. Alas! it is misplaced confidence; seventy-five per cent. of such exposures result in just such negatives and prints as lie before me as I write.

Here I have a batch of about 150 film negatives, the result of exposures made by probably one of the most cultured and best educated gentlemen in the State of New York, and with an intuitive knowledge of the principles of art, as is shown by the few negatives on which the detail and arrangement can be made out. They were exposed on a certain class of interesting subjects during a vacation tour in England, and,

the requirements and limitations of hand-camera work.

Then there is a batch of prints, more disappointing than the negatives, as they are mostly of subjects far out of the beaten track, hardly likely to be come across again, and of such rare interest as to have made them, if they had been as good as they might easily have been, of much value. In this case the photographer has apparently "done the rest," as well as "press the button," and done all three, exposure, developing and printing, so badly as to produce prints absolutely worthless.

Although in such cases the proportion of failures to successes has hitherto been akin to Falstaff's sack to his bread, would-be snap-shooters need not be discouraged. Snap-shot photography, like most other things, is easy enough to those who know how.

No up-to-date traveler, tourist, or sportsman, should go afield without his camera. The size is immaterial, as most good instruments are now sufficiently accurate to give pictures sharp enough for enlargement, but it should be of the best, and he should at the same time lay in a supply of developing and printing material, trays, etc., although he may not, for various reasons, intend to develop and print his own negatives generally; without doing so in the beginning, it is almost impossible to acquire a proper knowledge of the conditions and limitations of the hand camera.

The first step of course is to thoroughly examine the camera, and get perfectly acquainted with all its movements, including the most convenient position in which to hold it perfectly steady while pressing the button. I may at the same time say that while this latter is a very necessary acquirement, it by no means follows that all or even most of the exposures must be made in that way, as in my own experience, at least, the cases are few in which it has not been possible to find a wall, a tree, or some other substance against which to press the camera and secure perfect steadiness.

One of the first things to be ascertained by the young photographer afield, is the relation between the image as seen on the finder and that on the developed film. These should be identical, differing only in size, but they rarely are; and the difference, whatever it may be, should be so impressed on the mind of the operator, that by a glance at the former he will know exactly how it is on the latter.

The first essential lesson in development is to learn to recognize, as the image appears, the differences between under, over, and correct exposure, for in that knowledge alone lies the key to a knowledge of the limits of hand-camera work.

Begin with tolerably evenly lighted subjects and in bright sunlight, employing the largest stop, and if the camera has a focusing scale, it will be ad-

visable to ascertain how far it is correct, by measuring the distances of varying objects and photographing them. If of the "fixed-focus" kind, he should carefully ascertain just at what distance the nearest sharp object is, and keep that in his mind for future use. This of course implies the ability, to a certain extent at least, to judge distances, but that is easily acquired.

Working in this way the amateur will soon feel confident of securing a good negative at every shot, and may venture on a smaller stop, subjects with greater contrast, and light of less and varying intensity; and in a short time he will be able to know, instinctively as it were, and at a glance, not only whether any object or subject that takes his fancy be within the limits of his camera and method, but just how best to photograph it.

I have said that there may be conditions or circumstances when it will be necessary to be content with pressing the button and leaving "the rest" to be done by some one else; but to him who has thoroughly learned how to develop and print—and without such learning it is impossible to become a successful snap-shooter—they will occur but rarely, as however much of an expert the photographer may be, into whose hands the exposed films or plates are confided, it is not in human nature that he should give to the exposures of another the loving care necessary to the production of the very best results of which they are capable. In saying this I speak from experience. In the long, long ago, during the very earliest experiments with dry plates, and long before they had become a commercial article, I was connected with a society, a number of the members of which spent their Saturdays in the country with their cameras. Wet collodion was the process generally employed, but I wrought dry with success, and yielding to pressure, began to supply plates to a number of the members, and at prices very different from what are charged now, as is seen from the printed price-list lying before me: $8\frac{1}{2} \times 6\frac{1}{2}$, the then favorite size, is quoted at sixteen shillings = \$3.84, as against \$1.65, and the charge for developing was one-third of the cost, or 5s 4d = \$1.28 per dozen. Individuality had not then begun to assert itself, the object being clean, crisp

technique. Oftener than not, half a dozen cameras were planted as close together as they could be, working with the same aperture and exposed for the same length of time under identically the same light, and with plates out of the same batch; and consequently the results should have been the same. But they never were. The men had not mastered the new method of development and believed that I had, and handed their plates to me for development; but do what I could, there was always a difference, and always for the better, between mine and theirs. Hence I say that, whenever possible, every one should develop his own films, as it is not in the human nature of even the most conscientious photographer to give to the films of another the loving, intelligent care necessary to bring out the best possible results.

The development of snap-shot negatives is not by any means as difficult as it is frequently represented. The photographer who has learned the conditions and limitations, in the way I have recommended, will, by varying his stops and shutter speed, secure tolerable uniformity in his exposures, and may safely rely on getting all that is to be got, by the employment of a one-solution developer. For this there is an almost endless variety of formulæ, any one of which may answer the purpose, although some are better than others. Without claiming for the following any superi-

ority, I can say that it answers the purpose admirably, keeps practically indefinitely, is always ready, has no tendency to stain either the fingers or the film, and may be pushed to almost any extent without producing fog.

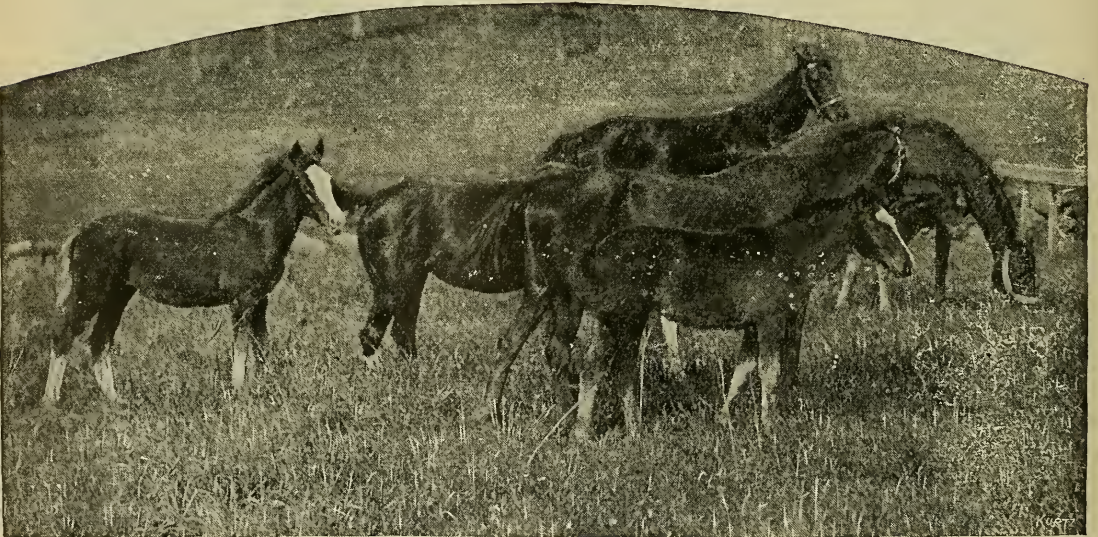
THE ONE-SOLUTION DEVELOPER.

STOCK-SOLUTION.

Metol.....	80 grains,
Hydroquinone.....	40 "
Potassium bromide.....	40 "
Sodium sulphite.....	480 "
Potassium carbonate.....	240 "
Water to make.....	10 ounces.

Put the salts into a ten-ounce bottle, fill it up with water and dissolve, applying heat if necessary. To prepare a developing solution, take one part of the stock-solution and three, four, or five parts of water. One to three will generally be found just right.

In conclusion, I would repeat that the camera should be part of the impedimenta of every traveler, tourist and sportsman; that already it is largely employed by those favored classes, but through ignorance of the conditions and limitations of snap-shooting the failures are very much more numerous than the successes; and that the only way to secure anything like uniform success is for the would-be snap-shooter to become thoroughly acquainted with that phase of photography, which he may do in a few days by the method I have here suggested.




THE PRIDE OF KENTUCKY.

BY ORDER OF A FRAGMENT.

(BEAR HUNTING.)

By Frank Laurence Donohue.



Proud Lucifer, aspiring to
be more
Than angel, dragged all
heaven into war.
But, though defeat and
ruin was his fate,
So fiercely did he struggle
in his hate
That fragments were from
highest heaven torn
And fell to earth, and thus
was Woman born.

IN April, 1895, I found myself a defaulter to the sum total of one bear skin. During the preceding summer I had spent an evening

at Arverne, Long Island, dancing with a fragment of heaven which broke off and fell into Spain about eighteen years ago, but which was educated in America, and which I had become acquainted with through its being a schoolmate of my only sister. Conversation turning on hunting, the fragment of heaven declared that the possession of a bearskin would make her entirely happy, and added, that she thought that I might get her one. What could mortal man do under the circumstances? Just what I did. The whole autumn and winter, however, departed, leaving the skin still on the bear.

At last, in April, I shook off my lethargy and made preparations to keep my word to the *fragment*. Starting from New York on April 19th, I reached Montreal on the morning of the 20th, carefully leaving behind, in the sleeping car, a copy of a very rare book, for which I had been obliged to send to England. This was my first misfortune, but not my last indirectly chargeable to the *fragment*. I took breakfast, and having still an hour before the train for the West departed, I strolled around the town, intending to circle gradually up to the depot. In theory my plan was excellent, in execution it was found wanting. I circled about a mile too far and at ten minutes to the train's starting time found myself at that distance from the station. Calling a cab, we flew up just in time for me to leap on the starting train, where my baggage already was, but, unluckily, I had given

the waiter who served my breakfast my last change and had nothing smaller than a ten-dollar bill. The cabman had no change, and I had no time to wait for him to get it. This item I also scored against the *fragment*.

We were soon flying across Canada at a great rate. I had leisure to examine my fellow passengers. Most of them were Englishmen who did not interest me much, so I left the smoking compartment at Ottawa and got out on the platform to stretch. Then I saw that there was a singularly attractive young woman on the car, also evidently English, and quite up to the limit. By two P. M. we had become acquainted through the medium of a baby—no relation of either of us—whose highest ambition seemed to be to fall off the car, when his sleepy mama was not looking. He tried to fall through the window and Miss English Girl prevented him; he made a break for the back platform and I collared him; he made a last desperate try for the front door, evidently bent on falling between the cars, and we both rescued him knocking our heads together as we seized him from opposite sides. Thus we were introduced.

We soon became dear friends and lunched together in the dining car where sundry little incidents drew us even nearer together. It may have been soft emotion, or it may have been the shaking of the car, that made her spill her soup into my lap, while I deposited the contents of a pint bottle of claret in hers. Whichever it was the meal cost her a new skirt and me a scalded knee. The latter I also charge to the *fragment*.

After luncheon, she told me of her plans of Western travel, and how she wished that she had brought a camera with her. This made me haul out mine and take her picture at one of the stations at which we stopped. In order to get the sun in the right position I got off on the southern side of the train and stood on the east-bound track while she stood in the vestibule of the car looking out through the window, making a charming picture, so very charming indeed that in my æsthetic abstraction I

failed to notice the approach of an east-bound train, from under whose engine I just escaped with my life. The camera was not improved by being dropped on the hard road-bed with a thousand foot-pounds smash. "This is thy work, oh *fragment!*" I soliloquized, as I sat down to recover my breath.

On parting with this Rose of Albion I presented her with my revolver, as she told me that she meant to do some sketching in the wilder parts of the Rocky Mountains in company with possible grizzly bears and such lesser lights as wolves and buffaloes. Afterwards I missed it sorely when my life all but paid the penalty of my devotion to *fragment*.

When my destination was reached I left the train and Miss English Girl to find myself at a lonely frontier town in the lumber region, a stranger in a strange land. The town consisted as nearly as I could make out of a dozen houses bunched together, with perhaps a dozen more scattered around within a radius of five miles, and all containing about seventy-five inhabitants, only a third of whom were residents.

Their whole duty was to take the supplies from the trains and transfer them by wagons in summer, and sleds in winter, to the logging camps all the way from twenty to eighty miles back in the woods to the north of the Ottawa River, on whose southern bank the village lay. Small as the place was, it was very religious, two of the dozen houses being churches, and so holy did these sons of the forest prove that, when I proposed to start for camp on Sunday—the day after my arrival—they would not even listen.

The proprietor of the four-room hotel at which I put up, informed me that in that region a horse had been known to get blind staggers because he took a canter on Sunday, and that roosters who crowed on the Lord's day invariably were stricken with the pip. He had no doubt that if I were to start on that day I should be afflicted with both, besides being drowned in the Ottawa, scalped by Indians and eaten by bears. This settled the matter and I waited.

On Monday we started out, being, however, still further delayed by the non-arrival of our supply of eggs, of which we had ordered ten dozen. There were hens in profusion at my little town

but they all seemed to be new women, and consequently above taking any interest in maternal duties. They crowed louder than the roosters. So we had to get our supply at the next station on the railroad, nearly twenty miles away.

We drove down to the river-bank, where I found a large scow in a cove and outside in the stream a rough, turbulent rapid. The method of getting the wagon aboard the scow was simple but effective. The horses mounted on the boat and drew the front wheels up against the vessel's blunt bow, which nearly reached the hubs in height. Then the horses were kicked, beaten, whipped, pushed and pulled, until the front wheels leaped up and on the scow, the momentum gained being so great that the hind wheels also went up with a crash, and there was still enough left to carry the whole mass into the river at the other end of the boat, if everybody had not immediately pulled and pushed in a reverse direction, thus checking the horses at the extreme bow with their noses overhanging the stream. Then the wagon was backed to the middle and four more horses, also bound across, were embarked, and we got off, bearing six horses, eight men and a wagon.

The scheme in these crossings of rapid-running streams is to tow the boat away up the river and then push out and row down and across, calculating the distance nicely, so as to strike the opposite shore in a cove, chosen for the purpose of landing out of the rapids. These particular rapids ended about a mile below in a twenty-foot drop, so to the uninitiated it seems very risky to cross them, and my hair stood on end, when the rowers were obliged to stop rowing and drift steadily toward the fall, owing to the scandalous conduct of one of the horses which insisted on dancing a *pas seul* in the narrow space in front of the wagon. This disciple of Terpsichore being finally subdued, the men resumed the oars and we reached the bank in safety, all thankfully realizing that "a miss is as good as a mile."

At last we were off, an Indian guide, a French cook, and an American hunter in pursuit of a Canadian bearskin to warm the feet of a Spanish *fragment*.

All that day, until two or three in the afternoon, we drove over what the guide called a road until we came to The Haunted Lake, which barred our prog-

ress. This road was free and easy. No stone lower than the wheel hubs was removed, nor did we slacken speed for such trifles, passing over them at full tilt. There were no springs to the wagon, in consequence of which every bump went through me, from toe to crown, and I nearly became a *fragment* myself. At least half of our journey I performed in the air, from three to ten feet above the seat, while the hills were so steep that when going up we all assembled at the tailboard, and when going down had to keep our feet braced against the horses' haunches, while all our baggage made common cause against our backs. My spine will never completely recover, I think.

As I have said, our journey was barred by a large lake. In these wild regions, when a road comes to a broad sheet of water, instead of continuing it around the edge, the woodsmen build a scow, on which wagons can cross in summer, and they use the ice for the same purpose in winter. I arrived just when the ice had thawed enough, in the spring sun, to be too thin to support our weight and too thick to let the scow through. Therefore we turned in our tracks and went back about ten miles before darkness obliged us to camp, which we did across the road. No vehicle could have passed except through our tent, but then they never do pass more than once or twice a week, and never at night.

Next day we moved another ten miles, this time branching out to the southward over the hills, but after the previous day's experience I did not know, until the guide told me, that we were not on a road. Then we pitched our tent again, this time buried among the pines at the foot of the brûlée, where we meant to hunt on the morrow. As we had been up early we were all snug before ten o'clock, and the guide and I at once hauled out our rifles and climbed the brûlée in the hope of coming on a bear's trail. We got back to camp about four in the afternoon, after a six hours' hunt, during which it snowed for two hours, rained for two hours, and rained and snowed together for two hours more.

We arrived to find our French cook preparing dinner and flirting, meanwhile, with an Indian girl who had stopped in passing. We invited her to dine with us and she humored us, saying that she was hungry, and mention-

ing, nonchalantly, that she had walked twenty-seven miles and had ten more to go before night. She quite won our hearts, and when she departed we were poorer by several trifles, which we insisted on her accepting as keepsakes of the mixed company in which chance had thrown her. In requital she informed us that she had seen, on the brûlée to the east of us, the carcass of a deer partly and lately eaten by bears. She said that she had intended to bring some of her own people to capture them, but, as we had been so kind to her, she would put us "on" instead. Our feelings can be better imagined than described, and our rifles came out again in a hurry.

No sooner had this admirable girl—whose name, I regret to say, was neither "Startled Fawn" nor "Wah-to-Wah," nor anything so Cooper-like, but just plain "Marie"—departed than the guide and I were off up the brûlée to watch by the dead deer, which we found near the Spirit Rock. Then we found that the wind was blowing across the carcass and down the trail of two bears, one large, the other small, and we saw that we could not remain where we were, as the animals would assuredly scent us as well as the deer. So we decided to move off down the trail, one on each side of it, until we were well enough away from the bait to escape notice, and then attack them from leeward. What happened reminds me of the book of nonsense :

"Hurrah": this fierce cowboy said,
 "I will rush in and paint the town red."
 But, alas! for his plan,
 He encountered a man
 Who buried him, 'cause he was dead.

We moved off in the fast thickening darkness, and, just as I was standing on a large rock peering into the woods in front, a piece of the hillside broke off and flew at us, screaming fiercely, in unmistakable bear language. I slipped in trying to aim, and, finding my foothold bad, leaped down into the dry brushwood at the foot of the rock, and landed directly astride an old tree stump in its midst, which I had not seen in the darkness and hurry. My leg was cut, and, as one can guess, I was otherwise painfully hurt; and I lay on the ground, too helplessly weak to pick up my rifle, which had rolled six feet away.

On came bruin, and in sheer despera-

tion I reached around for my revolver. But, alas! none was there, and as I remembered Miss English Girl, I cursed fate for giving me so soft a heart, while the bear, now twenty yards away, appeared to have an English face mocking and jeering at me. On he came crashing up to me. Now only ten yards between us, when crack went my companion's rifle, and the enemy, who was just reaching out his left foot, put it under him instead, curled up, and took a most beautiful tumble. Then he cut a caper that would have done credit to Don Quixote. Arising therefrom he dashed at the Indian, the smoke from whose black powder cartridge was streaming down wind to the foe. I am naturally humane, but I really felt pleased at observing that the other wing of our force was attacked. The Algonquin stood firmly motionless until the bear was within five or six yards of him, when he gave him another crack and then took to his heels, shouting to me to do likewise. Being submissive by habit, I "stood not upon the order of my going, but went at once."

As milord bear was directly between us, our flight led us apart, but after a time I heard the guide shouting to me, and after a long-range conversation we circled around until we met, and then skirmished forward toward where we had last seen our adversary. Being hurt and weak from pain, I tottered forward to sit down and rest on a large rock, whose outlines were indistinct in the darkness, but the Indian's hand on my shoulder restrained me, and I watched him with interest while he shot into the seat I coveted. It was the bear—dead as Julius Cæsar. Still I felt bashful about going too near him.

We built a big fire of big logs and skinned him. Then we cut off some steaks and dragged ourselves and our load home to camp, where, late as it was, we celebrated our victory by eating part of our late antagonist. Then we retired to bed, prepared to sleep the sleep of the just.

However, nature had conspired against such a result. A cold snap camped out alongside of us, and by three o'clock in the morning everything in that country was frozen stiff, including ourselves. The guide and the cook did not seem to mind it, but hearing my groans, they good-naturedly took the coverings off

themselves and put them over me. But even then King Frost had the best of it, and I groaned more loudly as the minutes wore on. Then they got up and built a roaring fire, carried me out, and laid me down so close that I was almost in it, but I did not care. The center of it did not seem too hot on that wretched morning, and I began to contemplate eternity with less unfriendly eyes.

Thé daylight appeared, and I began preparations for departure, to the great astonishment of the two men, who thought that such a beginning would induce me to stay the whole of my time—three weeks—in camp. But the cold conquered me. I had my bearskin, and had saved my own, and I was satisfied. I don't know how it would have been if I had not got the trophy when that cold snap struck us. Would I have given up? I know not. It would have been a hard struggle between intense cold and the influence of the *fragment*.

When we camped the day before, we had sent away the wagon with instructions to return for us in three weeks, but we got along without it. The guide and I walked to the river, crossed it in a row-boat, and sent the wagon back for the cook, who had remained in charge.

That next morning I took the train for Ottawa, where I got out and proceeded to Brockville, on the St. Lawrence, where I spent the night. The day after I crossed to Morristown, took the New York train to Redwood, and from there drove by stage to Alexandria Bay, where I met my father and brother just arrived from New York. Together we spent a few days at our summer home—St. John's Island—and into their appreciative ears I poured the tale of my conquest, and while fighting my battles over again grew to feel quite heroic. I did not think it necessary to mention that, when I fled from the bear, I left my rifle behind me. Trifling details like that could be of no interest to intelligent listeners.

That bear brought me trouble even after he was dead, for when I crossed the river from Brockville to Morristown, the American customs officer kept me standing on the dock on a cold, rainy morning undoing my prize for his inspection. He looked it all over, and asked me a hundred questions as to its value, etc., and then informed me that raw furs were not dutiable.



Painted for OUTING by James L. Weston.

"THE ALGONQUIN STOOD FIRM." (p. 532.)

After an absence of little more than a week I reached New York, where the trophy of war was soon converted into a rug to guard the maiden feet of the *fragment*, which duty it was soon performing, greatly envied by countless men. Then I summarized the profits and losses of my trip. The negative side footed up :

Item 1. Rare book lost. Item 2. Ten dollars looted by cabman. Item 3. Revolver given to English Girl. Item 4. Sundry articles given to Marie. Item 5. Scalded knee. Item 6. Camera ruined. Item 7. Spine ruined. Item 8. Nervous system ruined. Item 9. Large hole in left

leg. Item 10. One freeze, which it will take ten summers to recover from. Item 11. Present to guide for saving my life with first shot. Item 12. Present to same for saving his own life with second shot. Item 13. Large doctor's bill. Item 14. Rifle ruined by fall. Item 15. Regular expenses of trip. Item 16. Damage to conscience by repeated statements that I was not frightened. Item 17. Inverted blessings on Sabbath day caused by too strict observance of same.

On the positive side is one item :

Item 1. Gratitude of *fragment*.

Was the trip a success? Judge all men, each for himself.



THE SPRING FLIGHT ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

By Frank E. Kellogg.



TO the wild-fowlers of our more Northern States, especially to the men domiciled upon the banks of the Father of Waters, the advent of spring brings a period of busy preparation and delightful anticipation. There are no keener gunners in the wide world than this sturdy band, who know the ways of the fowl as well as they know the paths to their own doors ; and, while spring shooting is bad for the game, no well-informed man dare deny that it is one of the most enjoyable forms of sport.

No wonder these keen men daily watch the river, the southern sky and all the signs that the Forest King's iron reign is ending. Long, dreary, biting days have been endured since the last belated duck fanned its swift way southward. One arctic day, months ago, the old gun spoke her farewell to a small, dark duck that was apparently striving to set itself afire by atmospheric friction. Since then she has slumbered in well-oiled security.

Now has passed the winter of our discontent, with all its endless discus-

sions, its swapping of yarns, its many brotherly gatherings ; and the old gun is again to play her faithful part, for the soft wind sets from the south and the ice-bound river feels that its time of deliverance is at hand.

In the latitude of Northern Illinois the Mississippi, as a rule, breaks up between the first and the fifteenth of March ; and, as that time draws near, the "duck cranks," as they are termed, are on the *qui vive*, and every soft, warm day finds them gathered on the banks and gazing upon the black, rotting ice, or scanning the heavens for the first glimpse of the advance guard.

The daily papers are watched for reports of the river below ; guns and shells are made ready, and, at length, the word is passed around that the ice is moving. They then know that the first flight is on ; for it is a curious fact that the ducks arrive almost as soon as there is a break in the ice.

How the fowl manage to make their appearance so quickly no one knows ; but time and again I have observed them streaming northward and circling around the islands in the river within a few hours after the ice had started.



Painted for OUTING by James L. Weston.

"A FIERCE NORTHWESTER WAS RAGING."

Mallards and pintails always constitute the vanguard of feathered pioneers. Ever abreast of the breaking ice, they are frequently driven back by a freezing blizzard, only to resume their northern flight when the storm abates, so strong is the force that governs their migrations.

Pintails have a predilection for overflowed cornfields and meadows, where they congregate by thousands for a day or two to rest and feed. Then they disappear as suddenly as they came.

Mallards, however, prefer the acorns, which, together with the roots of a species of water-willow, constitute their favorite spring food; consequently they gather in the timbered sloughs and low swales bordering on the Mississippi, where the pin-oak and willow abound.

The duration of the flight depends upon the stage of water. If the river is low when the ice breaks, feed will be scarce and the ducks tarry but a day. But if the river be high enough to fill the sloughs and swales, the acorns rolling down from the pin-oak ridges are accessible, and then the mallards remain for days gorging themselves upon this dainty. If there be little open water when the birds arrive they make the best of the situation, and alight upon the ice, where they walk about, quacking, chattering and preening themselves in the sun.

Should the river be low and the shooting last but a day or two, there is a combination of circumstances that the old duck-hunter always prays for, but seldom sees, that is a succession of heavy rains to the north, followed by a blizzard. The rains raise the river, and the blizzard drives the fowl back from the frozen North. The rising water fills the low swales, and into these the bewildered ducks swarm for the twofold purpose of obtaining food and shelter.

Under these conditions the shooter who has the nerve to brave the freezing tempest gets the sport of his life. Ducks are everywhere, scudding before the gale or laboriously beating against it, diving into the friendly shelter of the timber to escape the driving sleet or snow, and dropping into the first friendly pond, where scores of their kind are congregated, dipping for acorns. On such occasions I have seen the air and woods a perfect bedlam of calling, screaming, chattering wild fowl.

Few shooters venture out in such weather, and it is just as well they do not, for the sport, fine as it is, will not compensate for the possible injury to one's health. I know whereof I speak, for it was exposure to one of these freezing blizzards, many years ago, that caused an illness which developed into an attack of inflammatory rheumatism, that still lies latent in my bones.

Experience has taught me that there is more solid comfort in watching a flock of decoys later in the season, after the main body of bluebills have arrived. By that time the chill has left the air, and a body can sit comfortably in his blind, smoking the pipe of peace, without being obliged to get out and race through the woods at full speed to keep from freezing. But to the young, strong and dare-anything enthusiast the early shooting has an indescribable charm.

In my younger days I participated in several of these blizzard shoots, one of which I will relate.

A shooting friend, Bob S—, and myself were staying at a farmhouse, near the shooting-grounds, the better to enable us to catch the first flight of mallards. When the ice in the Mississippi moved, vast numbers of the fowl came North, as usual, but owing to low water, most of them had through tickets and declined to stop off. The few that did drop in remained only for a day and then followed their friends.

The day after the mallards left was very warm. We made a trip to the Mississippi in the morning, and after tramping through the woods and looking into every slough and swale, we returned home with only three ducks, and pretty well fagged out and utterly disgusted. We seated our tired frames upon a log in the sun and smoked away in moody silence—that is Bob did; for me it was enjoyment enough to sit in the warm sunshine and observe Nature slowly awakening from her winter's torpor. A honey-bee came buzzing around in a timid, prospecting way; overhead a detachment of crows flapped lazily along, cawing their contentment, while in a big apple-tree near by a pair of robins were hopping about, telling us in unmistakable language that they were glad to get back there.

My friend, however, was of a more practical turn of mind; he cared little for these things, and while I was watch-

ing the birds and bees, he was constantly scanning the heavens for ducks. Finally he remarked: "Isn't it a confounded shame? I feel mean enough to shoot those robins."

"If you dare to harm a feather of one of those little chaps I will see to it personally that you are buried upon the shores of the Mississippi," I replied.

"Nonsense," said Bob. "This weather makes me tired; we might just as well go back to town, for we won't see another duck for a month."

"Maybe we shall have a blizzard," I suggested, bantering.

"I would wait a week for a blizzard," said Bob, "but there is about as much show for an earthquake."

"Let us wait another day, and if the prospects are no better, we will go home," I suggested.

"All right; I can stand it another day," replied my companion.

That evening when we retired the weather was delightfully warm and pleasant. During the night I was partially awakened by the patter of raindrops against the windows, but a delicious sense of drowsiness crept over me and I slept on.

The next morning when we arose and looked out of the window it was hard to believe we were not in another part of the world. A fierce northwest blizzard was raging, flakes of snow were whirling about, and the temperature was far below the freezing-point. The air was full of ducks, scudding before the gale.

"How do I strike you as a prophet?" I asked, as we stood by the window.

"You are a shining success, and you get my vote the next time you run for poundmaster," replied Bob, hurrying into his clothes.

We had a hot breakfast, prepared a lunch, filled our pockets full of shells, and were ready for action. The people of the house tried to dissuade us from going, telling us we would freeze, but we only laughed at them. Dividing a dozen light hollow decoys, we sallied forth into the storm.

It was a mile to the timber, across a meadow filled with rice-ponds, and into these, ducks were dropping as though glad to get anywhere out of the wind. We minded them not, but headed straight for the woods.

Soon we were in the timber, and par-

tially sheltered from the fury of the wind. Our objective point was a sheltered pond near the river. A dry swale extended from the south end for a quarter of a mile, where it met the river. It was a natural flyway for ducks, and the pond was a favorite resort for mallards in the spring, owing to a pin-oak ridge that skirted the north end.

As we neared it a confused medley of quacking, calling and chattering greeted our ears. We made no attempt at concealment. Soon the sharp-eyed fowl discovered us, and a mighty roar went up as the army took wing. Hurrying to the bank we laid down our guns, and ignoring the tempting shots presented by the returning ducks, waded out into the shallow pond and placed our decoys.

It was a sheltered spot, and the ducks were loth to leave. In a trice we were back, and got a hold of our guns just as a bunch of six tipped over the trees, chattering away to themselves, and extended their orange legs to alight. A double flash from the guns, and three of their number splashed in the water considerably harder than they had originally intended. Two more reports followed, and two more mallards joined their dead companions. As Bob watched the one lone duck make its escape, he remarked regretfully, "Too bad we couldn't have got the other one."

Ducks kept returning, and for fifteen minutes we were so busy that we had no opportunity to make a blind or a seat. But we made it so warm for them that the flight soon eased up, and we had a chance to breathe and look around a moment. Fifteen ducks lay upon the water.

"You hold the fort a minute, and I will skirmish around and find a log for a seat," said Bob.

As he disappeared in the forest four mallards slid over the trees, and were in the water before I could get aim.

"Here, you folks, get out!" I called, loud enough to be heard above the storm. With frightened quacks they hurriedly obeyed, and I killed one with the first barrel, but missed with the second, for the reason that they had got up into the strong wind, which drifted the charge of shot probably two feet. That is the plague of shooting in a high wind, and unless the shooter constantly keeps the fact in mind he

will not kill one time in ten, shooting across the wind. If any one doubts this fact, let him shoot at some object on the water, at right angles to a moderately strong wind.

A fine pair of green-headed drakes dropped over the timber; the chestnut breasts faced me as they hung above the decoys. The gun cracked twice in quick succession, and both fell.

"Good shot! Give it to 'em!" and Bob appeared with a short log on his shoulder.

After placing the log against a tree, we gathered some brush to hide our black rubber-boots, and we had a blind good enough for a duck-hunter who can keep still.

We hardly had time to fill our pipes before the ducks began to come in as fast as we could shoot.

Here is another peculiar feature in duck-shooting. No matter how numerous the birds are, there will be a time when the flight ceases; perhaps ten minutes later the air is filled with wild fowl.

The flight presently slackened; the wind also moderated somewhat, and, as the weather was freezing cold, I was chilled through. Shouldering my gun, I started through the wood on a brisk walk to get up a circulation.

I was passing through the bed of a low swale filled with grass and a species of willow called locally "ball" willow, when, without the slightest warning, at least fifty mallards sprang into the air not thirty yards distant. In a second the gun leaped from my shoulder, and in another second the right barrel had tunneled a hole through the flock; the other barrel paralyzed a big drake that was frantically trying to get over the top of a tree. Upon going forward, I found the first shot had dropped five. The flock had been sitting in a little puddle of water about ten feet square and an inch deep.

Gathering up my ducks I walked to the bank of the Mississippi and stood, for a moment, watching the big cakes of ice float down the storm-swept river. Bunches of ducks were sitting in the open places, drifting down with the ice, causing one to wonder at their taste in selecting so bleak a resting-place when sheltered sloughs were convenient.

Numberless flocks went skimming along just above the water's edge;

others winged their way south at so high an altitude as to be barely discernible, while far away over the Iowa hills the endless procession of wild fowl streamed along.

Retracing my steps, I found Bob watching the decoys and puffing away at the inevitable pipe.

"What luck?" was my query.

"Oh, fair; I have added ten to the count," said Bob.

"I have been in the duck business myself in a retail way," I continued, as I threw down the six mallards.

"They have been coming very irregularly," Bob remarked. "Sometimes, for a few moments, there is work enough for three guns; then, again, there is not enough for one."

We lunched, smoked and chatted, occasionally adding to our bag, until about two p. m., when we picked up our ducks, forty-one in all. About that time the wind increased in violence, accompanied by snow and sleet, and then the biggest flight of the day began.

Ducks came from everywhere, over the timber, out of the clouds, singles, pairs and bunches, until we were in the midst of a circling, fluttering, quacking, chattering mass of wild fowl.

Sometimes hundreds of them would drop straight from the sky, from so high an altitude that they looked like snowflakes. Down they came, with that peculiar, graceful, tilting motion seen only in wild fowl; and the next moment they were in front of us—big, green-headed mallards and their dusky mates—crossing, wheeling, circling and jumping. Our guns cracked steadily, each paying no attention to the other.

If one gets rattled in that kind of a flight he might as well put his gun away and stop shooting. Many times, in my younger days, I have ceased trying to shoot and stood watching the fowl, their crossing and recrossing disturbing my aim so much that I could not decide on which duck to shoot at.

Ducks were falling steadily, generally dead, as the shooting was very close. Usually, it was a clean kill or a clean miss; occasionally a cripple tried to sneak away, only to get paralyzed by a charge of chilled sixes.

One pretty shot I remember. Glancing up, I saw a pair of mallards close together, almost overhead, just at the top of the trees. I threw the gun on

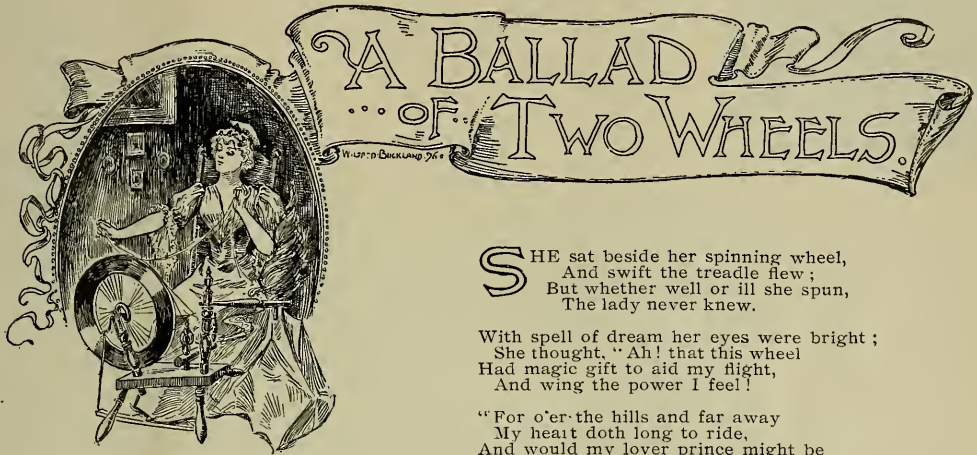
them and pulled the trigger ; then, feeling that I would kill them both, the remaining barrel was turned upon a duck in front of me, and it struck the water just as the other fell at my feet.

In half an hour the storm abated, and the flight eased up. Fifty-five ducks, mostly mallards, lay dead on the pond.

"Haven't we killed about ducks enough for one day?" I queried.

"Yes ; let's quit," replied Bob. "My hands are so numb I can hardly pick up a shell. You stay here, and I will go after a wagon."

Just then we heard a halloo, and, upon answering it, the farmer's boy drove through the woods with a light wagon. Ninety-six ducks made a respectable wagonload. We could have killed many more had we remained until dark.



SHE sat beside her spinning wheel,
And swift the treadle flew ;
But whether well or ill she spun,
The lady never knew.

With spell of dream her eyes were bright ;
She thought, "Ah! that this wheel
Had magic gift to aid my flight,
And wing the power I feel!"

"For o'er the hills and far away
My heart doth long to ride,
And would my lover prince might be
Companion at my side.

"I sit and spin, but seem to see
My wheel go flying far ;
A silver rim it gleams by day,
By night, a golden star.

"I dream it flies and carries me ;
Yet here, alas! I stay."
The lady dropped a salt, salt tear,
And brushed it quick away.

She rose and left her spinning wheel ;
It long has silent stood.
Rust gathered on its treadle swift,
Dust on its rim of wood.

And while unused it stood away,
The spinner long since dead,
A maiden took another wheel,
And to her lover said :

"Come, let us ride!" and off they sped
Across the hills afar.
Her wheel by day showed silver rim,
By night, a golden star.

The wind blew strong across a grave ;
A rose-leaf left its stem
And bore a fragrant whisper on :
"Oh! let me ride with them!"

Then to her lover quoth the maid :
"A ghostly breath I feel —
A voice is asking from the past :
"Is this my spinning wheel?"

"'Twas I who dreamed that it could fly
And carry me afar ;
That day might show its silver rim,
And night its golden star.

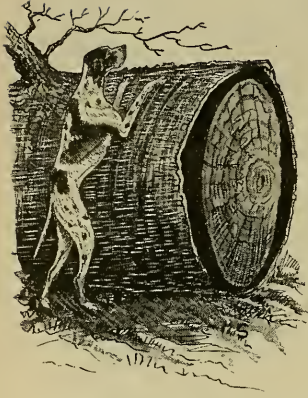
"My grandchild now my dream fulfill.
Can she its power not feel
When flying over distant hills
Upon a shining wheel?"

LYDIA AVERY COONLEY.



SPORTSMEN'S DOGS—THE POINTER.

By Ed. W. Sandys.



OF all the varieties of dogs used in connection with sport none has more constant friends or more consistent foes than the pointer. Your pointer man has no half-way methods; he is for

the breed, first, last, and all the time, and he is ever ready to plunge into print or argument in defense of what he claims to be the very best dog for a gentleman sportsman to shoot over.

Upon the other hand, the setter man frequently is a bit too ready to find fault with the pointer. The admirer of the racy Llewellyn can see no beauty in a short coat, a rat-tail, or a cat-foot if it be devoid of hairy padding. "Don't like 'em—they're no good for hard work!" is apt to be the setter man's verdict on pointers.

Now, both the advocates of the two breeds quite often go too far in their praising and denouncing—in other words, the pointer side is given to claiming too much, while the setter side does not admit enough. I like a pointer, if he be a really good one, and would ask for no better dog to follow. I like his clean-cut appearance, his rat-tail, his style in the field, his position when on game, and his natural inclination for his work, which very frequently causes him to point and behave fairly well in the field without having had any preparatory work on game.

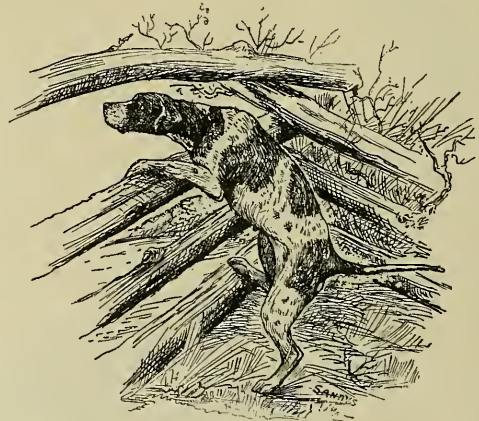
To claim, however, that the pointer actually is better than the setter, is not my intention. Such a claim would be absurd upon the face of it. This far I will go and no farther: the best pointer, all things considered, is as good as the best setter, so far as field performances are concerned. Outside of field-work, the palm should be awarded to the set-

ter, which is apt to be the better companion, and which certainly is the more beautiful animal, judged from the artistic point of view.

The merits of the typical pointer include a good nose; a strong, natural inclination for the work he has to do; an ability to keep going during warm weather with but little water, and a coat which will not hold burrs. He is also the easiest of sporting dogs to train, as he is the easiest to keep in good form upon little work. In range, speed, "bird sense," and any other field quality, he is the equal of the setter.

The drawbacks usually cited against the pointer include a dislike to cold weather and snow, also to going into cold water; a poorly equipped foot for hard, or icy, ground; a coat that will not properly protect from thorny or rough cover, and an occasional sullenness of disposition, with a possibility of sulkiness in the field, if too severely corrected, or if worked too hard. Some, too, claim that the pointer lacks the gameness of his great rival.

The aversion to cold, and the alleged lack of gameness, are merely matters of coat. Take a good setter, clip his coat to the length of the pointer's, and I gravely suspect that the setter would shudder when the wind was not tem-



IGHTFIELD BLYTHE.

pered to the shorn, and possibly he too might acknowledge the thorn. As regards the foot, the setter *has* the best of it for rough going; yet, I have worked pointers over crusted snow and frosted ground till every track showed pink, but the dogs never evinced the slightest desire to quit. Concerning any sullenness of disposition and tendency to sulk in the field, I should consider them as being rather the fault of trainer or handler than of the dog. I have never known of a sulky dog that had been kindly though firmly treated since puppyhood, nor is sullenness a trait of dog-nature.

Owing to his strong, natural hunting instinct, the ease with which he may be trained, and his general steadiness under ordinary conditions, the pointer is the best dog for the inexperienced or the excitable sportsman. If once well broken, a pointer is less liable than any setter to forget his lesson. In bad hands he, of course, like any other dog, will learn tricks, but he seldom entirely forgets his early education, and he is easiest of all to again turn to the path of rectitude. He requires less whip than the setter, and he who chastises a pointer should remember that the coat is thin, and hold his hand a bit. When correcting a dog, I believe that the punishment should fit the crime, as I believe that one thorough trouncing is better for all concerned than are a half dozen slightly less severe walings; but reason should always rule, and the man should show no temper. Dogs know when a man's "mad" is up—aye, right well they know—and then they fear him so that they forget what fault caused all the row. Respect is what is wanted, not *fear*; and no fiery-tempered, explosive man can command a decent dog's respect. Apro-

pos of this I may say, that a man who uses his boot, or a club, to correct his dog, is not only cruel, but he is a fool. Have a dog-whip that will not actually bruise; use it firmly when necessary, and first be sure that it is necessary.

While the origin of the pointer has been lost in the haze of bygone years, it may be accepted as fact that much of his excellence is owing to ancient crosses of hound and spaniel blood. Among the old-time varieties of this breed were recognized the English, the Spanish, and a smaller dog known as the French pointer. This latter strain appears to have been of little use in the field.

The Spanish pointer was a heavy, grave-looking animal, huge of bone, coarse in head and muzzle, very throaty, and cumbersome all over. He had a good set of brains, and, as a rule, a marvelously keen nose. Placid, resolute, plodding, he was a slow, methodical worker, easily trained and controlled, stanch as a church, and a very efficient worker in his own restful



DUKE DEXTER.

way. Judicious crossing with him improved the English strain by retaining his best qualities, without his useless lumber and lack of vivacity.

In an old work I find a reference to a celebrated dog, by name Dash, the produce of a Spanish pointer and a foxhound. This gallant mongrel was a marvel in the eyes of the brave old boys of his day. He was owned by Colonel Thornton, and his wonderful nose and all-round field qualities placed him far ahead of all rivals. He was sold to Sir Richard Symons for a hundred and sixty pounds' worth of champagne and Burgundy, a hogshead of claret, a valuable gun, and a pointer. With the trade went a stipulation that if any accident happened to the dog he

was to be returned for fifty guineas. Good old days, good old boys, and good old dog! Later on, Dash broke his leg and was promptly accepted by his former owner at the figure agreed upon.

It may interest some to know that in the old work referred to is an account of a pig—a sow—which was a "good 'un" on game. She was owned by a Mr. Toomer, gamekeeper to Sir Henry Mildmay, and Toomer used to allow her to accompany his pointers during their breaking lessons in the field. Within a fortnight from her first trial she would hunt and point partridge and rabbits, and eventually she retrieved faultlessly. She pointed partridge, black game, pheasant, snipe and rabbits, and would back the dogs, though they had to be forced to back her points. She refused to point hares. Her hunting pace was a trot. When on a point she was as stanch as the best pointers, and her nose is said to have been far superior to any dog's. It always pointed straight at the bird, and she appears to have paid no attention to foot-scent.

While reading about this accomplished sow I had to smile as I conjured up a mental picture of certain field-trial grounds to the south of us, of next year's Derby and All-Age Stakes, of keen handlers and their Llewellins and pointers in the pink of condition. How they would goggle their eyes at my entry—"Long Reach, o. g. s., by Spare Rib—Roots, whelped January, 1897, Florida." Just fancy springing an old-gold shoat of the Florida razorback strain upon the astute gentlemen who are most interested in the big trials! But I digress.

During the hundred and odd years since the pointer was first used in Great Britain the breed has been steadily improved. The old English type was much heavier and slower than the type of today. As in the case of the setters, the demand for speed has brought about a general fining of lines and getting rid of all superfluous lumber, until a first-class modern pointer is a *goer* all over. To the influence of field-trials must be attributed most of this improvement. The bench show also has left its mark upon the breed, and I fancy that the bench has not proved altogether beneficial. On the bench pointers are classified by weight, the heavyweight class

being for dogs over fifty-five pounds; bitches, over fifty pounds, animals under these limits competing in the lightweight class.

I have an idea that some breeders of the more numerous lightweights have gone a trifle too far in their efforts to secure a fineness likely to catch the judge's eye. A dog to stand all-round work, taking the country as it comes, must needs possess a reasonable amount of bone and substance; and, if he is to face cover, he requires at least a moderately coarse and thick coat. Laborers do not clothe themselves in silk, nor would they if the fabric retailed for one cent a yard. The stuff might be worn for swell occasions, but not upon working days. So it is with the pointer. The extremely fine, silky *nap*—for in some cases the covering amounts to little more—is useless for work. Any tendency toward over-fineness in bone and coat should be carefully guarded against. We want pointers for work—not for pets or bric-a-brac.

The points of a typical specimen of this breed should include: Head, moderately large, wide rather than long, with a high forehead and an intelligent eye; muzzle, broad, square in front; flews, noticeable but not pendent; neck, long and free from dewlap, or ruff; body, of good length, with strong loin, wide hips and rather arched ribs; back ribs deep, chest well let down; tail (stern), strong at root, suddenly growing fine to within a couple of inches of the tip, when it decreases to a peculiar sharp point—this sting-like termination is a hall-mark of pointer blood, for I know of no other breed which shows it; shoulders, long, slanting and powerful; upper arm, long and well-muscled; fore arm, short; elbow, well let down below chest; knee and ankle, strong; foot, round, strong, and having a thick sole. The hindquarters should show muscular haunches and thighs, strong, well-bent stifles, large, strong hocks, and feet to match those in front. Taken as a whole, the dog should be free from all lumber, while powerful enough for speed and endurance.

In color, pointers enjoy considerable latitude. The coat, perhaps, most frequently seen is some combination of liver and white; next would come lemon and white, then all liver, or liver with a ticked breast and throat. Among other

colors are black and white, all black, and occasionally black, white and a little tan, and liver and tan. These last I do not like, as they always suggest to me a more or less remote outcross. The all-black and all-liver dogs are frequently very handsome, but these colors have the disadvantage of being difficult to see in cover. Some rare good black fellows have been bred in this country, especially in the South, but the color is not popular among sportsmen for the reason given. The most fancied color is a white body with a lemon, liver, or black head. The lemon head is an old family mark, and some of the best pointers have worn this badge. But the color, be it liver and white, lemon and white, or black and white, either in large marks or ticks, matters little so long as there be sufficient white to make the dog easily visible in cover.

Among curious varieties of the pointer family proper is the Portuguese pointer, a heavy fellow a good deal like his Spanish relative, with the peculiar exception of having a bushy stern. A second is the Dalmatian, or "coach dog," white with black wafers stuck all over him. In his native land he works as a pointer, and is said to do fairly well.

It is cheering to note that during the past five years there appears to have been a general revival of interest in the welfare of the pointer. Presumably, the reasons for this may be found in the records of our field-trials, to which I refer my readers, as it is manifestly impossible in a paper of this nature to do justice to the many fine animals now in their prime, while to eulogize a few might savor of favoritism. I shall, however, make a few references to dogs that I have shot over, but before I do so, let us hark back to one golden page of pointer history.

In the Shrewsbury trials of 1868 ran a liver and white dog named Drake—a name familiar to every pointer man. Drake was bred by Sir R. Garth, and while he had a plain head and too throaty a neck, his running gear was of the best. Expert judges of that day pronounced Drake to be the fastest and best dog that had ever quartered a field. He went so fast up to his points that he had to drop flat in order to check himself! At Shrewsbury he dropped to a brace of birds, from top speed, where

the ground was so dry that spectators saw a cloud of dust rise as the grand fellow went down. This illustrates the marvelous power of his nose. He was sold during his seventh season, and he was then a fast, reliable worker.

During the "eighties" we had a clinking good dog in Wisconsin. He was a great big kindly fellow, lemon and white, and so large that at a distance he might almost have been mistaken for a Great Dane. His name was Roscoe, and we called him "Ross" to save trouble. In our part of the State there were no fences except an occasional wire, so Ross's weight did not matter. Taken upon all-round merit he was one of the best dogs I have ever seen.

He had a wonderful nose and as much bird-sense as I have ever known one dog's head to contain. He was also very fast, but one of the plainest of movers. He moved like a rocking-horse, and so deceptive was his easy, rolling gait that I would not believe in his speed until I had started a flyer with him and seen my trial dog left behind. Ross never whipped his stern about, but simply rolled up to his birds and then instantly stopped. Strange to say, when pointing he was very stylish. A marked peculiarity of his was that when he found an unusually large covey of chickens, he invariably went down flat upon the ground, while upon scattered birds his pose was as proudly upright as conditions allowed him to make it. He had no faults, was a good retriever, and whip or hand was never raised to him after he had been broken. If he were kept too long upon a point he was liable to calmly sit down and wait for reinforcements, and I have often seen him turn his head from the birds that he might see where we were.

With Ross, among others, we had a beautiful bitch named Lady-bird. She was good enough for the bench, but unfortunately a young fellow had put a load of shot into her while she was receiving her first lesson in the field. She was then about a year old, and for two years nothing would induce her to go out with a gun. If you left the gun at home she would show splendid pace and find and point birds, but she barred a gun. So fast and good-looking was she that I decided to give her any amount of time—in passing I may say

that after spoiling three-fourths of a season for me, she developed into a good average worker.

While I was trying to cure her gun-shyness, a pretty little event occurred which will serve to illustrate the pointer's natural inclination for his work. Lady-bird then had five puppies, which were about as large as cats. During one lesson, when she had so far improved as not to flinch much at a single shot, I happened to work her on a stubble about two hundred yards from the house and in full view of the veranda where the puppies lay.

The little rascals never entered my mind, for there were two or three chickens somewhere about the stubble, and I was very anxious to get a point out of my Lady. Presently she pulled up to an excellent point, and at that moment I heard a rustling behind me, like a big snake might make in the stubble. I turned and beheld the five blessed puppies strung out over about twenty yards of ground, and steadily making their way straight for their mother. In the van was a lovely little bitch, and the moment she got a good view of Lady she pulled up like a veteran.

Next came a small dog and he halted near his sister. I vowed to have that brace, if I had to fight for it. The third youngster made a hesitating sort of stop, but the fourth romped in and grabbed his pointing sister by an ear and pulled her over for a scuffle. The last pup, the image of his sire, Ross, was sitting down. I did not think he was backing, but rather that he was merely tired, or possibly the stubble had pricked his fat little body. He settled the question. In a moment he caught sight of his mother and walloped over to her. Before poor pointing Lady dreamed of his proximity he was fast to a teat. The terrified buck jump his nervous dam gave was so irresistibly funny that I dropped down to laugh.

The small brace was given to me on demand. The dog died within a month; his sister grew into a slashing big animal, her one fault being faulty ankles in front. When she was a year old I took her into the field in company with two setters of great local fame. She sailed away on her own account, attended strictly to business, showed fine pace and method, and within five

minutes she pulled up on a large bevy. One of the setters backed, the other stole her point, but she was stanch as a tree. She dropped at the word, and for the rest of the afternoon she worked as steadily as an old-timer. Before that day she had never seen a quail nor other game-bird. She never seemed to desire to chase, and with the exception of yard-breaking she broke herself. She was good at the end of the season, when I gave her to a friend who made a pet of her.

Now to consider what I may term a typical small pointer. At the opening of this paper is an initial showing a pointer standing erect upon her hind-legs, her forepaws clinging to the bark. Another small drawing shows the same pointer in a striking attitude as she stopped at a fence. These drawings are reproduced from *OUTING* for May, 1892, and they are portraits of the best pointer bitch I have ever seen in the field. Her name is Ightfield Blythe, and, if she is still alive, her owner is a very fortunate man. The pictures are correct in every detail of position, for I drew them while Blythe pointed. I might have got a dozen others almost as interesting that day, but these will suffice to give an idea of how clever Blythe was in the final heat of the International Field Trials, which she won.

Blythe was just about perfection for a gentleman's shooting. She is an excellent illustration of the small pointer not bred too fine; a combination of the best hunting qualities with quite enough beauty to command attention. Upon the day of the trials the weather was against a dog's best work, but to Blythe such trifles made no difference. She nailed bird after bird, up trees, on logs, through fences, on bare ground—no matter where birds pitched, her nose was equal to the occasion. She ran like an English-broken one, and she made no mistakes.

She went as fast as any dog need go, yet no matter what her speed or where her location, she kept the tail of one eye upon her handler and heeded every signal with a merry promptness which made every spectator's heart warm to her. Blythe was built to stay, too—a strong, nervy, game animal, that never flinched nor lost her head, though now and then when her stern was defiantly hoisted the end of it looked like a spike



Printed for ORRISSE by Hermann Simon.

A BRACE OF BEAUTIES.



STRIDE AWAY.

of company, and they can do it because they are stout of heart and muscle, have a coat sufficiently coarse to serve as a protection, and because they are not of the useless silky sort, which, if it has the courage, cannot stand the rake of thorn and the wear and tear of our average shooting.

While watching Blythe's fine work I thought of several things, most prominent of which was that while I despise a dog-thief, it was, perhaps, just as well that her handler, big, kindly "Tom" Johnson, stood a goodly span above six feet, and tipped the beam somewhere about three hundred pounds! Before I bade farewell to Blythe I had made the discovery that with all her speed and dash, she was a most intelligent, gentle and altogether lovable little beast.



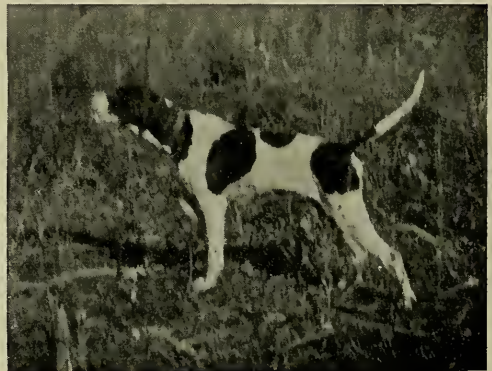
Photo by Van Loo and Frost, from a painting by Edm. H. Osthaus.

MAID OF KENT.

RIP RAP.

of cardinal flower. It was a genuine treat to watch her cut out her ground and the snappy, positive way in which she handled her birds. In the opening she fairly raced up to her birds, and once, on bare ground, she propped herself so suddenly that her ankles bent, causing her head to perform an absurd little bow. On the bent ankles she waited, and I suspect that the smart little lady was very glad to get off that point.

Dogs of this type are what are needed in this country to keep the pointer up to the high standard of the Llewellins as companions for sportsmen. Such pointers can hold their own in the best



IGHTFIELD BLYTHE.



CRUISING AMONG THE SALT LAKE ISLANDS.

By Ninetta Eames.

THE Great Salt Lake in tradition bore a grewsome character; around it crystallized blood-chilling horrors for man and beast: a whirlpool in some undefined portion was credited with the sucking down of the stanchest boat that entered its dread maelstrom; the water produced a grievous eruption of the skin from which no swimmer could hope to escape, and the noxious vapors were supposed to be instant death to birds flying over its surface; mythical sea-serpents writhed in the poisonous, slimy brine which "slept forever, no waves danced over it, no surf-roar broke the stillness about it,—lifeless, dull and heavy."

These and various other exaggerated reports were not without weight in preventing early navigation of this superb sheet of water, whose twenty-five hundred square miles unroll their sparkling silver to an infinitude of desert and mountain framings of glorious aspect.

To spend even days, to say nothing of weeks, within sight of the Great Salt Lake, is to become possessed with an ardent longing to set foot on the mysterious peaky islands far out on its dazzling plain. At no hour is one indifferent to their allurements and beauty. In the crystal mornings, through the burnished network of midsummer noons, and in the unspeakable grandeur of the sunsets, the picturesqueness and seeming inaccessibility of these isolated points, irresistibly appeal to the imagination.

The problem as to the kind of vessel best suited to this dangerous sea is

a serious one and has but recently been practically solved. Owing to the astonishing weight of the waves, a boat to be fast must be sharp and comparatively flat-bottomed, as a deep-draught vessel is out of the question, for the main body of the lake does not exceed three to four feet in depth. Experiments have proven the catamaran model to be the best for speed and the least liable to capsize under stress of the sudden gales for which this water is noted. A boat so constructed offers less resistance to the heavy seas whose cannon-like shocks are often terrifying.

The *Cambria*, the jauntiest and fastest of all the Salt Lake boats, is built after the English model of catamaran and is the first of its kind that was built in America. She has twenty feet water line, ten feet beam and five feet space between the two slim, pointed boats which form her divided hull. Having no cockpit or cabin, the deck from stem to stern is unbroken, save for the mast and tiller. Her sail plan is mainsail and fore-staysail, and when not overloaded, she draws less than two feet of water.

By middle June and on through July and August, the lake is at its best. A fine breeze is usually to be counted on in the early morning, and late in the afternoon it blows up lively again, making a sail at sunset a delight.

Three mountain chains cross the lake bed, and are easily traceable by the distinct groups of islands that mark their course. Antelope and Fremont are in



THE CURVING BAY OF STANSBURY.

a line with Promontory Point, which shows the northward connection of the Oquirrh; the Aqu peaks leave Stansbury, Egg, Carrington and Hat Islands in their wake, and farther to the west,—limply outlined in the ineffable blending of sea and horizon, the Desert Range lifts a trio of bold heads, Strong's Knob, Gunnison and Dolphin.

Of all these islands, Antelope is the best known and the most frequently touched upon by the several pleasure crafts afloat on the lake; although a common method of direct communication is by a clumsy, scow-shaped cattle-boat, sloop rigged with mainsail and jib, and steered by an oddly placed wheel on the fore-castle deck. By the use of signal fires messages are exchanged between the Crusoe herdsmen in charge of the cattle on the island and the boat owners on shore, a distance of twenty miles. Two sage-brush fires on the west face of Ensign Peak telegraph this message to the island:

“Bring over a load of cattle.”

Within twenty-four hours, if the wind is favorable, the intervening channel is tumbled over by the patriarchal scow headed for one of the cattle-chutes that straddle the dreary shore of Lakeside. The men use poles to bring the boat alongside. There is a down rush of canvas, a rattle of chains and the rusty anchor is heaved overboard with a splash. Immediately a plank is withdrawn from the open stern and forty excited Herefords are hustled off in the narrow cradle-

built chute, where they are taken in charge by two mounted herders who turn them toward the glistening spires of the city.

If no other way offers to reach Antelope, the accommodations of the cattle-boat are not to be despised. Barring the barnyard odor of the empty hold, a sail on the stanch old hulk has a charm of its own. A picture or poem might be born to one while lounging a night out on the scrap of deck forward, a coil of rope for head-rest, a discarded sail for weather cloth, the ears hearkening to the roar of wind in the rigging and the pounding of seas against the boat's side, the flesh stinging with the saltiest of salt spray, and the eyes strained to catch a glimpse of star or island in the pitchy darkness. All the afternoon we had been becalmed off Lakeside, and lay motionless on the glassy brine, every one huddled in the square of shade cast by the slack mainsail. The life seemed gone from the landscape, and a few white clouds hung like dead weights from the farther mountains.

It was oppressively warm—one of those long, sultry stretches of heat and brilliance so trying to land-lubber patience. The sun swung low in a luminous drift, and a singular mirage made the low ashen shore off Promontory Point look a succession of truncated pyramids, starting irregularly seaward. A host of islands and apparently detached summits floated, in a shining haze to the north and west, while along the east,



DAWN.

rising steeply from the great glowing valley, the Wasatch heights, snow-veined and coroneted, reared a hundred miles of the sublimest mountain barricade on the continent.

Meanwhile the sun dropped lower out of the nether lip of cloud, then flattened at the water-line and sunk slowly in the clear silver of the west. In the intensity of white light that followed, the sea on the horizon had the hard luster and sharp cut of metal. Later, the sky warmed into gold and all those indescribable dyes that make up the matchless coloring of a Salt Lake sunset. While we gazed in rapture, something was hurriedly happening at our back. A sweep of olive green cloud, weirdly illuminated from behind, had suddenly struck aslant the southmost crags of the Wasatch, hiding the pallid juttings of far-away Nebo, and burying from mortal eyes all but the unearthly, frost-streaked faces of the Oquirrh. A broad section of rainbow made a radiant foreground to the quickening picture. The captain, whose natural caution was enhanced by ten years' sailing on the lake, promptly gave orders to reef sails, himself doing the main work, as his only assistant was a lad of sixteen. When questioned, the captain briefly replied:

"Looks dusty in the south."

An instant later, a random breeze fluttered the placid lake, then as quickly died down. It was the prelude to storm clarions. The boat gave a remon-

strative creak, stirred her water-soaked timbers, and then settled back again to inaction. A minute more, and a gale from the southeast struck flat on a long breadth of brine, and the whole lake mirror shivered and broke into short, froth-topped waves. The change from tropic calm to mad confusion of wind and flying spray was almost electric. The shallowness of the water and the density of the waves, which are twenty per cent. salt, give peculiar spite and danger to a summer squall. The boat, nevertheless, proved equal to the strain and floundered ahead with surprising speed for her build.

While the wind set to boiling every foot of the vast lake surface, the curtaining of the mountains went on until peak after peak disappeared in moving, copperish folds—a glorious phantasmagoria pregnant with portent of the tempest. A universal downpour of strange lights, and then a rainbow leaped from end to end of the Wasatch, spanning the awed heads of uncovered giants with a noble arch of perfect painting. In a blaze of heat lightning, the Oquirrh domes stood transfigured above the dun, smoke-like clouds heaped in mountainous ridges up their sides. Anon, there was hunder, and zigzag flashes here and there rent the metallic greens and browns of banks piled high in the east. Puffs of cumuli, blown from the storm nucleus, let fall a few splashes of rain as they scurried overhead, but it was evident we were in no danger of a wetting.



ON THE EAST COAST OF STANSBURY.

Already we witnessed the sullen withdrawal of aerial battalions.

"Them mount'ins is ketchin' it, though," the boy remarked with complacence, as he pointed to a purple cloudage drawn taut from base to top-most pinnacle where the last sunbeams hung an aureole of pale fire.

The twilight was wild and thrilling—the splendid outlook of choppy sea, the strong, warm wind, blowing us steadily on our course, the waning glory of the sunset, and the nearer view of the mountainous stretch of Antelope which my eyes ever and again sought, filled me with exhilaration. The Captain, who never left the wheel, here signed to an open space between the straggling peninsulas of Antelope and Stansbury:

"We haven't closed the gap yet. That'll mean half-way 'cross."

He kept the plunging bow headed for Pilot's Peak, a conspicuous knob on a central platform of the island ridge, which is directly on a line with the farm where we were to drop anchor. Fremont Island stood seven miles off the north head of Antelope, and against the half-light of the sky it loomed a colossal block in onyx. There was something solemnly impressive in that solitary black bulk, and while night closed on the restless sea, I drew out the Captain to tell me of it.

"We mostly call it Winner's Island after the judge who died an' is buried there. I 'spose it's the rec'lection of his young wife waiting alone with his corpse and her two children, as makes it seem the loneliest of all the Islands," he said with homely feeling. "He went there for his lungs, an' his bride with him. They was happy as birds in their cabin by the prettiest bay where you can sail in snug to shore. The two of 'em was fond of books, an' with the children and dogs, and several thousand sheep an' a good man for help, they didn't seem to miss other company. For three years the Judge seemed to pick up, an' then all of a sudden he was took with hemorrhage, and Mrs. Winner sent the herder 'cross the lake for a doctor. The boat wa'n't out o' sight 'fore he died, an' as it was stormy the man didn't get back till the third day, an' that poor woman waiting all that time for a sail! I can tell you staying on these islands is lonely 'nough with a *living* companion by your side! I've counted weeks when I didn't see a sign of a boat except my own, an' vessels ain't likely to go as far as Winner's."

What could be more pathetic than this island romance? I held the thought of that unfriended widow sacred to some minutes' silence, and then continued my questioning.



SUNSET AND STORM OFF NORTHWEST HEAD, ANTELOPE.

Suddenly a feeble point of flame appeared on the dark crouching mass off our bows. The Captain spoke cheerily :

“Wife saw us coming before dark, an’ has hung out the lantern.”

By that star-like gleam he was enabled to steer straight for an invisible cattle-chute, where we landed before midnight. The Captain, who is also the Island herder, was warmly welcomed by a demure little woman in clean calico, who had tucked in bed her two sleeping babies, and come down with the lantern to meet him. The family also numbered four hired men ; so it turned out that this island-farm had something of the life and bustle that are common features of less romantically located ranches.

The gray adobe where we passed the remainder of the night—I in a hammock swung under the beautiful honey-locusts by the door—is the one dwelling on Antelope. It was built here by the Mormons a half century ago, and stands a few rods up from the surf, a small apple-orchard and garden to the right of the rude porch giving a homelike air to the weather-cracked walls. The cattle raised here are mostly unmixed Herefords, though a few Alderneys and a dozen or so buffalo are also pastured on the island, the latter as rebellious to domestication as though ranging the free prairies of Nebraska. All up and down the shore, as far as the eye could trace, the

long, salt-white fingers of the bay ran into the emerald of tasseled green—the hay-crop for winter-feeding the cattle.

Nothing can exceed the loveliness of a June morning on Antelope. The air is impregnated with that most delightful of mountain scents, the wild sage. Its absinthe odor is a balsam to the lungs. The sage found here is the common brush variety—*artemisia tridentata*—and is useful for firewood, as it makes a clear, oily flame, and has good heating properties. It was almost like threading a forest to push through the dense growths of this aromatic shrub, which was often six to ten feet high. I followed the winding cattle-paths, and heard with a heart-thrill the familiar song of the meadow-lark, the plaintive call of the wood-pigeon and now and again the querulous pipe of the plover. The sleek Herefords lifted their white faces from the ferny circlets of alfilerilla, and stared wonderingly ere they returned to their scythe-likecropping of the wild sweet food.

The superb semi-circle of bay in which the boat lay at its moorings was smoothed to delicious calm and color by a soft breeze and the warm touch of the sun. I felt the spell of the island and was conscious of an all-pervading Providence in the blandness of sky and wind, the marvelous tint of the lake with its island hills penciled on its tranquil bosom, the alluring farness of mountain



THE CAMBRIA AT DAYBREAK.

summits, the spice from the sun-steeped sages, cattle lowing in the distance, the monotonous wash of water on the curving sands, and the faint rustle of ripening grasses at my feet.

On the west slope of Antelope, the jagged splits in the stones and earth grow scant cedars, maple and box-elder, and these same dwarf species are found thickly set about the ravines of Stansbury.

The island has an average width of four miles, and its highest point is 3,000 feet above the lake and 7,200 feet above sea level. There is little diversity in the topography of the eastern coast, but a look at the west side from the stony ledge of Pilot's Peak discovers troops of chimneyed rocks stepping out boldly into the wrinkled shoals, and back of them the dizzy mountain front is gutted and cloven into monstrous shapes by the erosion of storms and sea.

From Monument Ridge, the highest elevation of the island, which our horses reached by a hazardous climb over strewn boulders, the view is stupendously grand yet desolate beyond words. The awful aloofness of the distant mountains and islands, their profound isolation from human interests, were an enchantment as well as a weight to the spirit. Indeed, I had never beheld a scene that impressed me so strongly with its utter loneliness. This may have been due in part to a stillness that was devotional and the total absence of life, save a solitary wild duck floating on the rippleless arc of White Rock Bay. The whitened mass piled fantastically off shore gives the bay its name, and adds an effective dash to the uniform shades of lake and sky and the stern rock-casing of the island.

Westward and north the immensity of sun-hot blue, sewn with islands, spread away and away to the glare of the desert and the cloud-mixed summits of the Terrace chain. White Rock seemed hardly a stone's throw off, and beyond it rose Carrington's notched circle, with its single culminating peak, and farther still, where the eye lingers longest, was that group of bleached limestone cliffs—wan specters of islands upthrust in dim sea spaces—Strong's Knob, Gunnison, and Dolphin, whose infinite sequestration is the despair of lovers of the uniquely picturesque. The twin domes of Stansbury were lofty

defined against the faint snow-line of the Tuilla Range, and Fremont, standing sovereignly apart off the grim obtrusion of Monument Ridge, was yet near enough for us to distinguish the turreted formation that makes it sometimes called "Castle Island."

Directly across from the north face of Fremont, Promontory Point juts into the lake, and is one of the most striking features of the mainland. On the north and east, the eye can trace gigantic gaps in the blue and white of the Wasatch, where the three rivers—Bear, Weber and Jordan—force their way to the Great Basin, and thence seaward through green marsh borders. This constant influx of fresh streams makes no perceptible decrease in the saltness of the lake, but it causes an annual rise and fall of its waters of from fifteen to eighteen inches, according to the amount of snowfall in the mountains and the degree of solar evaporation.

A noticeable feature of the Great Salt Lake is that the wind here has none of the salt freshness of the ocean, but rather the warmth and electric dryness that belong to desert regions. The extreme dimensions of the lake are about eighty miles in length and fifty in width, and its greatest depth does not exceed sixty feet. Some conception may be had of its altitude when one reflects that its surface is higher, above sea level, than the average height of the Alleghany Mountains.

On my return by boat after a memorable three days, the lonely sameness of the sea was momentarily broken by a sight of two other vessels—one a yawl anchored off the old salt beds on the islands, and the other the Winner sheepboat, a schooner-rigged double-decker, which, when we came up to her, was unloading her bleating cargo of three hundred sheep on the deserted gray flats of Lakeside.

Two weeks after my trip to Antelope, I was again cruising on this wonderful sea, this time on board the *Cambria* as one of a party of six, which included the Captain and his stalwart son, who made up the crew. We set sail in the morning from Garfield Beach, every eye alight with the romantic beauty of the spot we were leaving. The beach at Garfield is the only perfect one on the lake whose low shores are otherwise salt plains of in-

conceivable desolateness. The Oquirrh peaks, whose unreality is startling when seen from a distance, here make a precipitous plunge to the sea, their sides a noble disorder of blotched stone, contorted strata and gnarly cedars, all heaped mass above mass and cushioned between with glinting snow. A gigantic detached block on the left, called "Black Rock," is a bold bit of picture in itself which takes in a pretty run of lake ripples at its base. All the mountains next the lake show the old beach marks, step above step, of "Lake Bonneville," the name given to an immeasurably larger body of water, which geologists affirm existed here ages ago.

A blithe wind caught our snowy sails, and soon the shore view melted from sight in a blurred horizon of shining curves overtopped by fading summits. We looked out on as fair a sea painting as mind can frame. The water was of intense shades of blue or green, and flashed with untold brilliance under the flooding sun gold.

The *Cambria* proved her distinction of being the lightest and speediest boat on the lake. She sat the waves as buoyantly as a gull, a motion to those aboard as near perfect bliss as falls to the lot of seafaring mortals. There were less shiver and roll than are common to yachts of the ordinary construction, and with only a half-inch board between us and the strong rush of brine underneath, the race of the sea got into our blood, and we felt the glad energy of children. The waves were like liquid glass, and we could see on every hand the exceeding whiteness of the sand-bed which gives to the water an oddly clean appearance.

Contrary to supposition, there are living things in this "Dead Sea" of America, minute it is true, but multitudinous in number, though few in species. The sole representative of the vegetable kingdom is an *alga*, green and soft as plush and the size of a buckshot. This globular seaweed aggregates and floats in ragged mats on the surface. It is the food of innumerable small, winged shrimps peculiar to this water. In July the larvæ of millions of tiny flies are attached to the *algae*—the shrimps, the black oat-shaped worms and the flies constituting all the animal life found in the lake.

"And yet a man need not starve

should he get becalmed and run short of provisions," the Captain observed, with mild emphasis, as he leaned back contentedly in a camp-chair, while the rest of us sprawled about the deck within hearing, one of the two artists lazily sketching in water-colors, and David, bare-armed to the elbows, soberly intent on the tiller.

"I often wondered about this, as is but natural to a man who spends the best part of his time cruising among these islands," he went on, his kind eyes meeting my interested look. "The fact is, I did run short once, which gave a zest to my after-experiments. On the next trip out—Davie, my lad, keep her off a bit—I took along a net and watched a time when we were making four knots to drop it alongside. When I hauled up there was about a pint of shrimps in the bottom. You see, they're not more than a quarter of an inch long, and it takes a good many to satisfy a hungry man. I found them good eating, either fried or boiled. They are as sweet and nutty as the common shrimp, and a man might fare worse than to be forced to make a meal of them. Since then I always carry a net aboard. The water difficulty isn't so easily settled. We were one day without water with the thermometer a hundred and fifteen, and are not likely to forget the experience. There were five of us on our way back from Gunnison, and we stopped for breakfast above Elephant's Head on Antelope. We had a Chinaman along, and he used five gallons of water to wash potatoes and rabbits, which didn't leave us a swallow apiece. The springs on the east side were fifteen miles away, so we sailed for Fremont, where I knew there was brackish water, which was better than none. It was awfully hot, and, with only a cats-paw of wind now and then, we made slow work of crossing. While hunting for the spring, we heard sheep bleating piteously, and hurried to where they were. We found a hundred of them crowding and stamping in a frenzy of thirst near where they were used to find water. An unusual rise in the lake had covered the only spring, and the poor creatures were falling dead under the cliff. It was heartrending to see them. Our own throats were parched, so we made haste to get aboard; and, as there was not a breath of wind, we had to row

fifteen miles before we landed at the nearest spring on Promontory."

After a gallant run of twenty miles, we found ourselves skirting a wild, lofty coast indented with many bays curved like bows in and out the white oolitic sand. This was Stansbury, which is higher and more picturesquely broken by vegetation and savage clefts than the other islands of the lake. There was a shady sun all the June afternoon, the sky floating high-sailing clouds, each with its silver-lining turned out. The breeze had balm and warmth, and the clear brine looked so inviting with its sheeted bottom that the Captain obligingly dropped anchor and overhauled his sea chest for bathing suits. Four of the party were soon reveling in a bath in water that buoys the body up like a cork.

Shortly before the sun set in hazy glooms behind the towers of Stansbury, we anchored in one of the lovely bays, the *Cambria* coming within a few yards of the shelving beach. David drew on rubber boots, and with radiant good nature offered his broad shoulders to each of the artists in turn to carry them "pick-a-back" ashore. In this fashion we were all landed on this uninhabited island, and after an hour's rough jaunting up rocky stairs and through carven grottoes, we again gratefully made use of David's brawny arms and shoulders to return us on deck.

A mile or so off Stansbury, we once more dropped anchor, the wind not being sufficient to carry us over to Antelope, which lay against the purpling east twenty miles distant. The Captain scanned the overcast horizon, a shade on his genial face and something of apology in his voice.

"If the storm holds off, and you all could spare a few more days, we'd give them a look at Gunnison, eh, Lambourne?" The Captain continued more cheerfully, addressing himself to the elder of the artists, who had shared with him many a lake cruise. His old shipmate leaned languidly against the railing—we were finishing a late supper around the small ship's table—and murmured retrospectively:

"Gunnison is the Ultima Thule of all this glorious island cruising—the realization to poet and artist of perfect solitude. I have always an insatiate longing to build me a lodge on some bleak

shelf there, and hie me to it for brief periods to enjoy to the full my divine right to myself. The soul needs such seasons of unrelated environment. I would have to stand the screaming of the gulls, for in summer the place is alive with them. In winter, Gunnison is ghastly in its shroud of snow and the blackness of unfreezing waters about it. It is like an outlying fragment of 'sea-beat Hebrides,' or some lonely rock of the Azores. I remember the fright of the gulls, and how the lizards skimmed the hot sands or peered like devils from holes in the rocks. Such a torrid sun, and the deafening clamor of those gulls! Never was anything more wildly picturesque—the gaunt white cliffs, the countless, furious gulls, pelicans on the shore-marge standing wing to wing as stiff and orderly as soldiers, and tall, blue herons posed at way-points with all the dignity of sentinels! There certainly is life enough upon Gunnison of unfamiliar kinds, though the eyes of man rarely see it."

We deeply regretted not having the time to extend our cruise to Gunnison, so the best the Captain could do for us in two days' outing was to touch upon west Antelope, and from there return to Garfield, a circle of sea highway that covered eighty miles. As the calm held on, all hands idly but sociably passed the hours waiting for the moon to rise.

The night that followed I shall never forget. There was no gentle rain of starlight, but thick darkness and a death-like stillness that were oppressive. Not even a faint lap or dying bubble against the planks, nor the cry of a solitary sea-fowl on the mysterious waste of water. Here and there the sable wing of a cloud lifted to let a star look sullenly forth. The air was moist, but no rain fell. The unwonted exuberance which we had shared alike during the day was hushed to pensive mood, and forgotten songs and verse crowded to the lips from full hearts.

Suddenly the moon—radiant, effulgent—burst its storm-bars, and behold, a transformation! The great shield of the sea flashed back at her a myriad twinklings, and down the heavens cloud-chariots raced through pale amber, uprolling like dust from their wheels. The spectacle was magnificent. With the coming of the moon, the tender melancholy of the preceding hours

passed, the breeze freshened and soon, with all canvas spread, we were flying before the wind, every sparkling wave feathered and running gayly, the race on the sea keeping pace with the exciting cloud-contest overhead. Moonshine and shadows were tossed confusedly about the range of our vision, and with all this splendid stir abroad it may be imagined that no eye sought sleep.

We talked little, but inly rejoiced and expanded. Who does not know that the highest exaltation comes at night, as though day had too much light for us to perceive the spirit in things? As I watched out the midnight, I questioned by what subtle process the beautiful in the material world should so work upon the mind that the heart shares with the infinite unutterable beatitudes.

The twilight of a wondrous dawn began—that weird building of a new day whose foundations are laid in midnight and whose spires pierce to the uppermost noon. The mystery of creating went on, but our reverent eyes saw only the outward manifestations—the noiseless shifting of black into gray and pearl, the slipping from sight of the wan moon, green stars drowning in brightening pools, the lighting of dis-

solving clouds and lusterless waves, vapor ascending in thinning wreaths, and across the east a leaden pall, through whose horizontal slits shafts of silver shot forth.

With steady persistence the light spread, deepening into tints of rose and amethyst, and, lastly, a shower of golden wine, when streaks of fire streamed slantingwise from behind the veined dark that hid the risen sun. This imperial climax was heaven's reserve of beauty.

It was the hour of souls—the pause before the angel descends in the aerial pomp of a resurrection. We have all experienced such moments when the ordinary world is a thing apart, and we are thrilled with delicious marveling at the unaccountable force within us. The artists reclined together, their heads high and bared to the celestial vision. Each face bore traces of vivid emotion.

“That all this sublime pageantry should go on daily and no eye witness it!” the elder exclaimed with fervor.

I did not catch his companion's answer, but there was a light on his face that was not all daylight, and once I saw him lift his hand serenely towards the glory in the east, as if to gather it.



“BLACK ROCK” OFF GARFIELD BEACH



THROUGH
THE
LAND OF THE
MARSEILLAISE.

By
Birge Harrison.

(Concluded.)

I SHOULD hesitate to assert that every damsel in St. Chamas was a dazzling beauty, yet the pretty ones were so far in the majority that we certainly failed to see the plain ones. The perfect oval of their faces had just the necessary piquant point to the chin; their large, dark eyes flashed with Andalusian fire, and their crimson lips and suffused olive complexions, spoke still more plainly of their trans-Pyrenean origin. Everyone of these pretty faces shone out of a dainty lace bonnet of extraordinary grace and beauty, whose filmy white flounces, contrasting with ruby lips and shadowy eyes, gave an added zest to features which were already in need of no enhancing. This universal comeliness, moreover, is not ephemeral, for the middle-aged women had noble matronly features, and the older ones were often so daintily pretty as to challenge comparison with the lovely daughters of their own still handsome daughters.

We found that these women were as sweet and kindly as they were beautiful. Of this I received one very touching proof. I was sitting at my easel in the street one rather sharp morning, and looking, I suppose, a trifle blue and cold, when a very old woman came out of the house opposite, and without saying a word, wrapped a warm

shawl about my shoulders and disappeared within her door again. Before I had quite recovered from my surprise she came out once more with a brazier full of hot embers which she placed comfortably at my feet. Then, in a pleasant little scolding voice, she upbraided me for my careless disregard of health, and told me to come in presently and brace myself with a cup of good hot coffee, and warm myself thoroughly at the fire. In thanking her I had time to note the sweetness of her smile and the queerness of the little shriveled, dried-up features. In another fifteen minutes she came forth again, and then there was nothing for it, but to put down my palette and brushes and follow her indoors. My hostess must have been close upon a hundred years of age, and she was as certainly delightful as if every year of that time had been spent in some sort of sweetening process. She informed me that she was still a *demoiselle*, and added with a quaint little twinkle something about the impropriety of receiving a *beau garçon* like me in this unconventional manner. Her house was as neat and as pretty as herself; and in reply to my admiring comment, she told me she had inhabited her present quarters for forty years or more, and that she had previously spent fifty years in the service of

one of the noble families of the neighborhood. During all these years she had saved out of her slender wage five francs every month, so that now in her old age she had a comfortable little income to live upon, no less than twenty francs a month. Oh shade of Cræsus! A comfortable income! Four dollars a month!

While we were talking a querulous little voice sounded from abovestairs, and my hostess left me for a moment to see what was wanted. When she returned I was told that she had two old friends living with her. They were both bedridden although twenty years her juniors, but they had come to her in poverty and sickness and she had been glad enough to take them in. It gave her something to do to look after their little wants, and they were more company than monsieur would imagine. And all this on four dollars a month! But a handful of roasted chestnuts makes these frugal people an ample meal, and except in the "poudrière" a strong laboring man with a large family to support rarely receives as much as ten dollars a month. Yet so great is the infatuated Frenchman's love of country that a glittering official poster of the Argentine Republic offering prepaid passages to skilled laborers, and from three to five dollars a day on arrival at Buenos Ayres, has attracted only a very few of the most wretched and unpatriotic citizens.

The town is divided into two nearly equal parts by a sharp ridge, which is crowned by olives. Thither we scrambled on a fine Sunday morning and spent an hour gazing out on the Sea of Berre, and a still more remarkable sea of sand and boulders, which, beginning at the foot of the opposite declivity, reached out to the northern horizon, without break or undulation. This waste is a singular plain known to the moderns as the Crau and to the ancients as the *Campi Lapidei*. There Æschylus laid the scene of the encounter between Hercules and the Ligurians. He recounts that the Greek hero, having exhausted his supply of arrows, was provided with fresh ammunition by Jupiter, who sent a shower of stones from the skies for his particular use. This, it must be admitted, accounts admirably for the present evenly rocky character of the plain. Strabo makes the statement that the

mistral (or black boreas, as he so much more happily names it) has its home somewhere in the midst of this savage plain, whence it issues from time to time, much to the discomfiture of the adjacent lands and peoples. To this day the Crau is said to be the very windiest spot in France and one of the very windiest in the world, so that Strabo had certainly something to warrant his statement. Trains have more than once been lifted from the track of the railway which crosses it; and when the winter wind blows freely, carters ponder twice before venturing out upon its perilous reaches. But the Crau is by no means so arid as it appears at first view; when irrigated it produces a most excellent wine, while figs, prunes and other semi-tropical fruits flourish exceedingly if protected by windbreaks sufficiently to keep their roots in the ground. The difficulty seems to lie in the protecting of the windbreaks.

Out upon this lonely, inhospitable waste our expedition started the following morning, devoutly praying for a surcease of mistral. In this we were singularly favored, for although it is claimed that the mistral never ceases wholly to fret and worry upon the Crau, we encountered not even so much as a zephyr in the twenty miles between St. Chamas and the hamlet of Langlade, where we spent the night; and between that spot and the city of Arles, which we reached upon the following evening, our much-dreaded enemy rose not above the proportions of a pleasant breeze.

Arles is an ancient, familiar, dirty and very delightful provincial city, of which it is sufficient description to say, that it is chiefly celebrated for the great size of its Roman remains and the beauty of its women. We spent the best of two whole days in a search for these somewhat elusive beauties, yet we finally quitted Arles without having had so much as a glimpse at one of them. For this sad state of affairs I do not pretend to account. I merely note the fact. The pretty Arlesienne was gone, and my own private conviction is that she has migrated to St. Chamas and staid there. At any rate the Arlesiennes whom we encountered were without question a remarkably plain-featured set of women,—this too in spite of a particularly lovely costume,

which, with its coquettish lace coif and ample stomacher of snowy gauze, would go far to beautify the homeliest features.

This costume remains to-day, with slight variations, what it became after the promulgation of certain drastic sumptuary laws which were the outcome of fifteenth-century Protestantism.

Viewed in the light of these restrictions, the Arlesian costume is a marvel of grace and beauty and a monument to the futility of all such clumsy masculine contrivances for suppressing the natural instinct of the feminine mind for self-adornment. While it strictly adheres to the letter of the law, it infringes its spirit at every point, with an airy grace and *insouciance* that is a credit to the ancient ladies of Arles.

Arles in its most extended diameter is barely half a mile wide, yet its streets are so involved and labyrinthian that we spent more than an hour on the day of our arrival in trying to discover the Place des Hommes, a small square which gathers to itself all the little life there is in the town. Here, side by side, drowse the only two hotels in the city, supported and dignified by a pair of massive Gallo-Roman columns, which have been worked into the masonry of the modern buildings and which have somehow the air of being quite at home in their new surroundings. It is a pathetic little square, the Place des Hommes, and though it fails in its attempt to be imposing, it attains, nevertheless, to a certain homely charm which is quite as good in its way.

As to the Roman remains, they are certainly on hand, and in sufficient number. I seem to remember, indeed, that we spent most of our time while in Arles running up against stupendous Roman ruins, and skirting our way round them in a vain attempt to find our way back to the Hôtel du Nord by some impossible short-cut; so that after a time we grew very tired of those old Roman remains and wished there were fewer of them. Moreover, we gradually came to suspect that they were by no means perfect examples of their kind. The amphitheater, to be sure, is a very stupendous affair, and that would appear to be the chief desideratum in Roman remains. It is the largest arena in the world after the Colosseum at Rome, but its effect is not

improved by the attempt of Charles the Bold to redecorate it in twelfth-century style, and the glaring modern restorations have robbed the pile of what dark solemnity it may have at one time possessed.

Yet, in spite of our latent hostility to the hulking old arena, our most interesting experience in Arles was destined to be connected with it, for in the circular pit of its amphitheater we were to witness, for the first time, a Provençal bullfight. It seemed eminently fitting to us that this last remnant of the old game of life and death should be played out upon its ancient stage, and we willingly remained over a Sunday to witness the performance. Let us admit at once that the affair, viewed as a resuscitation, did not prove a dazzling success. The vulgar rabble of soldiers and artisans, priests and nurse-maids that crowded the great amphitheater that hot Sunday afternoon could, by no possible transforming stretch of the imagination, be metamorphosed into a classic Roman audience. Nor did a shabby little café, installed under an awning at one end, and the amateur band that so desperately struggled with the patriotic strains of the Marseillaise, help on the illusion.

Wearying of the sorry spectacle at last, we went below and prowled about the subterraneous passages and dungeons, where the wild beasts and human prisoners had been confined in other days; and it seemed to us, as we listened to the uproar of the howling mob above our heads, that however much the present audience might vary in dress, in appearance and in manner, from the crowd that filled the rotunda in old days of Roman festival, there was little difference in principle between the Roman sport and its Provençal successor. It was a mere question of degree and not of kind. The Provençal, in fact, in spite of his kindness, his simplicity, his benevolence, is smitten with that strange insensibility to the sufferings of animals which draws such an ugly smirch across the whole Latin race.

I cannot quit the subject of Arles without mention of her bells. The innumerable bells of Arles! sweetest, daintiest, richest, most sonorous of chimes. It seemed to me while I lived within her walls, that the picturesque pseudonym of "La Ville Sonnante," which Rabelais applied to Avignon, could with

much greater fitness have been given to Arles; and I could have spent a month in the ill-smelling little city for the sole pleasure of awakening every morning to the accompaniment of the dainty and resonant chime of St. Trophimus. There was another and a more distant peal, also, whose surpassing sweetness still lingers upon my ear. Richest of all was the deep-toned bell of the Hôtel de Ville, a magnificent and sonorous giant, which rang out the hours for the big town-clock. This antique timepiece was known as the *cloche des paresseux* (the lazy man's clock), because of a pleasant habit it had of repeating the hours twice over, with a certain dignified interval between the announcements—

culture of flowers for the Paris market. Upon this hot, still, spring morning their fragrance was almost overpowering at times; but more pervading even than the odor of flowers was the buzz and hum of the myriad droning bees that fed upon their sweets and filled the air with a drowsy melody.

About twelve o'clock we came to a very beautiful grove beside a quiet river, where two old men sat fishing on the bank, exchanging every now and then a meaningless smile or an equally meaningless remark. Here we turned St. Martin loose and camped for lunch. These midday picnics had become one of the most delightful features of our trip; and not unfrequently we contrived



THE CRAU FROM LES BAUX.

thus allowing and justifying that five minutes' grace in the performance of all daily duties, which is so sweet to the soul of the true Meridional.

There is nowhere in the world a more sweetly pretty country than the valley of the Rhone, between Arles and Tarascon. It is a land of slow-flowing streams and hazy vistas, where birds sing continuous carols in hedge-rows of flowering thorn, and the air is heavy with the scent of lilac and acacia. Great fields of brilliant hyacinths stretch away on either side, and now and again a luxuriant meadow of violets follows one long upon the road with its sweet and penetrating perfume, much of the country hereabouts being given over to the

to spend two or three hours stretched upon the soft green sward, while St. Martin munched his oats or kicked up his heels in the joy of a dusty roll. We had not been obliged to draw largely upon our stock of canned provisions, for at every village we had been able to supply ourselves abundantly with fresh bread and butter, milk, eggs, wine, and chops or steaks, which last we grilled to a turn upon a small fire of dry twigs.

Our spirit-lamp had at first proved a source of much tribulation and vexation of spirit; for no matter how still the day or how fine a windbreak we might construct for its encouragement, a stray draft would always contrive to get at it somehow, and drive the flame in every

direction save the right one. Finally in desperation one day I placed it in the bottom of a bucket and covered it over tightly with a shawl; and from that time forth we eat of chops and bread and butter in peace, tranquil in the knowledge that at the end of five minutes our kettle would be boiling and ready for tea or coffee as the mood might take us.

Late in the afternoon we reached Tarascon—Tarascon, the city which Daudet has made it impossible to mention without in the same breath speaking the name of Tartarin. In spite of the indignant protests of the Tarasconais, the fame of that immortal hero will ever remain the chief glory of their city.

knife, and proceeded to stalk the author about the boulevards. Daudet was warned in time of the presence of this terrible Southern Nemesis upon his track, and was enabled to elude his pursuer, but what Tarascon considers his bad practical joke, has never been forgiven him by the high-strung little city.

I cannot for the life of me remember anything of sufficient interest to have detained us for more than three hours in Tarascon, yet we remained there three whole days, the white and placid little town seeming to invite us to stay on and repose ourselves in the shade of the limes upon its *place pub-*



NATURE'S BLEACHING GROUNDS.

Daudet has written nothing more incisive, nothing more delightfully keen and humorous than this synthesized study of the Meridional at home. With all his bombast, however, his vain-glory, his love of glittering exploits, and his exuberant imagination uncompromisingly set forth, Tartarin is left a wholesome foundation of childish simplicity, which endears him to the reader's heart, in spite of all his faults and failings. The people of Tarascon unfortunately did not take the satire in good part, and Daudet recounts in his "Trente Ans de Paris," how an infuriated Tarasconais, deeming himself personally injured by the book, descended upon Paris with revolver and bowie-

lique, or to wander indefinitely under the shady arches of its narrow streets. Of sights to be seen, there were only the well-preserved castle of King René—now metamorphosed into a prison—and the very lovely old church of St. Martha, to which we paid a visit in the twilight hour. St. Martha is the patron saint of Tarascon, by the way, and as the story of her election to that post is particularly entertaining, and also truly Tarasconais in its details, I will venture here to narrate it. It would appear that from time immemorial Tarascon had been subject to the depredations of a frightful monster called the "tarasque," which inhabited the Rhone not very far from the city. This insatiable

beast was known to have carried off and devoured an untold number of the townspeople, and he very naturally kept the good citizens in a continual state of terror. When, therefore, St. Martha came among them upon a mission of Christian propaganda, they implored her, with one voice, to deliver their stricken city from this devastating scourge. Martha benevolently listened to their prayers, and by the sheer force of her beauty and her gentle spirit, overcame the "tarasque," and brought him captive to the city, tied to her girdle by a silken cord; and thenceforth the chastened creature, tamed by the force of love, followed her about the country like a favorite pet dog.

Until quite recently this event was celebrated yearly in a great procession, the chief feature of which was a monster "tarasque" in effigy, drawn about the streets of the town accompanied by priests and mummers. For the last ten years, however, the poor "tarasque" has been relegated to oblivion in one of the stables of the municipality. The concierge of the Hôtel de Ville sent her little daughter to show us this amiable *survivant* of the middle ages. We found an immense beast of painted cardboard and canvas, with the body of a tortoise, a horned spine, and a tail of phenomenal length and scaliness. To this frightful body was attached the head of an African negro, with flaming red eyes, long scraggy black locks, and a movable jaw which worked up and down in a very terrifying manner. Our small cicerone climbed inside the creature's body, and manipulated this part of the mechanism for our edification.

This visit was more or less a sensational journey on my part, for the "tarasque" was an old friend whose acquaintance I had made in Paris years before. The monster had, in fact, been the chief attraction at a great Provençal fête, which had been organized in the Palais de l'Industrie for the relief of sufferers by a disastrous flood in the South; and the triumphal entrance which he had, upon that occasion, made into the capital was, in all probability, his last appearance in public, for the fragile materials of which the carcass is built will not withstand many more seasons in its present damp abode.

The Rhone, at Tarascon, is a wide and majestic stream, and we grew very fond

of going out upon the great suspension bridge which here spans it, and looking down into its turbulent and rushing current. After dinner we would stroll under the great trees of the Cour Nationale, and make one of the circling throng of soldiers, citizens, priests and bonnes, until, at nine o'clock precisely, they all retired for the night. Then we would walk out upon the great bridge, and listen to the solemn voice of the river as it rushed along in darkness under a pale and watery moon. It is a superb stream even by daylight, and by night, when its farthest banks were lost in haze and mystery, it seemed like some murmuring and shoreless sea.

We left Tarascon on the morning of the 1st of May. It had rained during the night, and the last little rags of cloud now drifted away gaily overhead. The air was pure and exhilarating, the wet leaves sparkled in the sunlight, and the blossoming clover filled the air with an intoxicating essence of springtime. Even St. Martin wagged his ears with contentment as he sniffed in the tempting odors, and expressed his opinion of things in general in a long, sonorous and joyful bray. We had here once again the idyllic little streams, carpeted with nuphars, swathed in reeds, which had accompanied us on our trip from Arles to Tarascon. In the distance lay the same ethereal line of mountains, dreaming along the eastern horizon; and the foreground was filled with luxuriant vineyards, now vivid with the lush green of early spring.

During the day we encountered long trains of wagons high-laden with casks of wine—the celebrated wine of the Rhone valley, than which no drink in the world is lighter, clearer, sweeter or more wholesome. For four cents a bottle we bought from the peasants of the region a beverage that surpassed the Cartal wines of Paris, which are sold at twenty times that figure. A jug of this wine, a loaf of bread, and a string of fresh trout, which we procured from an old gentleman by the wayside and fried over our spirit-lamp, made us a midday meal of surpassing excellence. Late in the afternoon we crossed the Durance, an impetuous river whose mad overflow is supposed to have strewn the Crau with its myriad boulders, and shortly after six o'clock entered the walls of Avignon.

Dear little Avignon! sweetest of French provincial cities! No sooner had we set foot within your walls than we became your humble and devoted servants and admirers. Avignon seems like a sprightly and coquettish maiden, who has consented to masquerade for the moment in antiquated garb; for, in spite of her ancient ramparts, her frowning papal palace and her general air of sedate antiquity, she is at heart as gay and wide-awake a little capital as Nice or Monte Carlo. Her streets are filled with a great stir and rush of people, her shops are bright and attractive, her public places well-groomed and cleanly, and her people as quick, active and pleasant-mannered a race as you will find in a month's journey anywhere.

Yet he who falls a victim to the charms of Avignon must do so with his eyes open, for she is a fraudulent little baggage, after all, with whom it were well enough to flirt awhile, but whom it were fatal to marry. There has been a too evident attempt to erect the place into a first-class city of sights,

and the number of turnstiles and tickets and guide-books and cicerones is out of all proportion to the æsthetic interest which such things are usually supposed to represent. With every trick and apurtenance of a regulation show-place, there is scarcely anything which is worth seeing. The churches are insignificant, the museum a sham, and the papal palace a hulking mass of stone that has little to recommend it save its vast proportions.

The history of Avignon moves mainly about this ugly palace, which stands a truly fitting monument to a most corrupt and profligate period of papal misrule. It was the seat of the Apostolic See from 1305 until 1377, and was inhabited during that time by seven rec-

ognized Popes, and then by three anti-Popes, who continued the reign of misrule after their legitimate brethren had returned to Rome.

These Pontiffs and their usurping imitators called about them a sorry court of Italian statesmen, Italian courtiers and Italian artists, most of whom were the very worst specimens of their respective kinds. Of the artistic results of this fourteenth-century hegira we are well able to judge to-day, and they are certainly deplorable enough. The cathedral, for instance, is very nobly planted upon the brow of the Rocher des Doms, a promontory which juts out into the Rhone at this point and compels the river to make a sweep round two sides of the city, but is in everything else just

that which a cathedral ought not to be. Its portal is a bastard imitation of a Pagan temple, and its interior a tawdry abomination of overloaded Romanesque, where even a bouffe actor could scarcely worship at ease.

For ourselves, we escaped into the sunshine again with a

very distinct sense of relief, and went to wash our souls clean in contemplation of the noble landscape which lies below the elevated esplanade of the Rocher des Doms.

The path of advice is a dangerous one on which to enter, yet would I counsel the traveler whose way lies by Avignon to stop off, if only for an hour, in order to ascend the Rocher des Doms and take in this wonderful panorama. Whether it be morning or evening, sunlight or rain, I will promise him an æsthetic feast of surpassing excellence and a memory worth the carrying away. If he could give a day to Avignon instead of an hour, I would be tempted to advise him to continue his promenade as we did, by descending



TARASCON, THE HOME OF TARTARIN.

the zigzag stairway which leads down to the level of the Rhone; to go out by the *Porte de la Ligne*, and then to cross the river by the old rope ferry to the daisy-clad island of *Barthelasse*. From this point he will enjoy that which is next best worth seeing about *Avignon*, a superb view of the old city as it lies camped on the opposite height, royally crowned and dominated by the sombre old pontifical residence. If he cares to still follow in our footsteps, he will recross the river, upon the suspension bridge lower down, and making a complete circuit of the ramparts, re-enter the city by the *Porte de l'Oule*. Never was any ancient thing so new-appearing, so fresh, and spick and span, as these old ramparts of *Avignon*. Had we not the solemn assurance of the veracious *Murray* to the effect that they were constructed in the beginning of the fifteenth century, we should have been tempted to believe that they had been put up last week by the talented impresario who erected *Avignon* into a first-class city of sights, in order to lend a certain touch of local color to his representation. As ancient ramparts, at any rate, they are a distinct failure. You can see far older looking walls and battlements in any theater with a *Shakespearean* repertory.

We visited the papal palace of course and the various churches. We listened also with becoming respect to the curdling legends which had been prepared for our consumption by this same talented impresario; but as we were only

moderately supplied with credulity, and were also considerably depressed by the artistic side of the entertainment, I will not inflict upon the reader even a bare rehearsal of their mediocrity. I will also good-naturedly spare him the dreary punishment we received at the hands of the custodian of the *Musée Calvet*, and he shall escape the contemplation of those interminable beetles, busts without noses, Gallo-Roman pottery, rusty coins, stuffed birds, and Egyptian mummies, which form the usual stock in trade of the properly provided provincial French museum. Then having let him off thus easily, I will take him by the hand and lead him before the exquisite masterpiece, the gem of purest ray serene which lies buried in the midst of all this inconceivably depressing rubbish—a dainty *Venus* in white marble, which has recently been unearthed in the neighborhood of the city. It is a standing figure, somewhat under life-size, from which the head and one arm are missing, but otherwise in a perfect state of preservation. The remaining hand rests upon a dolphin, and the lower limbs are lightly draped, after the manner of the *Venus of Milo*. The torso is a wonder of grace and beauty, firmly drawn, and sweetly and powerfully modeled. By right of distinguished art, this marble belongs among the masterpieces of some great municipal museum, but it was refreshing all the same to find it here in the dusty solitude of this poor country collection. Of all the things



AVIGNON FROM THE RHONE.

which we saw in our five days of Avignon, this was far and away the most beautiful. The most amusing was the little stone man-at-arms in the old clock-tower, who flirts all day long with a little stone maiden, and only interrupts his wooing once in every hour to strike solemnly upon a deep-toned bell with his little stone hammer.

Here upon the morning of the sixth day of our stay we sold St. Martin, the faithful companion of our wanderings, and brought our brief but delightful trip to a close.

Dear little St. Martin! he had been an affectionate and faithful servant. We

were sorry to part with him; but, having to part, we were glad that he should fall into the hands of a fat and kindly old priest. Now, once a week, no more, no less, he conveys the curé and the curé's equally fat and kindly sister out into the smiling country to the great stone *masse* where they were born, and where I like to fancy a very old but still fat and kindly mother always waiting to receive them. The remainder of St. Martin's time is spent in rolling upon his back in the cathedral close, in browsing the rich sacerdotal herbage, and in kicking up his heels under the tall cathedral windows.



AN ADVENTURE WITH A TIGRESS.

By C. E. Ashburner.

ONE very hot season, in the month of March, I was lying ill in my house on the top of a high hill, called Supt Sring, in the district of Nassick, in India, when my native shikari brought me news of a tigress with four cubs having killed a cow near the village of Soopa, in the Dang. This is one of the most unhealthy districts in India, and is looked upon by the natives with great dread.

This village of Soopa is only about twenty-five or thirty miles from where I was living, but being ill, I did not wish to run the risk of making myself worse by going out in the sun, so I declined to avail myself of the news, much to the disgust of the two friends who were staying with me for shooting. These friends were Colonel Heyland of the 1st Bombay Lancers (since killed, most gallantly trying to arrest one of his troopers who was running amuck with a rifle and a supply of cartridges, and who had already killed two other men of

the regiment), and Mr. R—, a youngster waiting for his commission. They distinctly declined to go unless I would go with them. So I was forced to get out of bed and make arrangements for the hunt by sending off my tents, provisions, guns, etc., in charge of my servants and shikaris.

Early next morning we mounted our horses and rode out to the village nearest to where the cow had been killed and where the tigress had been last seen. The natives in this district are Bheels, who are most wonderful trackers and thoroughly understand the ways of wild animals.

On our arrival I called the local village shikari, and instructed him to go with my men at daylight, in the morning, and ascertain whether the tigress was still in the jungle where she had killed the cow, and then come and report to me. In the event of the tigress being there, he was to leave some men, in trees, to see that she did not leave

the jungle without our knowledge. After making all our plans, and ordering beaters to be ready next day, if our shikari reported favorably, we dined and went to bed about ten o'clock.

About noon next day our men returned, reporting that the tigress was still in the jungle; and, as proof, brought in the bodies of the cubs, which they had killed with clubs, as they were only the size of spaniels. It was most fortunate for the men that the mother was absent on a foraging expedition.

As soon as we could, we set off with about seventy-five or eighty men, with our guns and rifles, for a walk of about four miles, over very rough and hilly ground, to where the cubs had been killed. But by the time I had walked a mile in the hot sun I was quite done up, and had to call a halt until I recovered; we then went on, with short periods of rest every half mile, to enable me to regain my strength. At last we got to the jungle where the tigress was supposed to be, when we refreshed ourselves with lunch.

I then placed Col. H— on a large boulder, about fifteen feet high and thirty feet in diameter, which commanded a good view on one side of the jungle, and I placed R— in a tree, out of danger, on another side of the cover, taking up a position myself in a tree near the corner on the third side. As soon as we had taken up our stations I ordered our shikaris and beaters to go round on the fourth side, and, by tapping the trees with sticks and by shouts as they walked along, to try and drive the tigress ahead of them, trusting to the chance of one of us getting a shot.

When climbing into my tree I gave my rifle—a single-shot express by Henry, with the falling-block system—to one of my men to hold; but he, being of an inquisitive turn of mind, opened the action, letting the cartridge fall out, and being afraid of correction for his interference, when I called to him to hand me the rifle, did so without replacing the cartridge or telling me it was empty. I was so ill that I neglected to open the action to see if the rifle was loaded, as I was quite aware that I had loaded it on entering the jungle. Trivial as this incident appears it resulted in the death of one of my men, and serves to show how careful sportsmen should be when after dangerous game.

I had not been in my tree—about ten feet from the ground—and this, let me tell you, is none too high for safety—more than ten minutes, when I saw the tigress walking toward me, turning her head every now and then to listen to the beaters. She evidently had no idea that I was anywhere near her, and was passing my station within about fifteen yards when I gave a slight click with my tongue; then she immediately stopped and looked up at me, showing her teeth and snarling. I took deliberate aim at her shoulder and pulled the trigger, but the rifle being empty, away she went with a "wouf," passing not very far from Colonel Heyland, who fired at her and struck her, blowing one of her hind feet off with an explosive shell. She did not appear to know where the shot came from, as she turned and made for the big boulder, on which Heyland was standing, evidently looking for shelter. In Heyland's excitement, he missed his footing, and slipped off the boulder, and there he was on one side of the boulder with an empty rifle in his hand, and the wounded tigress on the other. She walked around it once with Heyland following her tail, as I was able to direct his movements from my position. This was one of the most peculiar incidents I have seen. When she found there was no shelter to be had there, she went off into the jungle, much to his relief.

We were now in the very unpleasant position of having a wounded tigress to beat out of a thick jungle, as it is a point of honor amongst sportsmen not to leave a wounded and dangerous animal where it can do damage to passers-by. This tigress was not only dangerous from her painful wound, but was savage from not finding her cubs where she had left them in the morning.

As soon as my beaters came up we held a council of war, and after consulting the trackers, who knew the ground and the most likely cover for the tigress to make for, Colonel Heyland and R— were told off to cross over a certain hill, so as to cut the tigress off if she tried to get round to a ravine on the other side. With them I sent fifteen of our men. I had now the very unenviable task of following up the tracks of the wounded tigress, through a very thick jungle, to try to protect the trackers if she charged, which she was certain to do as soon as we came up to her. The cover

was so thick that it was a foolhardy thing to do; but the men were so excited that they said that they would go in by themselves and drive her out whether I went or not, so go I did, to protect them, as I was sure that there would be mischief.

Colonel Heyland and R—— both did their best to persuade me not to go, on account of the density of the jungle. I had about sixty men of all sorts with me, as besides those I sent with Heyland I had placed some men in trees in commanding positions to give us notice if she broke out of the ravine she was making for. After going about two hundred yards we came upon her tracks and found numerous patches of blood from her wounded foot. I warned the men to keep together and not allow any stragglers, as a tiger will seldom make good his charge on a compact body of men, when he would not hesitate to kill a straggler, or even two.

We soon came to where the tigress had been lying down licking her foot in a small ravine, and we were so close to her that we found the ground quite wet with her saliva. She had then climbed the bank and gone on. The trackers now became so excited that no warnings from me were of any avail, and one of them ran ahead on her tracks, getting about sixty yards in front of the party. Immediately I heard a roar and saw the poor devil running toward me, with the tigress on three legs after him. He ran straight toward me, so I was powerless to do anything to help him. When he got within about ten yards the tigress caught him and shook him as a dog would shake a cat. In shaking the man she gave me a chance of a shot at her side, and I placed two bullets (twelve to the pound) in her shoulder, killing her instantly.

It was fortunate that I had changed my single rifle for a double-barreled ball gun when I began to track her up, for had I not been fortunate enough to kill her instantly it would have gone hard with me, as all my gun-bearers had taken refuge in trees, leaving me alone within a few yards of the tigress. I called to the nearest man to hand me a gun, but instead of doing so he threw it down, exploding the charge and denting the barrels.

All this fiasco was caused by neglecting to detect the absence of a cartridge

in my express rifle in the early part of the hunt, as with that I could not have failed to drop the tigress in her tracks.

I was soon joined by Colonel Heyland and R——, who in crossing the crest of the hill on their way to take up their positions, had heard the roar of the tigress and my shots, and ran down to see the results. In the meantime the natives had come out of their trees and covered me with abuse for the loss of their companion, saying that they would not let me out of the jungle until I had paid large compensation for his death, and threatening to kill me.

I was naturally somewhat annoyed at their conduct, but succeeded in keeping them quiet until my friends arrived, when I was able to take a more commanding hand, and ordered them to take the bodies of the man and the tigress to our tents, promising that I would then do justice to them.

We then walked to our tents, followed by the procession of natives, and on our arrival I ordered them to go and sit in a semi-circle about eighty yards in front of the tents; after that we laid our guns and rifles on a table which I placed outside, and behind which my friends took up a position with rifles in their hands.

These Bheels all carry bows and arrows, with which they can kill a man at from fifty to sixty yards, the arrows having steel tips to them some six to eight inches long and about an inch wide and very sharp. They use them, not only for shooting wild beasts and birds, but to cut away small jungle when passing through thick cover.

When all were quietly seated I walked out protected by the rifles of my friends, and called out that any man placing his arrow on the string would be at once shot. I then went and secured the ringleaders, tied them up, and sent them in charge of some policemen from the village to the magistrate of the district, who punished them for threatening my life.

The tigress measured 9ft. 7in. from the end of nose to tip of tail before being skinned.

The skin after being stripped from the body can very easily be stretched a foot or more, which accounts for the abnormally large tigers so frequently read about, the skins being measured after being stretched.

MAXIMUS.

By Adene Williams.



IT was forty degrees below zero, but the sky was cloudless. The full moon shone with icy serenity, while all the constellations were outlined in the blue dome, and midway across the sky, like a band of snow-flakes, stretched the Milky Way.

The little prairie town might have been a city of the dead, so deserted were its streets, so mysterious the shadows, with here and there a snowdrift, rising like a mound above a grave.

The river was frozen to its bottom. One or two uncared-for boats were frozen to the banks. Close by these was a nondescript arrangement, looking more like a miniature canal-boat than anything else, and it alone showed signs of habitation, for a lantern swung to and fro in the doorway of the cabin.

The moon looked down upon the town-hall, and upon the mill and school-house, both far away on the edge of the town, with its eager ambition and expectation so to grow that its distant academic hall would be in the "very center of population." She also looked down upon the skating-rink, and even managed to send one cold, but curious ray inside.

The inside of the skating-rink was an explanation of the deserted streets. In truth, so filled was the rink that the uninitiated gazer might well wonder where all the people came from.

The skaters were dressed in the most fantastic garbs. A sister of charity was

skating with a Spanish cavalier; Black Knight kept pace with Pocahontas. A diminutive citizen, "disguised as a gentleman," was in company with an immense Queen of Hearts. A Simple Simon, with a Queen of Night.

All these and many more, for this carnival had been the much-talked-of affair of weeks previous, and not only the people of this little town on the banks of the "Big Muddy" were in attendance, but those of all the towns and farms for thirty miles around.

There was, however, one costume which the non-skaters seemed unable to understand the meaning of, or find a name by which to designate. Buffalo overcoats were common in the Northwest, but buffalo skins made up into a costume and decorated as this was, had never been seen.

Long leggins of buffalo skin extended from the instep some distance above the knee, while the upper part of the body was encased in a sort of loose blouse, made of the same material; the lower part of this blouse was finished by a trimming of the wings of all the wild fowl known to the prairie. There were the gray-brown of the prairie chicken; the beautiful wings of the various wild ducks; wings of the black-bird, of the meadow lark. A fantastic collar was formed of the tiny wings of the fresh water sand-piper. The helmet-shaped hat was composed of the wings of all of these birds and decorated with half a dozen long quills of the wild goose, which nodded at every movement of the wearer. On the shoulders, so placed as to give the appearance of aids to locomotion, were two large pelican wings.

The masked wearer entirely unhampered by this somewhat cumbrous garb, skimmed over the ice as easily as one of the wild fowls whose wings he wore might have traversed air; and whether or not this was the underlying idea which had created this queer dress, he might have represented the untamed "Spirit of the Prairie."

If the wearer of this unique costume knew any of the spectators or skaters, he gave no sign. He skated alone, abandoning himself to the mere love of



Painted for OUTING by A. W. Van Deusen.

PRIDE GOETH BEFORE A FALL.

motion, rhythmically keeping time to the music of the village band, which was struggling through "Annie Laurie."

Just as the cornet reached "Lay me doon and dee," by a ludicrous coincidence, the gentleman skating with the Queen of Hearts lost his balance. He clutched wildly at the air on one side, with more purpose at his partner on the other, and both fell. The Spirit of the Prairie came next, followed by a scarlet Mephisto and a tall, graceful Snow Maiden, whose costume was a mass of fleecy, white balls and shimmering, icicle-like beads. All fell together.

The other skaters stopped as soon as possible, and some of the onlookers jumped over the rail to help the fallen to their feet. The Queen of Hearts was the first to rise. The Snow Maiden, whose mask had slipped off, showing a face of creamy complexion and features of almost faultless regularity, refused the proffered assistance and drew herself up by means of the railing. But the Spirit of the Prairies did not rise, and it soon became evident that he could not.

"It may be only a sprain," he said, "but I think I have broken my leg, and I will have to trouble some one to carry me home, to the house-boat, you know, down by the river."

But a newcomer had reached the scene in time to hear the words of the unfortunate man.

"If you have broken your leg, Max," he said authoritatively, "you can't go to the house-boat; you'll have to let us take you to the hotel."

"But, doctor,"—the wounded man began in remonstrance.

"This time, Max, I'm going to have my own way;" and the doctor ordered a passage to be made so that the wounded man could be taken out on a wide board. Upon this he was laid as gently as possible, but bravely as he had borne himself, it was with the greatest difficulty that he repressed a groan as he was lifted. Fortunately, the hotel was not far away, and the victim of the accident was soon upon a bed.

An examination showed that the tracture was of such a nature that the cure would be long delayed. The sufferer bore the process of setting the bone with stoical fortitude, but made no attempt to conceal his vexation at not having been allowed to go to the boat.

"I don't intend to hear any more of this, Max," said the doctor. "You are here, and to be sure that you commit no folly, I shall stay with you myself to-night, and to-morrow morning I shall hunt up Jerry to keep you in order."

"Doctor, what do you suppose made me do such an idiotic trick as to go to that carnival, after having so long a time been snubbed by the people of this fastidious town? Why have they so persistently avoided me? and what kind of girls are there here? Are any of them worth talking to? By my faith, doctor, that Snow Maiden, who was kind enough to skate on my leg and break it, is worth looking at, whatever may be her charms of mind."

"So, ho! so that's the way the wind blows! I cannot tell you much about Madeleine Knox, except that I am somewhat smitten myself, and would be more so, if it would do me any good, for she has a reputation for being as cold as the frozen water she chose to represent; as haughty as a princess, and as sweet and fresh as a girl of twenty-two or thereabouts ought to be. She is coquettish enough to draw a man toward her, and yet keeps the boldest at a distance, which cannot be said of all the girls in this free and easy West. She is a kindly creature, though, and will probably eventually volunteer to read you something not too deep for a sick hunter and boat-builder to be interested in.

"As to society here, you are to blame. You could hardly expect even society of the wild and woolly West to invite a man to dinner or to a private dance who has never been seen in any other costume than that of a hunter, or engaged in any other occupation than that of fishing, hunting, or tinkering up a boat of some kind."

The next day Jerry was brought in, and installed as supreme carrier-out of the doctor's orders.

Max Herder really was almost unknown in the town, which, after all, was not so strange as it seemed. He had come late in the previous summer, bought a relinquishment up the river, and had remained away until late in the fall, when one morning his house-boat was seen in a distant inlet of the river. He was absent from the village days at a time; sometimes he came to the hotel or to one of the stores with strings of fish or bags of game, which he sold,

pocketing the cash received therefor, with a whimsical look.

As the doctor had said, the people of the little place were not fastidious, and least of all was their standard that of money. If Max Herder had chosen to wear clothes of regulation cut and take his meals at the hotel, or even lounged around the office making a few friends among the men, he would probably soon have been admitted into the village society. But he had chosen to remain unknowing and unknown. Now, however, the absence of society, and particularly that of women, began to pall upon our Nimrod. To be living a free and easy life in the open air may satisfy long and completely; but when a hunter or a misanthrope is shut up in a room at a hotel, far from any such home or friends as he may possess, the sight of the doctor, the landlord, or hotel clerk, the village minister and one's nurse is apt to pall upon him. So it happened that when the doctor announced that he thought it his duty to bring a couple of ladies with him, he was a little surprised to find that, instead of the protest which he expected, the proposition was immediately agreed to, and even with an air of interest.

"Yes," continued the doctor, "I think that you have so far recovered that you can be trusted for fifteen minutes, and the ladies of the hotel have been inquiring about you with great charity, something in this manner: 'Doctor, how is that poor man getting along?' 'What man?' said I.

"Oh, that poor fellow who has such a hard time trying to make a living by selling fish and game?"

"Oh, yes; well, he's improving slowly."

"Doctor, don't you think we might do something for him? The time must drag terribly. Perhaps we could read to him."

Max grunted disgustedly, to the doctor's intense delight, who, nevertheless, brought the two ladies in. They sat and talked to each other while they looked the patient over. Herder was somewhat bored, but also greatly amused.

The ladies reported their visit to their friends, and soon it became quite a fad with several of the village ladies to go and sit awhile with that poor hunter. "Really," they would say, "there is

something quite interesting about his big hazel eyes. He has the softest voice, girls, you ever heard, and he has a way of looking at you—quite like a young society man back East."

One day the doctor came in with the Snow Maiden, who walked up to the bedside, and putting out her hand, said: "Mr. Herder, I do not know who was to blame for your accident, but I have sometimes felt that if I had not fallen against you with such force, it might have been less severe."

"That is absurd, Miss Knox," said Herder; "Fate or Providence, whichever you may believe in, simply selected me, and that is the end of it. But do be seated."

"Thank you, I think I will. Dr. Fisher says that the most you need now is to see people, and if I can be of any use, be sure I shall be rejoiced."

Miss Knox came often after that. Sometimes she ran in by herself with a little jug of cream which her aunt had sent. Occasionally she came with one of the other girls or her aunt, and talked delightful nonsense. Jerry went in and out and busied himself in various ways about the room, sufficiently to satisfy the demands of Western propriety, which was far from being rigid.

Miss Knox read him stories or poems which she thought sufficiently simple to appeal to the uncultured taste of a fisherman, hunter and boat-builder, for such were the occupations which common consent had applied to Herder. It must be confessed that Max cared little for the matter, but the manner of reading interested him greatly.

Sometimes she told him some little things about the people of the town; little bits of gossip which gave no hint of one of the most unpleasant features of a new Western town, namely: the fact that the merest trifle was often sufficient to set a report growing, which increased as rapidly as the money loaned at compound interest.

Herder watched this girl's expressive face and wondered how one who could look so cold when her face was in repose, could seem so warm and sympathetic when sad things were spoken of, and whose eyes could show an incipient smile so long before it parted the lips.

In fact, Max Herder said to himself, "I am afraid the consequences of this accident will be more far-reaching than

I had supposed. If I should fall in love with this girl, for instance, what would she think of a man who would ask her to share a house-boat as a home part of the year, and a claim-shanty the other part?"

The winter wore on apace. Max became convalescent and able to be helped into the dining-room by the faithful Jerry; and on the first occasion of his so doing, surprised the four or five ladies boarding there by the gentlemanly manner in which he bore himself, no less than by the clothes he wore, which were of good cut and material, and showed no appearance of having been bought for the occasion.

In short, the ladies found him very interesting, and talking the matter over among themselves, saw no reason why they should not invite Mr. Herder, "who was certainly very gentlemanly, whatever his business and financial condition," to their little card parties. This they at once proceeded to do, and as Miss Knox was one of those girls who are invited everywhere, Max met her quite frequently.

By the time Herder was able to go about without assistance, spring had come. Herder's desire to live an outdoor life was intensified by the long weeks he had been kept in the hotel. Refusing any longer to be guided by his physician, he once more took up his abode in the house-boat. He also rigged up a little sail-boat, and invited, sometimes one, sometimes another, party of two or three ladies to take a sail, so that it became no uncommon sight to see a bevy of girls at the little dock, chatting with the "Captain."

One morning Herder called at the cottage of Mrs. Bennett and informed her that he was obliged to go to his claim, some fifteen miles up the river. It had occurred to him, that as Miss Knox had never been in a claim-shanty and trips in house-boats were not common in that section of the country, it might prove a novel experience for both the ladies; and if they should conclude to remain a few days, the house-boat and the shanty combined would furnish ample accommodations for the party of four, of whom Dr. Fisher would be one. Mrs. Bennett and her niece accepted the invitation unhesitatingly.

The house-boat was so narrow, that the denim-covered box-lounge along one

side took up fully half the space of the cabin; on the opposite wall were some shelves, the lowest and broadest of which was hinged and now hung flat against the wall. On the other and narrower shelves were a dozen books, a collection of pipes, and a great jar of wild roses, which filled the entire place with their most delicious odor.

Small as was the boat, it was divided into two rooms; and before the ladies had completed a preliminary survey the doctor came, and straggling after him came a half-dozen friends to see the adventurers off.

Herder and Dr. Fisher poled the craft out into the current, then Max jumped into the skiff and hoisted a sail. The skiff was soon slowly moving up the river, with the house-boat following.

Oh, what a day! It impressed itself upon Madeleine's imagination like a portion of a happy dream. Nothing to do but float, float, float the livelong day, ran her thoughts under the light chatter to her aunt and the doctor, with an occasional word to the "man at the helm," as she called Herder carelessly, the remark taking a deeper, if unconscious, significance to her own mind as soon as uttered. She burst into fragments of song to drive away the idea which had come so unexpectedly and so entirely uninvited.

"Why don't we all get into the row-boat?" said Mrs. Bennett.

The sail-boat was backed to the other, and Dr. Fisher helped the ladies out.

"Oh, this is delicious!" said Mrs. Bennett, drawing long, deep breaths. Madeleine, being lightest of the party, sat alone in the bow of the boat. In her white boating dress, her cap pulled down well over her eyes, which shone from under it with glad radiance, she was a vision as fresh as the June morning itself and as sweet as the wild roses. As they neared a small island she exclaimed:

"Oh, an island of roses! Did one ever see the like?"

It was literally an island of roses, white, pale pink, deep rose, and rose red; but pale or deep, full blown or half open, from each was wafted that one thing that poet cannot describe nor artist paint, that perfume of all perfumes.

"Shall we land?" asked Herder.

"Why not? Has time not been anni-

hilated, and are we not in the Elysian Fields?" said Madeleine.

The gentlemen already had out their knives and were cutting great branches. When they returned to the boat, the ladies were almost covered with roses, and the men, in a somewhat shame-faced manner, put on their hats, which the women had insisted on "trimming."

With the advancing day, the breeze had died down, and Herder, taking down the sail, coolly handed the doctor a

still nearer to the doctor's, whose land, improved upon, is now a farm. The doctor, you know, Miss Knox, was a pioneer; I am still a tenderfoot, compared with him."

The resting proved almost as delightful as the sailing. The men threw themselves on the ground, faces toward the sky. Mrs. Bennett stretched herself among the cushions on the lounge, and Madeleine, with some curiosity, examined the books on the shelves. She



AU REVOIR.

pair of oars, and taking another himself, both commenced to row with long, steady strokes.

Mrs. Bennett and Madeleine sat together in the stern, the latter with her hand on the rudder, enjoying the sensation of making the boat turn in and out the winding stream at her will.

In time the doctor wearied of the unusual exercise, and Herder said: "There's a pretty spot near this inlet; suppose we pull in and anchor. We are just about half-way to my claim, and

found a Shakespeare, a work on mechanics, a volume of Huxley, a Bible, a volume of Emerson's Essays. The remaining books were on a higher shelf, and fearing to disturb Mrs. Bennett, she took the Emerson, and seating herself in the doorway of the cabin, looked over the book, studying with interest the marked passages, surprised, now and then, to find these the same that she remembered having marked in her own volume at home.

Mrs. Bennett slumbered; Herder and

the doctor had disappeared from sight. Madeleine felt herself alone with her thoughts, and happiness filled her heart and found expression in joyful phrases, which ran riot in her brain, and plunged her in day-dreams as profound as her aunt's slumbers.

She sat there until Mrs. Bennett wakened, and stretching herself with delightful indolence, cried, "Do you know I'm as hungry as a sparrow in the winter. Where are the baskets?"

Just then, too, the men appeared, bearing a string of bull-heads and one immense pickerel.

"I think I was never so glad to see any one before," said Mrs. Bennett, "and with such a prize; but how are we going to cook it?"

"We'll cook the fish, if you ladies will make the coffee. I've just come to show you where I keep my supplies and how to set the table;" and going through the cabin to the little box of a kitchen beyond, Mr. Herder raised a board that was hinged against the wall, pulled out a cross-piece to support it, and behold! a kitchen-table. On this he placed the oil-stove, produced a jar of coffee and the drip coffee-pot, opened a cup-board in which were a few dishes, dainty enough for the most fastidious, and then raised the long shelf in the cabin, on which he said they were to set the table.

Great was the mirth when all these things were accomplished, and they sat down on the divan in a row to partake of the feast. And it was a feast indeed. The fish was cooked to perfection, so that the meal was made the occasion of an interchange of compliments between the gentlemen and ladies upon their cookery.

The fun of passing things back and forth the line added a new element.

Dinner over, Dr. Fisher said, "Mr. Herder and I have found a nice, shady place where the fish bite to a marvel. Will you ladies come and fish?"

"I know one who will," said Mrs. Bennett. "I simply love to fish."

"So do not I," said Madeleine; "no taking hooks out of little gullets for me. You three can go, and I'll wash the dishes."

The gentlemen protested, but Mrs. Bennett said, "Oh, that's all right; we can't all be pigs, and the exercise will do her good."

Left alone, Madeleine proceeded to put things to rights, daintily as a dainty woman performs even homely tasks, and vainly trying to hide from herself as she did so the feeling rather than the thought that she was doing these little domestic tasks in Mr. Herder's domain. Rebelliously she tried to drive the feeling back. Vain, vain. Like a sub-dominant note, it led to the key of all the wayward thoughts and dreams called into being by this perfect day.

Everything in order, she took down the Shakespeare and opened it at random. Was relentless fate mocking her? It opened at *Romeo and Juliet*, that drama, which, if it were possible to think of ethics in connection with poetry so rapturous, imagery so exquisite, is either the representation of self-annihilation or self-gratification, according to the views of those who discuss the point. Once Madeleine had unhesitatingly declared that both lovers were utterly selfish, in forgetting everything but themselves.

But to-day, half reclining on that novel lounge, one shapely hand thrown above her head, showing white against the dark-brown hair, reading more by memory than sight that story of youth immortalized, troubled by that budding self-consciousness, she felt her theories blown hither and thither, bending this way and that, like the tall reeds on the river's brink.

She closed the book impatiently; then, lying down, gave herself up to reverie, and soothed by the breeze, kissed by the sun, she fell asleep. The fishing party returned, Herder in the lead. Coming thus upon her, he involuntarily raised his hat, and, stepping back, lifted a warning finger. But the merry, penetrating voice of Mrs. Bennett aroused Madeleine from a sleep so profound that, for a moment, she could not locate herself.

The sun was already westering and a breeze was springing up.

"With this wind we can reach my claim by ten o'clock to-night," said Max, "and two hours of our trip will be made by moonlight."

Soon they were again afloat, and the evening was as glorious as the morning, but more peaceful, with less chat and laughter, but quite as much enjoyment.

They found the shanty furnished for a few nights' occupancy, with boxes for seats and a bunk for a bed. But the

mattress was comfortable, the sheets and coverings clean, the pillows, of ducks' feathers, even luxurious. Possession of this was given to the ladies, who saw the doctor and Herder go back to the boat without a thought of fear at being left alone.

The party remained on the prairie three days. On the last night of their stay, Max and Madeleine paced slowly up and down the walk leading from the shanty to the river. Mrs. Bennett and the doctor were reading in the cabin of the house-boat. The pair on the shore might have been alone in the universe; not a being was in sight, not a sound reached them. The moon had not yet risen, and the awfulness of the sky, the prairie sky of the night-time, with its high-hanging stars, made the time and place sacred.

Madeleine's coquetry of the past three days, her skillful fencing, were all gone. She had no word. Max took her hand. She let it lie passive in his, neither yielding nor resisting. He placed his firm hand beneath her chin, and turned her face toward him. Her eyes met his, fearlessly, but with that look which perhaps no man sees in a woman's eyes more than once in a life-time; most men never. That look of high courage which would rather acknowledge surrender fearlessly than turn away in vain attempt at concealment; that look which, prophetic, sees that its wearer has gained heaven, but only by the sacrifice of self.

"Oh, Madeleine, is it true, indeed? You have seen my two poor homes, my house-boat, my claim-shanty. Will you, then, leave the East, with all its opportunities, to make a home with me here, in these beautiful, but lonely prairies? Is it true, my Snow Maiden?"

Tears—divine tears they were to Max—trembled in her eyes, but she disdained to notice them. For a moment she was silent. Then she said, slowly, as if carefully measuring her words: "An inward fire has melted all the snow; the Spirit of the Prairie, warm and balmy, has breathed on that which still lingered in the shady places on the surface. I have long felt its power, unacknowledged even to myself, and now I first confess to you, my chief, my—Maximus."

"My darling, I did not dream that the ridiculous name my father gave me

would ever sound so grand," and he started to clasp her in his arms.

But she eluded his grasp, and with sudden change of mood, ran laughing to the house-boat, calling to her aunt, "Do come to bed, Kate; I can hardly keep my eyes open."

"The little witch!" said Herder to himself, baffled, but amused. "And what a woman to work for, to act as a spur to one's noblest ambition. I have never been a bad fellow, I think, but please God, I will try to be a good one."

Telling the doctor that he was going for a smoke and a row, he took his pipe and boat and rowed slowly up the silent river, feeling more solemn than he had ever thought to feel.

The next day they started home. No sooner had they arrived at the landing than a telegram was handed to Herder. When the ladies had reached the street at the top of the bank, he opened it and said: "Doc, I'll have to get back to New York as soon as I can. Our chief is at death's door, and I am in the line of promotion. Still keep your kind counsel, as you have long done, for I am not quite ready to confess. I'll have to leave everything in your charge here, and you can tell the village people anything you please when you make my adieus."

"What about the Bennetts and Miss Knox?"

"Oh, I'll see them," said Max, hastily; "I'll just have time before the train leaves."

He went immediately, and to his satisfaction found that Mrs. Bennett had gone to her husband's store to announce her arrival, and Madeleine was alone.

"Madeleine," he said, "I must go away on the very next train. I have had a place offered me which will enable me the more quickly to get a home built. Will you go to it with me next fall, if I have it ready?"

The girl had whitened at first, and now the treacherous blood came back in a deep crimson wave. Gone, indeed, was all the snow. Unresisting, nay, clinging, she lay in his arms, and though she would not, could not, perhaps, return his kisses, she felt herself blessed in receiving them.

How long to them, and yet how short, was that half hour. She watched him as he walked away, until just before the



ONE OF THE BEVVY.

turn at the corner took him from her sight, and then she went to her room and locked herself in.

As the days went by she began to feel glad that he was gone, that she might still the tumult in her heart and think it all over. Was it true? Had she forgotten her ambitions, her theories; promised to marry a man and live with him on a prairie farm?

"Well, it does not matter," she said to herself, "I love him; I want him. He is brave and manly, cultured and intellectual. We will begin life here in this new world together. Nothing, nothing, shall come between us."

Before Max's first letter had time to reach her, Mr. Bennett came in one noon, and tossing a paper to his wife, said: "Look here, Kate, I'm afraid that Herder is a scoundrel. I always thought that there was something mysterious about him. A man of his fine appearance, manners and education, passing himself off as a mere hunter; it seemed rather in the line of a masquerader, which, by the way, was his first appearance in civilized society here."

Mrs. Bennett glanced over the marked passage hurriedly; then she said, "I don't believe it," but read aloud: "Maximus Herder, the wealthy Chicago broker, who, it will be remembered, filed suit for divorce last fall, has made up the quarrel with his wife, and the suit is withdrawn."

"I don't believe it," again said Mrs. Bennett; "there must be some mistake."

"Nonsense, Kate, the name is too uncommon for that. You were always a little off in your admiration for that big athlete. Women are always fools about athletic men, anyhow."

"Don't be a goose, Tommie, and a jealous one at that; little men always are jealous of big ones."

During this exchange of matrimonial courtesies neither had paid any attention to Madeleine, who was embroidering at the window, but now Mrs. Bennett turned to her and said, "Do you think our friend a rascal, Madeleine?"

Madeleine had felt as if a cold hand were clutching at her heart, but with the magnificent self-control of a thoroughbred woman, she answered with outward composure: "Oh, I don't know; you can't tell much about people here. I presume most of them have turned down a page in their lives before beginning a new chapter out here. It was a pleasant acquaintance while it lasted. A Dakota episode, I might call it; one out of many others."

"Well, you're a funny girl, Madeleine. You women are a queer lot, anyhow; now, I feel quite cut up about it. I'd rather know Herder to be the poor fellow we thought him than this rich chap who has been masquerading as a bachelor."

Madeleine had not, as yet, been able

to bring herself to tell Mrs. Bennett of her engagement ; but her seeming indifference had excited the suspicion of that astute young woman, and she managed to change the subject, and, furthermore, to keep Madeleine out of the way of most of the gossip concerning the affair, for the news spread like a prairie fire.

The golden June days were more gloomy to Madeleine than November rains ; the gorgeous Dakota sunsets, to her tragic thoughts, were like mammoth stains from bleeding hearts

And then Max's letter had come, and, mad with grief and indignation, she had returned it unopened.

"What shall I do, what shall I do!" she cried wildly. "Oh, the shame of it! I have been in his arms and felt his kisses, shall always feel them—would to God I could burn off every spot on my face that he has touched!—he, a married man, a man whose name has been in many mouths, whose private affairs have been the theme of many tongues—"



"READING MORE BY MEMORY THAN SIGHT." (p. 574.)

covering everything else from sight. It seemed to her that she hated everything connected with nature and its beauties. Wild roses filled her with a nameless horror. Wimpling waves, floating clouds, sweet breezes—oh! she could not endure them ; she would get away from them all ; she would go back to Boston, where everything was limited, narrow, but where there was honor and truth.

And as the days went by, and her torturing thoughts went on and on and on, in ever-widening circles of shame-laden misery, she said to herself, with a touch of grim humor that might have come from Herder himself, "I am like one seasick. At first, I was afraid I should die ; now I'm afraid I won't ever, ever."

* * *

Max Herder, too, speeding away had

had his share of meditating. A year ago, he had not been anxious to slip his head into the matrimonial noose, as he had been wont to term it. His bachelor life, with its freedom from care of any description, had been dear to him. But from the moment Madeleine Knox had so frankly given him her hand when he was lying helpless at the hotel, he had made up his mind to win her if he could. Now, he said to himself that no man had ever loved as he loved; that no woman had ever been more worthy the best and most a man could strive and gain for her.

His first letter was no stereotyped love-letter, but in it he had written those things which there had been no opportunity to say, for Madeleine had so skillfully warded off his previous attempts to tell her of his love, that he had never felt sure of her until that last night on the prairie.

He waited with longing impatience the reply to this letter. It came to him in the mail one morning with a number of others, mostly business ones. He sorted his mail hurriedly, laying the business letters aside. Two letters and a paper, marked "personal," were left. These he took into his private office. Recognizing Madeleine's penmanship on one, he raised it to his lips. Then he cut it carefully at the end, with a sentimental feeling about not mutilating even the envelope. Inside he found—his own letter, unopened.

He stared at it stupidly for some seconds; then he looked again at the outer envelope. No, there was no mistaking Miss Knox's distinct, unaffected chirography any more than the postmark, which was unusually distinct. Then he—well, he swore and asked himself if it could be possible that this woman was a traitor, too, as he had known others of her sex to be. And he put a word which means "condemned" before the word *sex*.

Mechanically, he picked up the paper and tore it open. It was a copy of that which Mr. Bennett had brought home.

"What a fool! What a fool!" he exclaimed. "I thought he'd had enough of that woman, with her beauty and her false heart. And after all the disgraceful publicity, too."

Still, the thought of any connection between the item and his returned letter did not occur to him, for the little

Western town had seemed to him a spot so separate from the rest of the world that it might have been in another planet.

He took up the third letter, which he had immediately recognized as coming from Dr. Fisher, and read:

"I had been away on a professional trip for some days. When I returned I found the whole town ringing with accounts of your villainy, with this marked item in the paper I send, as a basis: 'Miss Knox, by the way, leaves for Boston to-morrow, her mother having sent for her to come home.'"

Max's feelings underwent a sudden change. He took up the envelope addressed by Madeleine, tenderly, almost reverentially. "My poor, proud darling!" he said, half aloud, "what else could she have done in the face of such damning evidence."

Hastening to the telegraph office, he wired to Dr. Fisher: "Explain everything to the B's. Wire me Miss K's address."

On his return to his office he fell to studying the date on the two letters. Madeleine's had been delayed; the doctor's had come straight through.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed, "there's a chance: it's one to a hundred, but I'll try it."

Leaving a message with a clerk, he rushed away. And all that day the attendants in the Great Central Station had their curiosity greatly aroused by the sight of a tall, sun-burned, rather handsome man of thirty or so, who boarded each train that came in from the West, went through the cars only to get off again, and repeat the same experiment with the next.

At last the unlikely really happened. In the sleeper of a late afternoon train Max, quite conscious that he had been acting like a lunatic, was rewarded by seeing the woman for whom he had been watching. She saw him, too, and looked him straight in the eyes; but through him, beyond him, as if he had been air. It was magnificently done, and Max was obliged to restrain a wild desire to avenge himself in the very presence of the other passengers by taking her in his arms, and holding her so close that she would have no breath left with which to protest.

However, he did a better thing. Raising his hat, as if to one of whose iden-

tity he was not quite certain, he said : " Pardon me, madam, but I think I have an important message for you ; are you not Miss Knox, of Boston ? "

The tragedy was turning into a comedy. She stifled an inclination to laugh loudly, hysterically. Answer she must. People were looking. As coldly and courteously as he had spoken, she said : " That is my name. Will you be so kind as to be seated ? " indicating the seat opposite.

But he sat beside her, and in low but rapid words said : " Madeleine, I do not blame you, for your mistake was natural ; but you *must* listen. The other Max Herder is a second cousin of mine. Maximus is an old name in our family ; it has been continually perpetuated in one branch or another, sometimes in more than one at the same time, as now."

Now, indeed, she turned white ; so white that Max was alarmed. But she recovered herself quickly. Passengers were entering and leaving the car with the usual hubbub, and they were unobserved.

He took her hand. " Madeleine," he said, " I did deceive you ; but only in this. I am not a rich man, it is true, but neither am I a poor one. A year ago I was ill, very ill ; and, on convalescing, my physician recommended outdoor life. Doctor Fisher and I were at college together and in continued, if desultory, correspondence. He advised me to come to Dakota to file on a relinquishment left with him to dispose of, get one hundred and sixty acres of land, and regain my health at the same time. I did so ; it was a most successful experience, it worked wonders, and restored me to perfect health. I found the free and easy life charming, not the less so that it gave me an

opportunity to exercise my liking for carpentering. But I am a newspaper man, and yesterday I became the editor-in-chief of the 'Banner.' It is a big paper and the position a responsible one, with a salary attached which is by no means to be despised. I am going home with you, and I want you to marry me next week, and——"

Madeleine broke in with the old mischief sparkling in her eyes : " That I cannot do, my lord, much as I might like to. " And then she said more seriously, " Maximus, I have been through too much. I want to go home to my mother ; I want to rest ; indeed I must

rest, and you can't come home with me, either."

Neither argument, expostulation nor tender persuasion could move her, and so Max left her and went back to his work. But he made several trips to Boston during the summer, and in the fall they were married ; and during the four most delightful weeks of the year the cottage, which had been built on the claim, was their headquarters, and all out of doors their abiding place, for they rode and drove and boated,

and their old and mutual love, Nature, became to them as an absolute personality, with a living, sympathetic heart.

And on a starlight night, Madeleine, with her arms about her husband, said . " How could I ever have thought you false ? For on that brow 'shame is ashamed to sit,' and there I place this kiss, the seal of an everlasting trust in you, which nothing can ever disturb "—and answering the merry, teasing gleam in his eyes with a smile lighting up her own, she added : " Well, yes, it is a trifle sentimental, but perhaps you'll forgive it this once."

And he did.



THE ANGLERS RETURN.



THE START FROM RIVERSIDE.

A TRIO CYCLING THROUGH THE PASS TO THE SEA.

By L. W. Garland.



It all began with Leggins. Leggins is one of the best fellows that ever lived, but Leggins is fat. He was sitting at the window of the club, one day, thinking of the slim waist with which Nature had adorned his youth, when the Consul happened in and told him that what he needed

was a bicycle. The arrow of conviction went home to Leggins's soul. He got him a wheel and promptly fell off it. Got on again and rode four feet—rode four feet and a half—rode half a mile and came back triumphant. The next day he asked Squib to ride to Santa

Ana. So, to make a long story short, that is why we three left Riverside, bound southwest. The Yankee was a wandering star from the Fin de Siècle Road Club, of Boston. It goes without saying that he was as lean as Leggins was fat, and Squib was just between. Squib is a broken-down newspaper hack turned rancher, which, if the truth must be confessed, is not a bad course for a broken-down hack of any kind to follow.

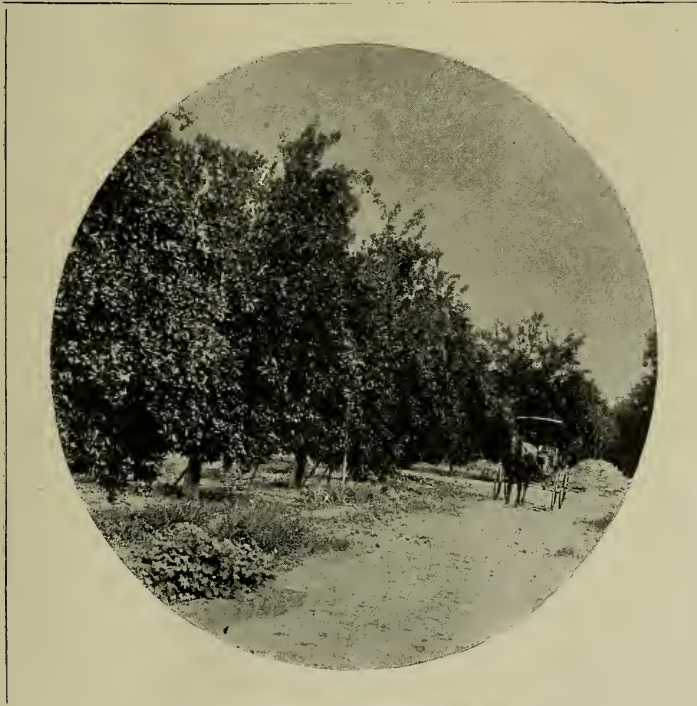
It was seven o'clock of a July morning, when we tightened our belts, took a final hasty glance at tires and packs, and swung out through beautiful Riverside. The city was still asleep save for here and there a milk wagon, but the birds were up betimes. How the black-birds whistled in the blue-gums; and the mocking-birds in the pepper trees were singing as if their little hearts

would burst with glee. These streets are broad and clean, and smooth as a floor with the asphalt pavements, and lined everywhere with pretty cottages half hid in the dark green orange groves. Down through town, and through "Chinatown arroyo," the light wheels spun. The morning air would put life and strength into the slack muscles of the feeblest invalid. Goodbye, beautiful Riverside! *Aloha nui*, Queen City of the Orange Groves!

Down we went on the smooth macadam of Brockton and Palm avenues, through miles and miles and miles of orange groves to the fount-



MAGNOLIA AVENUE, RIVERSIDE.



THE ORANGE GROVE, RIVERSIDE.

ain at the head of far-famed Magnolia avenue, where we halted for a moment to drink. Only for a moment, however. Below the fountain are ten miles of smooth, watered road, the last good road on our route. Leggins's jolly, red face was already as crimson as the sun in a fog; and he was looking sadly down at those famous tan-colored extremity casings, from which he gets his name.

"Brace up, old man. We must make time to Alvord crossing, if we would reach the sea to-night!"

"*Bueno*. Come on!" Leggins may be fat but he's no "quitter." Not he. Bless him!

Magnolia avenue is

wide and smooth, and shaded from end to end by tall pepper trees. This occasions great perplexity to tourists, who cannot see why an avenue of pepper trees should be called "Magnolia." Originally, four magnolias were planted at each cross street, and the inter-spaces filled with peppers; but the peppers throve and the magnolias didn't. Small loss it was, too. Four miles down the avenue is Arlington post-office, and the last of the orange groves. From here the land falls toward Temescal Wash, and one may catch the first sight of Corona, lying up on the sloping mesa beyond. The "Wash" deserves a word of explanation in passing. These "washes" are the abomination of the wheelman in Southern California. Every few miles he comes to a stretch of sand and gravel, from forty feet to four miles in width, over which he must wearily trudge. It is the bed of a winter torrent, and no man can ride therein. Temescal Wash is a mile wide and composed of sand and prickly pear cactus. But it can be got over (though this same prickly pear once stopped an army not many miles from here), and once past you climb the bluff and enter the vigorous young colony of Corona. We had done the first eighteen miles in eighty minutes.

"Not so bad but that it might have been worse, considering the 'Wash'," as the Yankee sagely remarked.

At this point, Squib declared that he must make a detour to "see a man," and that he would overtake us later. He caught up with us at Rincon, four miles lower down; but from the fact that he brought with him a pocketful of peaches, a rosebud in his buttonhole, and a countenance like the noonday sun for brightness, we always suspected that it was not a man that he went to see after all.

Rincon is the remnant of an old Spanish town, and lies right in the mouth of Santa Ana canyon, like a cork in a bottle. For seven months of the year the afternoon monsoon gathers strength as it winds through the tortuous canyon and howls over Rincon as if it would tear the stubborn little 'dobe shanties off the earth. What an intelligent Providence it was, by the way, that brought together in one place the Mexican, the burro and the adobe house! The trained artistic eye recognizes at once the fit-

ness of the arrangement. Each is by nature an essential part of the others.

So far, the Yankee had led, and Squib had divided his time between envy of the quick, easy swing which the Boston wheelmen know so well, and wonder as to how the q. e. s. aforesaid would stand the grades in the Pass. When we passed Rincon and came to something that looked like a cross section of a glacial moraine set up on edge, Boston got off to investigate.

"How are we going to get down that?" cried he.

"Fly," said Squib; and straightway flew. The best bicycle brake ever invented is the rubber sole of a wheelman's slipper, and a rocky grade is not so bad as it looks from the top. Leggins came part way down a great deal quicker than he intended, and then walked the rest of the way. The first quarter mile in the Santa Ana Pass will serve for description of the next ten. We went down and up, and when by any chance the road was level, it would be sandy and we walked it. No, Santa Ana canyon is not a nice place to go with a wheel; but the wheelman who cannot get his soul up off the road in that place does not deserve to go there. The mountains tower a thousand feet on either hand, treeless, but mantled by greasewood and chaparral, and gashed and seamed by the rains. Between the mountains the river winds, twisting and squirming around their mighty shoulders. On one side the wagon road, and on the other the railroad, bear it company, cuddling close against the hills as if in fear. Well might the roads be afraid, for, in the rains, the roaring river rises from below to tear them from their insecure foundations; and their grim protectors overhead send down vast land-slides to bury them at their posts. And still the monsoon roars ceaselessly up the Pass, till one suspects that if he were to come here at mid-night he might see Paolo and Francesca, and the multitude of lost souls, come drifting past, borne on the wings of the hurricane. At least, Leggins said so, and Leggins is a man who keeps himself posted on that sort of thing.

Midway of its length, the canyon widens enough to admit a sod and pole shanty, and a little patch of alfalfa and pumpkins. Here we stopped again for a drink, and the black-browed Spaniard

scowled ferociously as he caught Boston's admiring glance fixed on his pretty señora. Come away, my boy; your family would rather have you than your life insurance, and that fellow would enjoy knifing you, if he dared, just to keep his hand in.

And so we struggled on, till at last, the canyon opened out, and we stopped at the ancient hacienda del Yorba at the western end. The old place is a melancholy reminder, like so many others in this part of the State, of the pleasant old days that are gone forever. Once the Yorbas owned the land for miles around the hacienda. Their cattle were literally on a thousand hills, for the Rancho del Sepúlveda covered the whole Temescal range. But now the land is sold, Sepúlveda is broken up, and the glory is departed from Yorba. It was a free and gentle life that the proud rancheros lived in this country forty years ago, when none were poor, because all had what was necessary, and none were rich, because there were no appearances to keep up. They are all gone now, and their places are taken by a horde of hustling, cheating fortune-hunters, and there is no more peace in the land. Only the old Spanish courtesy remains. The gentleman from whom we asked our way at Yorba was old and ragged, and his horse was as old and worn out as his rider, but the bow with which he greeted us and his "*Buenos días, Señores*" was as gravely dignified as if he had been the owner of fifty thousand acres.

From Yorba to Olive is five miles, and we made the run in twenty-one minutes by the watch, over a bad road. It was already past one o'clock, and though belts had been repeatedly tightened, they could not "cinch up" the yawning gulf inside.

"No, sir," said a damsel with snub nose and freckles at the boarding-house. "We serve dinner from twelve to one," and she went off as if it were no further concern of hers.

"We must take it by force, boys," growled Leggins. "I'm 'most starved."

"We'll try the grocery first," said Squib. Happy thought! There was a little "combination-store"; hats and calico on one side, canned goods and coffee on the other, and a post-office at the back. In there went three fiercely hungry men demanding, generally, "some-

thing to eat." The proprietor was a good old man from Indianapolis, who had evidently seen hungry bicyclers before. With truly marvelous quickness he brought out cheese and crackers and a can of corned beef, whisked a case of soda pop into a conspicuous position on the end of the counter, and remarking, "I've got a choice line in oysters, gentlemen," disappeared in the back-store with a can-opener in one hand and a cleaver in the other.

"Ah!" murmured Leggins, as he surrounded the "Blue Points," "how I love that man!"

It would be dangerous to specify just what we three fellows ate, but the menu certainly included pie (from the Bakery) and sardines and muscat grapes and chewing gum and soda pop of various flavors. We then unanimously decided to "take a recess of thirty minutes for digestion."

It was half after two when we rode away from our hospitable groceryman, and started down the white highway toward Orange.

We sped along at a great pace (Boston bringing in the q. e. s. again with fine effect) until we came to a road that had been used for hauling grain. The soft loamy soil had been ground to dust as fine and light as lycopodium powder, and we were instantly enveloped. The pneumatic tires sank to the rim without seriously checking our speed, and a pillar of cloud stood up over each man's head and slowly drifted off down the wind. For four miles we struggled through this choking smother. When the watered streets of Orange were reached, there were three gray and ghastly ghosts that gasped for breath, and expressed their opinion of California roads in language more emphatic than polite. It was at Orange that the first break in our company occurred. Boston left us at that point, taking the northern road to the old German colony of Anaheim, while Leggins and Squib kept on toward Santa Ana and the sea.

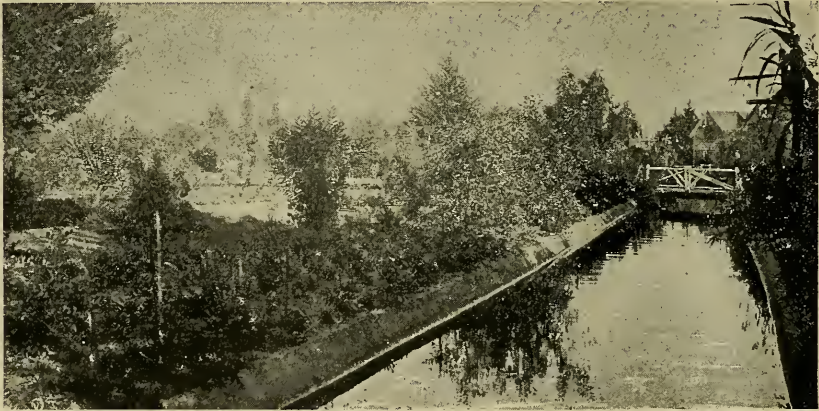
From Orange to Santa Ana the roads are smooth and watered, and the country covered with groves of orange and deciduous trees. Both towns have the broad level streets and the pretty cottage homes which are universal among California towns of the better class. In front of the daintiest of all the cottages, a perfect doll's house half buried in

climbing roses, Leggins bade good-bye to his comrade and turned in with the air of a man who has everything that this world can give. Squib, the gay, case-hardened bachelor, sighed as he caught a parting glimpse of his friend with a rosy-cheeked baby on each arm.

"Yessir," said the young man at the soda fountain, "Fairview, seven miles." He was a nervous young man with very black hair which he parted in the middle and plastered down on his forehead like the pictures of Steve Brodie, and he moved as if he was hung on wires. "Level road, sir, but very rough. You go out by the race-track. Yessir. Thank you. Good day."

And so, as the long summer day drew toward night and the great sun settled slowly to his resting-place behind the blue Pacific, the last of the three travelers hastened on to his journey's end, down by the sea. Squib never will forget that ride. The sun went down and

the wind fell. The quick southern twilight faded, and the stars came out, one by one. Bats and night birds began to wheel and flutter against the sky. An owl hooted from a clump of willows, and the clink of a cow bell came from somewhere out in the fragrant darkness. Ever and ever growing louder came the "everlasting thunder" from the West, from where the white rollers hammer forever and ever on the dreary sand dunes of Alamitos Bay. Weary though he was, the witchery of the night took hold of him; and he rode on in a half dream not seeing where he went, till the last corner was turned and he halted before another little cottage with climbing roses running riot over the porch. Somebody was waiting to give a royal welcome to the tired traveler; and then, in spite of dust and weariness and hills and the dinner of oysters and pie, Squib knew that he was very glad that he had come.



THE IRRIGATION OF RIVERSIDE.

SHIPS OF THE NORTH.

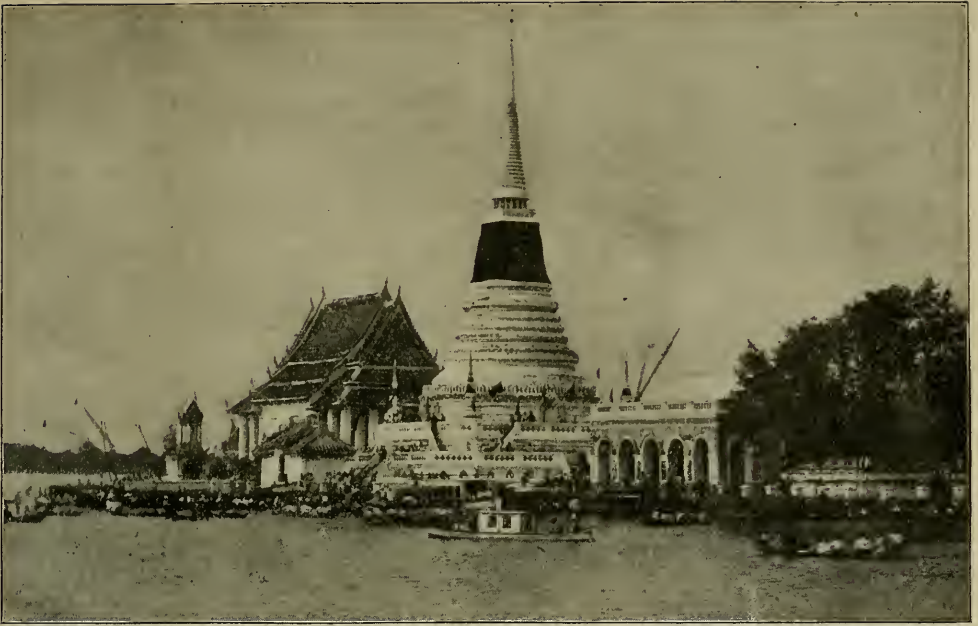
LIGHT graceful clouds across the sky
 Are scudding swift to-night;
 But fleetier than yon gauze on high
 Can flaunt before the moon's full eye
 Our craft career their flight.

Bold privateers, they hurry o'er
 A foamy stretch of sea,
 With cargoes loaded precious more
 Than fabled store on ocean floor
 Or wealth of Araby.

Out in the stilly atmosphere
 From their gay decks are flung
 The healthy laugh, the ringing cheer,
 The mirthful notes full, sweet and clear
 That fall from Beauty's tongue.

Adown the long inclines they glide,
 And over fields below,
 Trim vessels with the wind allied,
 The playthings of our northern pride,—
 Toboggans o'er the snow.

WILLIAM T. ALLISON.



WATT PAKNAM.

SOMETHING ABOUT SIAM.

By E. M. Allaire.



THE venture-some tourist who, upon reaching Singapore, is tempted by what so few have undertaken, the trip into Siam, will find he has need of all the courage he can muster up. The voyage through the gulf is apt to be something to startle even the veteran "globe trotter," and as the trade of the Kingdom of Siam is not so large as to require many lines of steamers, the traveler will find his choice reduced to one of three small boats, suggestively named *Hydra*, *Medusa*, and *Hecuba*, belonging to the one line running between Singapore and Bangkok, chiefly for the purpose of bringing live cattle, raised in large quantities in Siam, into

the markets of Singapore. The largest of the three, the *Hydra*, is only about four hundred tons burden, with a saloon, used as a dining-room, two little cabins opening off of it, and two more cabins on deck, having the inestimable advantage of plenty of air.

After four days, during which the menu will probably not suffer very greatly from your attacks upon it, you arrive in the long, winding river. In most places it is about half a mile wide, of a dirty-brown color, with flat, marshy banks, green to the water's edge, with every hue and shade of that refreshing color. Great forests of cocoanuts and palms trace a straight line across the bluest of blue skies, the trunks being hidden by a thick, tangled growth of the *attap*, or short palm, and waving sugar-cane. Little brown, palm-thatched houses push forth their roofs here and there, and when the thick luxuriance of the undergrowth permits you to see them better, show the wooden piles upon which they are built; houses on pontoons, so that they can be floated from place to place, wedged into the

soft mud of the banks. Every now and then you come upon little rivers or canals, branching off from the river itself and winding back into the city, and the occasional spire of a "Watt" or temple, showing that this canal is one of the streets of the city. These are your first impressions of the capital of Siam—or as it has been appropriately named, the "*Venice of the East!*"

The city of Bangkok, built on both sides of the Menam River, is everywhere intersected by canals, or *klongs*, as they are called, along which all the trading and transportation is carried on by means of large flat-boats, which sometimes choke a busy *klong* almost solid. Hundreds of natives live on these boats, giving Bangkok an actual "floating" population almost equal to its residents on terra firma. The part of the town where landing is made is about two miles from the center of the old city. The streets just around the hotel are pretty and almost garden-like; but all this soon changes, and you come upon lines of the poorest little native huts.

The native Siamese seems as dull and hopelessly heavy a creature as can well be imagined. He is very different from the Malay, with his ready quickness and intuition of your meaning, even before you express it. In appearance they are very much like the Japanese, only with much broader and flatter faces, and of a heavier build; but in height, in color, and in the profusion of silky black hair, they are a constant reminder of that active little people. They wear the *sarum*, like the Malays—a short strip of cloth of a gay color, reaching to the knees; and sometimes a scarf across the shoulders. It is almost impossible to tell the women from the men, their features being of precisely the same cast. Both sexes wear the hair cut short and waving all over the head; and, unless the woman is rich enough to wear a *kabaya*, or sort of long vest, a pair of earrings or a nose-ring, it is a puzzle to pick her out.

They carry the children astride of the left hip, one arm being thrown carelessly across the body; and how the youngsters manage to stay there is even more of a marvel than among the Japanese. They are far below the Malays in fine looks and good proportions, and, while very friendly to foreigners, seem too

dull to pay much attention to them. In fact, the whole city appears like a place grown up in a jungle, where all the features of a wild life are preserved, with just enough civilization to get along with and call it a city. Herds of goats lie in the corners of the huts or underneath them, in the tall, rank grass and mud; chickens with raw heads and scarcely a feather on their blue bodies walk in and out, and fight with the mangy, half-famished dogs for the few scraps of food which the children may leave. Not so much as a bit of fruit-skin or root can be found lying on the ground. The Siamese, almost without exception, chew the betel-nut leaf, mixed with a red substance like chalk and pepper, which stains the teeth black, and leaves the lips and interior of the mouth the color of blood; it also stains the saliva, so that one would fancy them a race of consumptives. They live principally on fruit and roots, with a little pounded grain and dried fish when they can get it; and sleep on the floors of their wretched huts.

The temples, or *Watts*, as they are called, are extremely curious, both in design and ornamentation; they have peaked roofs, but quite different from those of Japan or China, and many of them are enclosed by high, white plastered walls.

Watt Pra-Keoi, within the palace grounds, may be taken as a sample of the general plan of the Siamese temples, though far exceeding most of the others in elaborateness as the place of worship of the king. A central dome, supposed to be erected over some sacred relic of Buddha—for Buddhism in a peculiar form is the prevailing religion of Siam—stands in the midst of a cluster of temple buildings, each of which is crowned with tall, pagoda-shaped spires. In *Watt Pra-Keoi*, the seven or eight different buildings, together with the little kiosks and pavilions which go to make up the Watt, are composed entirely of a mosaic-work of glass, richly colored, and cut to imitate precious stones, while the central dome is all of gold-colored mosaics. The brilliant effect of the whole is probably not to be equaled by any other building in the world, as it gives the impression of a great dome of gold, surrounded by tall spires of rubies, sapphires and emeralds.

To obtain access to this royal Watt is

sometimes a little difficult; an application through the consul being generally necessary. One traverses first the king's gardens, quite elaborate with fountains and little kiosks and a music-stand, where the king's band of native musicians entertains his Majesty. The gardens, the royal palace itself, and *Watt Pra-Keou* are all within the walls of this same enclosure, constituting something like one-seventh of the entire city; and some idea of the extent of the whole may be formed when, taking all the different structures, the king's own house,

curious dwarf trees, said to be very old, which are cut into fantastic shapes and set in basins of marble.

The magnificent spectacle of *Watt Pra-Keou* soon draws one's attention from the palace, and upon a nearer approach so dazzling is the effect, that it is hard to convince yourself that you are not actually standing before buildings set with precious stones. By the side of the great dome in the center of the court-yard is the place of worship for the king, its tall spire all of mosaics of dark sapphire-blue glass; next to this



ONE OF THE GREAT CANALS, BANGKOK.

the royal temple, the houses of his wives and of his modest little family of two hundred children, the quarters of his retinue and of the priests of the temple, some *five thousand people* are said to live within the palace limits.

The palace, to which a very near approach is not permitted, while large and imposing, is somewhat plain, modern and unattractive looking. It is finished with three of those long, slender spires which make their appearance upon the Watts, and one of which forms the royal crown of Siam. In front is a row of

stands the main temple in emerald-green on a gold background. Among the mass of spires of ruby-red, bright yellow, steel and white, there is a specially graceful one, a trifle shorter than the rest, made up entirely of raised porcelain flowers, in the style of the Dresden china. A huge spire of white marble with a slab of jasper as a base, is supported by seven elephants in bronze, this same monument making its appearance in front of almost all the buildings. Before the main temple door is a row of enormous grotesque figures entirely of



WATT PRA-KEOU.



GENERAL VIEW OF THE PALACE GROUNDS.



ENTRANCE TO WATT CHANG.



SOME OF THE FLOATING STORES.

the glass mosaics in various colors. So tall are they, that the tops of the great caps on their heads reach above the roof of the Watt, whose entrance they are supposed to guard. Each is leaning upon a massive staff and stands on a large base of white marble. Facing this grim row of guards is a huge, rounded pedestal of marble, terminating in the lotus flower, upon which is seated a large figure of the Siamese Buddha in bronze. The entire court between all these magnificent edifices is tiled with white marble, dazzling to the eyes under the bright sunlight; while images of marble, bronze, and the ever-present mosaic-work, representing fantastic shapes, such as fish, chickens, and dolphins with human heads crowned and holding sceptres, are scattered around in profusion. Some fine old marbles, said to be of Roman work, found at Ayuthia, the ancient capital of Siam, are among these. The roofs of the different temple-buildings are trimmed around with a tessellated metal-work, very elaborate in design, and finished at each peak with the upward curve of the Chinese temples and pagodas, but taking the odd dragon-tail shape, peculiar to Siam. Around this tessellated work are hung thousands of little bells, which swing with the slightest breeze, keeping up a confused silver-toned tinkling. The doors and the outer shutters to the deep-sunk windows are of highly polished ebony, elaborately inlaid with mother-of-pearl, the hinges, hooks and fittings being washed with gold.

On entering the main temple, you find yourself standing beneath a roof of heavily-groined teakwood and ebony, upon a floor of plates of burnished copper, in an oblong-shaped hall, a shrine of enormous size filling one end of it. This shrine, composed of clusters of the pagoda-shaped spires, is a blaze of gold-glass mosaic-work. At the back are twelve large figures, wearing on their heads the tall Siamese crown, supporting a square table, upon which are seated seven small images of Buddha, all of pure gold. Each of these holds one hand upraised, and on every finger and thumb of these are rings of emeralds, sapphires and rubies, this time the genuine stones, while the palm of the hand is a cluster of diamonds. On the finger-tips of these upraised hands rests a golden lotus, in the center of which,

almost hidden beneath the massive spiral crown, sits a small image of Buddha of *one emerald*, said to be the largest stone of its kind in the world. In every niche and corner of the great shrine are cups and chalices, candlesticks and incense-burners of gold, set with precious stones, some, of course, of little value, but many of them flawless gems. Around the base of the shrine are tables of teakwood and ebony, beautifully carved and inlaid, and holding little golden flower-vases, studded with jewels. Scenes from the life of Buddha are illustrated by tiny gold figures of exquisite workmanship, decorated with enamel; and most of these, together with some pieces of priceless jade, the "Chinese diamond," as it is called, are kept under glass-cases.

On entering, the priest holds out to each a joss-stick, to be placed in a gold incense-burner before the shrine, after lighting it at an enormous candle, given by the king, and always kept burning. In front of this gold incense burner is a small alabaster shrine, the doors of which are set with about a dozen beautiful cat's-eyes of an exquisite color. Behind all this barbaric magnificence are two tall glass-cases filled with sacred relics, gifts and offerings to the temple; gold cups and vessels used in the services, and little idols and figures set with gems. The temple-walls are elaborately painted with scenes descriptive of the battles of the White Elephant against the adversaries of Buddhism, and very grotesque battles they must have been.

Seven long buildings stand at one side of *Watt Pra-Keou*, and on coming out, one may visit each in turn, to pay one's respects to his "Sacred Majesty the White Elephant". Unfortunately for poor little Siam, with her flag which displays on a crimson background an elephant the color of the driven snow, *there is no White Elephant!* The first one you visit is a good-sized, well-fed, ugly-tempered creature, with a pair of magnificent tusks and two natives to watch him day and night, and care for his every whim; but he is just the color of any other plain, everyday elephant, except around the tips of his ears. The other six grow lighter by shades, until the last is what may be called a dirty, pinkish-gray, his ears white and spotted. But even in his own country, the white elephant must draw very largely upon

the imagination to call himself *white!* Kept in idleness and carefully tended, these sacred animals lose much of that docility for which the elephant is famous, and when they are taken out on the occasions of the great festival processions, much care is needed to keep them quiet. A visit to *Watt Paknam*, beautifully situated on the river, *Watt Chang*, built by a wealthy Chinaman, and containing some exceedingly curious mosaic figures, *Watt Rajahbopit*, now in rather a dilapidated condition, but very elaborate, and *Watt Pho*, one of the oldest of the *Watt*-houses, with curious tapering spires, and two odd-looking figures, almost like broad-brimmed Quakers, will amply repay one, even were it not for the interesting sail on the river, and the opportunity of observing the life on the *klongs*, the real life of the mass of the people of Bangkok.

The king, of whom throughout the entire kingdom you will hear no ill word spoken, can dispose of some six millions of dollars (ten millions of *tikals*) annually, but mismanagement in some form must be present, when the poor wretch who succeeds in raising a little crop of rice and fruits has to send to the tax-gatherer twenty per cent. of it. It seems no wonder, in face of this, that the people are too idle and listless to work. When a father can no longer feed his family, and his debts accumulate, he and his wife and children are sold into slavery; and once in that state, receiving, of course, no wages, the slavery is, in most cases, for life. If a man builds a house a little beyond what his neighbor's hovel amounts to, and one of the petty nobles happens to take a fancy to it, he may signify his intention of what amounts to confiscating the property; and it seems that there is, as yet, no redress to be had in the courts of justice of Siam. For the slightest offense, such as a chance scuffle between two coolies, both are thrown into prison for two years. In the streets, as you drive by in the "gherry," should a few unfortunate natives be less agile in getting out of the way than your driver likes—*slash!* goes the whip across their shoulders and faces.

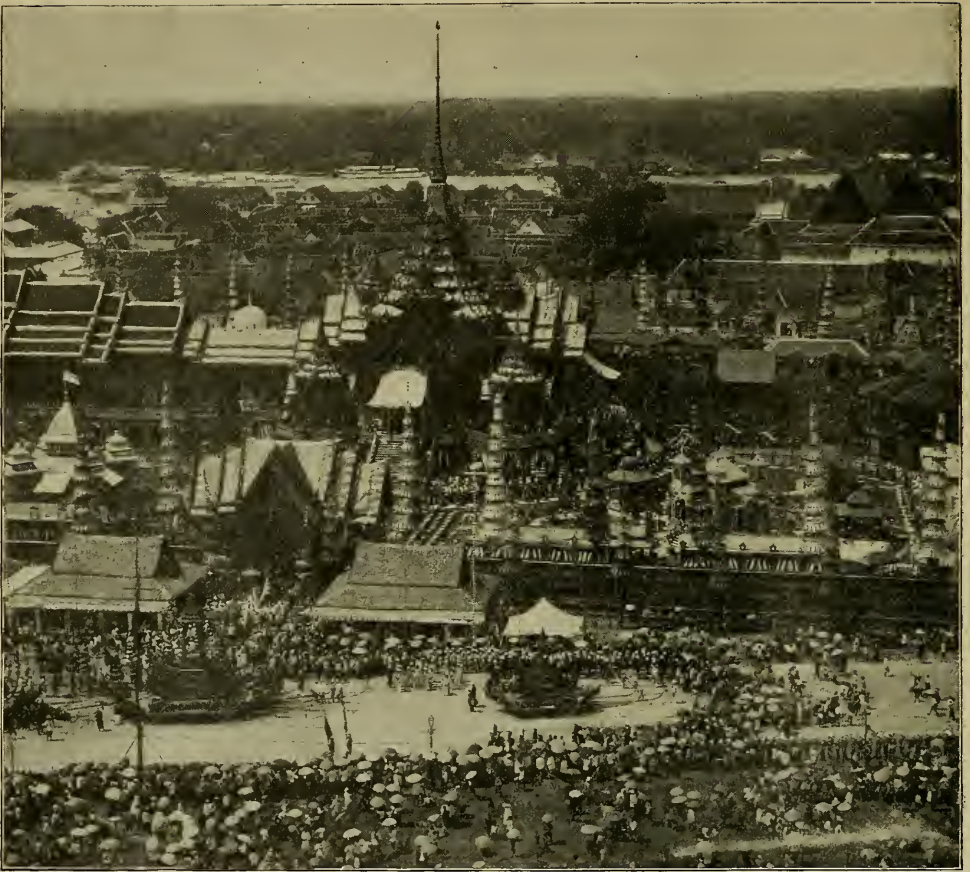
The exact population of Bangkok nobody knows. The nearest approach one can get to the number of inhabitants is the wide margin between *three* and *six* hundred thousand. Many of these are

Chinese, some few Malays and Indians, about three hundred Europeans.

The King of Siam rejoices in a name so long that it is seldom written except as "Chu-la-lon-korn." He seems, in every instance, to have the interests of his people at heart. A quiet-looking little man, even in the heavy robes of state and under the weighty pagoda-like Siamese crown, he shows a mild and benevolent countenance. His "first wife," the "*Veni Satt*," mother of the Crown Prince, has a type of face much above that of the ordinary Siamese woman. She wears short trousers, reaching to the knee, with a loose, blouse-like upper garment, covered with lace and decorated with jewels. The Crown Prince, according to the dictates of some ancient law, which holds that "no one is fit to govern others until he has first learned to govern himself," must serve a novitiate in the Buddhist priesthood before he can lay claim to the throne. At the age of fourteen his hair, which has hitherto been curled up into a beaded ring, is shaved, and for six months the young prince leads the austere life of a Buddhist priest. There are great fêtes and demonstrations attending this ceremony, one of the most important which takes place in the royal family, and after which the Crown Prince is no longer looked upon as a child, but as heir-apparent to the throne. The Siamese language is said to be exceedingly difficult, and to judge from the odd-looking hieroglyphics they employ, one can readily imagine this to be true.

Of course everyone who reaches Bangkok will go to the theatre, to find rather a similarity between the Malay and the Siamese performances, which differ very materially from those of China and Japan, the two latter countries having far better ideas of dramatic action and representation, while the former use dancing as a means of interpreting the feelings and of presenting the series of stage pictures which form the chief feature of the entertainment. They have also a species of opera of which they are very fond. The stage costumes are extremely pretty, the graceful sarong and the tight little vest worn with it being well suited to the dancing; and both vest and sarong are as gay and brilliant as colors and spangles can make them.

One last, and it must be confessed, a rather ghastly visit is still to be made in



A ROYAL CREMATION.

Bangkok. On the way back from the palace grounds it is worth one's while to stop at *Watt Skett*, and climbing to the top of the half-ruined temple, enjoy the fine view it affords of the city. It means quite a long walk, and about half-way up, one will be glad to pause at a spot overlooking a small enclosure at the base of the hill on which the Watt is built. Around this enclosure, perched upon the trees, are some fifty or sixty large birds, while as many more are slowly circling to and fro. The place is the public crematory, if such it may be called; the birds are vultures, and into that square enclosure the bodies of Siam's natives are lowered when they have no further need of the bread-fruit and the banana. In the twinkling of an eye, down sweep these ravenous birds upon the body, and all one can see is the fluttering of wings as they drive each other away. A few minutes and all

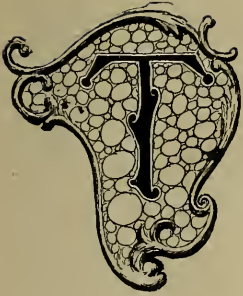
is finished; they fly slowly back to the branches of the trees and await the next banquet, whilst the bones are collected and burned. Repulsive though it be, there is a sort of grim fascination about this place of death. The birds are the scavengers of this country and as such render invaluable service.

But there are pleasanter memories than this to be carried away from Bangkok. Nature has been very generous to poor little Siam, and apart from the novelty of the trip, the climate there, in the winter-season, is a delight. As one of those same flat-bottomed steamers bears you away, on a moonlight night, and you look back, up the river at the sharp spires of the Watts and the flickering lights upon the boats along the *klongs*, you feel that four days of rough weather may easily be forgotten amid all the curious scenes and the unique experiences of this "*Oriental Venice*."

MY RIDE TO ACAPULCO.

A CYCLING ADVENTURE IN MEXICO.

By T. Philip Terry.



HE wincopipes are opening, señor, and the day bids fair, and if the *bandidos* do not catch the señor napping the ride to Acapulco must be a pleasant one." The voice of my drowsy *mozo* awakened me from a sound and dreamless sleep, and as he placed the tray of warm rolls and steaming coffee on the little *mesa* near at hand, I sprang from my couch to the floor eager to mount my tried and trusty wheel.

The foot-falls of the faithful *sereno* still lingered, echoing down the solitary street beneath my barred window, and his musical cry, like "the horns of elfland faintly blowing," of "three o'clock and all's well" contrasted dreamily with the sounds of rumbling wheels, rattling harness, and the trampling of steel-shod hoofs that rang noisily.

It does not generally take an enthusiastic cyclist long to make his toilet when the fresh morning air and a fine stretch of roadway beckon him on; and my companion and I soon glided noiselessly across the stone-flagged *patio* and out into the deserted streets of the Aztec capital just as the Government mail-coach, bound like ourselves to the coast city of Acapulco, swung heavily through the high-arched doorway of our erstwhile hospitable hostelry, turned down the quaint street of *El Salto de Alvarado* and started on its long journey.

Until quite recently the outlying highways of the Mexican Republic were anything but strictly safe for isolated travelers; and the coach ahead of us made quite a grandiose display as it now dashed along accompanied by its gaily caparisoned quartet of outriders, dressed in the picturesque garb of the native *rurales*, with their well-fitting suits of finely tanned buck-skin, armed to the chin with carbine and pistol, sword and lasso, and mounted on wiry Mexican mustangs inured to rough riding and the hardships of the rural Government service. The silver accoutre-

ments of the guards glistened gaily in the soft dawning light, and the great spurs and dangling swords jingled a musical accompaniment to the rhythm of the galloping hoofs.

Although we should have been glad of the opportunity to remain under the protection of the glittering gentlemen who accompanied the *diligencia*, during our long ride, the lumbering old Concord went far too slowly for our swift-gliding safeties; so, after remaining a few hours in their company, we bade them *Adios*, and soon left them a mere speck in the broad highway that stretched away for leagues behind us.

Through clumps of coffee trees, over banana groves and tamarinds and across the fluffy plumes of an occasional cocoa palm, gleaming dazzlingly white in the distance, we descried the plantation homes of the *hacendados*. Vagrant orange, lime and sweet-lemon trees appeared at intervals, the bright yellow of the acidulous fruit forming a golden fretwork against the vivid green of the background. Cool, wimpling brooks wanted along the wayside, through gorgeous beds of calla lilies that nodded recognition to their white loveliness mirrored in the iridescent waters below, while vast beds of modest violets grew quietly beneath the deep shade of frequently recurring groves and stretches of woodland. We emerged at times on broad, elevated plateaus, and got a taste of alkali dust.

As the day wore away and we steadily drew nearer to Chilpancingo we began to entertain a hope that after all we might escape the *bandidos*, so that when the distant spires and glistening minarets of Chilpancingo hove into view our congratulations were sincere.

The gorgeous tapestries of the western sky were slowly enfolded the reluctant Phoebus in the blushing bed of night, and the plaintive notes of the distant chapel bell tolled a requiem for the departing day, when we wheeled through the quaint streets of the queer little Mexican village and stopped before the door of the ancient *meson de Guadalupe de Hidalgo*, to lodge for the night.

The bi-weekly *diligencia* from Aca-pulco was expected to arrive during the evening; and as the advent is something to look forward to in this quiet little village, various preparations were on foot in the *mason* for the entertainment of the passengers, who were expected to pass the night here prior to their starting on the ride to the Aztec capital.

We had scarcely finished our evening meal when the stage-coach rattled up to the door. It was drawn by the last relay of seven abnormally diminutive and phthisicky mules, wheezing for breath and reeking with steaming perspiration. The driver, a genuine disciple of the old school, drew his tired steeds up to the door with a great flourish, and with an authoritative crack of his long whip, unslung the highly polished carbine from his shoulder and dropped it in the waiting hands of an envious attendant. Then, kicking the Government mail-bag from beneath the forward seat, he tossed the handful of reins across the backs of his panting mules, and with characteristic nonchalance drew from his pocket the ubiquitous cigarette, lit it, flung his gaily colored *zarape* across his arm, and with the air of a first *espada* in a bull circus, and a dignity befitting his time-honored position, stepped down from his elevated perch and sauntered with studied carelessness through the great door.

The countrymen of the illustrious "Knight of the Lions, Don Quijote de la Mancha," are a gay and volatile set, and the supper was barely cleared away and the passengers comfortably seated at little round tables conveniently situated through the open courtyard, when a cloud of cigarette smoke blurred the atmosphere; the gay sound of laughter and the musical clinking of glasses rang out on the night air, while the rich, sonorous burr of rapidly uttered Spanish vowels aided to fill the *patio* with an air of *camaraderie* dear to the hearts of these genial people.

The *diligencia* had scarcely arrived before the *patio* began to fill with the good people of the neighborhood: dashing *dons* and charming *señoritas*, all on pleasure bent; the young fellows looking quite brave and romantic in their picturesque national dress topped by the long Spanish cloak; the lasses bewitching enough in their simple, modest gowns and seductive mantillas.

The amateur musicians of the place

had also quickly assembled. Under a sweet-smelling bower of palms and roses at one end of the court an impromptu stage had been mysteriously erected. Aspiring actors sprang into existence as if by enchantment, and the *patio* soon reflected a scene of festivity as truly Spanish as it was delightful.

To the northern eye unaccustomed to tropical surroundings, nothing offers a more singularly charming aspect than these stray bits of Spanish life. Generous vistas they are, which linger tenaciously in the memory; in after years to be awakened to vivid existence by a wanton whiff of faint perfume; a glimpse of a carnation poised coquettishly in a waving mass of jet black hair; a few sweet bars of a long-forgotten tune, or a patch of deep blue sky on a dreamy summer day.

The scene on this occasion is difficult of description. A deliciously quaint *patio* open to the starry sky; the air heavy with the perfume of a myriad tropical flowers, strangers to our northern clime; the witchery of soft Spanish laughter from feminine lips; the melodious twanging of a skillfully manipulated guitar; the musical, spirit-stirring click of castanets; and, permeating all with a soft languor, the restful, plaintively tender melody of *La Golondrina* and *La Paloma*—songs that stir the Spanish blood to its very dregs and cause the love-light to leap into feminine Spanish eyes.

In the cleared portion of the courtyard a pretty bit of acting was being effectively presented. A local *Carmen*—a blithesome disciple of Calvé—a *José* and *Escamillo* had simultaneously sprung into being; and here in the soft southern twilight, bathed in a perfect perfume of local color, a most delicious and original part of Bizet's famous opera could be seen; and this too with a native grace and abandon natural to these emotional, sun-kissed children of the tropics.

The *Carmen* was exceptionally good, and the supple form, the dainty satin-clad foot, the ever-present rose in the luxuriant black hair, the sweet Spanish mouth with its full kissable lips, the strongly arched eyebrows, the glorious black eyes—capable of sounding a note from the heart-strings as soft and tender as a summer breeze—all combined to invest with a singular charm this strikingly original scene.

It was full late in the evening when by common assent this living picture dissolved itself; and the town clock, high up in the turret on the Municipal Palace—I use the word advisedly, since every city hall in Mexico is known by this gracious, though misleading, title—struck one as the last foot-fall echoed down the street, and I retired to dream of fascinating Spanish señoritas, guitars, castanets, bull-fights, and bandits.

Early the next morning as the chapel bell from the quaint old tower clanged its musical call to the devotees of early mass, we wheeled under the high stone arch of the city gate and started on a clipper pace down the gently sloping road that leads away through a picturesque country to the distant pueblo of Guerrero. The day was perfect. Far to the east a squadron of fleecy clouds, like celestial argosies, their canvas bordered with a deep edge of purest gold, sailed majestically across the glowing face of the rising sun. A colony of tuneful lavrocks darted their almost perpendicular flight above our heads; while below, the distant chant of drowsy cockerels, the lively chorus of a pack of yelping curs in full pursuit of us, and the clarion notes of a sad-voiced donkey proclaimed that the world was astir, and that another day of hope for all mankind had begun.

The afternoon was well advanced when the spires of Guerrero began to gleam through the distant hills. We were riding leisurely along, calculating that we should reach the village in time for an early supper, when a sudden exclamation from my companion caused me to turn hastily in the saddle and fix my attention on what appeared to be a small knot of horsemen kicking up an unusual amount of dust a few miles down the straight road we had just traversed.

Quickly jumping from my wheel, I grabbed my field glass, and clapped it to my eyes just in time to hear the word *Bandidos!* shouted.

If ever there was a case of mounting in hot haste it was this one. And shall I ever forget that ride?

When fully persuaded that we were pursued, and that the sinister-looking squad of horsemen all too close in our rear were our pursuers, I stood on those staunch pedals as never before; and as the wheels responded to the added exertion and began to kick pebbles into the

small of my back, the road beneath seemed slowly to lose character, and then all special features had merged swiftly into a narrow gray streak, that appeared to rise and meet me, pass quickly under the revolving wheels and leave only a bitter taste of alkaline dust in my mouth as a reminder of the acquaintance so quickly formed and severed. The road ahead I knew from experience to be almost level, but we were covering it with such celerity that it seemed to become one perpetual hill, which we were always ascending, and which ever leaped forward to meet us.

As I began to realize the speed at which we were traveling, the dread of being overtaken gave way slowly to a feeling of buoyancy; and as the exhilaration crept up from heart to brain my mind grew calmer, and I began to speculate on the resistance of my machine. And although I occasionally experienced a jolt which almost hurled me from the saddle, I mentally thanked my lucky stars that no pestilential clamshells, broken glass, or similar infernal contrivances lurked on these isolated highways.

A vagrant butterfly, winging a listless flight among the flowers by the roadside, heedlessly swung against my face as we whizzed along, and dropped a sad mass of blurred and trembling color across the handle-bars of the machine. For a moment it hung there and then dropped to the road, which, like a lusterless strip of écru ribbon, flaunted away behind us.

Our confidence was to receive a sudden check, however, for in a very short time it dawned upon us that, after all, our pursuers had visibly gained ground, for we could now hear distinctly above the ceaseless burr of the laboring wheels, the regular patter of iron-shod hoofs galloping to the cadence of clanking swords and rattling bridle-chains. The pace soon became deadly; my heart seemed bursting against my ribs, and I felt that I could keep up this cracking speed but a short while longer.

Our only hope now lay in reaching the brow of the hill overlooking Guerrero, for this vantage ground once attained, we might elude our pursuers by a breakneck coast down the somewhat steep decline to the city gate beyond.

A glance at the drawn face of my companion convinced me that he too

was meditating the same plan; and simultaneously we bent lower over the handle-bars, and his wheel shot past me with a slithering, vertiginous pace that I despaired of ever attaining, and which I have never seen equaled since.

It was manifestly the humane intention of our worthy pursuers to take us alive, if possible, for from the beginning of our enforced race no recourse had been made to the glistening carbines, slung banditti-wise across their several shoulders.

As their evident intention dawned on me it filled me with hope, but at the same time grim visions arose in my mind of hidden fastnesses in the adjacent mountains, and of tender bits of *gringo* ears being sent to our several friends with the grewsome admonition that the rest of the consignment would follow if sundry fat ransoms were not instantly forthcoming.

This last impression on my mental retina had the salutary effect of stimulating me into putting one last extra ounce of weight on my humming pedals, and this carried me almost to the brow of the hill over which my fleeing friend was just disappearing—his head going out of sight as quickly as though he had jumped from a pier.

Whether or not I should reach this Hesperian spot was extremely doubtful, for my pursuers, witnessing the disappearance of my comrade, now imparted a prodigious lashing to their winded mustangs, and the clattering in my rear quickly resolved itself into a rumbling roar which threatened at any moment to overwhelm me. I momentarily expected to feel a brown hand seize me by the back of the neck and lift me from my slender saddle, and the thought of the consequences quite took my remaining breath away.

At this moment, and just when a few more revolutions of the wheel would place me beyond their reach, I heard a hoarse, exultant voice shout in Spanish "*Alcánzele con la riata.*" I had not thought of this before, and my heart leaped with one great bound into my parched throat as I heard the familiar swish of a hurtling lasso, as my Nemesis, disengaging it from the pommel of his saddle swung it through the air preparatory to getting it ready for a launch.

There is something immeasurably devilish and cruel in the skirl of a lasso

as it is hurled through the air and settles around the neck of a luckless steer careering across the plain before a merciless vaquero; and the hiss which it emits when it is drawn taut, and hurls the hapless victim to the earth, probably to be bruised and dragged for a hundred yards along the ground, has always likened itself in my mind to the sardonic chuckle of a maniac who has just succeeded in throttling his keeper, or the clacking laugh of a hyena which, in some lonely, moon-lit graveyard, has just removed the last bit of earth from the form of its grisly prey.

The thought that I was to be lassoed like a wild beast so filled me with voiceless rage that had not the goal been now so near I think that I should have ceased my wild flight and turned to wreak vengeance on at least one of my pitiless pursuers. This was manifestly no time for sentiment, however, and I could not have stopped my wheel had I so tried, for at this juncture I reached the brow of the long-wished-for hill and beheld before me, nestling cozily at the foot of the steep decline, the quiet village of Guerrero. My companion was nowhere in sight. Throwing my weary feet on to the coasting rests, I started down that hill with a speed which Old Put. never could have experienced in his gallant flight from his relentless British enemies.

As I began the giddy race to the bottom, the ominous whirl of a swiftly circling *riata* warned me of a crisis. Instinctively I ducked my head and crooked my arms, thus forming a circle with the handle-bars, which would provide against the lasso catching.

As I ducked again, this time still lower, the edge of the lariat, as hot as any live electric-light wire, struck me across the forehead, burned its way down my hair—taking my cap with it—down the curve of my spine, and rung my camera, which lay strapped across the rear wheel of the machine. I felt a momentary jerk and a sudden, almost imperceptible, checking of the speed; and then my ears were assailed by a perfect howl of derision that burst in a chorus from my pursuers as the owner of the lasso hauled in his prize—my poor battered camera—and strained his gaze to see me bounding away down the hillside, blinded by a perfect cloud of bitter alkaline dust and hatless, but safe.

THE NATIONAL GUARD

OF THE STATE OF MAINE.

By Captain Charles B. Hall, 19th U. S. Infantry.

(Continued.)



LIEUT. GEO. W. BUTLER,
SIGNAL OFFICER.

If a soldier is perfect at drill, at guard duty, or correct in discipline, and knows nothing of his rifle, how to care for it, or how to shoot with it so as to feel confidence

in his ability to hit an object, his value as a soldier at once ceases and he becomes a positive injury to his company and to the State. Under the present competent and excellent teaching of Colonel E. C. Farrington, Inspector-General of Rifle Practice, to whose reports I shall refer at the proper time, the militia of Maine to-day rank, as marksmen, among the first of all the other States.

In 1877 the military force was increased by one company of infantry, the "Richards Light Infantry," of Gardener, Captain John W. Berry, Lieutenants Charles W. Drake and Fred A. Wadsworth. This increase was authorized by the Legislature and became an additional unattached company. The force of High School Cadets was also increased by one company, known as Company C, "Connor Cadets," commanded by Captain Frederick E. Lally, Company A being commanded by Captain Allan I. Duncan, of Bath, and Company B by Captain Herbert G. Foster, of Waterville. The three young captains just named met at Augusta and chose a uniform similar to the one used by the cadets in the State College at Orono. The cadets took part in the annual encampment and won much praise for their fine drill and appearance at parade.

The encampment for 1877 was held at Augusta, 20th to the 25th of August, and was notable for the fact that the troops elected to serve six days in camp did accept but four days' pay therefor. The necessity for this was the limited amount of money available for the en-

campment. The Adjutant-General and Inspector-General reported an increased interest shown by officers and men, as evidenced by their study and discussion of military subjects.

The order establishing the "First Division, Militia of Maine," was revoked in 1878 on account of the failure of the Legislature to elect a Major-General as stated, and the unattached companies were assigned to Colonel Mattocks's command. The Legislature also failed to appropriate for new uniforms which were needed and for the expense of an encampment; in fact, the militia did not seem to be "in it" with the Legislature that year. Still the militia were not to be cast down by a little thing like want of funds, and determined to have an encampment at any rate, agreeing to serve without pay for the six days, the State to furnish rations. An encampment was accordingly ordered at Waterville, from the 19th to the 24th of August, under the command of Colonel Mattocks; and the Maine Central Railroad, not to be outdone in generosity, agreed to furnish free transportation for troops and baggage. The time of the troops while in camp was profitably passed in learning the movements in battalion drill.

To keep the men interested and to show appreciation of their offer of free service to the State, prizes were offered for the two company teams best in target practice, and for the two best drilled companies and two best drilled soldiers. Of the State prizes, the first of fifty dollars for the company team making the best score in target practice was won by Company G, First Regiment (Jameson Guards of Bangor); the second of twenty-five dollars for the company team making the second-best score by Company C, First Regiment (Auburn Light Infantry). Of the Waterville citizens' prizes, the first of thirty dollars for the best drilled company, was won by Company G, First Regiment (Jameson Guards, Bangor), and the second for the second-best company, by the Mont-

gomery Guards (unattached), Portland. The first State medal for best drilled soldier was won by Sergeant Tower, and the second by Private Hathorn, both of Company G, First Regiment. The referees were officers of the regular army, and it is believed their decisions gave satisfaction. Later in the year, to encourage target practice, the State offered additional prizes of fifty dollars and twenty-five dollars for the best and second-best scores by company teams, the Biddeford Light Infantry (unattached) winning the first and Company F, First Regiment (Capital Guards, Augusta), the second. As showing the interest in military matters by the young men of the State, it may be stated that, during 1878, the Governor granted permission to twenty independent companies to parade in public with arms.

The Legislature of 1879 again elected General Chamberlain Major-General of Militia, and he was assigned to the command of the "Volunteer Militia," but probably owing to the unsatisfactory condition of the force, he did not see fit to appoint a staff, and no encampment having been ordered, made no report of any military duty that year. Adjutant-General Leavitt, in his report for 1879, stated "the militia law should be repealed, there is so little of it worth retaining," and recommended "a commission of competent persons should be appointed, and submit to the Legislature of 1880 a practical code." Referring to the treatment of the militia by the Legislature he uses the following forcible, but evidently well merited language: "The neglect and refusal of the Legislatures of 1878 and 1879 to make the necessary appropriation for uniforms for the organized militia, justly merits the condemnation that it received at the hands of every man who would see a well-disciplined militia that would be a credit to our State."

The year 1880 was probably one of the most eventful in the history of the militia, opening with a very exciting contest involving the political control of the State, which necessitated at one time the mobilizing of the following companies of militia at the State House, viz.: Richards Light Infantry, Captain Berry; Capital Guards, Captain Ballard; Auburn Light Infantry, Lieutenant Merrill; and a detachment of the Androscoggin Light Artillery, Captain Men

nealy, for several days of active duty, and closing with a new militia law in force, the disbanding of all the companies in the State, and the entire reorganization of the militia.

D. F. Davis having qualified as Governor and Commander-in-Chief, he appointed General George L. Beal as Adjutant-General, General Charles W. Tilden as Inspector-General, and Colonel E. C. Farrington as Inspector of Rifle Practice—gentlemen of the greatest ability, the first two of distinguished war service, and all particularly well fitted for the performance of their duties. On February 14th the following-named officers were appointed members of the commission to "revise, amend and add to the laws relating to the militia," as provided by resolve of the Legislature: General Charles W. Tilden, Colonel Joseph B. Peaks, Lieutenant-Colonels Daniel White and John Marshall Brown, and Major Frank E. Nye. The commission promptly performed the required duty, and reported to the same Legislature "a very concise, practical, military law, well adapted to the wants of the State," which was adopted with but few changes. The new law divided the militia into three parts: "Enrolled, Reserve, and Active or Volunteer." The first two were not subject to any duty except in case of war, preventing, repelling or suppressing invasion, insurrection, or riot, or in aiding the civil authority, and then only when the active force was found insufficient for the purpose.

On June 16th the old First Regiment of Infantry, M. V. M., was disbanded, all the officers were honorably discharged, and all enlisted men in the militia who had enlisted prior to April 1, 1880. Of the thirteen old companies in the State twelve were reorganized to conform to the law, and one, the Belfast City Guard, was disbanded. Four new companies were organized in the towns of Dover, Dexter, Rockland, and Waterville; and the sixteen companies were organized into two regiments of eight companies each. The Frontier Guards of Eastport also reorganized, but was not attached to either regiment. The Androscoggin Light Artillery, Lewiston, was also disbanded, the First Platoon of First Battery of Maine Light Artillery organized therefrom, and the Second Platoon was located at Portland.

These platoons were provided with four Napoleon 12 pounder guns, and also armed with Springfield rifles, making them available as either artillery or infantry. With an adjutant-general devoted to the service, an acceptable militia law, and an admirable organization thereunder, there dawned an era of prosperity that was to lead to increased interest in and a desire on the part of men of character and standing, to be identified with military matters, and the gradual forming of a reliable militia force in which the State can to-day feel a just pride.

The two regiments of infantry organized by this law have existed up to the present time, and gained in strength, knowledge and discipline. The First Regiment, Maine Volunteer Militia (as then designated) consisted of the Portland Light Infantry, Portland, Company A; Portland Mechanic Blues, Portland, Company B; Auburn Light Infantry, Auburn, Company C; Norway Light Infantry, Norway, Company D; Montgomery Guards, Portland, Company E; Capital Guards, Augusta, Company F; Biddeford Light Infantry, Biddeford, Company G; Richards Light Infantry, Gardiner, Company H.

The following named companies constituted the Second Regiment: Crosby Guards, Hampden, Company A; Hersey Light Infantry, Oldtown, Company B; Dexter Light Infantry, Dexter, Company C; Tillson Light Infantry, Rockland, Company D; Skowhegan Light Infantry, Skowhegan, Company E; Douty Guards, Dover, Company F; Jameson Guards, Bangor, Company G; Belfast City Guards, Belfast, Company H. John Marshall Brown, of Portland, was elected Colonel of the First Regiment, and Daniel White, of Bangor, Colonel of the Second. Colonel Brown's regiment assembled at Portland, September 8, 1880, and went into camp on Long Island for one day's muster and inspection. The Second Regiment was not able to assemble as a regimental organization.

The only important matters relating to the militia, occurring in 1881, were the appointment of General John J. Lynch, as Inspector-General; the convening of an Examining Board, consisting of General Lynch, Lieutenant-Colonels Badger and Richards to examine as to the qualifications of all persons

elected to office in the militia; and the State encampment at Augusta for four days, commencing September 3d, at which nearly 77 per cent. of the troops attended. The camp was inspected by Lieutenant Crawford, of the 2nd U. S. Artillery, who pronounced the troops in fairly good condition, and indicated wherein they could be improved. General Lynch, who inspected in the armories, found the condition of the companies not at all satisfactory, and made a very full and careful report in which he specified all the good and bad points in each company. The result of such an inspection, while not always pleasant or acceptable to companies, has invariably resulted in great good, and an improved condition is shown in subsequent inspections. The same year the Adjutant-General recommended that the encampments be held for six days; and in 1882, his idea being adopted, the troops went into camp at Augusta, from September 18th to 23d, inclusive. The Frontier Guards, of Eastport, on account of their being at such a great distance from Augusta, and the expense of reaching there, were allowed to camp alone at Calais. Lieutenant Totten, 4th U. S. Artillery, inspected the camp at Augusta, and made a very long and valuable report, containing many suggestions for improvement.

1883 was made eventful by the resignation, on account of ill health, of Major-General Chamberlain. The Commander-in-Chief, Governor Robie, desiring that the valuable services of General Chamberlain should not be lost to the militia and the State, prevailed upon the General to reconsider his resignation, and to relieve him of the arduous duty at encampments, directed that the militia be formed into a brigade, an organization the Division Commander had recommended. Accordingly an order was issued creating the First Brigade, M. V. M., to consist of all the organized militia. Colonel John Marshall Brown was elected Brigadier-General and announced as Brigade Commander, being succeeded in command of the First Regiment by Colonel John J. Lynch; Colonel Henry L. Mitchell was also elected Colonel of the Second Regiment *vice* White resigned.

General Brown held a very successful encampment for four days, from August 21st, at Augusta; and by his well-

known military ability, devotion to duty and interest in everything relating to the troops, endeared himself to his command. He at once commenced a system of instruction and discipline, that was destined to place his brigade in the foremost rank among military organizations. General John T. Richards was appointed Inspector-General of the State. General Richards had for several years been connected with the militia of the State,

who speaks of the decided advancement toward excellence which he observed in the brigade during the short time it was in camp, and which he attributed as due, in a great measure, to the personal efforts and example of the brigade commander, General Brown; and also says that "in deportment, drill, appearance, the condition of the arms, accouterments and clothing, and in marksmanship, the volunteer militia of Maine



Capt. I. H. Baker, 1st Regiment.
Capt. J. B. O'Neill, 1st Regiment.

Capt. M. J. Moriarty, 1st Regiment.
Capt. F. J. Hogan, 1st Regiment.

Capt. M. P. Stiles, 1st Regiment.
Capt. G. A. Dow, 1st Regiment.

and was well-fitted for the position. Lieutenant Totten again inspected the troops in camp, and reported a marked improvement in their general appearance and discipline.

The encampment of 1884 was held at Augusta, from August 5th to 9th, inclusive, and the troops were inspected by Captain J. A. Fessenden, U. S. A.,

will compare favorably with that of any other State."

In 1885 the commission of General Chamberlain as Division Commander expired, and as the Legislature failed to elect any one in his place the division organization was abolished. General S. J. Gallagher succeeded General Beal as Adjutant-General of the State.

(To be continued.)

OUTING'S MONTHLY REVIEW

OF AMATEUR SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

ATHLETICS.

AN ERA OF RECONCILIATION.



THE white wings of the Angel of Peace are broadening wonderfully from day to day, and it seems probable that their shadow will soon wholly envelop American amateur and collegiate sport.

The recent Military Carnival at Madison Square Garden, New York City, healed the bitter and long-standing feud between the Seventh Regiment, N.G.S.N.Y., and the Amateur Athletic Union, the Guardsmen yielding a point of etiquette, and formally recognizing the paramount authority of the A. A. U., in order that no ill-feeling might mar games arranged for the benefit of a noble charity.

Next came the threatened rupture between the League of American Wheelmen and the Intercollegiate Association of Amateur Athletes of America. The League has a rule which forbids any wheelman to have his traveling or training expenses paid by any organization of which he may be a member, while it is the custom of American colleges to pay such expenses for their wheelmen, just as they do for their athletes. Wishing to remain in alliance with the League and yet being unable to change the policy of the colleges, the Intercollegiate Association sent its President to the annual meeting of the League at Albany, in February, with instructions to ask that the wheelmen of all schools and colleges, when competing in games open only to schools and colleges, should be exempt from the enforcement of this expense rule. The request was granted without an opposing voice, and the immediate result will be the en-

rollment in the League of many school and college wheelmen.

The New York Athletic Club was the founder and reorganizer of the Amateur Athletic Union, and for many years the mainstay of the A. A. U. and subsequently of its Metropolitan Association. In October, 1895, the club was dissatisfied with some action of the Metropolitan Association, and withdrew from its membership. Time and sober second thought have healed the original sore, but meanwhile certain subsequent legislation of the Amateur Athletic Union was distasteful to the New York Athletic Club, and reconciliation seemed still in the distance. Last December an old member of the club published a few lines, suggesting the advisability of ending this estrangement, and the Metropolitan Association responded promptly by appointing a committee with instructions to seek an interview with the officers of the club and learn their reasons for remaining outside of the Association. This committee sent their credentials and a request for a conference to the New York A. C., and received a prompt reply, which mentioned the more important of those rules and rulings of the A. A. U. which the club thought harmful to the best interests of amateur sport. As these rules were beyond the province of the Metropolitan Association the committee referred the documents to the A. A. U., and dropped out of the negotiations. A meeting was soon arranged between officials of the A. A. U. and officers of the N. Y. A. C.; courtesy and common sense ruled the conference, and the gratifying result is that the New York A. C. has already applied for membership in the Metropolitan Association, and the A. A. U. will repeal the objectionable rules with as little delay as is consistent with the routine prescribed by their constitution.

And last, but not least, comes the newly signed Harvard-Yale treaty. In the fall of

1895, a hasty and wholly unofficial utterance of a Harvard graduate started a quarrel as virulent as the "Wars of the Roses" in England, and terminated all those athletic contests in which the students of Yale and Harvard Universities were accustomed to measure their strength and skill each year. Nine-tenths of all the students and graduates of either University have been for a long time heartily sick of this squabble, and ashamed that their University should have become entangled in such a childish feud, but personal pride and college pride have prevented such preliminary negotiations as would have settled the difficulty long ago. Last fall, after some correspondence between leading spirits on either side, a mass-meeting of Yale students voted by 639 against 6 that it was desirable to resume competition with Harvard, and although no similar test of opinion was made at Harvard, every one knew that the result of such a vote would have been about the same at Harvard as at Yale. With such an overwhelming majority in favor of peace it did not seem possible that collegiate etiquette and punctilio and quibble could long delay a satisfactory settlement, but week followed week with nothing done; occasional reports stated that all negotiations were at an end, and the air was thick with unofficial surmise and official statement, interviews anonymous and interviews signed, pronunciamento and ultimatum. Out of all this hurly-burly it became evident early in February that the sole remaining trouble was with the boat race. Yale was willing to frame a programme for baseball, football and athletics, and defer a boat-race arrangement until another time, but Harvard insisted on all or none. Harvard wished to row at Poughkeepsie, Yale at New London. Harvard was willing to allow Cornell in the race, while Yale wished nobody but Harvard. Yale could not row before June 20th, and Harvard would not row after June 15th, etc. Just when it seemed that the ship of harmony would be wrecked on this boat-race rock, a wave of mutual concession swept all haggling aside, and the following agreement was signed:

BOSTON, MASS., February 13, 1897.

It is hereby agreed by and between the Harvard Athletic Committee and the Yale athletic management that there shall be annual contests in rowing, football, baseball and track athletics between the representative organizations of Yale and Harvard, beginning March 5, 1897, and ending March 1, 1902. The details of these contests to be left to the managers and captains.

It is also agreed that all contests, with the exception of rowing races, shall take place on college grounds, and the net gate receipts shall be equally divided between the two contesting organizations.

This agreement is conditional upon the appointment on or before April 1, 1897, of a committee, to consist of one graduate of each university, to whom shall be referred all disagreements in any way relating to athletics, and all questions of eligibility. The decision of this committee to be final.

In case of a disagreement between the members of this committee it shall have the power to call upon a third person to settle the particular question in dispute.

Exception to clause 1: Owing to Harvard's present boating arrangements, Yale is willing to make a third party in the Harvard-Cornell race at Poughkeepsie in 1897, if Harvard so arranges.

Yale is to be definitely informed of the decision regarding and the date of the race, on or before March 1, 1897.

If the race for 1897 is arranged, Yale is to have the privilege of naming either Poughkeepsie or New London for the race of 1898; the races of succeeding years to be governed by the main body of the agreement.

If the race of 1897 is not arranged, that failure shall in no wise affect the general agreement, and the place for the race of 1898 shall then be governed by the terms of the general agreement.

(Signed)

W. A. BROOKS, JR.
WALTER CAMP.

This agreement makes it certain that we shall have this year the annual athletic match, the annual baseball matches and the annual football match between Yale and Harvard, but the boat race is still in great doubt, on account of the number of clashing interests at stake. Cornell, Pennsylvania and Columbia are old acquaintances on the water, and have met in many races. They rowed against each other on Lake George in 1880, on Saratoga Lake in 1884, at New London in 1889 and 1891, and at Poughkeepsie in 1895 and 1896, while some two of the three have raced against each other almost every year since 1873. The Poughkeepsie regatta was founded by Cornell, Pennsylvania and Columbia in 1895, and Harvard came into the race, not as a founder, but as an invited guest, in 1896.

Cornell, Columbia and Pennsylvania, who founded the Poughkeepsie regatta, may justly claim to have something to say about its management—more certainly than has Harvard, whose oarsmen were late-comers in that race. It is openly stated by Yale that they do not wish to row against Cornell, have only consented to do so this year in order to get a chance at Harvard, and will certainly and positively refuse to meet Cornell on the water after next June. Under such circumstances Cornell may be unwilling to break faith and friendship with Columbia and Pennsylvania for the purpose of rowing one race against Yale, with the assurance that there is no chance for further contests with the New Haven oarsmen. Cornell could settle the matter peaceably by rowing in a match with Harvard and Yale and afterward in the regular regatta with Columbia and Pennsylvania, but all college crews seem unwilling to row two such races in one month. Similarly Harvard might row in the Yale-Cornell-Harvard match, and then meet Columbia and Pennsylvania, with or without Cornell, in the regular regatta. The situation, as outlined above, seems complicated, almost beyond hope of satisfactory untangling, but the spirit of harmony is strong in the land, just now, and it is quite likely that all interested parties may yet meet on common ground and adjust their differences.

During their temporary estrangement Yale and Harvard had ample opportunity to learn several valuable truths. They might have discovered that there are in the United States other universities able to keep step with Yale and Harvard in all branches of athletic sport, and that a victory over Yale or Harvard is no longer synonymous with intercollegiate supremacy. They might have learned that no university can rightfully claim the highest collegiate rowing honors until Cornell has been beaten; that the baseball championship cannot be gained until after a reckoning with Princeton and Brown, and that the winners of a Yale-Harvard football match will find their path to intercollegiate leadership blocked by Princeton and the University of Pennsylvania.

W. B. CURTIS.

NEW JERSEY ATHLETIC CLUB.

Their second annual winter sports were held February 13th, in Madison Square Garden, New York City. The assembly did not test the seating capacity of the Garden, although the meeting had been well-advertised and the programme was interesting, both in selection of contests and class of contestants. There were competitions at running, walking, jumping, pole-vaulting, bicycling and basket-ball, and two races for the limited championships of the Amateur Athletic Union. The floor of the Garden was not removed, and all competition took place on the boards. There were two concentric running paths; one a tenth of a mile in circuit and the other one-eleventh of a mile. The corners of these paths were not raised, and neither wheelmen, nor short-distance runners could negotiate them at full speed.

The great number of scheduled events and the unexpectedly long lists of entries made the programme far too long for one evening, and in order to avoid breaking the Sabbath it was found necessary to conduct two and even three events at the same time. This doubling up of the contests distracted the attention of the spectators, and the arrangement of the paths and inner field rendered unavoidable some jostling and interference between contestants in those events which were held at the same time. The entries included several world's champions and record-holders, and three pre-meditated assaults were made on existing records, but none proved successful. In scoring by points for the club banner, Knickerbocker Athletic Club tallied more than the combined score of any two other clubs, the figures of the leaders being: Knickerbocker A. C., 31; University of Pennsylvania, 15; Georgetown University, 14; New West Side A. C., 13, and Yale University, 11.

60-yard handicap run, final heat—T. R. Fisher, Jr., Yale University, 5 feet, 6 3-5s.; B. J. Wefers, Georgetown University, scratch, 2; R. Hoffman, University of Pennsylvania, 7 feet, 3.

60-yard invitation run—B. J. Wefers, G. U., 6 3-5s.; M. P. Halpin, New York A. C., 2; E. Zinn, New West Side A. C., 3.

220-yard handicap run, final heat—M. J. Waters, Twenty-third street Young Men's Christian Association, 10 yards, 24 4-5s.; W. B. Brister, Fourth Regiment N. G. N. J., 9 yards, 2; B. J. Wefers, G. U., penalized 4 yards, 3.

440-yard handicap run, final heat—J. J. Storms, Jr., Knickerbocker A. C., 8 yards, 54 3-5s.; J. Buck, K. A. C., scratch, 2; H. M. Cogan, Columbia U., 15 yards, 3.

880-yard run for novices; final heat—A. Grant, U. of P., 2m. 12 4-5s.; F. Y. Lane, U. of P., 2; S. Nick Buckingham, Y. U., 3.

880-yard handicap run, limit 25 yards—C. H. Kilpatrick, Princeton U., scratch, 2m. 3 2-5s.; A. Grant, U. of P., 20 yards, 2; G. G. Hollander, K. A. C., 12 yards, 3.

One-mile handicap run—E. W. Bedford, K. A. C., 80 yards, 4m. 41 1-5s.; J. P. Cregan, P. U., 10 yards, 2; R. Kennedy, Xavier A. A., 75 yards, 3.

Ten-mile run, limited championship of the A. A. U.—T. McGirr, G. U., 57m. 40 1-5s.; P. Mackey, N. W. S. A. C., 2; M. J. Regan, N. W. S. A. C., 3.

Two-mile steeplechase, limited championship of the A. A. U.—E. W. Hjertberg, New Jersey A. C., 11m.; G. W. Orton, U. of P., 2; J. B. Finnamore, Pastime A. C., 3.

One-mile handicap walk—H. W. Ladd, N. W. S. A. C., 45 seconds, 7m. 39 1-5s.; H. F. McLaughlin, N. W. S. A. C., 45 seconds, 2; S. Liebgold, P. A. C., scratch, 3.

One-mile bicycle handicap; final heat—C. M. Kerwan, Harlem Wheelmen, 65 yards, 2m. 48s.; W. H. Owen, K. A. C., scratch, 2; L. R. Jefferson, K. A. C., scratch, 3.

One mile bicycle race—W. H. Owen, K. A. C., 2m. 54 2-5s.; A. S. Jungkind, Riverside W., 2; R. A. Miller, Greenwich W., 3.

Standing hop, step and jump—B. E. Mulligan, K. A. C., 20ft. 10 1/2 in.; J. Cosgrave, Company A., Tenth Battalion, N. G. S. N. Y., 20ft. 3 3/4 in.; F. Block, Empire A. A., Brooklyn, 20ft. 4 1/2 in.

Pole vault handicap—C. T. Van Winkle, Y. U., 1 inch, 10ft. 6 1/2 in.; S. K. Thomas, K. A. C., 2 inches, 10ft. 5 1/2 in.; A. C. Tyer, P. U., 3 inches, 10 ft. 2 5-8 in.

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO.

Their athletic association gave games February 5th in their gymnasium.

35-yard run—Patterson, 4 2-5s.

Quarter-mile run—Squad A. White, 1m. 3/4s.; Squad B. Hyman, 1m. 2-5s.; Squad C. Gould, 1m. 1 1-5s.

880-yard run—Squad A. Barton, 2m. 5 2-5s.; Squad B. Taschira, 2m. 12s.; Squad C. Calhoun, 2m. 5s.

1600-yard run—Lennes, 4m. 53 3-5s.

35-yard hurdle race—Steigmeyer, 6 3-5s.

Half-mile walk—Barrett, 3m. 46 4-5s.

Running high jump—Lochmund, 5ft. 4in.

Running broad jump—Steigmeyer, 10ft. 2 1/2 in.

Putting the shot—Herschberger, 33ft. 3 1/2 in.

SKATING.

INTERSCHOLASTIC ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.



THEIR second annual skating championships were contested January 15th and 16th in the St. Nicholas Rink, New York City, the track being one-twelfth of a mile in circuit and the ice in good condition. A. Y. Morgan, De La Salle Institute, was protested

for fouling in the last heat of the quarter-mile race, for being over twenty years of age, and for having engaged in business. The skaters of Trinity and Harvard schools were protested for late entries. At a meeting of the Executive Committee, held January 20th, all of the protests were overruled, and it was decided that Berkeley and De La Salle must skate off

their tie in a series of races at some date to be selected hereafter.

The scoring for the school banner was on the basis of 5 points for a first place, 3 points for a second place, and 1 point for a third place. The score was: Berkeley, 13; De La Salle, 13; Cutler, 8; Trinity, 1; Harvard, 1.

220 yards, final heat.—A. Y. Morgan, De La Salle Institute, 24 3-5s.; R. Paulding, Berkeley School, 2; F. Proctor, B. S., 3.

Quarter mile, final heat.—R. Paulding, 53s.; A. Y. Morgan, 2; S. W. McClave, Trinity S., 3.

Half mile, junior, final heat.—R. Inman, Cutler S., 1m. 43 4-5s.; A. P. Coffin, C. S., 2; F. Proctor, B. S., 3.

One mile, final heat.—A. Y. Morgan, 3m. 7 2-5s.; R. Paulding, 2; F. Einstein, Harvard S., 3.

RACING AT ORANGE LAKE, NEW YORK.

January 16th.—Ice in fair condition.

220-yard schoolboy team race.—Spence's Business College, 1; Newburg Academy, 2.

Five miles.—E. Thomas, West Newburg, 16m. 45 2-5s.



CHAS. L. MCCLAVE.

THE AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIP MEETING.

The Executive Committee of the National Amateur Skating Association entrusted the management of this year's championship meeting to Mr. W. H. Robertson, the sole surviving member of the "Outing Athletic Club," having entire confidence in his honesty and ability to bring off the meeting in a proper manner; and the result shows that their trust was not misplaced. In a climate like that of New York, where there is no assurance of to-day's ice lasting till to-morrow, or that there will be any ice on any given day named a week in advance, it is not easy to advertise a championship skating meeting and bring it off in strict accordance with the schedule. The weather this year was rather more annoying than usual, and that the meeting was finally carried out with only two postponements and only one change of place reflects great credit on Mr. Robertson's executive ability and perseverance.

In almost all other branches of athletic sport competitors confine themselves within certain limits. Runners who enter in the 100 yards and 220 yards are not found in the other contests and one-quarter-mile and one-half-mile men rarely compete in longer or shorter races, while the long-distance men are never seen in the sprints; but, in skating, every competitor wishes to enter in every race from 100 yards up to 100 miles. It is also generally necessary, on account of the great number of entries at a championship meeting, to skate trial heats in the shorter races. This year there were trial heats in the one-quarter-mile and one-mile races, so that the competitor skating in all four races, as many did, was obliged to skate a trial and a final in the one-quarter mile, a trial and a final in the one mile, and a final in the five miles and ten miles. It was obviously unfair to ask the competitors to do so much skating in one afternoon, and Mr. Robertson therefore decided to extend the programme over three days, and to add a number of additional handicap and scratch races to fill in the spare time each afternoon.

The first announcement was that the races should be skated on the Cove Pond, Stamford, Conn., January 20, 21 and 22. The pond is large enough for the championship meeting, and the course laid out was one-half mile in circuit, with two straight sides of about 350 yards and two curved ends, rather too short for the highest speed.

The ice, January 20th, was hard and fairly smooth, and the wind light, except during the twenty-five-mile race for the local championship, when there came a flurry of snow and a half gale. The temperature was just below freezing, and the conditions favorable for good racing.

Half-mile, boys under 15 years—Le R. See, South Brooklyn Wheelmen, 1m. 47 1-5s.
One mile, novices—C. McClave, New York, 3m. 19 2-5s.

Two-mile handicap—B. McPartlan, Verplancks, scratch, 6m. 17s.

Twenty-five miles, championship of Connecticut—C. McClave, Portchester, 1h. 41m. 52 1-5s.; A. P. Miller, Stamford, 1h. 49m. 6 1-5s.; J. Ennis, Jr., Stamford, 1h. 57m. 6s.

Next day brought warm weather, weak ice, and a strip of open water along the shore, so that access to the main body of ice could be had only by boat. The regular races were postponed, but the assembled skaters arranged two matches, which were contested on a narrow strip of good ice.

Handicap match, a guessed 200 yards—C. McClave, 8 yards, 1; A. Y. Morgan, scratch, 2, by 8 yards.

Match race, same course—C. McClave, 1; A. Y. Morgan, 2, by 3 yards.

The third day brought somewhat cooler weather, but the ice was still too weak for the crowd that would have assembled, and it was decided to abandon the Cove Pond, and bring off the remaining races on Silver Lake, Staten Island, Jan. 26, 27 and 28.

A few of the skaters met at the Cove Pond during the forenoon of the third day, and after laying out a half-mile course, brought off one race and two exhibitions.

440-yard match—A. Y. Morgan, 38 2-5s.; C. McClave, 2, by 10 yards.

Quarter mile professional exhibition—H. Moshier, 36 1-5s.

Amateur exhibition, a guessed half mile—A. Y. Morgan, 1m. 19 4-5s.



E. A. THOMAS.

The original programme had included several professional contests, but these were now dropped and the programme lengthened by the addition of more amateur races, so as to furnish plenty of sport for three afternoons and evenings, as the lake is surrounded by electric lights, and racing could be comfortably carried on in the evening.

January 26th, ice in fair condition, wind fresh, weather cold, track a fifth of a mile in circuit.

Half-mile—E. Reynolds, 1m. 15 4-5s.
One-mile handicap—B. McPartlan, scratch, 2m.

45 4-5s.
One-mile championship—First round; first two in each heat to skate in final.

First heat—B. McPartlan, Verplancks, N. Y., 2m. 55 1-5s.; E. Reynolds, Chicago, Ill., 2; S. M. Phillips, New York Hockey Club, 3.

Second heat—T. Cooney, Cornwall-on-Hudson, N. Y., 3m. 6 2-5s.; S. O'Brien, Royal Arcanum Wheelmen, 2.

Third heat—A. Y. Morgan, De La Salle Institute, 2m. 58 1-5s.; G. W. Boock, Tarrytown, 2; T. Barron, St. Nicholas S. C., 3.

Final heat—Reynolds, 2m. 56 1-5s.; McPartlan, 2, by 8 yards; Morgan, 3, by 4 yards; Cooney, 4, by a foot; O'Brien, 5; Boock, 6.

Three-mile handicap—S. M. Phillips, 200 yards 8m. 42s.

January 27th, the ice was in fair condition and the temperature below the freezing point. In the afternoon there was light snow with a fresh wind, and the evening races were contested in a driving snow-storm. The track was laid out an exact quarter mile, but the workmen engaged in cleaning it moved some of the boundary posts in, and a remeasurement, taken at the end of the quarter-mile race, showed that the path as used in that race was eighteen and a half yards short of the full quarter mile. In the subsequent races this error was rectified.

Quarter-mile championship, first round; winners only to skate in final.

First heat—A. Y. Morgan, 40 2-5s.; R. Paulding, 2.

Second heat—I. Worth, 41s.; S. M. Phillips, 2.

Third heat—E. Reynolds, 38s.; E. A. Thomas, 2. On account of protest against Reynolds, Thomas was allowed in final heat.

Final heat—Reynolds, 37 2-5s.; E. A. Thomas, 2, by 2 feet; A. Y. Morgan, 3, by 4 yards; I. Worth, 4, by 40 yards.

The course actually skated in these trial and final heats was only 421 1/2 yards in circuit.

1-mile—E. A. Thomas, 3m. 6s.; J. Lorch, Cornwall, 2; C. McClave, 3. McClave, blinded by driving snow, mistook the finish line, thereby losing second place.

2-mile handicap—E. A. Thomas, scratch, 6m. 14s.

5-mile championship—E. A. Thomas, 18m. 29 2-5s.; T. Cooney, 2, by 2 yards; C. L. McClave, 3, by 15 yards; S. M. Phillips, 4, by a few inches; R. Warner, East Boston A. A., 0; D. Worth, 0; A. Y. Morgan fell, when third, in final mile. S. O'Brien quit in fourth mile.

So much snow fell during the great storm of Wednesday that it was found impossible to clear the ice, and the remaining races were postponed until Saturday, January 30th. Meanwhile the lake was flooded; but the job was not successful, as the snow-pudding made by the overflow froze roughly, and the fifth-of-a-mile course used for the last day's races was uneven, flaky, and full of humps and ruts. The weather was clear and cold and the wind light.

100 yards straightaway medley match—L. Snedecor, Seventh Regiment, N. G. S. N. Y., running, 1; C. McClave, Knickerbocker A. C., skating, 2, by 2 yards.

100-yard handicap match—G. A. Walton, New York City, scratch, 1s.; J. C. Hemment, New York City, 8 yards, 2, fell at 80 yards.

10-mile amateur championship—E. A. Thomas, 39m. 10 2-5s.; A. E. Reynolds, 2, by 2 feet; C. McClave, 3, by 10 yards; T. Cooney, 4, by 2 yards; S. M. Phillips, 0; S. O'Brien, 0; W. F. Smith, Seventy-first Regiment, N. G. S. N. Y., 0; A. Y. Morgan, 0. McClave, Reynolds,

Cooney and Morgan each had one or more falls, due to the rough ice.

AMATEUR FIGURE-SKATING CHAMPIONSHIP.

The ninth annual contest for the award of the figure skating championship of America was held by the National Amateur Skating Association, January 27th and 28th, at the St. Nicholas Rink, New York City.

The St. Nicholas Rink is light, airy and well ventilated. The ice is frozen and kept in order by artificial means, and the surface is repaired three times every day, which ensures smooth, hard ice at all times, no matter how warm or stormy may be the weather. The roof and walls protect the skaters from wind or extreme cold, and it would be hard to imagine a better place in which to hold a figure-skating contest. The judges were Louis Rubenstein, of Montreal, Que., who has been at different times amateur champion of Canada, of America and of the world; J. B. Story, the veteran expert of the National Amateur Skating Association, and T. H. Williams.

The contest was open to the amateur skaters of the world, and received ten entries; one was absent. The list follows: G. D. Phillips, N. Y. A. Club. F. P. Good, Ice Palace Skating Club. A. G. Keane, N. Y. A. Club. L. Edwards, St. Nicholas Skating Club. J. Doughty, Pater-son, N. J. Herbert D. Biessbarth, Ice P. S. C. Herman F. Biessbarth, I P. S. C. T. M. Vinson, Boston, Mass. L. A. Servatius, New York City. J. Michalson, Montreal (Que.) A. A. A.

The official score was as follows:

Section of Program.	Phillips.	Keane.	Michalson.	Vinson.	Good.	Doughy.	Servatius.	Biessbarth.	Edwards.
1	9	7	8	2	4	6	3	1	5
2	8	9	4	3	5	6	7	1	2
3	0	7	8	1	5	3	6	2	4
4	8	9	7	3	5	6	4	2	1
5	9	9	9	1	4	1	1	3	1
6	8	7	9	6	4	3	2	5	1
7	8	7	9	5	4	3	1	6	2
8	9	7	9	6	3	4	5	2	1
9	7	8	6	4	5	2	3	1	*
10	8	8	6	3	1	2	4	5	1
11	8	7	7	2	3	1	4	5	0
12	8	0	3	5	0	7	4	4	5
13	6	5	7	3	3	3	*	4	6
14	4	5	7	3	2	1		6	*
15	3	5	6	5	2	1			
16	3	4	1	2	*				
17	4	4	2	1					
18	4	2	3	1					
19	4	2	3	1					
20	3	1	2	*					
21	2	1	3						
Tot's.	132	120	119	56	50	49	44	43	17

* Retired.

W. B. CURTIS.



A. Y. MORGAN.

CYCLING.



1897 MACHINES IN DETAIL.

ANOTHER year's advances in bicycle, tire, and sundry construction were seen for the first time in the West at the exposition held in Chicago, January 23-30, and in the East in New York city, February 6-13. Both of these shows demonstrated again the vast extent and permanent character of the industry which cycling has brought into being, and that however near to the point of general perfection, possible without some radical departure from the present established types, the manufacture of wheels and their accessories may have come, the trade is yet in its heyday of novelty in design, marked individuality in details of workmanship, and of visible, though minor, improvements in construction.

At first glance, the '97 machines may look a trifle heavier than those of '95 or '96, due to the use of larger tubing throughout the frame. One of the principal reasons for the adoption of the higher gauge is that the former appearance of frailty has, by this method, been largely overcome. The diameter of the upper tube is ordinarily increased to 1 1-8 inches, of the lower rear forks to three-quarters of an inch, and of the upper rear forks to five-eighths of an inch, although there will be a few standard wheels on the market with frames of the same gauge as last year.

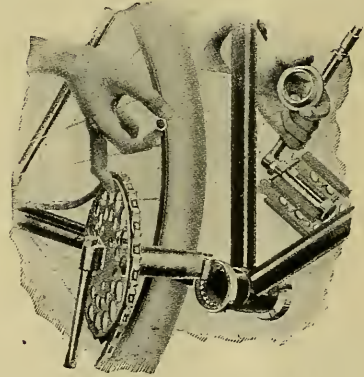
"D-shaped" tubing, by means of which greater clearance is given for the tires without increasing the width of the crank-hanger, or decreasing the strength of the rear forks, has come into general use in the rear frame quadrants. This departure is designed to accommodate tires of any reasonable width, and there is a tendency toward slightly larger ones for hard service, because bicycles so fitted are much less strained, and the frame-joints relieved of considerable vibration; riding is made easier, speed not sensibly decreased, and liability to puncture not increased.

Several styles of tubing are now in use, the principal ones being Mannesmann's five-percent nickel steel of fifty-carbon, cold-drawn seamless, and corrugated. Frame-joints are generally flush (made by an interior connection and invisible after enameling). A novelty is offered in taper gauge drawn tubing which, while of uniform size on the outside, increases in gauge near the joints, in which case no pieces of tapered metal are inserted for reinforcement, hence no brazing or filing. In many cases the tubing is especially heavy at the ends of the forks at the axle, thus adding strength and rigidity to a most vital part.

Until the present year most bicycles have been so constructed that a line drawn from the centre of the front wheel axle to that of the rear one would pass through or very near the centre of the crank axle. In the new models, however, the crank box is lowered from 1 to 2 1-2 inches, making the wheel steadier.

BEARINGS AND SPROCKETS.

The most noticeable improvements in the bearings of 1897 bicycles are (1) the tendency toward simplicity; (2) facility of adjustment, and (3) the ease with which they may be dismantled or assembled. Both cranks and sprockets of the Monarch line may be instantly detached from the machine without removing the chain or disturbing the adjustments of the



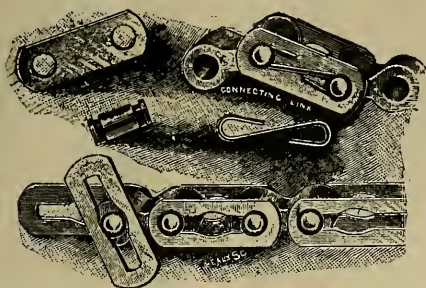
VICTOR CRANK SHAFT AND BEARING.

bearings. The Victor crank-shaft is unusually large, and hollow, giving greater resistance to torsional strain with a minimum of metal; and in the Columbias the chain line is brought inside of the bearings. In some cases the crank-hanger bearings are widened without increasing the width of tread, and many models are fitted with "three-point" bearings, in which the balls come in contact with the cone and cup at three points only, thereby, it is claimed, materially reducing friction. Ball retainers, which serve to keep the bearings in place when the axle is removed, are quite general in the crank-



CHAIN WITH INTERCHANGEABLE AND ADJUSTABLE LINKS.

box, and are occasionally seen in the hubs, while in the New Haven line, the bearings are retained in the cones.



CHAIN WITH INTERCHANGEABLE AND ADJUSTABLE LINKS.

Various devices render the bearings of high grade bicycles nearly, if not quite, dust-proof. This is accomplished in the Lovell Diamonds by a small roll of wool-packing lying lightly in a groove in the cone; and in the Iver Johnson models, by the use of felt washers pressed against shoulders on the cones by discs which screw into the hub ends, a device which is claimed to be water-tight as well as dust-proof. Warwick bearings are of dust-proof pattern throughout, with race rings and cones cut on the lathe from special tool steel, carefully hardened and polished.

Adjustments are made in many novel ways—in the Crescent cycles by a cup which is screwed into the bracket from the left side, and held firmly in place by an outside clamp under the bracket; and in some other models, with the cups which screw into the yoke, and are locked by compression of the hanger. The bearing cones in the Wolff-American may be detached with a special wrench by loosening the nut on the left side of the wheel. A rider of the Fowler may remove its crank and crank-shaft at will without disturbing the adjustment, which is effected by clamping the cup through compression of the hanger.

The use of larger sprockets, both front and rear, is general. Seventy, which seems to be the standard gear, is obtained by a front sprocket with twenty teeth, and a rear one with eight. Options on gears range from 54 to 86, but one obtained by the use of eight or nine teeth on the rear sprocket is preferable to a smaller one, as the chain, by making a larger turn over it, runs with less friction. Size of the rear sprocket does not, however, govern the height of gear, as the front one may be increased in the same or even in greater proportion. The Victor rear hub and sprocket is made of crucible steel, in one piece without joint or seam, hardened in oil and ground to a perfect surface; while the Remington sprockets are cycloidal in cut, with flanges to carry the chain, which construction brings the vibration of sprocket and chain to a minimum.

In the Eclipse an entirely new method of spoking is used, the spokes having T heads fitting between two flanges on hubs, so that any spoke can be immediately removed without bending and be replaced with another.

In the Racycle the bearings are carried out-

side of the line of the sprockets, eliminating all torsional strain and leverage.

The bearings of the Ben-Hur are adjusted without disturbing the nuts or axles.

The Eclipse wheels are furnished with cycloidal sprockets, and an entirely new hub that allows of a direct full tangent spoke.

The bearings of the front and rear wheels of the Trinity are interchangeable.

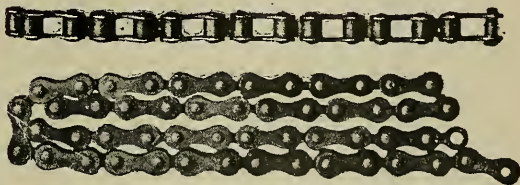
The bearings of the Royal Worcester are of new design, balls retained in adjusting cone by a washer; ball cup is entirely new, having smooth surface, no groove, and presenting a slanting edge when fitted into hanger. Cranks fit on a tapered axle and are held on by hollow bolt screwed into shaft. The frame tubing throughout is tapered in diameter and gauge, giving the frame a particularly well finished appearance. The fork crown is something new, being hollow and box-like, but of great strength. The pedals of the Royal Worcester have round ends, so as to revolve when they strike the ground, which are non-corrosive.

In the Temple bicycle, built by Ralph Temple Company, a removable dust-cap in the hanger enables the rider to get at the bearings without removing the cranks and cones-adjustment. The same hubs are used throughout the Temple lines, and all parts are interchangeable.

The feature of the Everett Cycle Company's wheels is the Chapman bearing, which is something of a novelty in bicycle construction. This bearing consists of four large, hollow steel balls with four smaller balls. The minimum of friction is claimed for this method.

Entirely new principles are embodied in the construction of the hubs of the Gales bicycles. The bearing cups screw in and are positively dust-proof. The balls run on cones which are part of the axle. The axle is made in two pieces, one screwing onto the other, and the bearings are adjusted by screwing or unscrewing the axle, which by lengthening or shortening, tightens or loosens the bearings. The advantage of this is that the adjustment can be made outside of the frame, where it is easily operated.

A decided novelty of the Chicago show was a revolving wheel, exhibited by the Gendron Wheel Company. By the use of crystal ball bearings and glass hub, having glass ball races with steel balls, cones, and axle, they were able to show in operation the real action of the two point bearings which is the special claim of this firm. The crystal hub with its crystal ball races was set up in a wheel in all respects sim-



ORDINARY ROLLER CHAIN.

ilar to the ordinary bicycle wheel, except that, for the purpose of more clearly displaying the action, it was much larger. It certainly effected its object by exposing to the eye, by the use of the glass hub and ball cups, the action of the balls in any style of bearings.

The Howard Bicycle Supply Co. have the courage of their convictions that it takes no more exertion to propel their high-g geared machines than it does the ordinary wheel geared at 80; and in justification of their faith they use a 40-toothed sprocket in front and a 10 in rear, which certainly does away with a deal of friction when once the rider gets under a good headway.

NOVELTIES IN FRAMES.

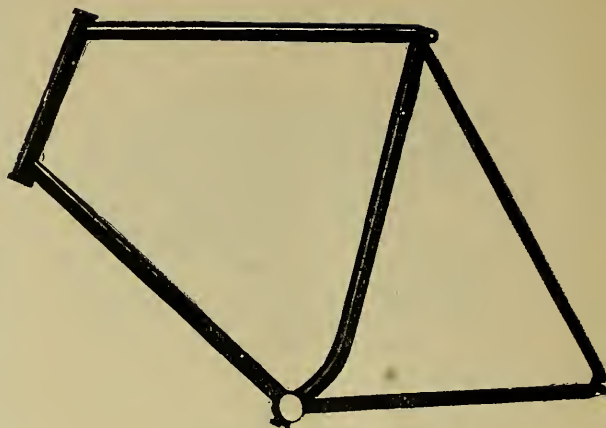
The pneumatic cushion frame is a distinct new departure, resembling in no way the spring-frame devices of some years ago, and is offered as an option on the Warwick and Spalding lines for 1897. The cushion consists of a spring in combination with air pockets, which are entirely concealed in the tubing over the rear wheel. The front half of the frame is the same as in the regular models. The rear forks are hinged at the crank-hanger, and the rear forks and braces are hinged together, the cushion box being pivoted to the top of the saddle pillar.

The principal feature of the Keating is the curved frame, in which the seat tube is curved forward to the crank-hanger, lessening the sway of the machine and allowing the use of a longer chain, which contributes to the ease of its passage over the two sprockets.

An addition has been made to the Victor line in a double-tube frame machine for ladies. Its proportions are the same as in the single-frame Victoria, the essential difference being the single-tube connection between the front and rear portions in the former model, and the double-tube connection in the new one.

Bamboo, which is built up of multitudes of fibers, and reinforced every few inches by a solid natural bridge or joint, is now being used for bicycle frames by the Bamboo Cycle Company, of Milwaukee, Wis. The joints, however, are of steel, and taper on the outside toward the end. By a new process the end of the bamboo is sized first and tightly pressed into the joint, which is inclosed in a steel thimble of the same taper, making it impossible to draw it out.

The Cygnet Cycle Co., new this season, have, in their Cygnet model, a radical departure from anything heretofore seen, so far as frame outline is concerned. Formed of only two pieces of tubing, the frame has a swan-like curve from the head down to bottom bracket, continues to rear axle, then upward and over, gracefully under seat, down to bracket again, and up to head at handle-bar clamp. This form dispenses with several joints and gives a springy nature to the



KEATING'S CURVED FRAME.

frame, as when riding in a phaëton. The sprocket wheels and chain are inside the curved frame line, and the crank axle is much lower than ordinary, especially in the woman's model, making the machine very easy to mount and dismount.

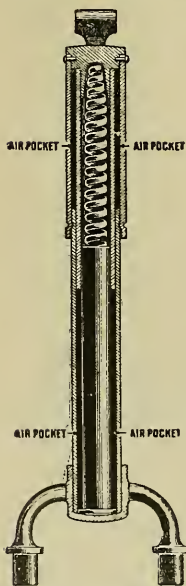
The novelty of the frame stiffener on all wheels of the National Cycle Manufacturing Company is claimed to abolish the bending of the rear tubes and to stiffen and strengthen the frame.

A desirable feature of the Hamilton-Kenwood Cycle Co. combination tandems is that the steering rods are below the frame loop.

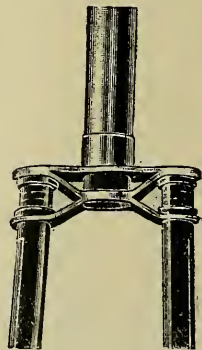
FORK CROWNS AND CRANK AXLES.

Many novel designs are offered in the fork crowns of the bicycles for 1897. In the Sterling, the former arched construction, manufactured from one piece of tubing, tapered to delicate lines and reinforced by an outside sleeve of tubing at the crown point, is retained. In the Union, two plates of heavy gauge steel are arched in truss form, the upper one is inverted, and both are brazed to the fork sides, to each other and to the end of the head tube. The two top plates, of the same gauge as the arched plates, are then brazed horizontally, so that the construction is composed of four plates, and the result is a double truss with a straight top plate of two thicknesses. The Columbia fork crown is of one-piece open construction, and various other designs are noticed, ranging from the diamond to a quadruple arch for heavy road tandems. In the Wolf-American the fork sides, instead of being reinforced, are made of heavy tubing, swaged from crown to tip.

The divided crank axle has come into general use, while the cranks themselves have received much attention. Some are made of spring steel tempered in oil, while in the Monarch line they are



WARWICK PNEUMATIC CUSHION FRAME.



THE UNION FORK CROWN.

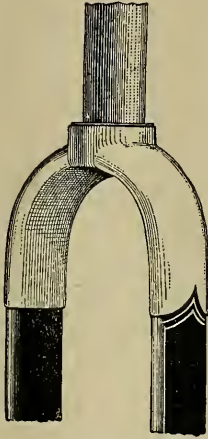
forgings, with a portion of the axle forged on each crank. When the sleeve which locks them together, and which also serves as a hub for the sprocket and spider, is revolved on both cranks at the same time, it draws them together. One end of each crank has a taper tongue, and the other a corresponding taper groove, so that when drawn together they are securely locked in their proper positions.

In the Winton a neat handle-bar stem collar is used, the tightening of head being effected from underneath fork crown, thus doing away with unsightly clamp and bolt at top of steering head.

A new square crank and fork crown, which is the only drop forging, are used in gold crank Falcons.

The new crank yoke on the 1897 "Cleveland" embodies a new principle in crank-bearings construction, two ball cups being turned out of one piece of steel, thus insuring a perfect parallelity of ball races under all conditions.

The Warner Special has a one-piece crank and axle.



THE STANLEY FORK CROWN.

The Ben-Hur crank bracket is the simplest that has been produced. The right crank and axle are in one piece, the left crank being detachable, and one nut controls the whole device.

The Hay & Willetts' Manufacturing Company, makers of the Outing bicycles, have introduced an improved method of fastening the fork stem in the head of the wheel, which consists of a hollow lock-nut, which screws into the head through the center of the handle-bars and engages a nut on the inside of the fork stem proper.

The Liberty have introduced a decided improvement to their well-known fork crown. It is made of two steel stampings, so designed as to give great stability without extra weight, and it makes a double and hollow crown. This season's feature is in the fork crown collar and ball race, giving additional strength and rendering the part perfectly dust-proof.

The Phoenix line have a one-piece crank and shaft, oiling from the side. The shaft is easily removable, and the cones screw on.

The leading point of the Indiana Bicycle Co. is a new device for crank hanger and hubs, in which the use of threaded cones is entirely avoided, their place being taken by sliding shells, which secure absolute alignment in a remarkably simple form. They have also fitted a new detachable crank-shaft device and new fork crown.

EASE AND SECURITY OF ADJUSTMENT.

The absence of bolts and nuts on seat post and handle-bar adjustments is marked, and many novel devices are used in the regulation of the heights of these parts. Where taper adjustments are used, as in the Union, the bottoms of the seat post and handle-bar stem are threaded and fitted with adjustable tapering ends, grooved on one side. A sleeve of tubing, somewhat larger in diameter, with a pocket on one side to fit the groove, and lock together post and sleeve, is then slipped over, and being slotted and tapered to mate, is expanded by the downward forcing of the taper. This process tightly grips the tubing of the frame, and firmly secures the posts. The motion necessary to force down or release the taper, is obtained by a collar, threaded half the way with a right, and half way with a left hand thread. The collar draws up the slotted sleeve with a right thread, and with the left forces down the taper. The two movements are simultaneous, and in operation it is only necessary to see that the collar catches both threads at the same time.

The latest chain adjustments are not only great improvements, but add materially to the appearance of the rear fork ends. The Wolff-American eccentric chain adjustment of former years has proven so satisfactory that it has been retained. Another one consists of a covered worm, by which a round disc, with toothed edge, holding the rear axle, is turned. A series of notches make it possible to adjust to the smallest fraction of an inch.

The adjustment of head of the America is done by an expander inside head tube; no bolt or clamp around handle-bar stem. Rear forks are gracefully curved. The celebrated truss frame is, of course, retained.

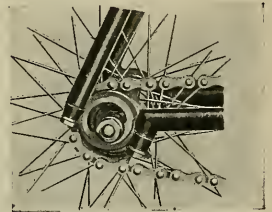
The rear wheel of the Remington is fitted with a sprocket on each side of the hub, so that the gear may be changed by merely reversing the rear wheel.

The Warner Special has a very simple chain adjustment and internal handle-bar and seat-post clamps.

The Trinity, which is the product of Frank I. Fowler, is assembled by the use of only four nuts.

The adjustment of the front and rear hubs of the

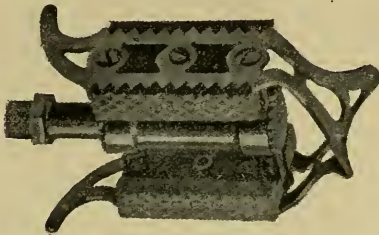
Hamilton-Kenwood bicycles is made with a cone which screws into the inside face of the hub, and is held in place by a separate collar working on the reverse thread, which is on the outside face of the hub.



WOLFF PATENT CHAIN ADJUSTER.

PEDAL NOVELTIES.

Pedals exhibit several new types, in which ease of dismantling and of adjustment mark the noticeable improvements. In the Janney pedal, the notched or corrugated outer flanges of the cups form a locking device to maintain the adjustment in connection with a fixed screw, while the ball races are adjusted from the outside without a special wrench. The Toppliff & Ely Company, of Elyria, O., present a pedal in which the end clamps are curved in and set obliquely to the pedal, gripping the sole of the foot, preventing slipping, and making the use of toe-clips unnecessary. In the Crescent bicycles a new departure has been made in rubber pedals, making it impossible



JANNEY COMBINATION RAT-TRAP AND RUBBER PEDAL.

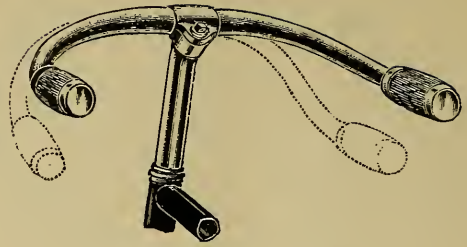
for the rubber to work loose between the two holding plates. A triangular piece of the outer plate is carried through a corresponding opening in the inner plate, and there secured by a special pin.

TIRES, SADDLES AND LAMPS.

These subjects will be fully treated in our next issue.

* * *

The Macintosh-Huntingdon Co. are persistent in their faith in the water-bicycle. They have added improvement to improvement until they are within a measurable distance of complete success. As now made, power is communicated by chain gearings in lieu of the aforetime fly-wheel.



ADJUSTABLE WOOD HANDLE-BAR.

In the Crawford all the up-to-date features are used: flush connections at head, and outside lugs at seat post and crank-hanger; axle in one piece; cranks attached in new style; a new pedal, and simple chain adjustment.

How to carry one's luggage is a problem that has sorely tried the patience of the wheelman and the ingenuity of the inventor. The Brosnan Carrier Co. have killed two birds with one stone, for their Folding Luggage Carrier whilst effective, strong and ample, when adjusted to the handle-bar, can be folded and carried conveniently in the tool kit.

THE FEBRUARY ELECTIONS.

The National Assembly of the L. A. W., for the election of officers for 1897-8, and the transaction of other important business of the organization, was in session at Albany, N. Y., on February 10th, 11th and 12th. Mr. Isaac B. Potter, Chief Consul of the New York State division, was elected President on the first ballot by a plurality of forty votes, receiving 155 votes out of 270, as against 115 given to Sterling Elliott, of Massachusetts, who was up for re-election.

The general officers elected for the ensuing year are as follows:

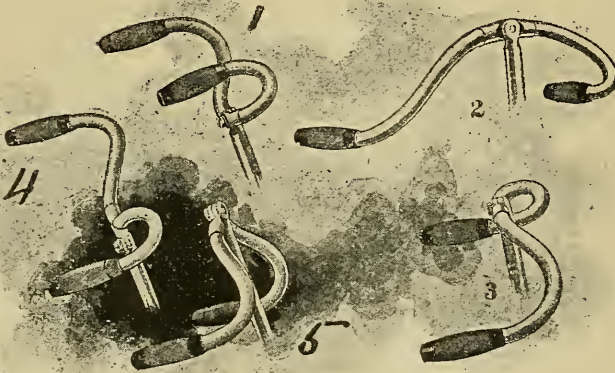
- President, Isaac B. Potter, New York.
- First Vice-President, A. C. Morrison,* of Milwaukee, Wisconsin.
- Second Vice-President, C. F. Kireker, Chief Consul of the New Jersey division.

Treasurer, J. W. Clendenning, of Kentucky.

The Auditing Committee of three was elected unanimously, consisting of J. Fred Adams, of Massachusetts; John J. Van Nort, of Pennsylvania, and George L. McCarty, of New York.

Amongst the changes in the amendments to the constitution was the adoption of a recommendation from George D. Gideon, of Philadelphia, that all contests of closed college and school meets must be decided under the rules of the Intercollegiate A. A. of America.

An attempt to induce the League to admit pro-



ADJUSTABLE WOOD HANDLE-BARS.

- 1.—For touring and tall riders. 2 and 4.—For ordinary road use
- 3 and 5.—For road and track racing.

* Re-elected.

fessionals to active or associate membership was lost.

The Racing Board were authorized to take cognizance of violations of the racing rules in road contests, and to penalize violators.

The proposal to make the Chairman of the National Racing Board a salaried official was rejected.

The annual meeting of the National Board of Trade of Cycle Manufacturers was held on February 10th at the Grand Central Palace, New York City. The Board of Directors at that time elected general officers for the ensuing year, as follows: President, A. L. Garford, Elyria, O.; First Vice-President, George H. Day, Hartford, Conn.; Second Vice-President, C. W. Dickerson, Chicago, Ill.; Treasurer, W. A. Reading,* New York City; Secretary, Ernest R. Franks,* New York City.

The retiring officers, Messrs. R. L. Coleman, R. P. Gormully, and George H. Day, respectively President and First and Second Vice-Presidents, received the unanimous thanks of the Board for their able services during the past year. Ex-President A. G. Spalding introduced a resolution calculated to substitute in the future a series of local cycle shows for the former national exhibitions in Chicago and New York, which was amended, making such action optional with the Board of Directors.

AMATEUR RECORDS ALLOWED.

The Racing Board of the L. A. W. has accepted the following amateur track records:

Ten miles, flying start, unpaced, against time, 25:24, by A. L. Hachenberger, Denver, Col., November 16, 1896.

Twenty-five miles, unpaced, flying start, against time, 1:04:20, by A. L. Hachenberger, Denver, Col., November 16, 1896.

Triplet, unpaced, flying start, against time, by G. G. Perrie, A. A. Gracey and O. F. O'Neill, Philadelphia, Pa., August 27, 1896: One mile, 2:00; 2 miles, 4:17 1-5; 3 miles, 6:29; 4 miles, 8:43; 5 miles, 10:57 1-5; 6 miles, 13:12; 7 miles, 15:28 1-5; 8 miles, 17:42 3-5; 9 miles, 19:57 3-5; 10 miles, 22:13 1-5; 11 miles, 24:28; 12 miles, 26:45; 13 miles, 29:02 2-5; 14 miles, 31:17 3-5; 15 miles, 33:32 2-5; 16 miles, 35:48 4-5; 17 miles, 38:04 2-5; 18 miles, 40:20 2-5; 19 miles, 42:34 2-5; 20 miles, 44:50 1-5; 21 miles, 47:05 2-5; 22 miles, 49:22; 23 miles, 51:37 8-5; 24 miles, 53:50 2-5; 25 miles, 56:02 3-5.

Twenty-six miles, 1,373 1-3 yards, unpaced, flying start, against time, in one hour, by G. G. Perrie, A. A. Gracey and O. F. O'Neill, Philadelphia, Pa., August 27, 1896.

AN IMPORTANT RULING.

Judge Mitchell of the Pennsylvania Supreme Court handed down a decision on January 25th in which the duties of cyclists when crossing railroad tracks are plainly set forth. The case was one in which Mrs. Marion Robertson had brought suit against the Pennsylvania Railroad Company to recover damages for the killing of her husband, who was struck by a train of the company at the Smith street grade crossing in Morrisville, Bucks County, Pa., in October, 1893. Judge Pennypacker, of the Common Pleas Court, entered a nonsuit on the ground of contributory negligence, and an ap-

peal was taken to the Supreme Court of the State, but the decision was sustained. Judge Mitchell says in part in his decision:

"The facts in regard to the deceased's negligence are not disputed. He was riding a bicycle, and when he came to the defendant's road, which at that point has four tracks, a freight train was passing, for which he had to wait. He did not dismount, but made what the appellant calls a 'bicyclist's stop,' by circling on his wheel round and round at a distance of from five to ten yards from the tracks, and when the freight train had passed he started across without dismounting and was struck by a train coming in the opposite direction on the other track.

"The real contention of the appellant is embodied in the proposition that the circling round and round constituted a legal as well as a 'bicycle stop.' No such proposition can be entertained. * * * A cyclist must, under all circumstances, be treated as subject to the same rules as a pedestrian. We do not say that there may not be cases of accidents by broken gearing or steep grades or other casualties which will require a modification of the application of such rules, but those cases will be exceptional and must be decided on their own facts as they arise.

"The general rule to be applied requires that a bicyclist must dismount or at least bring his wheel to such a stop as will enable him to look up and down the track and listen in the manner required of a pedestrian. It is plain that the deceased in the present case did not do this, and that his failure to do it was an efficient element of the unfortunate accident by which he lost his life. * * *"

TO CARRY CYCLES SAFELY.

Since, under the Armstrong law, the railroads of New York State have been obliged to carry the bicycles of passengers free as baggage, several of the trunk lines, notably the New York Central, have been experimenting with devices for the safe carriage of wheels in baggage cars. The latest result is a rack in which they are held against the side of the car by a hardwood block, with handle bars grasped by steel springs. The blocks are arranged in alternating rows so that bicycles may be placed one foot apart without interference. By this arrangement it is thought that all the delicate parts will be fully protected, and only the tires exposed to any risk of damage. Other lines are experimenting, and evidently the day of the bicycle baggage car is near at hand.

MULTUM IN PARVO.

The chainless bicycle will not be extensively manufactured in 1897, the chain having been proven the most economical method of wheel propulsion; while the beveled gears can be used only at the expense of much friction. Some makers have announced their willingness to supply them on special orders, but they will form no part of the general output.

The gear case, which has been regularly used in England and on the Continent since the introduction of the safety type, is offered as an option on several lines of American bicycles

* Re-elected.

for 1897; and clearance for their use when the purchaser so desires is allowed, where in many cases this option is not given.

When one cyclist wishes to pass another going in the same direction, he should give notice of that intention by sounding his bell, and then *pass* to the *left*. Otherwise an accident may be brought about by the front man suddenly swerving. It is well to remember that the leading cycle has the same rights on the road as any other kind of vehicle.

Tight gartering is sure, sooner or later, to cause trouble. It should be borne in mind that a wide garter, with a small pressure, is quite as effective as a narrow one drawn very tight.

A top-coat for wheelmen, and a light wrap for wheelwomen, are indispensable articles for healthful winter cycling. During the shortest dismount, when in a perspiration, these should at least be thrown over the shoulders. Never rest in a draught, for a chill thus taken may prove exceedingly troublesome.

The law presumes that the cyclist has full command of his machine at all times; and should an accident occur to any other user of the road on account of a reckless coast, the cyclist would be held liable therefor.

When a dog barks and snaps at a passing cyclist, it is far better to whistle and speak kindly to the animal than to speak harshly or strike at him. The former method will generally quiet, the latter further excite him.

It is always best to slow down without sounding the bell when nearing a pedestrian crossing the road. It has been decided by the courts of many countries that the mere ringing of the bell is no excuse for a cyclist to run down a pedestrian who may be in the way.

Many a tourist of the early days of cycling has been repeatedly refused first-class accommodations on account of a senseless prejudice against the then uncommon knickerbocker habit. Two years ago a prominent summer hotel in Northern Illinois closed its doors to a party of touring cyclists, and suit was brought to determine the legality of such action. A verdict was rendered in favor of the complainants, and the precedent established in that instance has been followed in several subsequent cases. To-day the right of the gentlemanly wheelman, and the wheelwoman, to first-class accommodations at any public hostelry is universally unquestioned.

The tide of public opinion, too, has turned, and now the patronage of cyclists is catered for by the summer resorts and roadside inns to such an extent, that the streets, roads, and paths in their vicinities have lately been much improved. A series of good cycling paths radiating from some popular resort has become a valuable attraction. Last summer many hotels announced special arrangements for the care of bicycles—in some cases a specially equipped room was set apart for this purpose, and a mechanic detailed to check, guard, clean and repair them.

The rapid growth of cycle-touring has served to re-open a multitude of the old taverns which had seemingly passed away with the stage-coach era. All who have followed, in whole or in part, the route along the legend-laden Hudson River Valley, from New York to Albany, outlined in *OUTING* for June, 1896, will

agree that if the venerable Rip Van Winkle could have gone to sleep again and awakened in the summer or autumn of the past year, he would have found himself no more antiquated in appearance than the stage-horse, and would have opened his eyes in wonder to see the rejuvenation of the old taverns along the post-road. Nothing but the bicycle could have made this very desirable evolution possible. The half-forgotten romances of this splendid region are revived by the ceaseless whirr of touring wheels, and the sleepy resorts along the American Rhine have taken on a new life and variety.

In the immediate vicinity of our larger cities road houses on the cycle paths have looked on summer and autumn nights like modest hotels lighted for a fête. The verandas have been alive with care-free cyclists, the wheel-racks in the yards have been well filled, and spectre forms on noiseless steeds fly to and fro through the darkness like the headless horseman of the Hudson long ago. But the evolution of the wayside tavern is by no means confined to the suburbs of the metropolis, nor to any particular section of the country. A cordon of them already line the principal routes in New England, Eastern New Jersey and Pennsylvania, Central and Western New York, Northern Ohio, Indiana and Illinois, Eastern Minnesota and Missouri, and they are even seen along the principal highways of the Pacific Slope.

The regular equipment of the Sterling bicycles includes a minute tool-case, hardly large enough for a pair of spectacles, but which contains a spanner, wrench and screw-driver.

The Ball-bearing Wrench Company, present an unique sundry, which revolves on balls, and is held secure at any point by a cone friction clutch, admitting of accurate and instantaneous adjustment, while avoiding wearing and slipping of the nuts.

Messrs. Hay & Willets, makers of the *OUTING* bicycles, offer a new model—their first machine listing at \$100, and embodying all the former well-known features of the *OUTING* line, and several new ones.

The cyclometers of 1897 range in weight from one to three ounces, and register as high as 10,000 miles, from which or from any intermediate point they may be turned back to zero. Some makes are also fitted with an independent dial or other device, which registers the distance covered on any particular trip, as well as adding all such mileage to the total on the main dial.

A "swing bracket," which holds the lamp always in a perpendicular position, and prevents smoking, is seen on the Atwood cycle lamp, manufactured by the Atwood Manufacturing Company, Amesbury, Mass.

Dress guards, handle-bar stems, chain adjusters, lantern brackets, lace fittings, clamps, etc., of aluminum, in many varieties, were features of the shows in Chicago and New York; also some very ingenious open wood-work for chain and sprocket-wheel guards for ladies' bicycles.



DOGS OF TO-DAY—THE MASTIFF.

THIS famous old breed has lost much of its popularity since the introduction of good St. Bernards into this country. Not so many years ago mastiffs were the rage, and fine specimens commanded enormous prices. Whether they will ever regain their popularity time alone will tell. Yet, despite the vogue of the St. Bernard, a fair share of the patrons of bench shows still linger about the benches that bear the grand, fawn-colored, black-masked animals. Nor is this strange, for a fine mastiff is a most interesting animal.

It is probable that the breed originated in England, where it has for long been recognized as the best for watch-dogs. With all his power and bulk, and notwithstanding his rather forbidding expression, a good mastiff is by nature one of the gentlest of dogs. There is a sort of nobility of character about him which makes him ever the champion of the weak and the guardian of his master's property. With strangers he is dignified, polite, and watchful, until he has made up his mind that their intentions are good, whereupon he becomes the soul of frankness and good nature. He seems to possess a faculty for at once recognizing undesirable characters, and these he will promptly bring to a standstill. He is seldom very free

with his teeth, even at night, but woe to the intruder who shows fight and rouses the lurking devil. The mastiff knows not fear, and once roused in earnest, he will fight man or beast to the death. As a rule, however, he seems to prefer to merely throw down an intruder and to stand over him, rather than to do injury with his teeth.

Crosses between this breed and bloodhounds, Newfoundlands, or St. Bernards, are frequently used as yard-dogs; and strange to say, any cross is almost certain to produce a bad-tempered animal, in many instances a dangerous savage. Only the pure-bred properly shows the mildness, and I might almost say that characteristic *thoughtfulness*, which makes this dog so desirable as a companion for young children.

The points of the mastiff include: A head of large size, in conformation between that of the bloodhound and the bulldog, having the volume of muscle of the latter, with the flews and something of the muzzle of the hound, though, of course, not so deep. The ear is small, but drooping like that of the hound. The teeth are generally level, though there may be a slight protuberance of the lower jaw, but not enough to expose the teeth as in the bulldog. The eyes are small and deep set. The body, as a whole, is something after the bloodhound model, but very much heavier all over; loins compact and powerful, limbs strong, having plenty of bone and muscle; tail very slightly rough, and carried high over the back when the dog is excited. The appearance of the animal should suggest great power and weight, without undue clumsiness. The voice is deep and sonorous; coat smooth. The best colors are red or fawn with black muzzle, or brindled. The height of a good specimen may be between twenty-eight and thirty-one or more inches. The weight may be anywhere between about 140 lbs. and 180 lbs.

The principal faults seen in many dogs having excellent heads and coats, are weak-looking hocks, cow hocks, and bad feet. Any suggestion of weakness is most objectionable, as the animal should be a model of power. Strictly first-class specimens are seldom to be seen.

At time of writing the indications point to a marked success for the Westminster Kennel Club's big show. Twelve hundred or more dogs are expected to occupy benches. NOMAD.

ROD AND GUN.

TRAP-SHOOTING AS PRACTICE FOR FIELD-SHOOTING.

A WELL-KNOWN trap-shot tackled me the other evening, and, as usual, we got into an argument, this time upon the value of trap-shooting as practice for field-shooting, and *vice versa*. He maintained that after a man had made a match, his best course would be to practice under the conditions called for by the match,

and to do no other shooting. I am not prepared to dispute or indorse this opinion, and will admit that it sounds reasonable, though there probably are many good shots who do not draw the line quite so fine. In regard to trap practice for work in the field, he stated that beyond its making a man handy with his gun, he thought little of it.

Later on I sat down to figure over this matter

Why should not trap practice be good for field-shooting? It certainly *does* make a man handy with his gun, in other words, very quick, and almost machine-like in his holding and pulling. This should be useful for grouse, quail, cock and snipe. The great trouble, however, about trap-shooting at present, is that a man is allowed to level his gun and get all ready in firing position before the trap is pulled. This has a tendency, with men who shoot much at the traps and comparatively little in the field, to cause more or less loss of the ability to bring the gun smoothly, swiftly and correctly to the shoulder from wherever it may be when the bird is flushed. Hence, the trap methods of to-day do not improve one's field form nearly so much as they did under the old gun-below-elbow rule, which compelled a man to go through the motions necessary in the field.

I presume that one of the chief reasons why the present position is allowed, is the desire for straight scores. Experts smile at one who talks of holding the gun in the old-fashioned way, as a mother might smile at a babbling child, yet for all that, this particular child has a shrewd suspicion that the experts might improve their field form by doing away with the gun-to-shoulder rule. Of course they won't, nor am I preaching at them, but rather to the novices all over the country who are imitating them. Perhaps few of the experts care much about *field* form. Trap-shooting hereabouts is a game, played seriously for the "stuff"; you get into the game, play to rule, and get away with every dollar you can. A fig for your field form—trap form is what you are praying for!

This is all very fine until you get to the back sections, where game is abundant, and where men of all degrees shoot much more for sport than for money. Here the gun is used more in the field than at the traps, and my advice to members of small clubs and to beginners is to hold the gun below the elbow for both artificial and live birds, and to allow the use of both barrels for the latter. This means to make the conditions to govern the practice at the traps as like as possible to those which are met in field-shooting. Men who really indulge in trap-shooting for the fun and practice in it feel good when they make straight scores, but do not worry over misses. If the birds are too fast for the novice, place him nearer the traps, but if he is to benefit by the practice, drill him through the motions used in the field.

Practice at artificial birds is of little or no use for duck-shooting, because the methods differ so broadly. The quick, snappy action of the expert at artificials is the worst of all styles for wildfowl. Such a method, if attempted, say, for instance, in point shooting at the famous Chesapeake, Albemarle Sound and Pamlico Sound would prove disastrous. When the shooting is good, a lively breeze claps on extra speed to the canvasback's wonderful flight, and the "snapper" finds himself in a sad predicament. A canvasback moves at an electric clip, and, as a rule, the shots are at long range. These conditions demand a close estimate of distance, a smooth rapid swing to the gun, continued through the trigger-pulling, and a most liberal amount of allowance ahead

of the fowl fired at. Practice at artificials, to develop a good swing of the gun, would only be useful when the traps were arranged to throw cross-shots smoothly and slowly, and such an arrangement would afford very slight opportunity for judging distance and holding far ahead.

I have an idea, however, that the artificial targets might be made to afford useful practice for sink-box shooting. Those who only occasionally put in a day in a box know the awkward feeling that comes over a man when he finds himself on his back in a coffin below water-level, with the knowledge that when his chance comes he must assume a sitting posture, level his gun and get on the right spot, in time to stop one of the swiftest of fowl. Sport in a sink-box is very expensive—perhaps, one hundred dollars per day—and the man paying the price naturally wants to get all the ducks he can. As a preparatory training, he might arrange an imitation box, with some straw to lie on, and place three traps to throw right, left and straightaway. With such an outfit he should be able to at least accustom himself to the action imperative when in a genuine box at a heavy expense.

PROPOSED AMENDMENTS TO GAME AND FISH LAWS.

The New York State Sportsmen's Association has made a number of valuable suggestions as amendments to the fish and game laws. Among these are—an open season for deer from September 1st to November 1st; to prohibit hounding and jacking; open season for squirrels and rabbits, from September 15th to December 31st; open season for wildfowl, including geese and brant, September 1st to April 1st; open season for grouse and woodcock, September 15th to December 31st; number to be transported at any one time not to exceed twelve of one kind. Bass, not less than nine inches. No spearing through the ice. To prohibit sale of speckled trout, grouse or woodcock, killed or taken in New York State. Close season for Hudson River striped bass during April and May. These are improvements in the right line, and, while the open season of three-and-a-half months for grouse is, perhaps, too long, yet if the sale be stopped the birds will not suffer too much.

REDISCOVERY OF THE ARCHEOPTERYX.

As it's dollars to doughnuts that some of my very young readers may not know what an archeopteryx is, I may explain that it is a fossil reptilian bird, found in the Jurassic strata at Solenhofen, Germany, where it has enjoyed its bier for an eon or two. It is remarkable for its long, lizardlike tail (it could tell a longer one if it liked), fringed with feathers, a pair to each caudal vertebra. Now, will you be good?

Mr. Charles Hallock, the brilliant editor of that excellent journal, *Western Field and Stream*, has, I understand, data which prove that the mastodon exists to-day in Alaska. When word of this important discovery reached the *effete* East, the savants at once dug up the hatchet and hit the war trail. At their head was "Howling Wolf," which in plain United States means Ernest Seton Thompson, the famous animal artist. Something absolutely *had* to be discovered to match the mastodon,

but that was easy. Brother Thompson, being such an old hand at the business, naturally was personally acquainted with the archeopteryx. He speaketh as follows, and he also supplieth one of his typical drawings. He ought to have chuckled in a mastodon or two, and at least one *Immovanus long-sleepuss*, but we couldn't agree about the price as he had to hire models. But hear "Howling Wolf's" own voice:



"I have recently been making a study of the archeopteryx. A well-known writer has proof of the continued existence of the mastodon in Alaska. I am equally certain that we shall find the noble archeopteryx flitting about the same primeval solitudes, and lining its nest with the fur of its vasty cotem. As a matter

of fact there is in the American museum today a Chilcat blanket decorated with a design that resembles an archeopteryx as much as it does any known species.

"For the benefit of the next Alaskan expedition I give—and give with confidence—my restoration of the fossil bird, drawn with such care that if a single specimen was in the observer's field a mile away, it will at once be recognized and put on record.

"I have much respect for the anatomical conclusions of the various savants who have written of my favorite bird. But I positively scorn their theories of its life history. They are utterly lacking in imagination, and that is just where my great strength lies. Out of the remote past or the remote central Alaska—it's the same to me—I have conjured up a page of archeopterygian life history. There is not a point in this restoration that I cannot demonstrate:—

"The more pugnacious males when so inclined indulged in fierce battles (see first group). The females usually produced the eggs (or young) and were inquisitive, arboreal when in the trees, and without weapons excepting their beak, teeth, claws, etc. The callow young when they traveled about were either carried by their parents or else progressed in some other way. It is impossible to disprove that they were not occasionally attached to the mother's neck by their long and as yet unfeathered tails. For proof of this, see illustration. Their dentition at this period is unknown but believed to have been interesting, if present.

"It is my opinion that the young were either produced alive or from eggs. In the latter case as soon as I can demonstrate the size, form, color, number, and peculiarities of the eggs, it is intended to publish a special 'Smitherens of knowledge' monograph including fluoroscopic elucidations of the original fossil.

"Curiously enough, in one habit this bird-serpent resembled the recently described *Quancus twistus*; it usually ate its favorite food with considerable relish.

"In the rest of its habits, so far as known, this species was not markedly different from its nearly related and contemporaneous congeners."

Alaska papers please copy.

Such are the words of "Howling Wolf;" the picture tells the rest. ED. W. SANDYS.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

THE number of amateurs who lay aside their cameras on the approach of winter only to be resumed when "sweet spring" returns, is getting less and less year by year; and it is well that it is so, as there is a charm about a landscape clad in its robe of virgin white, and in which hoar frost has taken the place of foliage, not only altogether its own, but scarcely second to that of the bursting buds of spring or the glorious tinted autumn. The camera may not yet, and probably never will, reproduce the myriads of scintillating prismatic colors shot by the rising sun from every twig and branch, and can convey but a feeble idea of the beauty of the gradually disappearing mist as it retires before "the

ruler of the day;" but it does enough, in the hands of those who thoroughly understand it, to show, that under its covering of "beautiful snow" the landscape is capable of giving as exquisitely beautiful pictures as when clothed in its "mantle of green."

But the different conditions require different treatment, the method that might give a negative of good technique when the roses are in bloom is unsuitable when "a' the hills are covered wi' snaw"; and, as from the many snow scenes I have had an opportunity of examining, I believe this is far from generally understood, a little advice on the subject would seem to be seasonable.

Although in too many photographs the snow

is represented by unbroken surfaces of white paper, it should not and need not be so, as although to the eye, from the immense mass of white reflected into it, it seems to be as so represented, a careful examination will show that it is almost always in ridges or hummocks; miniature hills and valleys which it is possible by proper treatment to represent by lights and shadows. For this purpose it is essential that the snow-clad landscape be photographed in sunshine, and with a low sun, the lower the better; either early in the morning or late in the afternoon. Then the exposure is a matter of considerable importance, much more so than under the other conditions. With the direct light from above, and the light of almost equal intensity reflected from below, the photographer who thinks of it at all is apt to under rather than over-expose, but just as under the other conditions, under-exposure here is fatal; while over-exposure, although not so easily, may, to a certain extent at least, be controlled. Here it is especially desirable to adopt the old advice, "expose for the shadows," but not the latter part of it, "let the high lights take care of themselves." The high lights must be very carefully looked after, and that must be in the development.

The development indeed is the crucial part of snow-scene photography, and its keynote is to keep the oxidizer, the pyro, metol, hydroquinone or whichever may be employed, down. Most photographers know that to secure anything like the necessary gradation on a subject with strong contrasts it is necessary to employ a developer strong in the accelerator and weak in the oxidizer; and there is no subject on which the camera can be turned in which the contrasts are so strong as the average snow-clad landscape. The aim during development, then, must be to prevent opacity in the lights, while securing as much as possible of the detail in the shadows; to produce first what seems a weak, flat negative, full of detail, both in the lights and darks, and then by a carefully watched application of a solution considerably stronger in the oxidizer, to give the necessary printing density.

But however carefully the above instructions may be followed, it will be impossible to pro-

duce on ordinary plates the highest class of snow negatives. It is well known that with subjects of great contrast, darks against lights or *vice versa*, a portion of the light, passing through the film, is reflected from the back of the plate at various angles, producing the disagreeable effect known as halation. This is especially the case in snow pictures, where the lights are many and the shadows few; reducing what should be well-defined lines to more or less hazy blurs. To prevent this the plate should invariably be backed with some opaque or non-actinic substance by which the light will be absorbed and the objectionable reflection prevented. A suitable formula for the backing, and a convenient method for applying it, will be found in a previous "Record."

Another matter of much importance in snow-scene photography is the lens, or rather its focal length in relation to the size of plate employed. The foreground, of much importance in all pictures, is generally the strong feature in snow scenes; and when much exaggerated, or what comes to the same thing, the distance is much diminished by the employment of a lens of too short focus, the effect is unsatisfactory. Opticians have long been in the habit of listing their lenses as covering the largest possible plates, and photographers, of speaking or thinking of them, not according to their focal lengths but as whole, half, or quarter-plate, etc., lenses; and thus has arisen the system of employing them, often not longer and sometimes even shorter than the longest way of the plate, giving pictures with angles averaging about 60°, instead of between, say, 36° and 40°. Those who possess lenses of various lengths, or who are about to buy one for general work, should remember that for all ordinary landscape purposes, and especially for snow views, a lens not less than one and a half the longest length of the plates they intend to employ should be selected.

Just one thing more. In the case of a fresh fall of snow the unbroken surface is apt to be monotonous, and it will be found an advantage to tread a path in a suitable direction—a dodge that may often be made to accentuate the story the artist desires to tell, or the effect he tries to produce.

JOHN NICOLL.

GOLF.



FOLLOWING the legislation of the United States Golf Association defining the status of the amateur, came proposals for handicapping, whereby it was sought that clubs belonging to this association should handicap their members on the following basis of scratch distances from tee to hole:

Under 165 yards, three strokes; 165 and under 310, four strokes; 310 and under 450, five strokes; 450 and over, six strokes; and further, that members of clubs belonging to this association desiring to qualify as competitors in

the amateur or open championship contest must have secretary of club from which they enter certify that their handicap, if any, is not more than six strokes from scratch for eighteen holes.

The difficulty of attempting to introduce such a system into handicapping as will result in uniformity of results is the fact that its interpretation will work differently in nearly every instance to which it relates, and may, in some, effect results diametrically opposed to those intended.

Some of the clubs, or rather individual members of them who applied the proposals to the exact measurements and circumstances of their links, were soon up in arms. Mr. Daniel Chauncey, golf captain of the Dyker Meadow Club, said: "Our official scratch score will be 80 for the double round of eighteen holes. There

is not an artificial hazard at Dyker Meadow, nor any long grass, yet no amateur has ever made the full course in less than 92. This will debar all of our members from the amateur championship, under the Executive Committee's ruling. Yet a dozen or more could easily qualify within six of the standard on an easier course. This puts us in a dilemma."

The Chicago players were divided on the subject. A correspondent who has made the subject a study said, "Applying the rules to the measurement, we arrive at the following result :

	OUT.												Total.
Yards....	337	327	319	390	328	560	300	268	138	—2,967			
Strokes..	5	5	5	5	5	6	4	4	4	3—			42
	IN.												
Yards....	129	242	308	513	334	350	317	347	314	—2,854			
Strokes..	3	4	4	6	5	5	5	5	5	5—			42

Grand Totals—Distance, 5,821 yards; scratch score, 84. This is a scratch standard of 84 for the course. By the change in the proposed rule making the allowance of four strokes for over 165 and under 310 yards, instead of under 300 yards, two strokes are added to the scratch score, and we have the absurdity of allowing five strokes for 314 yards, and only six for 560, although 240 yards is the extra distance on the latter. On the new course of the Chicago Golf Club, with a handicap rated by a scratch score of 84, Macdonald and Whigham would be entitled to an allowance of 6, and all the other amateur golfers in the United States would be nowhere. Eastern men like Thorp and McCawley would have a handicap of about 12. I would like you to get Thorp's opinion of a scratch score of 84 on the Chicago Golf course, with the new hazards and bunkers put in since he played over it.

I thought the arbitrary scratch score had enough when applied to the Onwentsia links, where it makes the handicap basis eighty. That is five or six below what Whigham has ever done. Arbitrary scratch scores arranged for holes averaging around 230 yards will not fit courses where the average of holes approaches 310 yards, the limit for the allowance of four strokes. It is possible to conceive of a course of eighteen holes, ranging from 280 to 300 yards, each yielding a scratch score of seventy-two strokes, while another ranging from 165 to 190 yards would aggregate precisely the same number of strokes. But it is not possible to conceive that human golfers could make the rounds at their best in the same fashion."

A similar state of things was found at the Lakewood Golf Club, where the standard scratch would be 39, or 78 for the double round. This would be six strokes better than the professional record, held by Rawlins, and nine strokes below the amateur record, Jasper Lynch's 87. "Utterly impracticable," is what a Lakewood player styles it. "Like the Dyker Meadow men, our players would have to qualify on more favored links. It is quite possible to conceive, if the plan is not changed, that all the starters in the amateur championship would be entered from one club."

The Sun estimates that the U. S. G. A. scratch will foot up 73 or 74 on the four eighteen-hole courses in the East, calculated as follows, on the last season's score cards :

	BALTUSROL.												Total.
Holes..	187	283	200	283	267	217	183	217	267				
Out..	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4—36			
Holes..	187	179	193	200	166	500	283	116	267				
In....	4	4	4	4	4	6	4	3	4	4—37—73			
	MORRIS COUNTY.												
Holes..	170	167	198	357	297	355	185	300	257				
Out..	4	4	4	5	4	5	4	4	4	4—38			
Holes..	427	144	333	159	157	193	198	180	170				
In....	5	3	5	3	3	4	4	4	4	4—35—73			

	KNOLLWOOD.											
Holes..	247	247	345	400	425	246	196	150	317			
Out..	4	4	5	5	5	4	4	3	3	5—39		
Holes..	154	160	154	257	196	238	356	197	172			
In....	3	4	3	4	4	4	5	4	4	4—35—74		
	SHINNECOCK HILLS.											
Holes..	275	265	213	220	151	256	348	133	204			
Out..	4	4	4	4	3	4	5	3	3	4—35		
Holes..	226	266	287	200	317	333	250	238	165			
In....	4	4	4	4	5	5	4	4	4	4—38—73		

In each case the standard seems impracticable, for at Shinnecock Hills the best medal score in the last championships was Whigham's 77, although he afterward scored 74 at a match play, which tied James Foulis's best round in the open championship. For thirty-six holes the Shinnecock scratch would be 146 under the new standard. This is twenty strokes better than Whigham, Coats, Toler, or Tyng, the four leaders at the medal rounds, made in the last championship. Under this showing not a starter in 1896 could compete again this year. Equally severe is the comparison between the standard scratch and the amateur records at the other links: H. M. Harriman's 87 at Knollwood, H. P. Toler's 86 at Baltusrol, and James A. Tyng's 82 at Morris County. Under the new U. S. G. A. plan not one of these three, although record holders, can start in the 1897 championship. Decidedly, a less severe limitation is demanded.

C. TURNER.

Following the legislation of the United States Golf Association defining the status of the amateur, came certain regulations for handicapping. Every golf course in the United States was to be measured by the following formula :

Holes under 165 yds.,	3 strokes.
" 165 yds. and under 310 yds.,	4 strokes.
" 310 " " " 450 " "	5 " "
" 450 " " " over, 6 strokes.	

All the players were also to be measured by this standard, and no player unable to do his home links thus measured, plus a handicap of six strokes, could compete for the amateur championship.

The suggestion for this arbitrary and palpably absurd system came from Ireland. In Ireland the various golf links, on account of their similar character, might adopt some such form of measurement for a test of their players; but here, where the links are new and often not laid out with due regard to the exigencies of the game, such a system, if applied, would have resulted in a monotonous series of victories, which could be chronicled as follows: Colonel Bogey first, the field nowhere! As we go to press we learn that at the annual meeting, held at Delmonico's, Wednesday evening, February 17th, this proposition was voted down. A formal protest from the Tuxedo Golf Club was read to the meeting by President Have-meyer, and, after a rambling discussion, it was decided that entries for the amateur golf championship should be received on the same basis as last year. This is as it should be. As in every other sport, every inducement should be offered to those who love the game to play it, or at it, and there should be no exclusions, except on the two grounds of eligibility as an amateur and ability as a performer.

At this same meeting it was voted to hold the championship meeting, both for amateurs and professionals, at Chicago. If a gentleman

duffer, but who is, at the same time, an enthusiastic golfer, wishes to go to Chicago and to test his skill there, he should not be hampered in an ambition so laudable. The more the merrier, and the oftener a crowd of golfers from all over the country come together to play the royal game, with their clubs, and afterward with their tongues, the better it will be for this game and for all games. It is not the aim of any sport to adapt itself to the circumstances of this man or that, or of this or that group of men. If a man has not the time to give for a week's attendance at the amateur championship meeting that is his misfortune; but it is no reason for attempting to limit the length of the meeting to his circumstances.

The length of time required to play the game is one of its inalienable characteristics, and one of its peculiarities, and to rob the game of this unique feature is to change the whole character of the game. There is a streak of unsportsmanlike feeling in any endeavor to adapt a game to the player, rather than to force the player to adapt himself to the game, and we hope that we have heard the last of suggestions looking to that end. Because a man's two-year-olds are not up to a mile and a half, is no reason why he should insist upon having all races run at three-quarters of a mile. That is the baby element in sport which brings about the haggling and quarreling of which we have too much already. Many men will not wish to go to Chicago for a week or ten days' golfing. It is a tiresome and expensive journey, and were Mr. Macdonald not a member of that club, Chicago would not have been so much as thought of for the amateur championship. But

as Chicago has been chosen for the meeting-place let us accept the choice, remembering that for this year at least one of the bunkers to be negotiated is Niagara Falls, and another the Alleghany Mountains, and not the best player among us can do them both, there and back, on much less than one hundred dollars.

Toward the close of the meeting at Delmonico's, a motion was made that the present distinction between associate and allied clubs be abolished, and that both associate and allied clubs hereafter pay the same annual dues, and be accorded the same privileges. We hope that this suggestion will be adopted. Golf should be governed by representatives from the various clubs acting through an *executive* committee. The executive committee should be an executive committee and nothing more. It should have no legislative and no autocratic powers, but merely be given power to register and to enforce the will of the clubs as expressed by their representatives when constitutionally assembled. The present committee has, no doubt through ignorance, exceeded the powers of a purely *executive* committee; and in the future it should be borne in mind that no action looking to changes in the rules of the game, or to limitations upon those who shall play—except such as appear in the constitution—shall be taken by the committee without the consent of the clubs themselves. St. Andrews in Scotland makes autocratic rules, and enforces them upon its own links, and other clubs may accept them or not—little cares St. Andrews. We are making a fresh start here, and that is one of the mistakes to be avoided. "P. C."

EQUESTRIAN.



HIGH-STEPPING HACKNEYS.

THE sale of the renowned hackney stallion Matchless of Londesborough and upward of a hundred head of stock from Dr. W. Seward Webb's farm, which took place at the opening of the new American Horse Exchange, New York, February 3d, brought together nearly a thousand of the prominent horsemen of the country, and likewise attracted many ladies and gentlemen known in the highest social circles.

Matchless fell to Mr. Walter L. Clarke, proprietor of the Glendower Stock Farm, Staten

Island, for \$12,000, a very good price, and much higher than it was expected anybody would pay on this side of the water, in view of the recent depression in the horse market. That such a figure should be reached by a stallion that is used only for the purpose of getting harness horses, shows that the conservative breeders have full confidence in the market that is bound to come in the near future.

The famous sire, who has been a winner every year of his life and is most impressive in marking all his progeny with his own particular points of excellence, is now in his thirteenth year, and never looked better than he does at present. Foaled in 1884, on one of Lord Londesborough's farms in Yorkshire, England, Matchless was imported to this country in 1888 by Hon. Henry Fairfax of Virginia, who, it is believed, gave something like \$8,000 for him, together with the hackney mare "Go" and a colt at foot. After being bred to a number of blood-like mares in that State the horse was purchased in the fall of 1891 by Dr. W. Seward Webb for \$15,000, since which time he has been bred to a majority of the choicest hackney mares and any quantity of native stock. Several English hackney breeders have from time to time endeavored to induce Dr. Webb to part with him, but without effect, and it is pleasing to note that this grand horse is still retained here.

Of the hackney mares and young stock disposed of at this sale, Lady Alice, a famous prize

winner, went very cheap to Mr. Sayles, of Pawtucket, R. I., who also obtained the mare Gay Lady and other noted performers in the English and American show rings. General W. H. Jackson, the proprietor of the Belle Meade thoroughbred stud, was a liberal buyer, as were also E. D. Jordan of Boston, Henry Fairfax of Virginia, E. W. Twaddell of Philadelphia and Messrs. Fottetall and Marshall of the same city, Mr. George W. Smith of Black Rock, Conn., Dr. Frederic S. Dennis of New York, Mr. A. W. Pope, brother of Colonel Pope, of bicycle fame, and Mr. Louis Wormser.

GRAND MILITARY TOURNAMENT.

The great military tournament recently held at Madison Square Garden, New York, and inaugurated for the purpose of endowing hospital beds for the National Guard of this city, was a phenomenal success. The affair had the support of the highest military authorities, and partook of the semblance of war in the most realistic sense. Mimic battles were fought, and the storming of fortifications, scaling of walls, and carrying away of supposed dead and wounded were represented to the gaze of audiences perhaps the most enthusiastic that ever gathered.

Troop F of the Third United States Cavalry, under the command of Captain Dodd, a detachment of the Thirteenth Infantry from Governor's Island, under command of Lieutenant E. S. Butts, and Battery D of the Fifth U. S. Artillery, under command of Captain Thorpe, were the participants in the maneuvers, and were cheered to the echo, and they successfully performed their evolutions. Outside of the laudable object of collecting an endowment fund, these performances of comparatively untrained soldiers will undoubtedly accomplish a wonderful amount of good in their stimulating effect upon the National Guardsmen. The gymnastic drill is sure to be emulated by every regiment, and it will only be a matter of a short time now before each regiment will have its wall scalers and its own peculiar physical drill.

To horsemen, of course, the performances of the cavalry were most interesting, though much enthusiasm was engendered by the good work done with the heavy guns of Captain Thorpe's artillery. Captain Dodd put his troop of cavalymen through some unique maneuvers, and their work savored much of the feats performed by the cleverest and most daring plainsmen and cowboys of the West. Indeed, the troop is said to be made up of just this kind of material. The troop, seventy in number, were quartered in the Garden during the entire week of the carnival, and camped exactly as they would if campaigning.

On the opening night, with waving plumes and plastrons and clattering accoutrements the entire troop charged into the ring, facing a battery of ten thousand of New York's prettiest women and handsomest men. Brought up sharply at the word of command, the horses were made to rear and plunge in the most violent manner; then the men knelt on their horses, facing the crupper, jumped to the ground from this position while at full speed, then remounted, hanging on alongside their horses so as to be concealed by their bodies, Indian fash-

ion. Then came the clever maneuver of the horses "dropping to shot." Mounting while the horses were still on the ground, the men then put their animals through a great variety of movements; and, after some brilliant sword contests, charges, retreats, and flank movements, one half of the troop against the other, their act was brought to a close by a thundering charge à la Cossack.

The artillery illustrated how a battery goes into action the gaunt and hungry-looking gunners springing from their carriages before the horses were stopped, unharnessing them with incredible rapidity and getting their guns unlimbered and trained upon their imaginary foes with a celerity little short of wonderful. Following this drill there were gun and chariot races around the tan-bark oval, and some clever steering of gun carriages between posts set just wide enough apart to clear them. Captain Wilson's gatling gun battery also gave a very interesting performance, showing how the guns would be kept served by diminished numbers as the men happened to be shot down, and how, at last, the colors would be saved, and the guns left behind, in case they had to be abandoned, totally disabled, so as to be useless to an enemy.

The sight which the Garden presented every night when packed to its fullest capacity by the elite of New York society, the brilliant uniforms of the military and naval officers mingling with the magnificent dresses of the feminine element, was something to be remembered. In the boxes were present the Governors of New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, Massachusetts, Maryland, Delaware and other States, to say nothing of the hundreds of army officers from West Point, Fort Hamilton, Fort Wadsworth, Governor's Island, and Washington.

The affair took place under the auspices of the *New York Herald*, and the members of the General Carnival Committee were: Mayor W. L. Strong, chairman; General Howard Carroll, vice-chairman; Chauncey M. Dewey, General Nelson A. Miles, U. S. A.; Cornelius N. Bliss, General Thomas H. Ruger, General Samuel Thomas, Elihu Root, former Mayor Thos F. Gilroy, F. K. Sturgis, Colonel John Jacob Astor, former Mayor Hugh J. Grant, Nathan Straus, Adjutant-General E. A. McAlpin, George J. Gould, Colonel Daniel Appleton, Hermann Oelrichs, George Ehret, George C. Clausen and Colonel Henry J. Corbin, U. S. A.

DRIVING TANDEM TO SLEIGHS

Horsemen of New York have inaugurated this winter, as an entirely new departure, the driving of two horses tandem hitched to sleighs, and the sport has "caught on" to such an extent that the Tandem Sleighing Club has been organized, with Mr. George B. Hulme as president; John F. Bandoine, vice-president; Edward Koch, secretary, and Harry H. Williams, treasurer; the other members being Lieutenant Henry Claus, Walter S. McGinley, H. A. Playle, C. Loney and Aurel Batonyi. The club has been established for the purpose of sport, pure and simple, and every member must turn out on every bright day while the snow on the ground permits of the use of a cutter, or pay a fine. The club meets at the Plaza, and the runs will be through the park and

thence out along the various popular highways on which horsemen most do congregate and back to the Fifth avenue gateway of New York city's breathing space, Central Park. Since the inaugural run of the Tandem Club many members of the best social set have turned out in similar rigs, and the fashion bids fair to become the rage this winter, and as it possesses so much of the element of true sport, will, no doubt, take firm hold of the driving public and become a fixed style.

THE LONG BRANCH HORSE SHOW.

The prospects for next summer's exhibition are excellent. The report read at the recent annual meeting of the association shows that after paying a handsome dividend with the profits of last year's show, the association has still in hand a surplus of something like \$2,000. Many improvements will be made this year upon the show grounds at Hollywood, which are already very picturesque and complete. The officers elected for this year are: Hon. Joseph J. O'Donahue, president; Mr. Walter E. Hildreth, vice-president and general manager; and Mr. P. J. Casey, secretary and treasurer. The executive committee includes the foregoing and Messrs. Jacob Rothschild and Benjamin T. Rhodes.

A NEW GENTLEMEN'S DRIVING CLUB.

Gentlemen's driving clubs are of the utmost importance to the welfare and development of that splendid animal, the American roadster. When properly organized and managed, they bring together a class of men which could not be brought together in any other way. As a rule they are men who do not care for racing in the ordinary sense of the word, but who can appreciate fully the pleasure to be gotten out of friendly brushes with their friends. Then too, every club of this kind means a body of more or less influential men, banded together to act for the best interest of the American trotter. Such clubs means prosperity to the breeders and dealers, for naturally every member wants a little faster horse than every other member. Such competition is decidedly healthy to the horse market, and in time will accrue to the benefit of the American roadster itself. The Cedar Park Driving Club, near Germantown, Pennsylvania, although quite recently organized, is a very good example of the best order of driving clubs. It occupies Robert Steel's famous old stock farm, Cedar Park, at

Pittville, near Philadelphia. The membership is small as yet, numbering less than fifty, but it is made up of men of position, whose influence will undoubtedly do much to improve the sport of trotting in its vicinity. There are other such clubs throughout the country, many of them much larger, such as Belmont Driving Club, at Philadelphia, the clubs at Buffalo, Erie, Cleveland, and other cities. There ought to be more of them. There cannot be too many.

FOX-HUNTING NOTES.

At the annual meeting of the Meadowbrook Hunt Club, which was held at the Waldorf, New York, last month, the following officers were appointed for the coming year: Colonel W. Jay, president; Mr. Perry Tiffany, vice-president; and Mr. Egerton L. Winthrop, Jr., secretary and treasurer. The board of stewards is composed of Messrs. S. D. Ripley, C. A. Stevens, O. W. Bird and Egerton L. Winthrop, Jr.

Pennsylvania fox hunters have enjoyed an unusually good season. The greatest innovation with the crack Radnor Hunt, near Philadelphia, has been the introduction, this winter, of a pack of American hounds in addition to the English pack formerly maintained by the hunt. Many of the members, for some time, have advocated the use of American dogs, believing them to be better adapted to the style of fox hunting in force in that part of the country than the English hounds. Out of deference to the wishes of those, the American pack was added. It is hunted on alternate days with the English pack.

The Rose Tree Fox-Hunting Club, the oldest hunt club in the country, is as prosperous and full of life as ever. In fact, the club has never had better sport than it has this winter. Mr. J. Howard Lewis, the well-known gentleman rider, is acting M. F. H. this winter, in the place of the veteran master, Mr. George W. Hill, who met with a severe accident in the hunting-field last winter, which prevents his being in the saddle to any great extent.

Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont recently purchased, as a present for her son-in-law, the Duke of Marlborough, the well-known hunter, Longshot. Longshot is a splendid type of hunter, although when shown at the last National Horse Show he did not win the highest honors. Still, in the hunting-field he may be better than the other cracks. He is by Edinborough, a son of Longfellow, and is almost thoroughbred.

ALFRED STODDART (RITTENHOUSE).

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. H. P., N. Y. City.—Your inquiry is too vague to enable us to advise you. You give only the starting-point, and not where you want to finish, whether Havre or Southampton or Liverpool. Generally, however, we can say, that if you are going to England, you will do well to acquire membership beforehand in the Cyclists' Touring Club, of London (at a very small cost), and for France in "The Touring Club de France." You will thereby be entitled to their road books, and to the special scale of hotel charges at specially selected inns, and will avoid trouble at the custom-houses.

"Tandem"—One dollar is the membership

fee of "The Touring Club de France." It entitles the cycle owner to its free passage through the custom-houses of France, Switzerland, Belgium and Italy.

"Bay Ridge."—The games you refer to resulted as follows:

April 18th, Crescent Athletic Club, 4 goals; Stevens Institute, 0.

April 22d, Stevens Institute, 5 goals; College of the City of New York, 0

April 25th, Stevens Institute, 6 goals; College of the City of New York, 0.

April 29th, Stevens Institute, 9 goals; College of the City of New York, 0.



TUFTS UNIVERSITY LIBRARIES



3 9090 007 568 914

