THE GRAY RABBIT.

Rare Shooting with Bow and Arrow in the Thickets of Indiana.

four-footed animals baffle the sportsman's vision and render themselves almost undiscoverable, even in comparatively open ground; still, it may be somewhat unexpected when I say that a hare can perform this same trick in the snow, and that, too, without covering itself up or really hiding itself at all. It is this trick of the hare, or to use the popular name, gray rabbit, which adds a keen delight to hunting it in winter, when a fresh fall of snow has whitened the fields

Some years ago Will and I were spending a part of the winter season at an isolated farm house in Indiana. The building stood near the center of a large and somewhat neglected estate, where thickets of brush-wood and pasture fields grown over with patches of blackberry briers afforded just the sort of cover attractive to hares. Our host was a whole-souled man, who had but lately purchased the place, and he was already be-ginning vigorously to overhaul and clean it up; inde d, it was his operations as a tidy and progressive farmer that called our at-tention to the almost innumerable hares. Every thicket he destroyed disturbed them Every thicket he destroyed disturbed them and they were seen scudding forth out of brush tangles and brier clumps when the laborers went to work with scythe and ax. Of course we could not let slip such a chance as this, so we went for our archery tackle which was boxed up in a distant town.

Meantime a fall of about three inches of snow was followed by zero weather with a clear sky and a whistling northwest wind. Nothing could have suited us better than this

Nothing could have suited us better than this state of things; for somehow or other hare shooting never goes off happily unless the weather is cold, and yet it is very difficult



They were seen scudding forth out of brush tangles and briar clumps. to handle bows and arrows with accuracy when your eyes are stinging, your ears stiff and your fingers numb, to say nothing of

your nose. We were up and out before sunrise on the first morning after our bows arrived, no mat- liquor on his tiny lacquer tray. During moter if the air was gray with frost crystals. Under our feet the snow crunched and squeaked, as it always does when the thermeter reminds it of its duty, and the farmer's cattle looked at us forlornly as if they blamed us for winter's pinching mean-But what we wanted to know was whether or not the hares had run during the night just past; for if they had we should

be sure to get some shooting, and our first move was toward the thickets to see if there were any fresh tracks in the snow. A hare has four good feet, but its tracks form a triangle, as if it were three-legged and by this form the hunter never fails to know at a glance the footprints of "Bre's Rabbit" from those of every other animal We soon found plenty of them on the margin of a buttonwood thicket, and each of us had quickly chosen one to follow. You might imagine it a very easy perform-

ance to track a hare in the snow and find it sitting, or rather crouching, in its bed but you have much to learn before you can do this simple thing. When a hare runs all alone you may follow it in open ground without much trouble. This, however, it was a really does the track will very rarely does. As a rule the track will lead to other tracks and get all mixed up with them, so that you must be an expert At the same time, instead of running in the open ground, as an accommo-dating hare should, the frisky game chooses dating hare should, the frisky game chooses to go through every patch of briers and into and around every-tuft of old weeds and tangled vines that it can find. Sometimes the modern king. George. Konstantinos was modern king. George. Konstantinos was modern king. George. tracks will suddenly come to an end. Here never tired while they spoke on such sub-is the last one. You look in vain for an-

around. Not a track or a sign. It looks as if the hare might have evaporated on the spot; or mayhap he suddenly sprouted wings and flew away! But while you are standing there in bewilderment out bounds your game from a neat form in a weed tuft and scurries off at racehorse speed, his white cotton ball tail bobbing and twinking as he

For shooting in the snowy season we use scarlet-feathered arrows which, when they strike into the ground, look like tulips bloom strike into the ground, look like tulips bloom-ing in the snow drifts and are consequently very easy to find. A broad, heavy steel point is best for hare-shooting and the shaft should be stout and made of tough, well-seasoned hickory. As a rule the game is rarely seen at long range, your shots not often being over thirty yards, usually less than twenty.

than twenty.
Will and I had become very expert in Will and I had become very expert in tracking the hare and finding it in its form; but frequently enough it would see or hear us first. Sometimes the hare when it is startled out of its hiding place will run fifteen or twenty yards and stop suddenly aitting down upon its haunches with its long ears erect and its round black eyes wide open. This is the moment for a beautiful shot; but you must know how to do it. If you aim directly at the hare ten to one you you aim directly at the hare ten to one you will not hit it; for when your how randle the will not hit it; for when your bow recoils the hare makes a quick, short leap and your arrow strikes where the game was but is not.

Now the expert archer can foretell by the attitude of the hare just in what direction will jump, and he aims accordingly, so as have his arrow hit precisely at the right ot. It is a nice calculation; but you soon spot. It is a nice calculation; but you soon learn to make it with intuitive exactness, as fowler does in aiming ahead of a flying

One of the most difficult feats in archery, however, is to hit a hare going at full speed. You might imagine it no harder to do than to shoot a swift bird on the wing; but it is. running hare does not keep a level line as most of the game birds do in flying; its long high bounds disconcert you and prevent any accurate aim taking. Still we have often killed hares when they were fairly splitting

the air at their swiftest gait. It is very exciting exercise and you soon get warm, no matter how frigid may be the weather, especially when the game is as plentiful as we found it on that crisp winter morning. I recollect one incident of our sport, a shot made by Will in the brushy corner of a wood, I saw him come to a sharp halt, glare a moment at a tuft of old pokoberry weeds beside a half buried de-caying log, and then raise his bow, draw and knew by some indescribable expression of his face that he was more excited than he ought to be, but he shot with great than he ought to be, but he shot with great care, and, as the event proved, made a fine Two days later a slumbering small boy

And so anxious was I to examine the bird You remember, no doubt, what I told you that in walking briskly along I almost about the skill with which certain birds and stepped on a hare, which went away from me at a mad rate. Will was quick as a flash, and then and there made the most wonderful shot which I meant to describe.

He saw the hare going like a bouncing ball, offering him what sportsmen call a "quartering" shot. With a single compound motion he whipped an arrow from his quiver, set it on the string and drew his bow. At the highest point of a long jump the well sent missile caught the hare in the neck and whirled it through a double sommersault. No matter how many poor shots the archer may make, one or two like that will always be remembered. We killed more than a dozen hares that

morning, but we probably shot a hundred times to do it, the game was so wild and ran so recklessly. It is not the bag, how-ever, which affords the archer his chief de-light, but rather the freedom, the action, the pursuit. What can be so good as pure air, vigorous exercise and the ancient liberty of

MAURICE THOMPSON. A LAND OF PANCY.

How "Sword Cut" Carried Konstantinos, the Little Greek Boy. Greek quarter of New York, which stretches around Roosevelt street toward the

East river, there dwelt with his kindred a

certain boy by name Konstantinos Kostan-To the few Americans who succeeded in finding their way through the network of streets to the Kostanzere home it seemed strange that an urchin so weak and puny should spring from a stock so fine, for the father Kostanzere was as splendid a specimen of the Greek islander as one might find

in a sail from Cyprus to Stamboul; while the boy's mother must have been rarely beautiful in her earlier days. Poor, little Konstantinos, however, was a frail flower, indeed. Perhaps the "twice breathed airs" of the great city had withered his natural constitution. His cheeks were haggard, his shoulders unnaturally rounded, his whole aspect, save, only as regarded his eyes spiritless and sickly.

But his eyes! Those magnificent, dusky

orbs almost atoned for all the rest of Konstantinos' deficiencies. Especially would they gleam and flash when his father or some other Greek conversed of the country they had left beyond the seas. Had he known better he might have given all his patriotism to the adopted land; but being unable to read or write, and in most ways unlearned, he exhausted all his love of country

upon the faraway Greece. He knew, in a vague, childish way, about the old Greek heroes and the great deeds they had done; and he could croon most of the old Romaic ballads which his mother

loved to sing. The Kostanzere family kept a cafe, which was much frequented of Greeks and Syrians. It stood in the dinglest of by-streets and flaunted over a moldy front the sounding title "Hotel Thermopylae." The "hotel" was only two stories high, and the entire ground floor was occupied by a large eating room and a small kitchen. It was the great joy of Konstantinos' soul to sit in the eating room and listen to the conversation of his father's guests. He had become a good mixer of toumbaki for the narghills, or big. long-tubed pipes, which these visitors smoked after dinner; and it was his little duty to trot around from pipe bowl to pipe bowl bearing pieces of burning charcoal with which he kept that castern substitute for tobacco alight. Then he would chop up the lakoumi or powdered sweetmeats "lumps of delight" we western children used to call them) and distribute them among the smokers. Or, if anybody called for mastica, he was accustomed to carry them the yellow ments of leisure he curled himself up in

corner and drank in the talk.
Sometimes the smoke clouds in the room became so dense that one could not distingu sh faces, but Korstantinos knew all the regular guests by their voices. For instance, old Philip, the peddler, has a high, thin, quaver-ing accent; and Milos, the dealer in Oriental goods, a fat, unctuous one. The man that they called "Sword Cut"-(Konstantinos never knew his real name)-had clearly been a soldier, for he spoke loudly and with de-cision, as a soldier should. The boy's father had a calm, quiet voice, which never failed to make itself heard through the din, alhough, after the Italians, the Greeks are

about the noisiest people in the world. But speaking in whatever manner they listed, our little listener cared not so long as they talked of Greece (or "Hellas," as himself called it), and discussed the past,

often while the guests were discussing matters of trade of everyday life Konstantines would whisper as he pipes: "Let us talk of our Greece, if you please." Then, perhaps, came a gentle please." Then, perhaps, came a preprimand from father or mother, bu loud-voiced patrons of the cafe took Kon-

stantinos' part. "Why may not the boy love Greece?" they

One day Konstantines did not appear in the But where is your hare? Surely he must be at the end of his run. With searching Father Kostanzere answered that a very gaze you cover every inch of snow for yards wise American doctor had pronounced the child to be in the early stages of decline.
"He bids us take him into the air of the ountry," explained Mother Kostanzere, how can we do so? There is the cafe to look

> The patrons of the establishment rose as one man. Each desired to have the temporary care of the child conferred upon him night, under the hovering clouds of oumbaki smoke, the question was debated hotly. Finally the man that they called "the sword cut" arose and vigorously made his claim. He pointed out that he alone had no regular trade or business which might suffer by his absence. Then he suggested that the child be sent, in his charge, for a long summer holiday upon Staten island. "If you, good brothers," he concluded, "de-

> sire to do your part of the business, you can subscribe money for our trip." After some demur, and much sly laughter over the cunning combination of business with pleasure, which "the sword-cut" had mapped out for himself, the proposition was received with acclamation. Just then a little, white-dressed figure appeared in the

rifted smoke of the doorway. It was that "Good people," said the boy, "I have heard ye speak my name. Why is it so?"
Father Kostanzere advanced, and lifting

his son in his stalwart arms, explained with tears in his eyes: "These kind friends have decided to join me in sending you and 'the sword-cut' for a lovely sea voyage together, so that your health may return and the color to your cheeks."

"A sea voyage!" cried the child, clapping his hands. "What! are we going to Greece?" There was silence, and the guests looked at each other and smiled.

"We are surely going to Greece?" re-iterated Konstantines. Then, amid approv-ing nods, the man they called "the swordcut" whispered, "Wait a little, my son. You will see for yourself." And he winked

knowingly at Konstantinos.

The boy now felt sure that a journey to Greece was to be his portion. His ideas of distance were hazy in the extreme; and all yelled he knew of his native land's situation was that it lay "over the sea." He fell asleep singing a Romaic battle hymn, and sighing

for Greece. It was officially resolved among the patrons of the cafe that to enlighten the boy as to his real destination would be cruel in the extreme. "He thinks he is going to Greece," quavered old Philip, the peddler-"then let him think so. It will do him good and, soon enough, he may know better."

than he ought to be, but he shot with great care, and, as the event proved, made a fine hit. What he bagged was a cock-pheasant wrapped in a Turkish carpet, was carried or grouse which he had chanced to see lying on board the Staten Island ferry boat, just bless in between the weeds and the old log, as that ungainly vessel was about to leave ening."

her moorings. When the carpet was removed and the child propped against the front taffrail of the boat, one saw that Konstantings and his guardian had begun their

'voyage over seas to Greece." The light summer breezes from the bay The light summer preezes that and caressed the younger traveler's hair, and soon aroused him from his sleep. He started, raised himself in the "sword-cut's arms, and cast a quick, bewildered glance over the sunlit waves of a bay as beautiful as any the wide world over.

since the day which brought him, of Manhattan island; and rarely had he strayed far from the noisome purlieus of Roosevelt street. No wonder that the glory of the scene—the silver sheet of water, spangled with sails, and dotted with boat and bark—the dappled green shores far beyond—the rich blue vault above—no wonder that it all dazzled eyes accustomed only to the endless gloom of the Greek quarter. But suddenly it flashed across the soul of Konstantinos that he had seen all this wondrous vision of loveliness before—seen it in his bed at night, in his day-dreams, in the glowing word-pictures of his father's patrons, and in the songs of his beloved mother. This—this was Greece!

When the spirit of a child sings the voice is but its echo. Konstantinos uttered a great cry of joy and raised his thin arms to the smiling heavens. Then, with the inborn ele-quence of the Greek, he poured forth burn-ing words of praise and thanks to the Almighty who had granted him the boon of beholding his "native land." As for him they called "the sword" he

could not see the sunlight for his tears. Most of that summer the pair remained upon Staten Island. "The sword-cut's" pow-ers were taxed to the utmost in humoring his ward's whims, without telling a faise-hood, for our rough soldier had a stern sense of honor. But Konstantinos needed no cicerone after all. His keen imagination transformed every locality from American Greek. Whenever they went for a sail, they frequently did, they were bound for "Scios" or "Delos" or "Ithaca" or even distant "Crete." They had traversed "Sparta" and found a "Corinth" and an "Athens." In short, Konstantinos drank in the Grecian illusion to the full. But he drank in some thing else, far better for his health, and that was plenty of ozone. When he finally be-came homesick (as all boys, old or young. are sure to do, soon or late), anyone could see that that was the only sickness about His holiday had cured our weakling. That was a great and triumphant oming to the "Cafe Thermopylae," off

velt street. All, or nearly all "Little Greece" turned out to receive the travelers; and Kon-stantinos felt like another Ulysses. That night, amid the familiar clouds of toumbaki smoke, he told the long and varied story of his wanderings, appealing ever and anon for confirmation to "The sword-cut." As for the latter worthy he had forced upon him more toumbaki and mastica than h could smoke or drink in a month. His posi-tion in the Greek quarter was now firmly assured, and he need never think of work-

ing again.
When Konstantines finished his tale the drank his health, and then the health of his health; and last, but not least, the health of "Mother Greece," otherwise Staten Island. Konstantinos is older now, and he "knows Konstantinos is older now, and he "knows better." Some day he expects to visit Greece—the real Greece. Perhaps he may find it a little disappointing after the raptures of the imaginary one, which he discovered so happily in the bay of New York.

LOVERS OF BOOKS.

Poor Young Boys and How They Got to Be Presidents.

"I wish there never was such a thing in the world as school. Confound it all! Booksooks, look at that strap full, and here Bob McLean invited us all to Great Falls on a pienic! Hang it!" John, what's up this morning?"

"Why. sked his friend as they met on the way to "Nothing's up! Its all down! I wish the teachers had the smallpox and a yellow flag waved out of the High school door this

"See here, John, you are in a temper now.
Don't go to school 'till you feel better. Who
knows but you or I may be president some
day, but we'll have to love books and study.

o be anything." John slammed himself down on the steps of he capitol, put his hand to his head, and his elbow on his knee, while the morning sun-chine fell like gold on his discontented face. His father was a man of wealth and stirring John was expected to become cholar, and to spend many years preparing or some profession.

Charley Wilson, his chum and seat mate was a student, without money, without influence. He ran errands during the vacations for officials at the capitol, and learned wise, studious things, as the birds learn to sing. He was fond of John, and had a great influ-Today he felt discouraged. ence over him. "Did you ever hear about the poor young man who used to carry every book he could find to the field and study and read while he

"Of course I have. Father is always telling me about poor young boys, and how they

got to be presidents!"
"Now, John, you can't guess who this boy He lived in a log house, among the welves, was too poor to go to school, but at last did walk nine miles a day to one for a little while. He worked on a farm, studied by firelight, ground the corn and fed the by firelight, ground the corn and fed the horses, built the fires and cooked, and earned 31 cents a day!

31 cents a day!"
"I say he was a fool!" muttered John.
"You wait and see! He split 400 rails for a woman who sold him cloth for a pair of trousers, 400 rails to a yard, and she dyed it with walnut bark. He got to be a lawyer and was sent to congress, to this very capitol, John. My grandfather worked in the big library then, and you ought to hear him tell how this young man read books! Men actually laughed he was so homely and droll. Great men, Daniel Webster and Henry Clay, were in Washington, then, and used to sit with this funny awkward man and enjoy

"Just think, he came day after day to the library of the supreme court for books, and would always pile them up in a bundle, take out of his coat pocket a big red bandans han kerchi f, spraal it down on the tabe, in tie all the books up in it; then hang it on his walking stick, put it over his shoulder and march home. He always brought them back the same way. My grandfather saw him! And now who do you think he was?" "Same crank I suppose."

"Some crank, I suppose."
John's friend rose up to his full height and stood in front of the discontented comrade, and said in a triumphant tone, "It was Abraham Lincoln, John." he didn't have to go to the High MARGARET SPENCER.

PRATTLE OF THE YOUNGSTERS.

A woman residing in a New York flat ordered a piece of ice from the grovery. The youth who brought it was a German. He put it on the dumb waiter in the basement to be hoisted up. She pulled away. "Gracious!" she exclaimed; "how heavy this ice is. The grocer must have given me

good weight." By great exertion she succeeded in getting the dumb waiter up. To her astonishment she found the boy seated on the ice. With what breath she had left, she demanded What did you make me pull you up here

"Why," replied the boy, "I thought the cake would be too heavy for you to lift, so came up to help you off with it."

"Johnny, dear," said his mother, who was trying to inculcate a lesson in industry "what do you suppose mamma would do for you if you should come to her some day and ell her that you loved your studies?"
"Lick me for telling a falsehood," said dear little Johnny, with the sweet frankness of youth.

The small boy was playing cowboy, more to his own satisfaction than that of his nervous father.

"I am the Wild Wolf of Bitter Creek," he "And this is your night to howl," said the exasperated parent, appearing with a strap. And Willie howled.

Tommy-I think I am better at eating han I am at studying. Mamma-Why do you think that, Tommy? Tommy-Why, because I often miss my lessons, but I never miss my meals.

"I'm very much afraid," his mother said, "that this pie needs more shortening." "Mamma," said the boy in an audible un "that isn't what my piece needs." "Isn't it?" "No'm. My piece needs length

Difficult and Dangerous Work Even for the

Best Performers.

baby, to New York had he left the shores A Life of Apparent Gitter and Show, to Reality One of Much Hateship and Innumerable Accidents-Inter-

views with Riders.

(Copyright, 1995, by S. S. McClure, Limited.) NEW YORK, June 6.-There is never a oment when a rider in the circus ring is various feats become easy enough of accomplishment after long practice, but the performers can never be sure at what moment preparing for a spring. The chances are ten in a gymnasium, to one that a fall will result, and yet there is no sure way of knowing when a horse is the ring, a ray of sunshine striking him unexpectedly in the eyes, the creaking of a oully, any one of a hundred taings; swerving few inches to the right or left, a sudden dart forward, will be more than sufficient to upset the delicately poised equilibrium.

Therefore, the art of falling is one of the nost important, and it is also one of the most difficult of mastery among the circus rider's accomplishments. It is always easy to recognize a veteran circus rider in the way he falls. As soon as he sees that the



JOHN O'BRIEN, BORN IN THE RING.

situation is hopeless, that he must go down his hands shoot for his kneds like a flash and he hugs himself up automatically into a round ball, with nothing exposed that can break, unless possibly it be a rib or two in some very exceptional case. Usually striking in this way, with the muscles all tense and the body folded up tight and hard, the rider escapes with a few bruises and a good shak-

HOW A MAN CAN GUIDE HIMSELF. "It's astonishing how many things you can think of," said De Most, the famous bare-back rider, in a recent falk I had with him, "In the time when you are in the air falling from your herse. You see, we circus riders that there was nothing on this earth so have seen so many atcidents and had it hammered into us so much aver circus riders."

heads like a whirlwind.

"I remember the worst fall I ever had as distinctly as if it were last week, although really it was several years ago. It seems queer, but it happened when I was sitting astride my horse, walking round the ring astride my horse, walking round the ring and fine people and always get lots of applause. That's something worth living for, I hat's something worth living for, I quietly after doing an act. All of a sudden something made the horse shy and before I knew it I was gone, lifted up in the air and turning over, half from habit, I suppose, in a back somersault. I heard the ringmaster yell at me and realized that, unless I could get 'round in the turn-so as to clear my head, I would break my neck in striking. Between that and my reaching the ground was only the small part of a second, but it seemed as if I had oceans of time to argue out the whole situation. I wondered if the horse would step on me, decided how I had better roll to get away; planned just how l would strike the ground with my shoulders, if I managed to save my head, and then I dug my chin down in my breast bone and

hustled on that turn.
"Well, it was a close shave. They carried ne out senseless and the doctor said my neck was broken; but it wasn't. pretty badly wrenched, though, and I carried my chin pressed against my body for weeks afterwards. You can be sure if I hadn't got up some fine speed on that turn there would have been another dead circus

"Do you mean that a circus rider can make nimself turn faster or slower after he is in the air?" I asked.
"Certainly I do; that is the most impor tant part of somersault work. You see



no matter how good a man is, he can neve leave his horse for a turn with exactly the right amount of spring. Sometimes he will throw himself a little too hard, and other times not hard enoughs it depends partly on how he feels, and partiy on the way the horse is going. Well, when he finds himself in the air, say helf way around on the turn, he feels—that is, all good circus riders do-by a kind of instinct; whether he is turning too fast or not fast enough, so as to land right on the horse. Besides that, can see most of the way round just where the horse is and by practice tell whether anything is wrong. Now, suppose he wants to slacken his speed a little, he simply lifts his head straight up, or even a little back, and that acts like putting on a brake. Then, if he sees he is too slow, all he has to do is to bend his head down on his chest in the way I was telling you of, and his body will shoot round twice as fast, like a bicycle going down hill." "And how about swerving to one side

or the other, can you correct that, too?"
"You can to a certain extent, but not so much. For instance, if I see I am going to land too far inside the horse I can throw my body two or three inches out by turning the shoulders in that direction. In the same way I can throw my body in by turning my shoulders in the other direction. You can't count much on that, though, and fi the horse's body has swerved out from

The best thing you can do then is r horse and get away." right.

'How do you mean hit your horse?" "Come down near to him to push off with one foot for a turn and land safe on the ground. If a circus rider can't hit his horse at all he's pretty sure to get a nasty TRAINING MUST BEGIN IN CHILDHOOD | fall.

THE LONG, HARD TRAINING.

Few people realize the immense amount of practice that is necessary to make an accomplished circus rider. Nearly all the famous ones have begun their work at a very early age. Lily and Rosie Meers appeared in public on horseback when little girls of 7 and 8, and from that time on they kept practicing constantly, not only in riding, but more particularly in various gymnastic movements and exercises. DeMott told me that when he was a boy of 8 going to school in Philadelphia his father, who was also a circus performer, made him entirely free from danger. Of course the was also a circus performer, made him spend four hours a day, two in the morning and two in the afternoon, working at exer-cises for strengthening the legs and giving performers can never be sure at what moment all their skill and experience will be set at naught through some failure of the horse to fifteen minter a day on a borse, the greater do what is expected of him. Suppose a horse shies while the rider is standing on his back rather more varied, than ordinary exercise This work which all ac complished circus riders have to go through comes under the comprehensive name of 'side practice,' and includes 'passing,' 'cutabout to shy. The most trifling thing may cause him to do so; a sudden crash of music, the fall of a program thrown carelessly into side practice' during their recent say in New York."

"There is no doubt," said Mrs. Meers, their mother, who has been in the business for two-score of years and should know what she is talking about, "that our society women should be immensely benefited if they should learn those same exercises that my girls

should be immensely benefited if they should learn those same exercises that my girls have to do to keep in practice for the ring. There, look at Marie; isn't that good?" The mother's pride was justifiable, for Miss Marie did indeed make a graceful figure as she stood literally poised on one toe. "Marie did not begin to ride in public as young as her sisters," continued the mother, "but she had grace of movement, and strengthened her muscles by working for a number of years in the pantomime performances that are so popular in Europe. The result was that, when she began practicing on a horse, at the age of 15, she made very on a horse, at the age of 15, she made very rapid progress, and soon caught up with

A CIRCUS RIDER'S PRIDE OF PROFES-

Here the father, Hubert Meers, joined in the conversation. He is a queer looking little man, very short and stumpy, and impresses you as having but one possible interest in life, the circus ring. In his day he was a famous clown and acrobat, but now he only appears as ringmaster when his daughters ride.

"There is something too, sir," he said, "There is something too, sir, he said, in a soft, deferential tone, "in being born of a circus family. Now, in my case, I began doing the Risley business at the age of 5, with my father, who was a great performer. The 'Risley business' is where a little chap holds himself out stiff and is tossed around its all kinds of ways on the feet of a man in all kinds of ways on the feet of a man who lies on his back. That's what my father used to do to me. Then I began riding when I was 10 years old, and as far back as 1855 the people in Birmingham gave me this gold medal for turning 200 back somersaults in succession. No, I didn't turn them on a horse, but on the ground, which

was quite hard enough. It took me twenty minutes to finish them." "What's the most difficult feat you ever saw done on a horse?" I inquired. Mr. Meers scratched his sandy head and said, after some reflection: "I think the hardest thing was what a man did in England a few years ago, that is a triple act on galloping horse, consisting of a round-all,

flip-flap and two somersaults: Nobody could ever beat that." It was charming to see the enthusiasm with which the children of the old circus rider (there were six of them in all, grouped around attentive), listened to their father's have seen so many accurate and hammered into us so much ever since we hammered into us so much ever since we dip-flap, and two somersaults in the way described. The two youngest daughters stopped eases that it all comes rushing through our sewing white satin covers on their sister's sewing white satin covers on their sister's plause. That's something worth living for, I can tell you, applause. You ought to see my girl Lillie take a little run across the ring and jump clean over two horses. sir, that's what she can do, and she isn't a big girl, either. It's nerve, sir, and knowing how, more than muscle. feel of her arm, it isn't so very hard, not different from any other woman's, but she can jump over the horses just the same,

> ndeed, as being a happy family. BORN IN A CIRCUS RING. Perhaps one of the best authorities of Pernaps one of the best authorities on circus riding is John O'Brien, who has been for years and is still equestrian director in the Barnum show. Mr. O'Brien has the proud distinction of being the only man living actually born in a circus ring, such having en his remarkable experience in Reickson, Wales, where his mother was in the midst of a daring horseback act when young John ade his mundane debut with a great flour sh of trumpets from the band and a fluttering of hearts among the ladies. He has probably

ers laughed heartily. They impressed one.

trained more women into circus riders than any other master of the sawdust. He recognizes grace and style as being the chief requisites for a good rider.
"If a girl has these," he said, "I will guar-antee to make a circus rider out of her even as late as 16 if she will work hard at it. Why, two years ago I started a married woman of 19 in the business, and she has succeeded so well that she is now doing a regular act with the show. She had a special advantage, though, for she had been a con-

advantage, though, for she had been a con-tortionist and dancer before working on a The first thing I teach them is to learn to balance and to get the quick movement for a recover. Of course there is no danger of a beginner's falling, because we always use the mechanical apparatus to save them. Lots of them get rattled when they make their first appearance in public they are too anxious, want to do too much, and so make mistakes The foundation of a good rider is to know how to fall and to be able to 'make for the feet,' as we call it. It takes months and months of practice to learn that and even then accidents often happen. You see, a horse's back gets slippery after he begins to sweat, and when a rider's pumps have touched the sand and got damp they are liable to slip off like a piece of glass.

IMPROVEMENTS IN CIRCUS RIDING. I asked Mr. O'Brien if there had been much progress in creus riding during his time much advance in the difficulty of feats per

'Undoubtedly there has," he replied. have an old circus program dating abou twenty-five years ago, which reads like this 'Levy J. North, the champion rider of the world, will actually stand on one foot and ride three times around the ring without a rein.' Of course today any beginner at circus riding would do a trick like that, which was en considered very wonderful."
"Has any rider dared to try a double

ommersault on a horse's back? "I don't think so, and I am very sure no one has ever succeeded. You know, a single sommersault on a horse's back is no joke, and was done for the first time by the mores accident. The rider was the great-grandfather of our present champion. De Mott, and when he did it he intended to throw a sommersault so as to land on the ground, but he made a wrong calculation and struck the horse's back on his knees. After that he die the same thing on purpose and finally suceeded in landing on his feet. The only pos-sible way of doing a double sommersaul mounted would be for the rider to stand wel back on the horse facing the tail and ther do what we call a double backward back You know, a back sommersault is always easier than a forward one. But even so, I should hate to be the man to try a double on a horse." CLEVELAND MOFFETT.

CONNUBIALITIES.

\$200,000 for breach of promise. The size of a man's bank account appears to be what gives value to his word.

Miss Mary McTague disappeared from her home in Newark, N. J., last week to avoid marriage with the man to whom she was engaged. The young woman seemed to have a peculiar dread of marriage.

Grumpkins-Spoonsmore, how are you going to vote on the silver question? Spoons.

more (with some hesitation)—I think I shall not vote at all, Grumpkins I'm all right on the question myself, but I—I expect to be paired off at high noon next Wednesday with a free-silver girl.

The engagement of Miss Edith Rockefeller and Mr. Harold McCormick was announced in New York last week. Miss Edith Rockefeller is frequently spoken of as one of the two wealthiest heiresses in America. The

Cooke and Rev. Julien Avery Herrick. The father of the brides, Rev. D. T. Morrill, cousin to Senator Morrill of Vermont, was one of the best known Baptist preachers in northern Illinois.

While on the Knights of Pythias trip to While on the Knights of Pythias trip to Washington encampment last year Tom Mc-Collough, deputy postmaster of Anderson, Ind., refused a cigar and as the result the box, which was afterward emptied, was thrown over to him and carelessly he began to write on the lid with his pencil. He wrote his name and address among other two wealthiest heiresses in America. The other is her sister, Miss Alta Rockefeller. They are the daughters of Mr. and Mrs. John D. Rockefeller of No. 4 West Fifty-fourth street. It is estimated that they will each come into \$35,000,000.

La Grange, Ill. had a double wedding, a family reunion and a meeting of Baptist ministers all in one night and in the same house. Last Wednesday night two young Baptist ministers wedded two daughters of a clergyman of that sect in the presence of brothers of the bride who are divines of the same denomination. The brides were Arrieta Anita Morriil and Jennie S. Morrill and the respective grooms are Rev. Homer Martien

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