SEVERAL SHORT STORIES

"Cal" Wagner's Thrilling Adventure in the Mountains Near Glenwood Springs.

HIS INTRODUCTION TO A PARTY OF BEARS

General Stanton Tells a Good Luck Story—Omaha Man Possesses Relic of the Time of the Inquisition—Pawnshop Incidents.

"Happy" Cal Wagner, once a monarch of the minstrel stage, but who for the last ten years has been a general traveling passenger agent for the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railway, his present headquarters being in Denver, is in Omaha on business connected with the Greater America Exposition. The genial Wagner recently met with a bear adventure that he does not care to have repeated. He tells this story:

"About three weeks ago Mayor Johnson of Denver, Governor Thomas of Colorado, General Passenger Agent Bailey of the Colorado Midland railroad, and myself went to Glenwood Springs for a little outing. As a side issue we concluded to go up into the neighboring mountains and hunt for elk and bear or any other old thing. After reaching the top of a mountain by a hard and circuitous path I surveyed the situation with a sweeping eye, but I failed to see any elk or bear. I had seen nothing but a live man and he was not the kind of game we were after.

"'How would a mountain lion suit you?' asked Mayor Johnson.

"'Oh, any old thing will do to give us a little excitement, but I prefer bear on this trip,' I replied.

"Three minutes later, as we were walking along, we met two big female bears, regular silver-tip grizzlies, with three cubs.

"Johnson, what do you want? My name is Walker," said I, and thereupon I made for the nearest tree and did some tall climbing. My comrades followed suit. All of us were so frightened that we did not think of doing any shooting, but dropped our guns at the foot of the trees. The bears came after us. Just then two hunters, who had heard our yells, came upon the scene and taking in the situation at a glance one of them yelled out, Say, what the h—l's the matter with you fellows? Those are our bears—we have been after them for an hour—and we are going to have 'em.'

"'You can have 'em,' I shouted.

"The next instant their rifles rang out and the two old bears dropped in their tracks. They then shot the cubs in a way to only wound them slightly so that they could be easily captured. We now came down from our perch and drew a long breath of relief. The hunters gave me one of the wounded cubs to take to Denver. We took the cub down to the Springs and put him in a box in the baggage car. The train was so crowded that about forty persons had to seek temporary accommodation in the baggage car. After the train had been running but a few miles my friend Bailey came rushing up to me in one of the passenger coaches and shouted: 'Cal, your bear has got loose in the baggage car and there's the devil to pay.'

"I ran into the car and found all the people on top of the baggage while my cub was prancing around the floor and getting himself generally disliked. Grabbing a poker I gave him a knockout blow—hit him just right, as luck would have it. I then tumbled my pet into the box again, securely fastening it. On arriving in Denver I put the critter in an express wagon, giving the driver directions where to take him. I naturally supposed that my bear troubles were at an end. But that was where I was mistaken. The express wagon had not gone a half block when I heard an unearthly yell. It came from the expressman. That devilish cub had broken off a slat of the box and poked his head through and seized the expressman by the seat of his trousers. The cub not only ruined those trousers, but severely lacerated the man's flesh. Now here was trouble enough to unload on a policeman. Accordingly I summond a policeman who was near at hand to go up and club that unruly cub into submission. He handled that cub as if it had been a drunken sailor and soon had him on his good behavior. I settled with the expressman for $10 and thought I got off pretty cheap. I don't want any more Rocky mountain 'bar' in mine. The sight of one of those critters will make me climb a greased pole."

"Here's a good thing that I heard on the train the other day," said Mr. Wagner. "It was on a Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul train, of course. Don't overlook that important fact. One passenger was telling another about the large amount of money he was going to receive from the estate of his father and was discussing all sorts of plans for its investment. 'Say, my friend, let me give you a little advice,' said the listener. 'You seem to put all your trust in money, but if I were you I would put all my money in trusts.'"

"I was once cornered by a lot of hostile Indians, and it was a very lucky thing that I didn't have a gun," said General Stanton. "Lucky for the Indians do you mean?" he was asked. "No, indeed—lucky for myself," replied the general. "It was in January, 1872, when I was coming out from Fort Apache, in Arizona. The snow had fallen very deep, and the climb from the post to the top of the first range of mountains was six miles. It took us the whole day to make that short distance. The Apaches were very hostile, and it was not safe for a man to be away from his command very far. After struggling along many hours the train became stalled in the snow, and I got out of the ambulance and helped to straighten things out. Finally, the train moved on, and, wishing to have a smoke, I took out my pipe and tobacco, and, scraping away some snow, struck a light and began to puff away. Meantime the train pulled around a sharp bend of the mountain and was out of sight, although only a few yards away. After getting my pipe well lighted I started to catch up with the train. Looking down over the trail from where it had just come, I saw ten or twelve Indians close to me, the leading one holding a long lance in his hand. I had nothing with which to defend myself, which was very fortunate for me as it turned out. I stood in the middle of the road and faced the entire party. The Indian with the lance came up within ten feet of me, holding the lance, poised ready to kill me, and held it there for, it seemed to me, an almost indefinite period, but I did not run or make any move to get away from him. Finally, I saw the point of the lance turn slowly up, and the Indian walked toward me and handed me the butt end. I then turned and walked slowly toward the camp, reaching it in safety, with the Indians following me. That night they slept around my tent, after partaking of the remains of my supper, which they seemed to greatly relish. The next morning they ate what was left of my breakfast, and then went their way. Had I turned to run when I first saw them that would have been the end of me. If I had had a revolver or gun I would have killed one or two of them, and then been killed myself."

"How do you account for the conduct of those Indians, general?" he was asked.

"You can figure that out as well as I can," he replied. "I have simply told you the story. No diagram goes with any of my stories."

"Perhaps you hypnotized them, general," observed a bystander with a faraway look.

There is in the possession of an Omaha man an iron implement which he believes is a relic of the Inquisition and its manifold methods of human torture. This implement is in the shape of a large pair of tongs. The "jaws," for they suggest the word in their looks, are square pieces of thick iron about a yard long and are provided with a latch at the end to keep the jaws shut tightly together.

But the tongs, while odd-looking, have nothing striking about them at first glance and one would think they were made for handling hot metal in a foundry, or some such purpose. On the inner face of one of the jaws, however, are engravings which show that the implement, whatever it is, was made for no such secular use. The main impression is a circle, containing two other concentric circles, and within the inner one a representation of the crucified Christ. The cross is supported at the bottom by a stake on either side. There is evidently some attempt at inscription or symbol at the top of the cross, but what it is cannot be made out.

There are two border circles about the cross, the inner one being narrow and simply filled with small circles touching one another. In the outer circle, opposite the head and foot of the cross and equidistant between these, are four figures, which may be Roman lamps or books, resting on wings. Between these figures are lines which seem to represent branches, possibly olive branches.

At one side of the large circle are three small ones, two being identical in design, containing the initials "I. H. S." (Iesus Hominum Salvator), surmounted by an outline cross. The other circle contains the representation of a lamb, behind which and extending above it appears again the outline cross.

The owner of this curious piece of iron work firmly believes that hundreds of years ago it was used upon the victims of the Inquisition by having the jaws heated and the design thus impressed upon some wretch's and or face. He has had the thing in his possession for a number of years, but does not now remember, if he ever knew, of whom he obtained it or where the previous owner got it. He believes that the man who sold it to him didn't know of the history which is possibly connected with it.

Another explanation of the purpose of the tongs, one less interesting, but apparently more probable, is that it is an old-fashioned tool for the embossing of leather book covers. It is difficult to see how it could be used for this purpose, as the design appears on but one jaw and is cut in on that. There are no corresponding figures in relief on the other face.

Omaha has at times entertained its share of broken-down nobles of the old world and they have left behind them mute symbols of their former glory and later blasted fortunes in the pawnshops. In every city these places are the refuge of those who have held poor hands in the game of life or have been unable to play them to any advantage, and "your uncle," who is always a sympathetic man, hears many a tale of woe.

In most cases the negotiator of a loan on a diamond or a watch tells his banker the whole story of how he came to it, no doubt in the hope of softening his heart and thus undermining his business judgment, or in the belief that if he knows how hard it is for his customer to "hang it up" he will take better and longer care of it. Every case is an exceptional one. The man probably never entered a pawnshop with a piece of the family plate or a ring his sweetheart gave him without making it perfectly clear that in his own proper station he was above such transactions, that, no matter how accustomed some men might have become to that method of persuading the wolf to move on, he was at the one crisis of his life.

Again, some interesting bit of jewelry will be hung up without a word of explanation or reference to the owner's circumstances. Men who do business in this way are picked out by the shrewd pawnbrokers as the ones really forced below their station by temporary embarrassment, and the chances are that their hard-luck stories would be the true ones if they only told them. They save their pride in an entirely different way from that the others adopt, by keeping still.

To the latter class belong, as a rule, those who have the nearest appearance of being royalty out of a job—the real thing—the kind who in their own country are accustomed to meeting dukes before breakfast. One of these struck Omaha a few years ago when he was decidedly "up against it." He seemed to be a younger branch of the family, who had been cast off. But he said nothing about himself when he brought his "uncle" several pieces of heavy silverware and took away what cash the latter thought he could risk on them. They did not remain long in the pawnshop, however, before friends or relatives of the young man appeared and redeemed them. The pawnbroker did not gather much information concerning his noble patron, but it was evident that he had become reconciled to his family and had come into his own.

In another shop in Omaha there is an old-fashioned seal ring. The crest is cut in a very handsome black stone and shows an animal's head, surmounted by a motto of which the first word cannot quite be deciphered, "—— Capit Capitur." The ring is an unusually heavy gold band bearing on its inside the names of a man and a woman and the date of the death of each. The two years mentioned are 1875 and 1877. Under the woman's name are the letters R. I. P., doubtless standing for the old benediction, "Requiescat in Pace." The ring itself evidently dates much farther back than the dates given, for it is of a style which has not been made for many a year.

Within the last few years a new class of pawnshops has sprung up—those which supplement their stock of "pledges" with purchases of new goods from the wholesale jewelry houses. These have about them an air of respectability and prosperity foreign to the exclusive pawnshops, and are visited by those who have money to spend instead of money to scrape up any possible way. An elderly man, whose home is in Iowa, and who said he was a state senator, bought a watch in one of these places the other day.

"Instead of our giving him references," said the proprietor, "as it used to be, he gave us references. That's the way the world is getting turned around nowadays."

Boils

Capt. W. H. Dunlap, Chattanooga, Tenn., says: "Several years ago boils and carbuncles appeared upon me to an alarming extent, causing me great trouble and pain. Physicians' treatment did not seem to avail, and finally I decided to give S. S. S. a trial. I improved at once, and after taking six bottles, the boils and carbuncles disappeared entirely."

S.S.S. For The Blood

(Swift's Specific) is the only blood remedy guaranteed *purely vegetable;* it forces out every trace of impure blood, and cures cases that no other remedy can touch. Valuable books mailed free by Swift Specific Co., Atlanta, Ga.

A Good Cough Medicine for Children.

"I have no hesitancy in recommending Chamberlain's Cough Remedy," says F. P. Moran, a well known and popular baker of Petersburg, Va. "We ave given it to our children when troubled with bad coughs, also whooping cough, and it has always given perfect satisfaction. It was recommende to me by a druggist as the best cough medicine for children, as it contained no opium or other harmful drugs."

NEW FIELD FOR LIQUID AIR

Medical World Promised a New Factor in Cure of Disease.

RESULTS OF SOME RECENT EXPERIMENTS

Several Cases of Erysipelas Successfully Treated—Permanent Relief for Neuralgia and Sciatica—Method of Treatment.

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NEW YORK, July 28.—Dr. A. Campbell White of Vanderbilt clinic, Columbia university, is preparaing to announce the results of a series of remarkable experiments which he has been making with liquid air for the treatment of cancer, erysipelas, lupus, carbuncles and other diseases. He has actually cured a number of severe cases of erysipelas, carbuncles and boils in one or two treatments. Abcesses and ulcers he has aborted absolutely with a single freezing. Neuralgia and sciatica he has treated most successfully, in every case giving almost instant and permanent relief. An obstinate case of lupus—lupus is a form of tuberculosis affecting the skin—was perfectly cured after two treatments, although the patient had been under ordinary medical attendance for a long time, the disease resisting every remedy. But the most significant and important feature of all Dr. White's work has been his experiments with cancer. He has had a number of very severe cases. In one of them, cancer of the nose, the sore has entirely disappeared and Dr. White believes the patient to be permanently cured. All the other cases show marked improvement, although there has not been time for the sores to heal entirely. Dr. White refuses yet, with professional conservatism, to assert positively that liquid air will invariably cure cancer, but he says: "I am hopeful as to the ultimate result." Besides the cancer cases experiments have been made in using liquid air as an anaesthetic, with some curious results, of which I will speak later.

It is fortunate that these experiments, which promise to give liquid air the prominence in surgical and medical circles formerly held by Roentgen's X-rays, should have been conducted under such auspices as those of the medical staff of the Venderbilt clinic. Dr. White has been assisted by Dr. Thurston G. Lusk and his associates of Roosevelt hospital and by Dr. George M. Fox, the distinguished authority on skin diseases. Dr. White himself is well known in the medical world as one of the first of American physicians to experiment with anti-toxine for the treatment of diphtheria, a subject on which he made a report before the American Medical association.

Dr. White has been conducting special clinics twice a week for several months past. The liquid air is supplied by Mr. Charles E. Tripler, the inventor of the process, which has made his name familiar. It reaches the clinic in a heat insulated can containing about one gallon, the cost being hardly more than that of mineral water. It is a clear, bluish fluid which evaporates rapidly on exposure to the heat of the surrounding atmosphere. Its temperature is 312 degrees below zero.

Method of Treatment.

Last week I visited Dr. White at his clinic. Among the patients present one had a very severe case of cancer, one of erysipelas and one of blood tumors. The erysipelas patient was a young negro woman who had come to the clinic three days before with her face terribly swollen and disfigured. Dr. White had applied liquid air, doubtful as to its efficacy, and she had returned so much improved, the swelling being entirely gone, that the doctor actually did not know her. He gave her one final treatment, using a glass flask partly filled with the liquid air. This he rolled over her face up and down. The surface of the flesh was frozen stiff and white as the glass passed over it, but it regained its former condition almost instantly. The temperature used was nearly 300 degrees colder than ice, perfectly dry cold, so cold, indeed, that the doctor had difficulty in handling the flask. And yet, when I asked the patient if it hurt her, she said that she only experienced a slight stinging sensation.

"It completely anaesthetizes the part to which it is applied without freezing it solid," explained Dr. White. "I have tried the air as a local anaesthetic in a number of cases and it has always worked admirably. No blood flows during the operation—a very great advantage to the surgeon in his work. I operated not long ago on a boy who had a blank cartridge wound in his hand. The boy was very nervous. I applied the liquid air rather too freely, and when I attempted to cut the hand with a scalpel it was frozen so hard that the knife would not penetrate. Thirty seconds later, however, it thawed out and the operation was performed without pain, without hemorrhage and with no further freezing. When the boy returned a few days later the wound was in perfect condition and it was soon healed up. That is only one of several similar cases."

One of the other cases present at the clinic was of a young child with a number of blood tumors. Previous to my visit a large sore under the chin had been treated by the old methods and it was still much swollen, whereas a similar sore on the back which had been treated twice with liquid air was in excellent condition, the scab free and wound beginning to heal. No better proof of the superiority of the liquid air treatment over that formerly used could be desired. The doctor told me of a similar experiment on a case of ivy poisoning extending the entire length of the patient's forearm and hand. He froze a band about three inches wide around the arm with a spray of liquid air, treating the rest of the arm in the usual manner. At the next dressing the part treated with liquid air was well marked from the fact that it had improved so much more rapidly than the remainder of the arm.

Severe Case of Cancer Relieved.

The cancer case which I saw was that of a woman about 65 years old. The cancer was well advanced, having drawn down the corner of the patient's eye. She had tried all manner of treatment to reduce the growth, and as a last resort had come to Dr. White. His treatment was simplicity itself. He placed a little liquid air in a wide bottom flask, the cork of which was pierced with two holes. Through one of these holes a glass tube reached to the bottom of the flask, the outer end being curved like a spout and the tip drawn together until the aperture was not larger than a pencil point. On placing his thumb over the other hole in the cork the expanding air within the flask drove the liquid air through the spout in a fine spray. This froze the surface of the cancer white, and if continued long enough in one spot would have cauterized it like a hot iron.

"Our usual treatment," said Dr. White, "is by means of this spray, although we sometimes use a swab made of cotton and dipped in the air. The swab is especially desirable when we wish to remove tissue, such as a wart."

In this particular case of cancer the patient had been treated only once, but she said that her face felt better and Dr. White said he saw marked improvement in the condition of the cancerous tissue. The treatment for the most part, although the cancer was frozen solid, was not painful.

Dr. White explained that while the flesh was frozen it was not frost-bitten, and that it would recover its former state. Only wet cold causes frost bite, whereas liquid air is absolutely dry. Dr. White tells of an experiment in which the ear of a live rabbit was completely frozen by placing it in liquid air. It was so stiff that a piece easily snapped off in the fingers without pain and without any flow of blood. In ten minutes circulation was re-established and the ear regained its former temperature and color.

Dr. White has experimented longest with ulcers, abscesses, boils and other sores. He says of them:

"I have now treated so many cases that I can say positively that medicine has nothing at its disposal today which will so quickly, thoroughly and with as little pain clear up the edges and stimulate the healing of an ulcer as liquid air does when properly applied. Only one freezing is needed to cure an abscess, boil or carbuncle in the early stages. If the case is more advanced, several daily applications may be necessary. In all cases pain is instantly relieved after the liquid air has been sprayed on the sore and the healing begins instantly and proceeds swiftly.

Result of Dr. White's Investigation.

Dr. White has been making careful investigations to explain this powerfully curative action of liquid air. He has come to the conclusion that the air does not kill the germs of the various diseases; it is not an antiseptic, not a germicide. Although a temperature of 160 degrees of heat destroys all germ life, Dr. White has discovered from careful experiments in the New York Department of Health hospital that even the cold of liquid air, 312 degrees below zero, will not injure the germs of typhoid fever, anthrax and diphtheria. He submitted all of these germs, not only directly to the liquid air, but immersed them in the air in glass tubes. In every case the bacilli germinated when removed from the effects of the intense cold. Dr. Huddleston tried liquid air on vaccine virus and found that it was effected for short exposures no more than the germs. Prof. McKendrick has found that even the seeds of common plants like cucumbers, wheat, squash, and so on, will germinate almost as well as ever after being submitted to a cold of 300 degrees below zero. Lord Kelvin, in discussing the origin of life on this planet, once suggested that the first seeds may have been brought here through the cold of interstellar space in a meteor, although he didn't explain how the seed could find its way into the meteor in the first place.

If, then, liquid air is not a germicide where does it get its curious and wonderful curative properties?

"You must remember," explains Dr. White, "that liquid air is over 400 degrees colder than the human body. By no other means than its application could we produce so sudden and extreme a shock to a certain part of the body without injury to the tissues. It takes only a moment to produce locally the most extreme cold and but a little more than that time for the part to regain its temperature, thus securing very great local stimulation. The involuntary fibres and the blood vessels are made to contract to the last degree, only to dilate forcibly on the removal of the spray. Cold also retards the activity of bacteria and this with the stimulation of the ordinary curative agencies of the body brings about a cure."

In other words liquid air is a great helper to nature, allowing nature to do her own work in her own way.

In this connection it is interesting to note that a Russian professor is using the stimulative effects of liquid air in another and even more novel method than employed by Dr. White. He reduces the temperature of a room by the use of liquid air to 100 degrees below zero. In his first experiments a dog was confined under these conditions for ten hours without injurious effects, and at the end of the period it was found to be not only in good health but prodigiously hungry. The scientist then ventured to try the experiment on himself. After a full day in the dry, still, cold atmosphere, he found himself exceedingly exhilarated and the intense combustion required to keep his body warm resulted in a great desire for food. He continued these experiments some time and declared himself to be much more vigorous and robust.

Liquid Air the Coming Cure.

Dr. White thinks that medicine is just on the borders of the vast field of usefulness for liquid air. He thinks it may be used in the pulmonary diseases, in the reduction of fever and so on, although the subject has as yet received comparatively little attention. He intimates that in the near future a place will be arranged, probably in some hospital or clinic, with all the facilities for making and administering liquid air—a liquid air hospital, so that physicians can take their patients to it as they would to a private hospital and conveniently apply the treatment.

Two other physicians have been making somewhat extensive experiments with liquid air supplied by Mr. Tripler. One of them, Dr. J. William Giles of Nyack, N. Y., recently preformed an operation for cancer in which he completely froze away the cancerous tissue with most encouraging results.

"The results of my cancer treatment," he said, "are full of promise. It is undoubtedly a fact that the application of liquid air will relieve the agonizing pain of cancer. This has been proven beyond a doubt. Its use will in many cases retard the advance of the disease and I am confident that in certain forms of cancer it is curative. It is quite remarkable that up to this time the use of liquid air has not been followed by any bad results."

Dr. G. Fish Clark of Brooklyn believes that for the extirpation of malignant growths of all kinds liquid air will eventually supersede the knife.

"The process," he says, "is this: When the tumor is frozen the circulation is at once stopped and growth ceases. When the tumor is thawed out there is a stagnation and nature begins at once to throw off the dead tissues. Deep down under the frozen tumor a new skin surface is gradually formed and the tumor daily and almost imperceptibly shrinks, dries and is finally thrown off as a scab."

Lord Beresford's Coin Collection.

The interesting collection filustrating the coinage and currency of the Chinese empire brought home by Lord Charles Beresford from his recent mission to China, says the St. James Gazette, has been lent by him to the Victoria and Albert museum, South Kensington. This collection includes a series of silver taels of various sizes in the form of cast ignots in the rough, with a pair of scales with brass and ivory weights for estimating the value, and some fragments used as small change. There is a set of dollars of different nationalities which pass in China, among them being the new British dollar, first issued in 1898 and coined in India. Among the copper coinage is a collection of 10,000 cash, strung together by means of the central hole, which is characteristic of Chinese copper coins, representing $5 in English money. The exhibit has been placed in the Chinese section in the Cross gallery behind the Imperial institute. The entrance to this gallery is through the Indian section, Victoria and Albert museum.

Quick Recruiting in New York.

The principal recruiting station in New York City is in Third avenue, opposite Astor Place, says Leslie's Weekly. Here an average of fifty men are enlisted and shipped daily to San Francisco, enroute for Manila. One day at 2 o'clock one of the men enlisted at this station was a wanderer in the city highways. At 2:15 he stepped into the station and said he wanted to become a soldier. At 2:30 he was examined by the surgeon. By 3 o'clock he had passed all examinations, physical and mental and moral, and his application was approved. At 3:15 he took the oath as a soldier of the United States army. At 3:30 he drew his uniform, sold his old clothes, hat, shoes and all, for 75 cents, to the ancient Jew who for fifteen years has hung about the station for this purpose. At 3:45 the ex-wanderer stood forth in a spick-and-span uniform, an American "dough-boy," which is to say, an infantryman. At 4 o'clock he marched away with his fellow recruits toward the Grand Central station, bound for Manila, there to join one of the regiments of regulars.

Clearing Sale

Monday Only

Linen Suits—Eton styles—very latest—nicely finished—worth $7.00 and $8.00—will be sold for $3.00.

Novelty Skirts

In pique, linen, crash and denim—worth $1.50, for 50c—tailored finish.

Silk Waists

The latest patterns in Silk Waists will be sold for $3.00—former prices $6 and $7. Your inspection is cordially invited. Above price for Monday only.

Golf Skirts

A large assortment in different colors, of the finest material and cut and fit guaranteed.

Tailor-made Suits to Order—fit guaranteed.

Furs

Your furs stored and altered at reasonable prices.

Geo. de Sosnowski,

321 South Fifteenth Street.

Between Farnam and Harney, Telephone 2288.

It is becoming quite customary in Paris to see young women riding about in little two-wheeled "trailers," drawn by bicyclists. The "trailer" looks like a small dog cart, and has pneumatic-tired wheels, but instead of having shafts the strong dashboard curves outward, tapering to a point by means of which it is attached to a strong hook behind the saddle post of a bicycle.

They are being made by most of the large bicycle dealers, and many of them are very elaborate and expensive. Stylishly dressed, the young damsels ride comfortably protected by an upturned parasol, while their best gentleman friend, brother or some one specially hired, does all the work of propulsion. Fortunate it is for him that the streets of Paris are comparatively level.

The front seat attachments which are adjusted to the petrol tricycles, are also popular with the women. In place of the front wheel, a seat held by two wheels is substituted, changing the machine into a four-wheel carriage. But in the absence of the "front seat," occasionally a fair Parisian girl is seen standing on the rear axle of an auto-tricycle, clinging to the shoulders of her companion as they dash in among carriages and pedestrians.

One of the popular belles of the recent floral parade of horseless carriages rode along calmly seated on top of the cigar-shaped racing motorcycle. This machine was the delight and wonder of all spectators. It looks somewhat like a torpedo, is powerfully stored with electricity, and in the little canoe-like seat in the top, its owner leans forward against the wind as he lets the powerful machine go forward. Another attraction was a little boy on a bicycle, burdened with flowers and decorations, who bravely drew around a young woman in a "trailer," also covered with flowers.

The speed with which the wheel carries riders makes it even more important than in the case of horse vehicles that there should be rules of the road and that the rules should be strictly observed. We find in an exchange the following code, which seems both reasonable and sufficient:

In meeting riders, pedestrians and vehicles, keep to the right. In overtaking and passing them, keep to the left.

In turning corners to the left always keep to the outside of the street.

In turning corners to the right keep as far out as possible without trespassing on the left side of the road.

Never expect pedestrians to get out of the way; find a way around them.

Never ride rapidly past an electric car standing to unload passengers.

Never coast down a hill having cross streets along the way.

Never ring your bell except to give notice of your approach.

In meeting riders ascending a hill, where there is only one path, always yield the right of way to the up riders.

Bear in mind that a rider meeting an electric car carrying a strong headlight is unable to see beyond the light; keep out of his way.

When riding straight ahead, never vary your course suddenly to the right or left without first assuring yourself that no other rider is close to your rear or on the side which you turn.

Always ring your bell in overtaking riders and pedestrians, to give warning of your approach. This does not mean that they are to get out of your way.

Do not ride too close to a novice, and in meeting a novice give plenty of room.

A chain should be a trifle slack; a tight chain means hard work in driving.

To try to save weight in your saddle is to add to the load of your discomfort.

Contrary to the general rule, the pacemakers find their hangers-on a source of revenue.

It's foolish to worry about the things in cycling you can help or the things you can't.

Before passing a foot passenger or vehicle give ample notice of approach by ringing the bell.

In Paris fashionable women ride motorcycles just as cabably and enthusiastically as men.

Nothing is so exasperating as the memory of an accident that was all the rider's own fault.

In the course of continuous touring most riders run over a child or a dog or an old cat. The most awkward thing to ride over is a goose—a feathered goose, not a human. In most parts of the continent it is the dogs that trouble. But in Wurtemberg and Bavaria it is the geese that cause annoyance. They rush at the cyclist much in the same way a pariah dog does. Geese are strong brutes and when they wriggle and your wheel skids on the smooth feathers the appreciable part of a second seems to be several minutes and you feel as though you were sitting on an earthquake.

Some cyclists treat their machines as if they never needed any attention, and this carelessness causes a lot of inconvenience and unnecessary expense. Riders become so accustomed to seeing the machine perform wonders, that they look upon it as a matter of course. These careless riders never think of looking after the machine while it performs its allotted work without a hitch. Then when the machine goes wrong the owner is surprised, and invariably places the blame on the manufacturers. Any other piece of machinery is looked after with extraordinary care. The same applies to a bicycle in order to guard against accidents while on the road.

Half the bicycles, dealers claim, are ruined by carelessness alone. Beginners, a majority of them, jump on a machine just as they receive it from the factory, without taking the trouble to have it properly adjusted to suit their own requirements. This causes strains on parts where they never fall, and sooner or later the rider finds a breakage. Other machines are ruined because a rider will allow dirt to accumulate in the hubs and bearing cups. Another thing that destroys a machine is for a rider to use it when spokes are missing. Some riders think that the absence of one or two spokes will not make much difference. It does, however, as sooner or later it will throw the wheel out of gear, ruining the axle and bearing cups.

Another thing which riders do not give enough attention to is tires. These should be carefully examined and cleaned after every ride. Often a tire is covered with mud which may contain bits of glass. If the wheel is used without cleaning these hidden pieces of glass are liable to be forced through the tire, and the rider finds that he has a punctured tire, and is probably miles away from a regular shop. Care should be taken when oiling the different parts. Oil dropping on tires injures them. A rider who examines his machine carefully before and after a ride enjoys the sport more than careless riders. It insures safety and an easy-running machine.

The Western Cycle Girl.
Denver Post.

She's an ever-bloomin' daisy, this sweet princess of the west,
When in natty cycle costume she is comfortably dressed,
With a separate compartment for each strong and active limb,
And a cowboy hat to shade her pretty face beneath its brim.
There's an air of independence in her movements as she pounds
At the quick responding pedals as she goes her merry rounds
In her semi-trouser trappings, drab or gray or brown or blue,
With accommodations fashioned by the tailoress for two.

How disdainfully she glances at the single-skirted girls,
In her saucy independence how her rosy ticket curls
As the long skirt-hampered maidens overwork their aching knees
Battling with the opposition of a stiff retarding breeze.
Fleet as bird on sweeping pinions through the wind she cuts her way
With her pistons unimpeded in their quick alternate play.
And she thinks her skirted sisters would reform if they but knew
Of the comfort of the skirtlet with apartments built for two.

When the prudish criticise her she responds with merry laugh,
Thinks it not at all immodest to display a shapely calf,
And as for the men folks staring, she but quotes in self-defense
(Garbling the pronunciation): "Honi soit qui mal y pense."
It is freedom in the work of her propellors that she seeks,
Not to win undue attention to her pantaloonic freaks,
And she gained that sought-for freedom when the fashion monarchs threw
In her reach the natty garment with compartments built for two.

On her diamond frame she perches in most fascinating style,
On her pretty features wearing not an evidence of guile
As her rising, falling pushers make the cycle fairly hum,
Keeping time with quick jaw-action on a wad of plastic gum.
Never was a picture fairer to the masculinish eye
Than when Colorado maiden on her wheel goes scorching by,
And they watch until the distance rudely swallows from their view
Both the maiden and her skirtlet with compartments built for two.

One Minute Cough Cure quickly cures obstinate summer coughs and colds. "I consider it a most wonderful medicine—quick and safe."—W. W. Merton, Mayhew, Wis.

Take Notice

People who contemplate buying a piano should not do themselves an injustice by making a purchase before thoroughly investigating the piano manufactured by C. Sommer & Co. This piano is guaranteed for 10 years and by buying direct of us you can save the middleman's or so called agent's profit, from $150 to $200. Mr. Sommer has on file letters from all the leading musicians of Omaha and Council Bluffs, highly recommending the piano and commending him on his success as a piano builder. We also have some bargains in pianos slightly used, but in perfect order.

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