

ON A BROKEN WHEEL.



WILL WYATT, the well-known bicyclist, told the following story to a small party of us one evening after a day's spin through the mountain region of the Granite State: "Coasting these Franconia hills reminds me of a startling experience I had last year in the heart of the Mohave district in Western Arizona," began Will, "and though even its memory is not pleasant, I shall not mind spinning you the yarn to help while away the evening."

"A chum had set out with me to do the country, but at Mohave City he fell ill, and I was obliged to continue alone. Wishing to remain with him as long as possible, I did not start out until nearly noon the first day, but before sunset I was glad to begin to look for some sort of a shelter for the night."

"I had been climbing and coasting hills—mountains, more correctly speaking—ever since starting, and at sunset I saw no indications of reaching a human habitation for miles. I had been told of a small town in one of the valleys to the east, but before this time I had a consciousness of having missed the haven by getting on the wrong road."

"Still I knew I was on a road traveled by a semi-weekly stage, and I pedaled ahead with better spirits than I should have felt had I realized the truth, and at last upon the summit of one of the long upgrades I was gladdened by the sight of a dwelling."

"It did not matter to me that the building was little better than a shanty as long as it was inhabited and promised me protection during the night."

"I was met at the door by a couple of rough-looking men, and in answer to my request to stop over night, was told to walk in."

"I left my bicycle in a sort of rude lean to, but regretted it the moment I had entered the dwelling. I found a third man getting the evening meal, and if I had thought his companions repulsive, he appeared absolutely hideous. I felt, too, that he would think no more of cutting a man's throat than he would of shooting a mountain sheep. He eyed me closely, but did not offer to speak."

"The others proved more sociable, however, and asked me all sorts of questions, until, completely tired out, I suggested that I would like a chance to sleep."

"I was then escorted to the loft, making the ascent by a ladder, which was pulled away immediately after the men returned below. I had resolved not to sleep, and throwing myself on a pile of skins in one corner of my cramped apartments, I lay and listened to the sounds underneath, until in my drowsiness I felt like calling myself a fool for my suspicions against the men, who might be more honest than they appeared."

"I had about come to that conclusion, when my attention was called back to the scene below by the opening of the door and the entrance of three new-



SPED PAST HIM LIKE A FLASH.

romers, as I quickly saw. These last were fit associates of the others, and upon entering the room they deposited a heavy bundle on the floor, saying something in an undertone that I did not hear."

"From the consultation that followed I caught enough to know that a robbery had been committed by the men recently, and that they had brought with them the plunder. The talk grew more animated as they continued, and three times one of my hosts jerked his thumb over his shoulder in the direction of my apartment. Finally, when I overheard them planning to overpower and murder me, I thought it was time for me to look after my safety."

"At the farther end of the long room was a small aperture giving the service of a window, and I quickly made up my mind that the best thing for me to do was to escape by that way as soon as convenient. I hadn't come to that conclusion any too soon, either, for at that very moment the men were replacing the ladder so as to reach me."

"As swiftly and silently as possible I sped the length of the old building, gaining the opening just as the head of the foremost robber appeared above the level of the floor."

"A full moon made it nearly as light as day without, and it must have shown my figure with great clearness in the opening, for I heard my pursuer say to those behind him:

"He's climbing out of the window! Quick—outside, and catch him as he comes down!"

"I was already swinging myself outward, and, regardless of the distance to the ground, let go my hold on the boarding to drop to the earth in a heap."

"While I was regaining my feet, somewhat stunned by my fall, but not injured seriously, the door opened within less than a dozen feet of me, and the men rushed out pell-mell."

"Here he is! Don't let him get away. Shoot him!"

"My first thought was to reach my bicycle, and as the reports of the firearms rang out with unusual sharpness on the still night air, I darted around the corner of the building in season to escape their bullets. The next moment I was beside my bicycle in the shed."

"It was quite dark inside the building, but I managed to get my hand upon the machine just as my pursuers came around the corner of the main house. I was in decidedly close quarters, but I still believed that, once in the saddle of my silent steed, I could bid defiance to my enemy, so I ignored their hoarse cries to surrender."

"Then, as I pulled the machine out of the shed and prepared to mount, I made a discovery that for a moment dashed my hopes to the earth."

"The handle of my bicycle had been removed!"

"You may imagine that I had no time for reflection as to the reason of this condition of the machine. Shouting furiously, one to another, the outlaws were rushing forward to intercept my flight."

"Disabled as it was, I felt that my bicycle was my only means of escape, and I vaulted into the seat without stopping to consider what might follow. The next instant I was wheeling away for dear life."

"In the excitement of the occasion, with the shots of my enemies whizzing about my head, I simply steered for the road, guiding the machine as best I could by the action of my feet, without stopping to think that it mattered to me whether I kept on down the road ahead or returned by the way I had come."

"Onto yer hosses an' give him chase!" I heard the leader of the gang shout. "Don't let him get away alive!"

"Glancing back, I saw three horses hitched to the rear of the house, and as many of the outlaws rushing toward them. Then the clatter of hoofs rang out with the report of firearms as I turned to find myself speeding with lightning-like velocity down the sharp descent leading on farther than I could see."

"It was fortunate for me that the moon rode high in the clear sky, lighting my pathway to almost midday brilliancy, for by that time I had begun to realize that my only danger did not lie behind me. Under the furious impetus I had given it at the outset, and gaining greater speed at every revolution of the wheels, my bicycle was already beyond my control."

"I no longer paid any heed to my noisy pursuers, but gave all of my attention to that wild flight of which I had barely begun to get a foretaste. The descent was growing sharper every moment, and, expecting to be flung headlong from my seat at any instant, I was carried on and on, faster and faster, until I seemed to lose my breath, and I saw only a whir and glitter before my eyes."

"I had boasted of swift riding before that eventful evening, but all paled before that startling experience. I seemed to be flying! I don't know how I kept my seat, how the machine kept on its course. Twice I found myself being borne around precipitous curves—down still sharper descents—still on the whole the course must have been remarkably straight and smooth. Two or three times I fancied I saw the outlines of a team approaching, when my heart fairly came into my mouth, but each time I was happily deceived. Then there loomed up in the narrow road the figure of a horseman, which proved to be no illusion of my imagination."

"Fortunately the rider was hugging the inside of the way, while his animal was wearily climbing the tedious ascent, steeper here if possible than at any place I had found before. I was following in the middle of the road. On my right hand yawned a deep gully."

"I have often wondered what that man thought as I sped past him like a flash, my leg actually brushing against his horse, which gave a snort of terror and barely missed leaping against me."

"After that I had a clear course, though continually descending, until it seemed to me it was without end. I felt weak and dizzy and liable to fall from my seat at any moment. Then a darkness began to settle over the scene, lighted at intervals by bars of silvery light, across which I sped like a specter. I was entering a more heavily timbered district, and where the gloom hung deepest over me I suddenly found myself being carried up a sharp ascent, and I knew that the worst of my wild race was over."

"At the very top of this long rise, carried hither by the momentum it had previously gained, the bicycle came to an abrupt stop. I dropped upon the ground in a swoon, unable to bear up longer."

"When I recovered my consciousness I found that I had barely escaped being borne down a second descent of more than a mile in extent. I was so weak that I was obliged to rest under the shadow of the forest for half an hour or more before I could muster sufficient strength to resume my flight."

"I could hear nothing of my pursuers, and, judging that they had abandoned the chase, I moved leisurely away on foot, not caring to remount my wheel. Toward morning I came to a small town, where I told the story of my adventure. A party was at once organized to visit the old house on the heights, which had long known an unsavory reputation, and its inmates were surprised and captured, as I afterward learned, for I had no desire to return over the course which had been the scene of a ride that yet haunts my mind. One of the men found my bicycle handle and brought it safely back to me."

Mrs. Fogg: "But how in the world did she come to marry him?" Mr. Fogg: "He asked her, I believe."—Boston Transcript.

MIRRORS IN ELEVATORS.

The Typewriter Girl Says They Are Evidences of Masculine Vanity.

"Talk about the vanity of women," sniffed the typewriter girl contemptuously, as she went down in the elevator of a big office building on Broad street, New York. "Why, it ain't a circumstance to the vanity of men. Just you watch them going up and down in these elevators. What do you suppose these mirrors are for?"

"For the typewriter girls," suggested the elevator man, meekly.

"That's all you know about it. Just you watch the young men twist their mustaches up at the corners and set their hats on with a little extra touch, a trifle to the left side. I'm onto their tricks. They just smirk and prink in the elevator as if they were going on a tintype. And you take these gray-headed men, that you would think were figuring up stock quotations—why, they can't step in here without facing around to the looking-glass and fixing the set of their coat collars. It makes me tired!"

The elevator man yelled, "Going down?" at the fifth floor, and the middle-aged man who got in turned to the mirror, pulled out a pocket-comb and surreptitiously straightened his mustache.

"There!" said the typewriter girl, conclusively; and as the elevator stopped at the street floor she gave a backward peep to see if her hat was on straight.

"There!" called the elevator man, provokingly, after her.

The Water Tree.

M. Ducharte recently made known to the French Academy of Sciences the results of an experiment made by M. Maxime Lecomte in Congo upon a tree of the genus Musanga. Upon making incisions in the trunk of it and placing a pail at the foot of the tree, more than ten quarts of pure water collected in thirteen hours. The gorillas, it seems, are in the habit of slacking their thirst at these hidden fountains, and regulate the flow of liquid at will by pulling off different sized branches. Many years ago Dr. Wallich found in the province of Martaban, Africa, a plant belonging to the same natural order, whose soft and porous wood discharged, when wounded, a very large quantity of pure and tasteless fluid, which was quite wholesome, and was used as a beverage by the natives. This plant was named by Dr. Wallich the water vine, and was placed in the genus Pycnocrone, which signifies "plant fountain." These plants form a remarkable exception to the usual character of the order, which embraces species that produce a milky juice—such, for example, as the celebrated cow tree, or Palo de Vaca of South America, which yields a copious supply of a rich and wholesome milk, as good as that of the cow, and used for the same purpose.

Poor Little Thing.

Every station in life has its own peculiar disadvantages, and kings, even more than ordinary men, cannot do as they please.

The little king of Spain was out with his nurse, and seeing some boys of his own size at play, struggled to get away and join them.

"Oh, but you must not," said his English nurse.

"Why mayn't I go and play with them?" asked the boy.

"Because—because you are a little king."

"Then, if you please, nurse," said the impatient sovereign, "I would rather be a little boy."

His Head.

At one time the Presbyterians of Ulster were discussing the ignorance and stupidity of one of their number. "And what a notion he has in his head now!" exclaimed one of the elders, in dismay.

"His head!" echoed one of the ministers. "he has no head! What you call a head is only a top-knot that his Maker put there to keep him from raveling out."—Argonaut.

SHORT AND SWEET.

A word and a blow—gale. Even a dead duck can claim that he died game.

The sixth sense—the sense of our own importance.

The scandals that come from Africa are black indeed.

The waiter will help those who intend to help themselves.

"Sermons in stones" must be of a hard-shell variety.

The man who wanted "little here below" went into the newspaper business.

South America sends us alligator pears, but they are not pairs of alligator boots.

Prof. Koch's consumption cure will have no effect in curing consumption of liquor.

When King Canute ordered the waves to roll back, he thought he was talking to a surf.

A policeman is not necessarily a shepherd because he takes a crook along with him.

In a game of ball among deaf mutes the profanity of fingers is perfectly awful to observe.

English tenors keep all their humor locked up in their breasts. Hence their chest-notes.

Some men who are so attached to a farm that rather than give it up they will spike it down with a mortgage.

A race between a carrier pigeon and a man kicked by a mule would be very close, if the pigeon had half a mile start.

An article in a contemporary is entitled, "Why editors are rich." It is because they give a five-dollar puff with a fifty-cent advertisement.

CHRIST'S OWN WORDS.

EXTRAORDINARY DISCOVERY OF ANCIENT SYRIAC MANUSCRIPT.

Most Valuable Sacred Treasure. Unearthed for Many Centuries—Biblical Scholars and the Religious World Studying This Remarkable Old Parchment.

A MANUSCRIPT of the Four Gospels in the native tongue of Jesus has at last been found—the greatest Biblical treasure that has been discovered in centuries.

This is probably the oldest authentic record of the doings and sayings of the Saviour. It was written within fifty years of the death of the last of the Apostles—as near to the time of Christ as we today are to the time of Washington.

The Gospels of the Bible are from the Greek manuscripts. Christ, however, addressed the multitude and talked with his disciples in Syriac, the native tongue He learned at His mother's knee.

And here, for the first time, the Christian world has the history of the Saviour told in the very words He used—the inflection, the spelling, the precise shades of meaning. Written in the native language of Palestine, this aged manuscript is more valuable than the Greek translations, which are the accepted Gospels of Christianity.

It is not strange, therefore, that students of the Bible, Greek and Syriac scholars and historians have turned

thrown open to controversy by this Syriac manuscript. Its readings on that question are unorthodox.

It is here distinctly stated that Jesus was the natural son of Joseph. The manuscript which has now been found is alone in this new reading. No other historical document of the kind makes any such assertion.

The exact words used are these: "Joseph (to whom was betrothed the Virgin Mary) begat Jesus, who is called Christ."

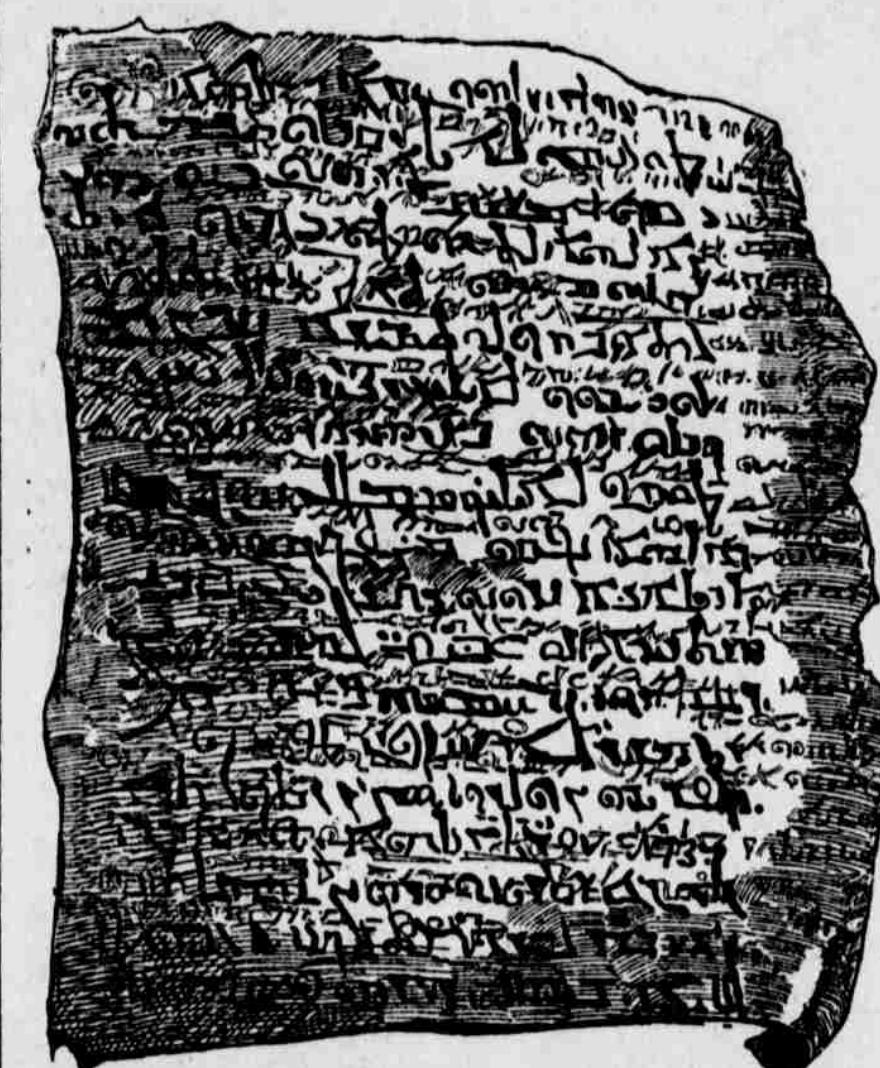
Here is a distinct affirmation that Joseph was the natural father of the Saviour. This Syriac manuscript, the oldest authentic record of the Gospels, here makes a statement contained in none of the other and later documents.

The story of the finding of this ancient manuscript by two women with a kodak is one of the most marvelous in the history of Biblical literature. Nowhere has it a counterpart.

In the remote and almost inaccessible monastery of St. Catherine, which the Emperor Justinian caused to be erected in the sixth century upon the site of some of the most astounding miracles, two nineteenth century women with a snapshot camera ask for a look at the snappy documents with which the cellar is stored. The monks can scarcely believe their senses when they learn that these two women made the hazardous journey across the desert on donkeys to inspect their dusty tomes.

They are loath to disturb their parchments and papyri in their sleep of centuries for two such casual tourists until the latter present credentials from the authorities of the Greek church, which at once opens the vaults, the hidden cells and the ancient chests. Then an almost endless array of parchments is unrolled for their inspection.

Ancient scrolls, leaves of parchments which no human eye had seen for a



PHOTOGRAPHIC REPRODUCTION OF A PAGE OF THE GOSPELS.

with feverish excitement to this totally unexpected treasure of sacred history. But almost as remarkable as the discovery of the manuscript is the extraordinary story of how it was unearthed. The details of the visit of two English women to the lonely monastery of St. Catherine on the summit of Mount Sinai and the accident which revealed the Syriac Gospels are told below.

To return to the manuscript. Christ, as we know, was master of several languages, but it is certain that Syriac was the one He learned as an infant.

In moments of great mental excitement it was this language—Syriac—that leaped naturally to His lips, and when He cried out in anguish upon the Cross He spoke in Syriac words which our Greek Gospel has to translate, but which in this newly discovered Gospel stand in their proper place with no need of translation.

These Gospels give, for instance, an entirely new reading of proper names. From this it appears that there was no such person as Judas Iscariot, but that he who betrayed his Master with a kiss was Judas Scariota, that Peter's name was Cepha, and that the correct name for the Mount of Olives was Beth Zaita.

But above and beyond such technical differences as these are the new and unexpected readings of the Gospels which this ancient manuscript discloses upon dogmatic questions of the first importance. Written, as it is admitted, so near to the death of John, and couched in the language which was native in Palestine, this, the oldest of authentic records of His life and mission, must take its place in the very front among historical documents.

And right here, it might be said that this ancient document, which has been found in the very place where Moses received the commandments, while it coincides with the translations of the Gospels accepted up to the present day, yet differs from it.

The difference is of itself regarded as proof of its originality and genuineness.

In doctrinal matters there are differences that have already aroused the theologians. Thus is the entire question of the Immaculate Conception

HAUNTS OF THE WHITE BASS.

In the North Central States Where Black Bass Are Scarce.

In the north central states, where the black bass is scarce and in some regions unknown, a very worthy substitute for this grand game fish is found in the white bass. It cannot, indeed, be said that the latter species possesses all of the fine qualities of the former, but in habits, haunts and food it much resembles the black variety. Its shape is quite different, the body being more oval and not so thick through, and the head being shorter. The mouth is rather smaller than that of the small-mouthed black bass. In color it is in marked contrast to its black brother, being of a clear silvery white, barred with black horizontal lines, six or seven in number, which run from gills to tail. The streams and ponds of the whole Mississippi valley abound in these sprightly fish, and the Chicago sportsmen mostly frequent the Illinois river, which offers the best white bass angling of all the waters in the state. The white bass are gregarious, and swim in big shoals along the steep shores of the lakes or in the deeper stretches of the streams, feeding on the young fry of the gudgeons and dace. Owing to this flocking habit, the veterans all fish with two hooks on a spreader, and when a troop passes by they land two at a time, until the last survivors have fled. They bite savagely, quickly, and either hook themselves or get away before the angler can raise his rod. A long, light, stiff rod is used, a very fine silk line, and the lightest of single strand leaders. The hooks of necessity must be small, on account of the tiny mouths of the bass. In bait fishing it is customary to use a float and lead, arranged to keep bait about four or five feet below the surface.

Casting from the shore or a boat, skittering and trolling are all successfully employed, and in September the trolling is most fetching. Either a dead dace, about three inches long, wired to a Spout No. 5 hoop, or a small nickel or brass spoon, with single, not treble, hook, makes a killing lure. Once hooked, these pretty fellows make a brisk but brief fight for freedom. They possess neither the endurance nor the strategic resources of the black bass, and depend on their first rush or two to tear loose the hook, which frequently happens, their mouths being so tender. They are a delicious pan fish, and, to the minds of many, are more toothsome than brook trout.

THE BICYCLE IN WAR.

Is Likely to Be Instrumental in Advancing Work.

Military authorities have come to the conclusion that the bicycle will play an indispensable part in the wars of the future. Its sphere, at least in its early military stages, will be that of the Urban of the 1870 war. The preliminary operations, will act as an impenetrable advance cloud or screen for the army, pushing far ahead into the enemy's theater of operations, making his power felt long before the armies have a chance to come together, paralyzing the enemy's communications, making descents now here, now there, often rashly and often making mistakes. In spite of this he will always be able to obtain information for headquarters better than any other form of scouting, feeling the enemy retreating before him when outnumbered, but contesting the ground wherever there is a chance for contest. He will, in fact, pursue exactly the course followed by the Prussian cavalry in the early days of the Franco-Prussian war; always acting in company with light-horse artillery, with the gunners mounted on bicycles, and not according to the present out-of-date system of calissons.

With these and the flying cyclists it is believed the modern army has an offensive combination such as has never been equaled. The cyclist will be a crack shot with the rifle, and that will be his only weapon.

She Was the First Star.

Every now and then an anecdote comes to the front showing that our first president liked the theater as well as do his followers of today. The point is mentioned in one of the many theatrical stories narrated in that new book, "Shakespeare's Heroines on the Stage." Says the author of the book: "A Philadelphia Portia of this same season of 1793-4 comes of a noted family, being none other than Mrs. Eliza Whitlock, the sister of Mrs. Siddons and the Kembles. In England, at the age of 21, she had made her London debut, as the heroine of 'Shylock' on the 22d of February, 1783, and, though somewhat masculine in face and figure, yet displayed so animated a countenance and so graceful a bearing as to win a moderate degree of favor. A few years after coming to this land she enjoyed the distinction of playing the first 'star' engagement on the American stage, being engaged for \$450 and a benefit, to play at the Boston theater in October, 1796. There she repeated her Portia, contending with the remembrance of Mrs. Powell's impersonation of a previous season. She also had the honor of playing before George Washington in Philadelphia."

A Model Village in Africa.

The "African Templar" gives an instructive account of a model village in South Africa which serves to show all that may be actually accomplished by earnest philanthropists. The entire village is the property of Messrs. Searle and Sons, well known temperance advocates. It is prettily situated at the foot of a range of hills, and has a river running through it. A feather manufactory, a saddlery and a boot factory are all kept going, and all the hands employed are abstainers. No hotels, no saloons and no policemen are required, but a church, a school, a cricket team, and a brass band, a well supported.