

THE SONG OF THE GUN.

The furnace was white, with steel  
alight.  
When my new-born spirit came,  
In a molten flood of the war god's  
blood,  
In a passion of fire and flame.

THE PROFESSOR'S WEAKNESS.

"Has the mail gone?" asked the  
Hour Hand. It gave a scarcely per-  
ceptible jerk as it spoke.  
"The mail has gone," replied the  
Minute Hand, with some acerbity.  
"And if you hadn't been so near asleep  
as doesn't matter, you'd know the mail  
was gone. You'd know, too, that it  
was two minutes late starting. Why  
on earth don't you look about you?  
Pon me word, you give me the fair  
hump!"

Young Mrs. Waterhouse finished the  
writing of a dutiful letter to her moth-  
er. The letter assured the anxious old  
lady that the writer was quite happy;  
that there was really no necessity for  
worry; and that mamma might make  
herself quite content at Biarritz.  
Geoffrey was the best of husbands,  
and, although, of course, much en-  
gaged at South Kensington with his  
fervently abstruse experiments and his  
new book on steel fibers, he was ex-  
tremely attentive and kind. And she  
was, with much love, mamma's affec-  
tionate daughter, Helen Waterhouse.

"Mamma won't believe it," said  
young Mrs. Waterhouse, with a kind  
of comic despair. "She is always  
wanting to know about the skeleton.  
Thank goodness there isn't one!"

"On the clean blotting paper there  
was an impress of some of her hus-  
band's writing. A palette-shaped mir-  
ror stood on the table and, half un-  
consciously, she turned the pad to-  
ward it.

"Wonder to whom he has been writ-  
ing?"  
It was quite easy to see. Mrs. Wa-  
terhouse glanced at it casually at first,  
then her face became pink, with much  
attention.

"I want you, my dearest, to believe  
that I am quite true to you. I am  
bound by certain ties to others, but to  
you, my sweetheart, my own dearest  
Alicia!"

"Alicia!" cried Mrs. Waterhouse  
aloud, as she panted and sat back in  
her chair. "Alicia! Alicia who, I won-  
der?"

"She knew his writing so well that  
she could scarce be deceived on that  
point. The whole thing in a moment  
was clear. Her dear mother, with a  
less cramped experience of the world,  
had been right after all.

"There is a skeleton," said the trem-  
bling Mrs. Waterhouse. She tore up  
her letter to Biarritz into many small  
pieces. As the last fragment went  
into the ferns in the fireplace she felt  
a kiss upon her neck.  
"Don't do that, please," she said.  
"Beg pardon," said her husband.  
"Did I frighten you?"  
He took off his hat and adjusted his  
pince-nez. His coolness almost took  
her breath away.

"I don't want to know. If this gets  
known, what will be thought of you?  
You will be the laughing stock of your  
colleagues."  
"That's very true," acknowledged  
Prof. Waterhouse, with concern; "that  
is very true, and it must never be  
known. I can't drop the affair now,  
unfortunately, but you know—" he  
smiled at his wife a little anxiously—  
"there's really no harm in it, and I'm  
not the only man who—"  
"Really?" in a tone of remote and  
frigid interest.

"I frankly admit, though, that I  
should be very sorry for it to become  
known. Of course, it seems to you a  
very foolish thing to do."  
"By no means."  
"But I really don't believe that I  
could have endured the strain of writ-  
ing that new work of mine if, at the  
same time, I had not—"  
"Let me ask you one more question,  
please. I understand, Geoffrey, that  
you are sorry now that you ever lent  
yourself to such a—such a despicable  
business."

"That's not quite the point, my  
dear." He was recovering now his  
usual composure. "That's not what  
I'm sorry for. I'm sorry to be found  
out. I wanted to keep it quiet. But  
there's no earthly reason why anybody  
but ourselves should know. After all,  
every man has his hobby."  
"Geoffrey, I won't listen to you!"  
"Well, my dear, I can't force you to,  
can I? I believe if you would only  
let me tell you the whole affair from  
beginning to end, you wouldn't be so  
much annoyed about it. It really isn't  
so bad as you think. Alicia's a most  
delightful girl, and it has been a re-  
creation for me, you know. And I  
have been slugging away so of late,  
and—"

The door slammed. Mrs. Water-  
house went upstairs to her room,  
and hurriedly, very hurriedly, packed  
up a portmanteau. There was time  
to catch the mail at Charing Cross,  
and she meant to catch it. The great  
thing was to get away to Biarritz,  
away from the stifling atmosphere of  
this house, away from London. She  
rang for her maid.

"Parker,"  
"Yes, ma'am."  
"The mail goes at 8 from Charing  
Cross, I think?"  
"It used to go at 8, ma'am," said  
Parker, cautiously. "When we went  
away, if you remember—"  
"Yes, yes, of course. I want you  
to pack a bag for yourself, and we  
will catch the mail to-night."  
"Catch the mail, ma'am, to-night?"  
"Yes, yes. Lose no time, and send  
out for a cab."

"Well, I never," murmured Parker.  
Mrs. Waterhouse had some intention  
of having one fine, big, square scene  
with her husband before she left, but  
there was little time to spare. More-  
over, it occurred to her that she could  
be quite as bitter in a well-composed  
letter, to be dispatched from Biarritz  
as in a hasty interview.

"Come along, Parker," she called.  
"It's all very well to say, 'come  
along,' muttered Parker, discontent-  
edly, "but this is a rum sort of a game,  
and I don't half cotton to it."  
"We've got twenty minutes. Tell  
the man to drive carefully, but to  
drive very fast."

The most galling thing about the  
whole deplorable affair was the cer-  
tainty that her mother would meet  
her at the station with an "I told you  
so, my poor lamb," expression. Still  
there was no one else to whom she  
could go, at any rate she could always  
control mamma. She always had  
done so.

"Charing Cross."  
"The mail, lady," said the porter  
civilly. "The mail goes at eight fif-  
teen. It's later'n it used to be."  
"Parker, will you get some papers?  
Get one or two for yourself, you  
know."  
Parker, still rather inclined to be  
cross, went to the book stall. It half  
restored the excellent maid to compli-  
cent submission to what she termed  
all this romping about, to find the new  
number of the Lady's Own Chatter-  
box on sale. It was her own particu-  
lar favorite journal.

"We'll get in now, Parker," said  
Mrs. Waterhouse. There twenty  
minutes to wait, but we may as well  
take our seats. Seconds, please, por-  
ter."  
They found comfortable corner  
seats. For a while they watched the  
stout, perspiring ladies and slim  
daughters and the pet dogs. The usu-  
ally demure Parker sniggered so  
much when she saw the Frenchman  
kiss each other that she dropped the  
Lady's Own Chatterbox. Mrs. Water-  
house took it up and held it in her  
hand.

"Professor is not coming, ma'am. I  
suppose?" asked Parker, respectfully.  
"No, Parker; he is not coming."  
"Reminds me," said Parker, cough-  
ing slightly, and pulling on her loose,  
black cotton gloves; "reminds me of  
the time when we all went out to  
Italy, when you was married, ma'am.  
I shall never forget that time. There  
was me and you and the professor—"  
Mrs. Waterhouse gave a little  
scream.

"Please don't speak to me for a lit-  
tle while, Parker. I—I want to read."  
She began, now that the first heat  
was over, to wonder what her future  
life would be like. She was a dutiful  
daughter, but life with mamma at  
Biarritz (mamma especially strong in  
regard to inconvenient reminiscences,  
mamma with a predilection in regard  
to the table in favor of everything  
being boiled), did not seem to her to be  
the cheeriest possible existence. She  
looked at the tiny gold watch on her  
wrist, but could not see the time until  
she had patted each eye with her  
handkerchief. Parker, bolt upright in  
her corner, after the manner of Mrs.  
Willis, gave a sympathetic sniff.

"Eight ten."  
Doors were being closed, second-  
class passengers were rushing on, cry-  
ing, "Get in anywhere!" It is never  
your first-class passengers who cry  
"Get in anywhere!"  
"I must read," whispered young  
Mrs. Waterhouse to herself. "I must  
do something to keep myself from  
thinking. I shall faint if I don't di-  
vert my thoughts."  
The "Lady's Own Chatterbox" lay  
on her lap. She put one small foot  
against the seat opposite and leaned  
forward to get the steady glare of the  
electric light on the page.

"Any more going on?" cried the in-  
spector on the platform, aggressively.  
"We commence this week a story  
by a new writer, Walter House, enti-  
led 'Alicia's Only Love.' It will be  
found complete with romantic interest,  
and, in short, a wonderful picture of  
high-class life of the present day,  
with all its faults and follies."  
"Now, then," cried the inspector on  
the platform in an aggrieved tone to  
a belated passenger, "are you going on  
there, or are you not going?"

Mrs. Waterhouse began to read.  
Chapter I. was headed the Countess.  
"Alicia was half-leaning, half re-  
clining on an ottoman, reading a deli-  
cately scented letter from Sir Harold  
De Beer. It opened thus: 'I want you,  
my dearest, to believe that I am quite  
true to you. I am bound by certain  
ties to others, but to you, my sweet-  
heart, my own dearest Alicia—'"  
"Parker!" screamed Mrs. Water-  
house, with a gasp of delight. "Come  
out quickly!"  
"Right away!" shouted the inspec-  
tor. "Stand away there, please!"  
"Here, stop!" cried Mrs. Water-  
house.

She caught up her skirts and jump-  
ed nimbly out. An active porter seized  
the bags, and as the train was  
moving, caught the descending Parker  
neatly and swung her round upon  
her feet.  
"Ow's that 'umprer?" asked the  
porter.  
"O-u-t, out," said the inspector. He  
turned his hand-lamp to Mrs. Water-  
house. "Hope you're all right, ma'am."

"Thank you, yes," said Mrs. Water-  
house, breathlessly, "I'm all right  
now."  
The Hour Hand interested in his  
story had not noticed the close ap-  
proach of the other. Down below, the  
porters, armed with giant brooms,  
were sweeping the dirt off the plat-  
form onto the waiting passengers. The  
book stores were closing and the  
boys were having a furtive game of  
snowball with the rolled up discarded  
placards of the evening papers.

"The professor is still writing  
anonymously for the 'Lady's Chatter-  
box,'" remarked the Hour Hand, "and  
his wife doesn't mind."  
"I wish you'd mind," said the Min-  
ute Hand, with some bitterness. It  
was seventeen minutes to nine.  
"When you've finished your chow-  
chow, perhaps you will kindly allow  
me to pass."—Pall Mall Budget.

BICYCLE MANNERS.

POLITE ARTS OF THE ROAD FOR  
FAIR WHEELERS.

Fashionable Girl's Lament—What  
You Should and Should Not Do  
While Pedalling in the Park or  
in the Country.

Young ladies of the fashionable  
world, and for that matter, the older  
ones, too, who have become slaves of  
the wheel, have recently been discuss-  
ing the urgent need of a recognized  
formula of bicycle etiquette.

As far as swiftness is concerned,  
the sport is in its infancy; everything  
is crude and unconventional to the  
delicately-nurtured social eye, and the  
young buds of the ballroom are all at  
sea when they find themselves out on  
the road spinning along on the demer-  
ite "bike." It may not be long be-  
fore regular professors of bicycle de-  
partment will be making the rounds  
of the homes of the rich, instructing  
the maids and matrons in the etiquette  
of the wheel, just as the little boys  
and girls are now being taught the  
polite arts of the ball room.

But at the moment everything is  
chaotic in this most important field of  
the fashionable woman. She uses her  
good common sense and her innate  
gentility is a sufficient guide to meet  
correctly the ordinary happenings of  
life as wheel, but bicycling is no ordi-  
nary sport and happenings of an ex-  
traordinary kind continually occur.  
The laws of conventional life cannot  
apply to these unforeseen events, and  
the well-bred woman who insists upon  
being conventional, and at the same  
time a bicyclist, does not know quite  
where she is at.

The instructors in the big academies  
where women are taught to ride the  
bicycle are taking cognizance of the  
peculiar state of affairs, and instill in  
the minds of their pupils a few of the  
primary laws of wheel etiquette, while  
their bodies are being educated in the  
mysteries of the "bike."

Here are some of the etiquette rules  
which a fashionable girl said she re-  
ceived from the woman instructor of  
the academy where she rides. She ac-  
knowledged that she may have for-  
gotten some of them, just as she for-  
gets the vital point in the art of dis-  
mounting and frequently comes a  
nasty cropper in consequence.

The first one was, never criticise a  
fellow bicyclist, particularly if she is a  
woman and inclined to stoutness. The  
moral of this is that in a few years  
you may be stout yourself, and a  
bicycle rider for the sole purpose of  
reducing weight.

Another is, when you are riding in  
the park or on the road and a cranky  
horse which comes along which rears  
and plunges at sight of your bicycle,  
always dismount without delay and  
turn your wheel flat on the ground.  
Serious runaway accidents can some-  
times be averted by a little courtesy  
of this kind. It only takes a minute or  
two of time, and as all women bicyc-  
lists ride for pleasure, that much lost  
time is of little consequence to them.

Always keep to the right in riding.  
You may be called names if you forget  
this rule on a crowded road. In pass-  
ing a vehicle or wheel going in the  
same direction, it is usually safest to  
go by them on the left.

Try to foster the feeling of brother-  
hood and sisterhood among all wheel-  
ers. Remember that accidents happen  
to the best bicyclists just as they do  
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will set your wheel right and then pur-  
sue his journey. Should he ever pass  
you again he will give no sign that he  
had ever met you before.

Don't be afraid to mention the word  
bloomers in the presence of a man.  
If he be versed in bike manners, as  
all true wheelers should be, he will  
regard the word purely as one for ordi-  
nary conversation as it surely is, in  
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when she first took to bicycling, but  
thinks differently now. The way of  
her conversation happened in the fol-  
lowing manner, as told by herself:

"I was riding on the boulevard one  
morning when something happened to  
my wheel. I don't know what the na-  
ture of it was, but the wheel wouldn't  
work. I got off and waited for some  
time, hoping that someone would come  
along to fix it. But there were only  
some women wheelers out besides pedes-  
trians, and they didn't know any more  
than I did.

"At last I decided on heroic meas-  
ures, and began to push my wheel to-  
ward home, two miles distant. I must  
have walked a mile in this uncom-  
fortable manner when a wheelman  
came along. He dismounted and asked  
me what the matter was. I told  
him I didn't know. Then he took hold  
of my bike, turned it upside down and,  
putting it between his legs gave it a  
good shaking. Then to my surprise it  
worked all right.

"Why didn't you do that?" he asked.  
"Before I knew what I was saying  
I replied:  
"Because I couldn't. I don't wear  
bloomers."  
"But I wear them now" she quite  
unnecessarily added, the fact being  
easily apparent.

Coming back to the question of bike  
manners, the other laws laid down  
are these:  
Don't ride on a bicycle built for two,  
as it attracts attention and comments  
from passersby, which may not be  
pleasant. Avoid in every possible way  
anything that will distinguish you in a  
marked way from the grand army  
of wheelers.

Some men in riding out with women  
are inclined to help the latter when a  
hill is reached by placing one hand on  
the girl's shoulder and pushing her  
along. Riding a bicycle up an ordi-  
nary hill is too easy for the average  
wheeler to need aid. If the hill is  
very steep dismount and push your  
wheel to the top.

Don't allow a young man, one on  
either side to speed you by catching  
hold of your handles and pulling you  
along. It's dangerous, and may result  
in a bad accident. Then, again, it does  
not look well, and attracts attention.  
If one fears the attention of pedes-  
trians, wears a veil, not thick, enough  
afford the vision. It will protect the  
face from dust, and thoroughly conceal  
identity.

Don't try to ride rapidly. Fast rid-  
ers meet with accidents sooner or later,  
and a woman in a smashup does  
not appear to advantage. It's bad  
bike form, too. For the same reason,  
be careful about coasting, and always  
be certain in advance that the brake is  
in good working order.

Always respect the feelings of pedes-  
trians and be careful of their safety.  
In streets frequently crossed, ride as

slowly as possible. Kindly considera-  
tion of the pedestrians will begot the  
same for the wheeler.

Thus it can be seen that the true  
woman wheeler has more to learn in  
bicycling than the mere pushing of  
pedals.

"Turn Your Bicycle Down."  
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Gilbert Parker recently encountered  
a Canadian bishop whom he had  
known in his boyhood. The bishop  
pompously inquired: "Ah, Gilbert!  
and are you still writing your—ah—lit-  
tle books?" Mr. Parker promptly an-  
swered: "Yes, bishop. And are you  
still preaching your—ah—little ser-  
mons?"

Dean Hole tells of an old-fashioned  
cathedral verger, "lord of the aisles,"  
who, one noon, found a pious visitor  
on his knees in the sacred building.  
The verger hastened up to him and  
said, in a tone of indignant excite-  
ment: "The services at this cathedral  
are at 10 in the morning and at 4 in  
the afternoon, and we don't have any  
fancy prayers."

The late Sir John A. Macdonald was  
once at a reception, and a bishop from  
Belgium was present. As the party  
were being escorted by a body of men  
in Highland costume, the foreign bis-  
hop, seeing the bare legs and kilts,  
asked why these men were without  
trousers. "It's just a local custom,"  
gravely replied Sir John; "in some  
places people take off their hats as a  
mark of honor to distinguished guests;  
here they take off their trousers."

At one time the Duke of Wellin-  
gton's extreme popularity was rather  
embarrassing. For instance, on leav-  
ing home each day, he was always  
intercepted by an affectionate mob,  
who insisted on hoisting him on their  
shoulders and asking where they  
should carry him. It was not always  
convenient for him to say where he  
was going, so he used to say, "Carry  
me home; carry me home;" and so he  
used to be brought home half a dozen  
times a day a few minutes after leav-  
ing his own door.

Suzanne Laxier was a good actress,  
but extremely stout. She was one  
night enacting a part in a melodrama  
with Tallade, the original Pierre of  
"The Two Orphans," and this actor  
had at one moment to carry her faint-  
ing off the stage. He tried with all  
his might to lift the "fleshy" heroine,  
but, although she helped her little  
comrade by standing on tiptoe, in the  
usual manner, he was unable to move  
her an inch. At this juncture one of  
the deluges cried from the gallery:  
"Take what you can and come back  
for the rest."

The lectures of a certain Oxford  
tutor were once reported to be "cut  
and dried." "Yes," said Prof. H. J.  
Smith, the witty mathematician,  
"dried by the tutor and cut by the  
men." A dispute arose at an Oxford  
dinner table as to the comparative pre-  
stige of bishops and judges. The argu-  
ment, as might be expected at a party  
of laymen, went in favor of the latter.  
"No," said Henry Smith, "for a judge  
can only say, 'Hang you,' but a bishop  
can say 'D—n you.'" Speaking of an  
eminent scientific man, to whom he  
gave considerable praise, he said:  
"Yet he sometimes forgets that he is  
only the editor, and not the author of  
Nature."

Bishop Simpson preached some years  
ago in the Memorial hall, London. For  
half an hour he spoke quietly, without  
gesticulation or uplifting of his voice;  
then, picturing the Son of God bearing  
our sins in his own body on the tree,  
he stooped, as if laden with an im-  
measurable burden and, rising to his  
full height, he seemed to throw it from  
him, crying: "How far? As far as the  
east is from the west, so far hath he  
removed our transgressions from us."  
The whole assembly, as if moved by  
an irresistible impulse, rose, remained  
standing for a second or two, then  
sank back into their seats. A profes-  
sor of elocution was there. A friend  
who observed him and knew that he  
had come to criticise, asked him, when  
the service was over: "Well, what do  
you think of the doctor's elocution?"  
"Elocution?" said he; "that man  
doesn't want elocution; he's got the  
Holy Ghost!"

The Scotch Archibishop Foreman (in  
the sixteenth century) was so poor a  
Latin scholar that, when he was  
obliged to visit Rome, he found great  
difficulty in conforming to some of the  
customs of the pope's table, to which  
he was invited. Etiquette required  
that the Scotch bishop should take  
part in uttering a Latin benediction  
over the repast, and the illiterate guest  
had carefully committed to memory  
what he believed to be the orthodox  
form of words. He began with his  
"Benedicite," expecting the cardinals  
to respond with "Domine," but they  
replied "Deus" (Italian fashion) so  
confused the good bishop that he for-  
got his carefully-learned phrases, and,  
"in good, broad Scotch," said: "To  
the devil I give you all, false cardinals,  
to which devout aspiration pope and  
cardinals (who understood only their  
own language) piously replied,  
"Amen."

Mrs. B— is one of those good-na-  
tured women who are always wanting  
to make other people comfortable.  
She happened to be in the railway  
station the other day, says the Wash-  
ington Post, when a man she knew came  
in. He said he was going to Pitts-  
burg. Mrs. B—, whose husband is a  
director of the road, knew the conduct-  
or of the Pittsburg train, who passed  
through the waiting room just then.  
Mrs. B— called to him. "Conduct-  
or," she said, "this is my especial  
friend, Mr. Smith. He is going on  
your train, and I want you to show  
him every attention possible." The  
conductor, of course, said he would,  
but when