マンチャラシー・サード アンチャー しゅゅうしゅ AARON IN THE WILD WOODS

The Story of a Southern Swamp. By JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS.

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THE HUNT ENDS. It will be seen that Mr. Jim Simmons, In his crude way, was a very shrewd reasoner. He didn't "guess;" he "reckoned;" and it cannot be denied that he came very near the truth. You will remember that when we children play hide-the-switch the one that hides it guides those who are hunting for it by making certain remarks. When they are near where the switch is hid, the hider says: 'You burn; you are afire," but when they get further away from the hiding place the word is: "You are cold; you are freezing." In hunting for Aaron, Mr. Jim Simmons was burning, for he had come very close to solv-

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ing the problem that the fugitive had set for Mr. Simmons was so sure he was right in his reasoning that he cheered his dogs on lustily and touched up his mare. George Goesett did the same, and dogs, horses, and men went careering along the plantation road to the river landing. The sun was now above the tree tops, and the chill air of the mornthat hung wavering above the stream.

The dogs ran crying to the landing, and there they stopped. One of the younger hounds was for wading across; but Sound, the leader, knew better than that. He ran down the river bank a hundred yards and down the river bank a hundred yards and then circled back across the field until he reached a point some distance above the landing. Then he returned, his keen nose always to the ground. At the landing he waited until Mr. Simmons came up, and then he looked across the river and whined

Mr. Simmons seemed to be very lucky that morning, for just as he and George Gossett galloped to the landing a boatload of field hands started across from the other side, old Uncle Andy coming with it to row it back. On the other side, too, Mr. Simmons saw a lady standing—a trim figure dressed in black—and near her a negro boy was holding a horse that she had evidently ridden to the landing. This was the lady to whom Uncle Andy sometimes referred as Sally Ward, and for whom he had a sincere affection. The river was not wide at the landing, and the boatload of field hands, propelled by four muscular arms, was not long in crossing. As the negroes jumped ashore Sound went among them and examined each one with his nose, but he returned to the landing and looked across and whined. They saluted Mr. Simmons and George Gossett politely, and then went on their way, whistling, singing, and cracking jokes and laughing loudly.

"Was a bateau missing from this side this morning?" Mr. Simmons asked Uncle Andy. "Suh?" Uncle Andy put his hand to his ear, affecting to be very anxious to hear what Mr. Simmons had said. question was repeated; whereat Uncle

Andy laughed loudly, "You sho is a witch fer guessin', suh! How come you know 'bout de missin' boat?' Mr. Simmons smiled under this flattery. "I thought maybe a boat would be missing

from this side this morning," he said.
'Dey sho wuz, suh; but I dunner how de name er goodness you come ter know 'bout it, kase I wuz on de bank cross dar 'fo' 'twuz light, en I aint see you on dis side. Yes, suh! De boat wuz gone. Dey foun' it 'bout a mile down de river, en on account out a mile down der fiver, en on account er de shoals down dar, dey had ter take it out'n de water en fetch it back yer in de waggin. Yes, suh! dish yer de ve'y boat."
"Where's the ford?" Mr. Simmons inquired.
"I used to know, but I've forgotten."

"Right below yer, suh!" replied Uncle Andy. "You'll see de pan whar de stock cross at. B'ar down stream, sub, twel you half way cross, den b'ar up. Ef you do dat, you won't git yo' stirrup wet."

The ford was easily found, but the crossing was not at all comfortable. In fact, Uncle Andy had maliciously given Mr. Simmons into the water, bore down the stream, and their horses were soon floundering in deep They soon touched bottom again, and in a few moments they were safe on the opposite bank—safe, but dripping wet, and in no very good humor. Mr. Sim-mons's dogs, obedient to his call, followed his horse into the water, and swam across. Sound clambered out, shook himself, and ran back to the landing where the lady was waiting for the boat to return. It had been down the river to the point where the boat had been found, and where he was sure the dogs would pick up the scent of the runaway: but he found that the way was impassable horses. He must needs go to the landing and inquire the way.

Uncle Andy had just made the middle seat in the bateau more comfortable for his mistress by placing his coat, neatly folded, on the hard plank, and Mrs. Ward was preraised their hats as the lady glanced to-ward them. They were hardly in a condition to present themselves, Mr. Simmons explained, and then he inquired with as much politeness as he could command how to reach the place where the missing boat had been found. The missing boat? Why, I never heard

of it till now. Was one of the bateaux missing this morning.
"Yessum, When de fishin' good en de niggers put out der sethooks, day ain't many mornin's in de week dat one er de

yuther er deze boats ain't missin'!"
"I never beard of that before." "No, Mistiss; de boys 'low you wouldn't keer nohow. Dey runs dem over the shoals on dar dey leaves um."

But both bateaux are here." "Yessum. We fetches um back 'round' by de road in de waggin. Who carried the bateau over the shoals

'Me, ma'am. Nobody ain't know nuttin 't all 'bout it but de two Elliks, en wher dar ar gemmun dar ax me des now if dey boat missin' fum 'roun' yer dis

mornin', hit sorter flung me back on myse'f. I 'low 'Yes, suh,' but he sho flung me back Uncle Andy began to chuckle so heartily that his mistress asked him what he was laughing at, though she well knew.

"I hit myse'f on de funny bone, Mistiss en when dat's de case I bleedge ter laugh." At this the lady laughed, and it was a gental, merry, and musical laugh. Mr. Simnons smiled, but so grimly that it had the appearance of a threat.
"And so this is Mr. Simmons, the famous

negro hunter?" eald Mrs. Ward. Mr. Simmons, I'm glad to see you, I've long had something to say to you. Whenever you are sent for to catch one of my negroes I want you to come straight to the house on the hill yonder and set your dogs on me When one of my negroes goes to the woods

remarked Uncle Andy, under his breath, but loud enough for all to hear. none; "but among a passel of niggers you'll get out of this business is in seeing and when the hourds were after him; but—gooft!

-that was before he knew what tusks were hearing my dogs run. Somebody's got to catch the runaways, and it might as well

be me as anybody. "Why, certainly, Mr. Simmons. You have ments it held its breath (as the saying is become celebrated. Your name is trumpted and listened. Listened intently, and ther about in all the counties round. You are better known than a great many of our ris young politicians

The lady's manner was very gracious, but there was a gleam of humor in her eye. Mr. Simmons didn't know whether she was laughing at him or paying him a compli-ment; but he thought it would be safe to change the subject.
"May I ask the old man there a few ques-

"May I ask the old man there a few questions?" he inquired.

"Why, certainly." Mrs. Ward responded.
"Cross-examine him to your heart's chilent.
But be careful about it, Mr. Simmons. He's old and feeble, and his mind is not as good as it used to be. I heard him telling the house girl last night that he was losing his senses."

"De lawsy massy, mistiss! You know I was desprojickin' wid dat gal. Dey ain't na'er nigger in de country got any mo' sense dan what I got. You know dat yo'es'f."

"Was anybody with you in the bateau of mud, where he had been wallowing, and shook himself. Then he scratched himself by Yubbing his side against a beech tree. The Brindle Steer slowly dragged himself through the canes and tall grass, and came to Aaron's tree, where he paused with such a loud sigh that Rambler jumped away.

"It is the track dogs," he said.

"Yas; I'm sorry," replied Aaron. When the big black dog comes stand aside and leave him to me."

Gooft! not if it's the one that chewed my car," remarked the White Pig.

"I came in this morning by the thunder-

when you went down the river this morn-"Yes, suh, dey wuz," replied Uncle Andy,

"Who was It?" "Well, suh-

"Don't get excited now, Andrew," his mis-tress interrupted. "Tell Mr. Simmons the truth. You know your weakness." If Uncle Andy's skin had been white or even brown, Mr. Simmons would have seen him blushing violently. He knew his mis-tress was making fun of him, but he was not

tress was making fun of him, but he was not less embarrassed on that account. He looked at Mrs. Ward and laughed.

"Speak right out," said that lady. "Who was with you in the bateau?"

"Little Essek, ma'am—my gran'chil'. I'm bleedge ter have some un 'long fer ter hol' de boat steady when I go ter look at my sethooks. Little Essek wuz de fust one I see, en I holler'd at 'im."

en I holler'd at 'im."

"Did anybody cross from the other side this morning?" asked Mr. Simmons.

"Not dat I knows un, less'n it wuz Criddle's Jerry. He's got a wife at de Abercrombie place. He fotch Maive Criddle's buggy to be worked on at our blacksmif shop, en he rid de mule home dis mornin'. Little Essek had 'er down yer 'bout daylight ing was beginning to surrender to its in-fluence. The course of the river was marked waitin' fer Jerry, kaze he say he got 'er be out in mid-air by a thin line of blue mist home scon ef not befo'." Uncle Andy had an imagination. had brought the buggy and had ridden the mule home. He also had a wife at the Aber-

and he now regretted it, for his keen ear, alive to differences that would never attract the attention of those who had never made a study of the temperament of dogs, detected a more savage note in their cry than he was accustomed to hear. Nor did his ear deceive him. Sound was following the scent of Aaron, but his companions were trailing Rambier, who had accompanied Aaron, and this fact gave a flercer twang to their cry. When Aaron was going from Gossett's to the river landing, Rambier was not trotting at his heels, but scenting ahead, sometimes far to the right and at other times far to far to the right and at other times far to the left. But in going from the river to the swamp it was otherwise. Rambler had to hold his head high to prevent Aaron's heel from striking him on the under jaw. His scent lay with that of the son of Ben Ali. For that reason Mr. Simmons was puzzled by the peculiar cry of the dogs. He had trained them not to follow the scent of hares, coons, and foxes, and if they were not trail-ing a runaway, he knew, or thought he knew, that they must be chasing a wildcat. Pluto, the crop-eared catch-dog, galloped to his

master's horse. He was a flerce-looking brute, but Mr. Simmons knew that he would be no match for a wildeat. When the dogs entered the swamp Mr. Simmons tried to follow, but he soon found his way barred by the underbrush, by the trailing vines, the bending trees, the rank canes. He must needs leave his horse or lead it when he entered the swamp. He chose to do neither, but sat in his saddle and waited Pluto waiting with him read to and waited, Pluto waiting with him, ready to go in when the word was given.

When the hounds entered the swamp they mule home. He also had a wife at the Aber-crombie place, but his master had given him the vines, the briers and the canes, and



THE SWAMP HAD A GREAT FROLIC THAT NIGHT.

Jerry all the morning," remarked George Gossett to Mr. Simmons. "Pap was right." "But what was the nigger doing at you lace?" Mr. Simmons was still arguing th

matter in his mind.
"Don't ask me," replied George Gossett.
"Dey ain't no countin' fer a nigger, suh," emarked Uncle Andy affably. "Dey aint no 'countin' fer 'em when dey ol' ez I is, much less when dey young en soople like

Criddle's Jerry." Under the circumstances there was noth ing for Mr. Simmons and young Gossett to do but to turn about short and recross the river. It was fortunate for them that paring to accept the old negro's invitation to "git aboard, Mistiss," when Mr. Simmons and George Gossett rode up. Both into the ford, and made the crossing without difficulty. Then the two men held a council of war. Uncle Andy had another name for it. "I wish you'd look at um jugglin'," he said to his mistress, as he nelped her from the batteau.

George Gossett was wet, tired and dis gusted, and he would not hear to Mr. Sim nons' proposition to "beat about the bushes" in the hope that the dogs would s Aaron's trail. "We started wrong," said. "Let's go home, and when we try for the nigger again, let's start right." "Well, tell your father I'll be back the day after tomorrow if I don't catch his nig-ger. I'm obliged to go home now and change my duds if I don't strike a trail. It's a true saying that there's more mud than water in Oconee. I'll take a shor cut. I'll go up the river a mile or such a matter and ride across to Dawson's old mill road. That will take me home by dinner

As it happened, Mr. Simmons didn't take linner at home that day, nor did he return to Gossett's at the time he appointed He called his dogs and turned his horse's head up stream. He followed the course of the river for a mile or more and then bor away from it. While he was riding along lost in his reflections, he suddenly heard

ery much surprised.
"If that blamed dog is fooling me thi time I'll feel like killing him." he remarked to himself. The rest of the dogs joined in and they were all soon footing it merrily in the direction of the big swamp.

The blue falcon, circling high in the air suddenly closed her wings and dropped into the leafy bosom of the swamp. This was the first messenger. That red joker, the Fox Squirrel, had heard the wailing cry of the hounds, and scampered down the big Half-way down he made a flying leap into the live oak, and then from tree to tree he went running, scrambling, jumping.
But let him go never so fast, the blue falcon was before him, and let the blue fal con swoop never so swiftly, the message was before her. For the White Grunter had ears. Ooft! he had heard the same wailing sound for. And Rambler had ears. In fact, the Swamp itself had ears, and for a few mo and listened. Listened literary, and then quietly, cautiously and serenely began to dispose of its forces. Near the big poplar Aaron had a pile of stones. They had been selected to fit his hand; they were not too large nor too small; they were not too light nor too heavy. This pile of stones

was Asron's ammunition, and he took his stand by it.

The White Pig rose slowly from his bed of mud, where he had been wallowing, and

to "pass" to visit her, thinking it might de- splashed through the spreading arms of the lay his return. For that reason Jerry did lagoon. Suddenly they ceased to cry. Then not cross the river the night before.

"And here we've been chasing Criddle's snapping, an ominous crashing, fierce snorting and then howls and screams of pain from this hounds.

"A cat, by jing!" he exclaimed aloud. In tent on saving his hounds if possible he gave Pluto the word, and that savage brute plunged into the swamp with gleaming red and eager eyes.

Mr. Simmons never really knew what hapsened to his hounds, but the swamp knew When they splashed past the White Pig that fierce guardian of the swamp sprang from his lair and rushed after them. They tried hard to escape, but the hindmost was caught The white pig ran by his side for the space of three full seconds, then, lowering his head he raised it again with a toss sidewise, and the hound was done for-ripped from flank to backbone as neatly as a butcher could have done it. Another was caught on the horn of the red steer and flung sheer into the lagoon. Sound, the leader, fell into Rambler's jaws, and some bad scores wer ettled there and then. Pluto came charging blindly in. He saw the White Pig and made for him, experience telling him that the hog will run when a dog is after it; but experienc did him small service here. The White Pig charged to meet him, seeing which Pluto swerved to one side, but he was not nimble enough. With a downward swoop and an upward sweep of his snout the White Pig Pluto under the shoulder with his tusk and gave him a taste of warfare in the swamp. Another dog would have left the field, but Pluto had a temper. He turned and rushed at the White Pig, and the swamp prepared to witness a battle royal. But just then there was a whizzing, zooning sound in the air, a thud, and Pluto tumbled over and fell in a heap. Aaron had ended the cur's career as suddenly as if he had been blown to pieces by a cannon. There was on stone missing from the store of ammunition at the foot of the big poplar.

Meanwhile, Rambler was worrying Sound and the White Pig, seeing no other enemy sound giving tongue far ahead. That sa-gacious dog had unexpectedly hit on Aaron's trail, and he lost no time in announcing the fact as loudly as he could. Mr. Simmons was in sight, went running to the scene of that able to do some jumping on his own account, and he turned tail and ran, just as the White Pig was about to trample him under foot. But he was not quick enough to escape with a whole skin. The tusk of the White Pig touched him on the hind leg, and

where it touched it tore.

Mr. Simmons had five dogs when he came to the Swamp. Sound came out to him after the morning's adventure, but had to be car ried home across the saddle bow. Two days later another of the dogs went limping home. Three dogs were left in the Swamp. Mr. Simmons blew his horn, and called them for some time, and then he slowly went home.

He had a great tale to tell when he got there. His dogs had jumped a wildcat at the river, chased him to the Swamp, and there they found a den of wildcats. There was a great fight, but three of the dogs were killed, and the cats were so fierce that it was as much as Mr. Simmons could do to escape with his life. Indeed, according to his tale, the biggest cat followed him to the edge of e Swamp. And he told this moving tale often that he really believed it, and felt

that he was a sort of hero. that he was a sort of hero.

As for the Swamp, it had a rare frolic that night. All the mysteries came forth and danced, and the Willis-Whistlers piped as they had never piped before, and old Mr. Bullfrog joined in with his fine bass voice. And the next morning Mr. Buzzard, who roosted in the loblolly pine, called his sanitary committee together, and soon there was nothing left of Pluto and his companions to

peater the Swamp. (To be Continued.) A KING'S BED.

Quaint Account of the Make-Up of a Royal Couch. knows the famous tale of the princess who could not sleep because under her many mattresses a pea was lodged. In reality the ancient royalties were just as fussy, to judge from the strange rules of stiquette which surrounded the most trivial

wood tree," said Aaron. "Hide in the grass objects. They could hever appear in public without ceremonies of all kinds and ceremonies were used in the baking of ples and The dogs came nearer and nearer, and the Swamp could hear Mr. Simmons cheering them on. As for Mr. Simmons, he was sure of one thing—the dogs were trailing either a kildcat or a runaway. He had never trained them not to follow the scent of a wildcat, and he now regretted it, for his keen ear. curtains together; then must two squires of the body stand at the bed's head, and two yeomen of the crown at the bed's feet, and all of the stuff laid safe at the bed's feet on a carpet till the contents of the palibases were remade. Then a yeoman to leap upon the bed and roll him up and down and array the litter; then to lay down the canvas again, then the feather bed and beat it well and make it even and smooth. Then take the fustian (under blanket), and cast it upon the bed without any wrinkles and the sheet in the same wise." The sheet is now stroked smooth, tucked under the feather bed and over it laid "tother stuff," that is to say, the upper sheet, blankets and fustian, and the covering of martin's fur and ermine. A sheet of Rennes was laid on the spot destined for the pillows, and a large rug of ermine was placed over the bed, and the bedelothes were brought up to the edge of the pillows and neatly turned down. Finally "a yeoman was required to beat the pillows and throw them up to the squires to lay them on the head, as pleaseth the king's grace." wonder that squires, gentlemen and yeomen retired after these efforts, and, as the chronicler assures us, had a good drink.

A FAMOUS LEAP.

The Scotchman Who Jumped Over a Party of Mounted Dragoons.

"What is one of the best athletic exercises gymnasium and the reply came without hesitation, "leaping." Next to leaping he placed running and walking. In learning to leap the most simple and harmless mode is to jump on level ground from one point to another, either taking a run or not before the leap is attempted, as one chooses.

The run, however, gives a certain impetus to the body and consequently enables a per-son to accomplish a far greater distance than when attempted without such assistance. It is of the first importance that the breath be lrawn in and retained during the time of the givatest effort, which gives the chest more capability of supporting the rest of the mem-bers, forces the blood into the muscular parts tad increases their strength.

The two great essentials for good and safe

leaping are lightness and firmness.

A very simple apparatus on which to practice jumping a height may be constructed by fixing two square poles about four feet apart in the ground, drive wooden pegs into the back of each, with an inch space between them, on which a light wand may be placed n such a manner that if touched accidentally it will fly from the leaper and not cause him to fall to the ground. In leaping without a run the legs and feet must be placed firmly together, the toes at the mark, the knees bent well up, the head held forward and the bent well up, the head held forward and the hands thrown up above the shoulders. Thus prepared the body must be thrown forward with a sudden jerk. Caution is necessary to descend with a forward inclination and on the ball of the foot, so as to touch the ground lightly and thus deaden the shock by

certain extent, as too low a jump completely frustrates the design. In leaping with a run he best distance is from eighteen to twenty-

five paces.

It is well to practice taking the spring from both feet, as well as from either separa; ely.

The most extraordinary modern leap on record was that of a Scotchman, who leaped

PAPA'S PLAYTHINGS.

A Promiseuous Display of Chips of Signifiennt Colors.

She was a daintily dressed young mother the street car. Of course, he was not like

lat you were going on a long fourney with mamma?" But the infant had his own idea of amuse nent. Taking his cap from his fair heir he swept the ribbons aside and placed the silklined headgear on his knees. Then he put a chubby, dimpled hand into either pocket and they came out filled with red, white and blue disks, of composition such as serves in ome cases as a substitute for ivory.

seat, while he chased up those that had escaped. The mother's countenance became a beautiul scarlet. Worldly men on the car laughed and winked at one another. Good old ladie miled in sympathy where they might have

rowned had they known more, for the disk ere unmistakably poker chips. 'Why, Hallie, where in the world did you get those things?" asked the pretty matron.

Some naughty boy must have given them "Nope," shouted the cherub. "Found th pretty things in papa's verlise behind the trunk. Whole lot of beau-ful picture cards there, too. S'pect he was goin' to give 'em o Hallie nex' Chris'mus. ore none of 'em," as he dived between the

condition where he would have to explode or roar aloud. 'Never mind the rest, dear," urged the mother, as she rose with charming dignity and signaled the conductor. "We get off

legs of a fat man who was approaching that

"No we don't." insisted the irrepressible "it's more'n a mile yet."

But she hurried forth with him on onhand and his cap in the other. Then there was a great clatter of poker chips on the

PRATTLE OF THE YOUNGSTERS.

Rural teacher-What current event o great interest can you give me this morn Small girl (eagerly)-My ma has just made twenty tumblers of jell "Maw, I know why Freedom shrieked when Kosciusko fell." "Well, Tommy?" 'Cause she knew she couldn't pronounce

"Mamma, I know why these clothes mine are too tight." Well, Willie, why is it?" "'Cause when the tailor measured ne for 'em I hadn't had my dinner. Papa—I'm surprised that you are at the foot of your class, Tommy. Why aren't you at the head sometimes, like little Willie Bigbee? Tommy-You see, papa, got an awfully smart father, and I guess he takes after him.

In Boston: Teacher-Is there not some familiar proverb illustrating the practical advantage of exercising forethought? Highbrowed juvenile-Yes, sir. prevention is worth a hectogram of cure.

Prizes for the Road Race. OMAHA, March 12 .- To the Sporting Edito

of The Bee: We hereby make the following special prize offers to the winners in the annual Decoration day road race, if held and conducted by the Associated Cycling Clubs of Omaha and sanctioned by the League of American Wheelmen racing board, if necessary, providing there are eighteen contest ants enter and finish in this race: First—To the winner of the first prize, if made on a Rambler bicycle, fitted with G. & J. tires a gold brick, the value of which shall be \$50.

Second-To the winner of the time prize, made on a Rambler bicycle, fitted with G. & J. tires, a gold brick, the value of which shall be \$50.

Should there be a separate race for mateurs we will give gold prizes accordagly.

F. M. RUSSEL.

The Grandest Remedy. Mr. R. B. Greeve, merchant of Chilhowie Va., certifies that he had consumption, was given up to die, sought all medical treatment that money could procure, tried all cough remedies he could hear of, but got no relief; spent many nights sitting up in a chair; was induced to try Dr. King's Discovery, and was cured by use of two bottles. For past three years has been at-tending to business, and says Dr. King's New Discovery is the grandest remedy ever made, as it has done so much for him and also for others in his community. Dr. King's New Discovery is guaranteed for Coughs Colds and Consumption. It don't fail. Trial bottles free at Kuhn & Co.'s drug store.



papers that the National Cycle Board of Trade has concluded to abandon its annual exhibition. This declaration does not mean the abandonment of cycle shows. Far from it. They will continue as long as devotees of the wheel foot the bills. As long as there is money in it, means will be found to give a show, and trade rivalry insures the exhibits. There is no better illustration of the bi

cycle fever than the fact that thousands of people in every city put up good money to see an exhibit of goods for sale. Ninety thousand people saw the Chicago show and over 190,000 paid for a similar privilege in New York. It is said that the managers of the Omaha show cleared \$1,000. In no other business is such results possible. What does it all amount to? The only substantial gain to the visitor is the saving of time that would otherwise be required in examining cycle wares in the several stores. This was a question put to the director of a In the show, the various wheels and accessympasium and the reply came without hesis sories are grouped and inspection is convenient. It is not a question whether that advantage is worth the price of admission. As long as wheel fans pay the price, so long will the dealers show their wares and ignore the edicts of trade boards,

The blcycle agents in the big houses in his city state that the demand for nev wheels this year is very large. The all-important question with the new riders is, What is the proper gear to ride? last season riders were content with sixty-eight and seventy-inch gears, but now riders seem to think that to use a sixty-eight gear is to be behind the times. A well known rider, discussing the gear problem, says:

Theoretically speaking, the high gear is a splendid thing, but in actual practice it is not so good. When a rider selects a new wheel weighing about a pound less than his previous mount, he in most cases throws away all the advantages of the saving in weight by the addition of a few more teeth to the front sprocket, and then condemns the wheel as hard running, when the fault is really all his own. Let the abnormal eighty-six and ninety-inch gear go. Try a seventy-two-inch gear with about six and three-quarters-inch cranks, and see if the results are not much more satisfactory.'

President McKinley has put his foot down on the acceptance of gifts by members of his household. A western manufacturer of bicycles made a beautiful wheel for Miss Grace McKinley, the president's niece, and In taking a long leap it is not necessary to large his part is some gold-mounted trimmings, and was provided with all known his part is some gold-mounted trimmings, and was provided with all known large his part is some gold-mounted trimmings, and was provided with all known large his part is gold-mounted trimmings. accessories, including a charming little bouquet holder on the handle bar. Miss McKinley, who is the president's ward, was, of course, delighted with the wheel, as any enthusiastic bicyclist would be. She was very eager to mount it and take a ride upon the smooth asphalt pavements of the capital. over a party of mounted dragoons with their swords drawn.

But "Uncle Will," as the young people of the party call the president, said the wheel would have to be a swords drawn. with a polite note of declination. And It

The bicycle has coaxed us all out of doors, remarks the New York Herald. Spindle-shanked humanity has managed to and justly proud of the curly headed boy in get some flesh on his bones, and the young his natty sailor suit who sat by her side on the street car. Of course he was not like other boys, relates the Detroit Free Press, at he was not like orcise, followed by a glorious appetite three times a day and by sound sleep at night, is yet he was just enough tainted with juvenile making us all over again; but nevertheless humanity to keep squirming like an eel in restricted quarters.

"Do keep quiet, Hallie," she said in gentle tones. "Can't you look out the window or play that you were going on the window or lay that you were going on the window or in companies of ten, or possibly a balloon play that you were going on the window or in companies of ten, or possibly a balloon that you were going on the said in the future; possibly a horseless carriage which will convert us all into globe trotters in companies of ten, or possibly a balloon that you were going on the said in the future; possibly a horseless carriage which will convert us all into globe trotters. or flying machine which will enable us to loaf among the stars. We are grateful for what we have, but, like Oliver Twist, we should like a little more,

An Irish journal asserts that the daughters of Erin were trouble last season by the large size of the pedals on the wheels which English manufacturers sold them; and it is further alleged that the small feet of the that didn't rattle to the floor went into the Irish ladies are lost in the shoes that are cap which the little fellow placed on the made to fit the feet of Englishwomen.

> All talk of the bicycle face having practically died out, the foes of the wheel have now trotted out another scareerow, claiming that as a result of wheeling women are be oming loud talkers, with an unpleasant quality of voice. They assert that wheeling, specially with the mouth open, has a detrimental effect on the vocal chords, and when to this is added the strain to which the voice is subjected in an effort ito keep up a conversation while cycling, the danger seems something more than a shadow. Some persons who have made voice culture a life study are inclined to fall in with these views, asserting that exercise on the whee is responsible for an apparent alteration in the voices of women. A Chicago vocal

teacher sava: "While bicycle riding people frequently fill their lungs with dust, and this is, of course, injurious. Then the exercise leaves the system exhausted and unable to resist the bac effects of excessive perspiration. A severe cold is detrimental to the speaking voice, and when these colds are frequent, as they are with bicyclists, they will ultimately result in permanent injury. If women would ride but a few miles at a time and would keep their mouths closed there would be no danger, but I find that many of my pupils cannot refrain from overdoing the sport."

In the shed in the Grand Central station, New York City, where all the incoming trains stop, a huge bicycle rack has been erected. It is directly over the baggage room and is a sort of a roof garden. Al along the sides of this roof is arranged regular bicycle rack. The front wheel is shoved in between the two retaining bars, and so the wheel rests, rigid and safe from collision. The wheels are first run into the baggage room below. Then they are made fast to a lifting tackle and pulled up to the roof through an open scuttle and swung off to the resting place. They are let down in a similar manner.

The same provision is made in the bag-

gage cars attached to trains that carry a number of wheels. The through trains do not, as a rule, have many bicycles offered as baggage, but the locals are often liter-ally swamped with them. These racks are arranged all around inside of the cars, and in some instances there are two tiers of them. The wheels, properly ticketed, are thus safe from collision and pressure that might result in injury. The trainmen do not take at all kindly to the new order of things and loudly condemn everyone that rides a wheel. The carrying of bicycles as baggage makes necessary a degree of care and attention on their part that almost doubles their work.

In the variety of styles of mounting the bicycle the girls are fast equaling the men. There was a time when only one style was in general use, but as the riders become more expert and gain more confidence they are branching out in the style of mounting. The old style of mounting, by standing out in the street, with the pedal raised, is not in the street, with the pedal raised, is not so easy to do in going up a hill. Now the curbstone mount is becoming popular. This is an easy way of mounting the wheel, and a way that any one can learn. It saves the strain to a large extent on the frame of the wheel. A woman's wheel, by the way, is not as strong as the diamond frame of a man's blevele. Perhaps the most graceful mount as strong as the diamond frame of a many bicycle. Perhaps the most graceful mount of any, and likewise the most difficult, is the female pedal mount. The right foot is placed on the right pedal, which is raised to nearly its highest point. A slight shove is given the wheel, and before the right reddly resches the lowest rolly it its revolupedal reaches its lowest point in its revolu-tion the left foot has slipped through the frame and caught the left pedal just as it is coming up. It's pretty, but hard.

A flattering tribute has been paid to American ingenuity and mechanical skill by the action of unscrupulous German makers in copyrighting unto themselves the

unscrupulous rascals. The small actual cost incurred, some \$18, is the only charge made for this protection to each company.

THE PRICE OF BICYCLES.

How Long is the Century Mark to Standf

Perhaps such figures are as amazing as anything else connected with this nearly if not quite most amazing of latter day material developments.

but the steady increase in the number of manufactories proves that the failures result from bad business management, not from the badness of the business.

capital required is not so great but that it attached wheelmen are signing the petition. can be always obtained for investment that way, so long as there is a reasonable chance for profitable returns. There is no patent on the bicycle, so far as its essential features are concerned. If an attempt were made to organize a bicycle trust with a view to limiting production and enhancing, or even maintaining prices, while keeping the quality at a standstill, or even lowering it—doing with bicycles as trusts do with other things where the trust method is successful—the inducement to outside competition would be so great that it would speedily become irre-

clear signs of its speedy coming. In this instance, competition does not teem to have its usual effect in a reduction of prices. Competition is Indeed most strenuous. The rivalry is hot and constant, and at times almost ferocious. If Dean Swift were alive now he might supplement his "Battle of the Books" by a "Battle of the Bicycles." But of the Associated Cycling Clubs would be Books" by a "Battle of the Bicycles." But in spite of it all, there is a reasonable approach to uniformity in price. Every manu-facturer strives to outsell his rivals, but not to undersell them. He appears to rely upon appealing to the sentiment expressed in the motto, "The best is the cheapest." So, while vehemently insisting and vocifer-ously proclaiming that his machine is the very best, each maker appears to be de-sirous rather of disclaiming than of sanctioning the idea that it is cheapest, or even

as a rule, incapable of judging must of course be excellent in proportion it is so eager and insatiate, it partakes se much of the nature of an eathusiasm which "expense is no object," that hithert bleycle manufacturers find it every bit a cas, generally speaking, perhaps easier, sell a machine for \$100 than it would be sell identically the same machine for \$50.

The Union Pacific Wheel club held it Tuesday evening, attended by a large number of its enthusiastic members. The meeting as a rousing one throughout, and judgin from the reports of its outgoing officers, the in the following selections: Richmond An derson, president; George H. Robinson, vic president; J. W. Newlean, secretary-treas urer; W. E. Reid, captain; Julian Osborne Anderson, color bearer; A. L. Angell, bugler The Union Pacific Wheel club was or ganized on Saturday, February 22, 1896, by city. As yet the club has not had a single and in consequence it has not been obliged to report any names to the

Associated Cycling clubs to be posted in the black list. That list now contains 160 names, to which the other clubs in the city have The club will be represented in the Asso

Laura-Pshaw! I have most of his thoughts at my finger tips. and bell ordinance, which is now pending pefore the city council, and all members wars most emphatically opposed to it. The Laura-I'm his typewriter,

were not protected by the German law. In brief, despairing of ever being able to pro-duce machines that would even remotely compare with ours, these phiegmatic pirates have deliberately stolen the symbols of American prestige and adapted them to their own ends. Consul General McKay, however, has checkmated these thieves by a clever move. He has induced an aminent German importer of American goods to copyright in his own name all the American bicycle trade marks that he can obtain any knowledge of, and so protects our makers against these

It is safe to say that no other industry ever

badness of the business.

There is no bicycle trust, and it is impos-There is no bicycle trust, and it is impossible that there can be one, under existing conditions. Some kinds of business are adapted to be monopolized by trusts and some are not. The bicycle business is not. The reason it is not is that the amount of

cheap.

Probably this phenomenon is to be accounted for on two grounds. The first is that human nature universally inclines people to believe that things of whose quality they are as a rule incapable of judging the coming season, Just what club they will ride for has not as yet been settled and will probably be left open until Mockett returns from the east, which will be about May 1, when the they are as a rule incapable of judging the coming season. as they are expensive. Second, the demand for bicycles is so brisk, it grows so fast How long is this state of things going

Union Pacific Wheel Club. club has been most successful during its first year's existence. Election of officers resulted first lieutenant; W. R. Moran, second lieutenant; H. Bruner, third lieutenant; W. H. twenty-two Union Pacific wheelmen. Since that date the membership has steadily increased, until now it is at its highest point, 110, making it the largest club of its kind one of the most enthusiastic, aggressive and popular. The membership of the club is in the best standing of any model. he best standing of any wheel club in the

clated Cycling clubs during the year 1897 by Messrs, W. E. Reid, E. W. Burroughs, F. A

Action was taken in regard to the lam

not only regain the members lost, but also to considerably increase the 110 mark. Richmond Anderson, president of the club, Michimond Anderson, president of the club, made a very strong speech in favor of the League of American Wheelmen, urging all Union Pacific Wheel club members who possibly can to join that organization. His effort was not in vain. Before the meeting was over eight or nine applications were taken by Captain Reid, who is also local consul for the Lesgue of American Wheelmen. This makes about thirty of the club members who are now identified with the League of American Wheelmen. Mr. Auderson is a very enthusiastic League of American Wheelmen man, and, judging from his emphatic statements, he proposes to make every Union Pacific wheelmen a mem-ber of that organization before the coming

season is over.

delegates to the Associated clubs were in structed to exert themselves to defeat the

It is anticipated that the club will lose seven or eight of its members on account of the segregation of the Oregon Short Line & Utah Northern railway. About that many of the members have been employed by the

new organization already. From comments which are made on every hand, however, it

is expected that enough Union Facific em-ployes will purchase wheels this spring to

The whole meeting was pervaded with

enthusiasm, and plans for the coming season were laid out. The first run will be made early in April if weather permits. Mileage

and other prizes will be given this year, as an incentive to its members to attend

runs. The socials given by the club last winter were unqualified successes in every

possible way, and will remain a permanent

but feel gratified at its unusual success dur-ing the first year of its existence, and this

record is taken as an indication of what may be expected for the ensuing year.

Whisperings of the Wheel.

Since the close of the cycle show local

wheelmen have turned their attention to the

proposed lamp ordinance, which is to be

brought before the city council some time

The proposed ordinance has been pretty thoroughly discussed among the club men

thoroughly discussed among the club men and unattached riders of the city, and, while

cyclists in the city, it will readily be seen that the organized wheelmen are far in the minority. Petitions have been circulated:

among the wheelmen of the city by those who are working for the ordinance and al-

ready nearly as many local wheelmen have signed the petitions as there are organized wheelmen in the city. Not only the un-

ure a good one are attaching their names

E. B. Mockett, one of Nebraska's most prominent racing men, has accepted a posi-tion with a local wheel concern and will re-

move his family from Lincoln to this city on May 1. Mr. Mockett expects to make

Omaha his permanent residence hereafter and will upon his arrival join one of the local clubs, under whose colors he will ride during

the coming season. Local wheel racing en-thusiasts will welcome Mockett's coming, as

he will be a valuable addition to Omaha's

F. M. Russell has kindly offered to donate

two \$50 gold bricks for the coming annual

Decoration day road race. One will be offered

as first prize and the other as time prize. If others of the local dealers would follow.

W. H. McCord of the Omaha Wheel club

has been doing a little missionary work for the Nebraska division of the League of American Wheelmen during the past ten

days, and as a result has obtained eighteen

During the cycle show Mockett, McCall

and Pixley got together and decided to ride

John S. Prince, formerly of this city,

wants a race with some of the local profes-

sional riders. Bill Mardis has been in com-

munication with him recently, and it is

quite likely that a match will be arranged

between Prince and Floyd McCall of this

city, to take place at Charles street park

applications for membership in the body.

during the present month.

The members of the organization cannot

The statement is made, on apparently good authority, that there are in this country no fewer than 500 manufactories of bicyclea.

developed so rapidly to such huge propor-tions. The latest figures bear witness to the tions. The latest figures bear witness to the unprecedented growth in popularity of bicycling as a mode of locomotion for business, for pleasure and for "sport." They also indicate that the business of making bicycles is a very profitable one. It is useless to try to escape this latter conclusion, says the Boston Advertiser. Capitalists do not invest year after year enormously increasing sums the majority of the organized wheelmen are against the ordinance, a great many of them of money in a business which does not pay.

Setible and the trust would collapse.

Yet the expected decline in the price of he will be a valuately racing contingent.

early in June. Prince wants to ride for \$500 Freddie Dickenson of Worcester, Mass., one of the smoothest cycle salesmen on the road, has been in the city during the past ten days waiting for his samples. Freddie innual meeting at the Millard hotel last was a familiar figure at both this and last Jim Deright, who imported McCall from Denver last year to show the Nebraska boys how to ride races, threatens to import another man this spring who will ride rings around our local professionals, The Omaha Guards Wheel club will in all probability consolidate with the Turney

Wheel club, as the former club has moved with the Guards to Turner hall and the members are not in favor of keeping up a separate organization. The sextette which was exhibited at the local show is to be kept in Omaha during the balance of the season. A team com-posed of such well known professionals as

close up Sherman avenue some evening thia spring, when a straight-away one-half mile will be measured off and the six will be sent over the distance for record. This would prove an interesting event, as many people who have heard about the wonderful speed of the sextette would turn out to sea Her Experienced Fingers.

Nettie-He's such a deep man. That is why he is so successful in business. Nobody

can fathom his thoughts.

Nettle-You don't say?

BICYCLES—

ELDREDGE

Made by two of the largest and best concerns in the United States. They the \$100-but we sell them for \$80.60. That is why we sell more wheels than any other house in Omaha-because we sell Bicycles for \$15.00 less money than

\$60.00 cash will buy you a RELIANCE or BELVIDERE, which have as fine arunning gear and bearings as any \$100 wheel in the city of Omaha. \$35.00 will buy you a "BUSINESS" wheel, fully guaranteed up-to-date construction. We carry the largest and most complete stock of wheels west of Chicago. Call and see us before you buy.

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School teachers' warrants accepted in payment for bicyles.