## HOW TO EAT WATERMELONS.

When you slice a Georgy melon you
mus' know what you is at
An' look out how de knife is gwine
in;
Put one half on his side er you—de
yuther half on dat,
En' den you gits betwixt 'em, en begin!

Oh, melons! !
Honey good ter see
But when it comes ter sweetness,
De melon make fer me!

En den you puts yo' knife up, en you
sorter licks de blade,
En' never stop fer sayin' any grace;
But eat ontell you satisfy—roll over
in de shade,
En' sleep ontell de sun shine in yo'
face!

Oh, melons! !
Honey good ter see
But when it comes ter sweetness,
De melon make fer me!
—Atlanta Constitution.

## "PRAISE YOUR WIEE."

Andrew Lee came home from his shop, where he had worked hard all day, tired and out of spirits; came home to his wife, who was also tired and out of spirits.

"A smiling wife and a cheerful home—a paradise it would be," said Andrew to himself, as he turned his eyes from the clouded face of Mrs. Lee, and sat down with knitted brows and moody aspect.

Not a word was spoken by either; Mrs. Lee was getting supper, and she moved about with a weary step.

"Come," she said, at last, with a side glance at her husband.

Andrew rose and went to the table. He was tempted to speak an angry word, but controlled himself and kept silent. He could find no fault with the chop nor the homemade bread nor the fragrant tea. They would have cheered his inward man if there had been a gleam of sunshine on the face of his wife. He noticed that she did not eat.

"Are you not well, Mary?"

These were the words on his lips; but he did not utter them, for the face of his wife looked sor epellant that he feared an irritating reply.

And so, in moody silence, the twain sat together until Andrew had finished his supper.

As he pushed his chair back, his wife arose and commenced clearing off the table.

"This is purgatory!" said Lee to himself, walking the floor of their little breakfast room, with his hands thrust into his trousers pockets and his chin almost touching his breast.

After removing and taking the things into the kitchen, Mrs. Lee spread a green cover over the table, and placing a fresh-trimmed lamp thereon, went out and shut the door after her, leaving her husband alone with his unpleasant feelings. He took a long breath as she did so, paused in his walk, stood still for some moments, and then drawing a paper from his pocket, sat down by the table, opened the sheet, and commenced reading. Singularly enough, the words upon which his eyes rested were "Praise your wife." They rather tended to increase the disturbance of mind from which he was suffering.

"I should like to find some occasion for praising mine." How quickly his thoughts expressed that ill-natured sentiment. But his eyes were on the paper before him, and he read on:

"Praise your wife, man, for pity's sake; give her a little encouragement. It won't hurt her."

Andrew Lee raised his eyes from the paper, and muttered:

"Oh, yes, that's all very well—praise is cheap enough. But praise her for what? For being sullen, and making her home the most disagreeable place in the world?" His eyes fell again to the paper.

"She has made your home comfortable, your heart bright and shining, your food agreeable; for pity's sake tell her you thank her. She don't expect it. It will make her eyes wider than they have been for ten years but it will do her good for all that, and you, too."

It seemed to Andrew as if this sentence was written expressly for him, and just for the occasion. It was a complete answer to his question, "Praise her for what?" and he felt it also a rebuke. He read no further, for thoughts came too busy, and in a new direction. Membry was convincing him of injustice to his wife. She had always made her home as comfortable for him as she could make it, and had he offered the light return of praise of commendation? Had he ever told her of the satisfaction he had known, or the comfort he had experienced? He was not able to recall the time or occasion. As he thought thus Mrs. Lee came in from the kitchen, and taking her work-basket from the closet placed it on the table, and sitting down without speaking, began to sew. Mr. Lee glanced almost stealthily at the work in her hands, and saw that it was the bosom of a shirt which she was stitching neatly. He knew it was for him she was at work.

"Praise your wife," These were the words before the eyes of his mind, and he could not look away from them. But he was not ready for this yet. He still felt moody and unforgiving. The expression of his wife's face he interpreted to mean ill-nature, for which he had no patience. His eyes fell upon the newspaper that was lying spread out before him, and he read the sentence, "A kind, cheerful word spoken in a gloomy house is the little rift in the cloud that lets the sunshine through."

Lee struggled with himself awhile longer. His own ill-nature had to be conquered first; his moody, accusing spirit had to be subdued. He thought of many things to say, and yet he feared to say them, lest his wife should meet his advance with a rebuff. At last, leaning toward her and taking a fold upon the shirt-bosom at which she was at work, he said in a voice that was carefully modulated with kindness:

"You are doing your work beautifully, Mary."

Mrs. Lee made no reply. But her husband did not fail to notice that she lost, almost instantly, the rigid earnestness with which she had been sewing, nor that the motion of her needle had ceased.

"My shirts are better made and whiter than those of any other man in the shop," said he, encouraged to go on.

"Are they?"

Mrs. Lee's voice was low, and had in it a slight huskiness. She did not turn her face, but her husband saw that she leaned a little towards him. He had broken the ice of reserve and all was now easy. His hand was among the clouds, and a feeble ray was already struggling through the rift it had made.

"Yes, Mary," he answered, softly "and I've heard it more than once what a good wife Andrew Lee must have."

Mrs. Lee turned her face toward her husband. There was something in the expression of her countenance that a little puzzled him.

"Do you think so?" she asked, quite soberly.

"What a queer question!" ejaculated Andrew Lee, starting up and going round to the side of the table where his wife was sitting. "What a queer question, Mary!" he repeated as he stood before her.

"Do you?" was all she said.

"Yes, darling!" was his warm spoken answer, as he stooped down and kissed her "How strange that you should ask me such a question."

"If you would only tell me so now and then, Andrew, it would do me good." Mrs. Lee arose, and leaning her face against the manly breast of her husband, stood and wept.

What a strong light broke on the mind of Andrew Lee! He had never given his wife even the small reward of praise for the loving interest she had manifested daily, until doubt of his love had entered her soul, and made the light around her thick with darkness. No wonder that her face grew clouded, or that what he considered moodiness and ill-nature took possession of her spirit.

"You are good and true, Mary, my own dear wife. I am proud of you, and my great desire is for your happiness. Oh, if I could always see your face in sunshine my home would be the dearest place on earth."

"How precious to me are your words of love and praise, Andrew," said Mrs. Lee, smiling up through her tears into his face. "With them in my ears my heart can never lie in a shadow."

How easy had been the work for Andrew Lee! He had swept his hand across the cloudy horizon and now the bright sunshine was streaming down and flooding that some with joy and beauty.

### World of Love.

Many persons go through life, struggling bravely with difficulty, temptation and hardship, carrying burdens too heavy for them, pouring out their love in unselfish serving of others, and yet are scarcely ever cheered by a word of approval or commendation, or by delicate tenderness of friendship, then when they lie silent in death a whole circle of admiring friends gathers to do them honor. Every one remembers a personal kindness received, a favor shown, some help given, and speaks of it in grateful words. Letters full of appreciation, commendation, and gratitude are written to sorrowing friends. Flowers enough are sent and piled about the coffin to have strewn every hard path of the long years of struggle. How surprised some good men and women would be, after lives with scarcely a word of affection to cheer their hearts, were they to awake suddenly in the midst of their friends, a few hours after their death, and hear the testimonies that are falling from every tongue—the appreciations, the grateful words of love, the rememberings of kindness!

### American Shamrock.

"Few people, comparatively speaking, are aware that the shamrock, Ireland's national emblem, grows in many parts of the United States," said Mr. Michael Cavanagh, of Boston, during a recent visit to Washington.

"I was out walking in the northwest section of Washington yesterday, and saw loads of shamrock in one of the parks. It is identically the same as that which flourishes on the soil of Erin. A good many people confuse the shamrock with clover, which it resembles considerably, but the shamrock can be always told from the other by its small, yellow blossoms, exactly like a strawberry bloom. This blossom puts forth five little yellow leaves. Now the blossom of the clover is either red or white, and it is larger and shaped differently.

"The shamrock has three leaves, which, in most instances, are perfect in their heart shape, though not always so, and it grows luxuriantly in limestone regions. The tradition that St. Patrick explained the mystery of the Trinity by the little flower is the common explanation of its adoption as Ireland's most cherished emblem."—Washington Post.

### Entertaining in Burmah.

In one village where we stayed the chief man arranged a dance in our honor. Neither he nor we danced; that would have robbed us and him of dignity. He paid somebody else to dance instead. A troop of village girls, with flowers stuck in their newly greased hair and wearing their prettiest pieces of silk that serve as frocks, threw themselves into all kinds of graceful and other postures. What little skirt there was was tight-fitting and hampering in movement. Yet the girls had a freer swing of the body than nautch girls, and all the while they were twisting themselves into fantastic attitudes they were working their elbows and hands and fingers twitchingly.

Then some of the youths danced. First of all, they were seated, and after lowering their heads as obeisance to us they commenced a song. Suddenly jumping to their feet and drawing handkerchiefs from their waists, they began pirouetting in the most demented fashion. While the women were stately in their gyrations, moving languidly, the men thought the chief merit was to work themselves to a pitch of frenzy by throwing their legs about in a reckless manner. During the dancing everybody was smoking—men, women and children. There were little rascals who had to hold on with both hands while they sucked at a cheroot a foot long. We heard that even infants at the breast puff smoke.—From Travel.

Caroline Croft, formerly Caroline Abigail Brewer, of Boston, has left $100,000 to two prominent physicians of that city for investigations to find some way of curing cancer, consumption and other diseases now regarded as incurable.

## "GOIN IN SWINMIN.'

Mighty mean, that's what I call it Say
now, women make me sick,
Raisin' such a rumpus jest cos I went
swimmin' in the crick
When Ma'd told me that I couldn't, an'
a-sendin' me ter bed
'Thout no supper, 'cept some water an'
some measly dried-up bread.
They had strawb-ries an' custard,—cos
I seen em on the shelf,
That's all right, I had some cookies,
fer I went an' helped myself
From the jar, while they was eatin'
(crept down the back stairs, yer
know),
I ain't kickin' none at cookies, 'cept
they crumb the bed up so.

Well, I didn't mean ter, honest, but, yer
see, 't was awful hot,
An' the other boys was goin', an' I
reckon I forgot.
There was Sam an' "Fatty" Baker, an
Eph Nickerson an' Jim,
—All the fellers like Jim Muggins, but
their ma's are down on him
Cos his folks are poor an' shif'less, but,
I tel yer, Jim's true blue,
An' he smokes a pipe, by jolly, real terbacker in it, too.
An' he's going ter learn me sometime
--Well, them fellers stumped an'
dared
Till, yer see, I had to do it, else they'd
said that I was scared.

My' but we had bully swimmin', an'
the water was jest prime,
An I dived the most of any, an'
fetched bottom every time.
An Eph found a big mud-turkle, big's
a bucket, pretty nigh,
An a blackbird's nest with young ones
almost old enough to fly.
Then we laid 'round 'thout no clothes
on, an' jest got a rousin' burn,
An Jim Muggins smoked terbacker,
an' we fellers smoked sweet fern,
Till some chap would up an' holler:
"Stump the crowd, who's goin in?"
An in less'n half a minute, we'd be in
the crick agin

Well, I'd got along all hunky, if it
hadn't been my hair
Got so wet an' Sis she seen it. You
jest wait, her n me'll git square—
Course she had ter say Why Willy,
Don't you ever comb yer head?
An' Ma looked an' s'pictioned something
thin', an' I reckon I turned red
'Cos she says "You've been in swimmin'," an' it wan't no use ter lie,
With my hair all tumbled endways an'
jest anythin but dry
So I had ter lose my supper but I
shan't be starved by gee!
Not while them back stairs is handy
an' I've got the pantry key
Joe Lincoln.

## POOR MAGGIE AUSTIN,

'Any letter for me to-day?"

What a white face it was, yet beautiful, for all that. Beautiful, although the bright eyes had grown dim and lustreless, the cheek lost its carnation, the lips their crimson, beautiful despite the lines care and sorrow not time—had drawn across the white brow, shaded by such a wealth of waving, sunny-brown hair. Care and sorrow, we say, yet we might have said it was waiting that made pretty sweet Maggie Austin old, when but little more than a score of summers had passed over her innocent head waiting

"Any letter for me to-day?"

A dash of crimson flushed the white brow, dyeing lips and cheeks. A sudden gleam came into the dim eyes weeping made them dim. What a trembling there was of the slight form! What a wavering, as if between hope and despair, of the rich voice!

The old postmaster took down a bundle of letters marked "A," and looked them over slowly. He always did when Maggie asked for letters, although he knew well enough—sympathetic old man that he was—that there was none for her, and that "no" must be the answer, let him defer it as long as he could.

Hadn't she come regularly every day, rain or shine, for the last six months, with that same question upon her lips, that question to which a negative reply was always given—"Any letter for me to-day?"

Poor Maggie Austin! Every one said two years before, when gay, dashing Hugh Austin led her to the altar, that the young scapegrace only courted the girl's property, and when he had obtained that, would not hesitate to cast the sweet, trusting wife aside to suit his convenience.

Hugh Austin was poor—Maggie was an orphan and comparatively rich. Hugh embarked in unsuccessful speculation and lost all. Maggie said, "Never mind, Hugh, we can work." And she smiled just as sweetly as when she said, a year previous, "I am yours, Hugh."

But poverty was stinging, and the cry of "Gold, gold," came from the far-off mines of California. Hugh Austin went. Every one said he meant to desert his young wife and the baby; that he had left them unprovided for, and what would they do? Every one said that, handsome and winning and pleasing as Hugh was, he was a rascal, after all—"every one" said so, and "every one" believed it, except Maggie, who, with a noble woman's trust, scorned alike the imputation and its supposed fabricators.

Maggie turned away from the post office. What of it? She had turned away hundreds of times with that same look of despair upon her white face. The passers-by jostled her—she was weak and faint. Poor Maggie! weak and faint—yet what of it? Who cared?

"Writing home, eh?" said Charles Summers.

Hugh yawned, and wiped the pen, and then replied, "Yes."

"To that dear little wife of yours, eh, Hugh?"

"Yes, again, you inquisitive Charlie."

"Inquisitive, am I?" said Charles. "Well, I'll earn the cognomen, then. Pray, how many letters have you written the charming little lady since you've been here?"

A crimson flush crept up over his handsome face, as Hugh replied, "I'm ashamed to own it, Charlie, but this is the first."

"First!" said Charlie Summers, bringing his hand down emphatically, "First! Why, you're a wretch, a most unpardonable wretch!"

"I wouldn't let anybody say that but you," returned Hugh Austin. "But I'll tell you how it was; when I arrived here, I was so busy, and hated letter-writing so much, that I kept putting it off day after day, week after week, until I was ashamed to write without sending something besides words; they won't always pay the baker and butcher, you know. Well, so I waited and waited, and all I could do was to run clear myself; board high, and the miserablest luck in the world."

"And yet at a single stroke you made nearly four hundred pounds!"

"I know it," said Hugh. "I am a wretch—I know it! As you say, at a single stroke I made four hundred. In one night I lost it all. I was going to write to Maggie the very next day. Then I was passing a gambling hall—went in, drank, played, lost and was beggared! Could I write to Maggie then? Dared I write to her after I had been in California six months, and not send her a penny? So I waited, and kept waiting until just now. But when she gets this letter she'll be twenty pounds richer, poor little puss! and then she will forgive me for my long silence! I know she can't help it."

"She ought not to forgive you, Hugh," said his companion.

"No, I know it," replied Hugh, "but dear child, she loves me so devotedly, and I—well, I believe I worship the very ground she walks on, Charlie. But then but then——"

"Mrs Maggie Austin." A California postmark, superscription in Hugh Austin's well-known hand. Was it possible? The little old postmaster read the address over and over there was no mistake the letter had come!

"Won't, she be glad—won't her eyes shine? Oh it will be worth a hundred pounds to give this to her," said the old postmaster to his wife. "Poor child!"

The old lady said "Poor child!" and then took up the stitch she had dropped.

"I'm getting so blind" she muttered. "But I shouldn't wonder if that tear made you so, dear, sympathetic old lady."

"I don't see why she don't come," said the little old postmaster as the afternoon wore away and the evening came on. "You take the letter over, Hannah poor thing, maybe she or the baby's ill."

"I would John, but for my rheumatism," said the old lady, "but I'll mind the office a bit—you run over it's only a step John."

"Mercy on me, what a woman you are, Hannah!" said the old man, "but I'll go over when I close the office."

"Go at once please John said the old lady coaxingly, "for I'm worried about the poor thing. How strange she looked yesterday afternoon when she said 'Are you sure there is nothing here for me?'"

"Yes, I saw it, Hannah," said the old man.

"And you know I asked after the baby," continued his wife "and she said 'not very well I thank you but it will be better to-morrow'."

"And what of that, Hannah?" he asked.

"Oh, nothing" she replied "only the words and the way struck me, and she put her hand over her heart as if it hurt her, though I've seen her do that dozens of times for aught I know."

"Poor thing!" said the old postmaster.

Rap, rap, rap!

The winds were whispering softly among the lilacs in front of Maggie Austin's window. The stars were up in the sky, and the moon looked down with pale, sad face upon the little lame postmaster, as he stood at Maggie Austin's door.

Rap, rap rap! But there came no answer.

"It can't be she's asleep" thought the old man.

Ah but Maggie was asleep! Heaven forgive her! for those who sleep thus never wake again. Life had been too weary! Oh, Maggie, with your dead baby clasped upon your breast! Oh, Maggie, if you had hoped but one day more!

"Any letter for me to-day?"

It was Hugh Austin who asked the question.

"A strange handwriting—ha! my own letter, and two locks of bright hair. What can it mean?"

Hugh Austin's face was very pale as he read, in the handwriting of the postmaster:

"Take back your letter—it came too late; they both are dead. Heaven forgive you! your negligence killed them. Here is a lock of your wife's and baby's hair. They are buried in one grave. Heaven forgive you! Oh, if your letter had come one day sooner, or if Maggie had but hoped and waited one day more!"

### Magnetism in Surgery.

Nothing seems too wonderful for modern surgery. The X-ray has cleared up mysteries that appeared to be beyond man's skill to solve, and now the magnet comes to its aid. "The Literary Digest" gives us an account of a successful case of magnetic surgery, as follows:

"A young laundress thrust a broken needle into her right hand while washing. The needle disappeared in the flesh, and the surgeon who was consulted several days after the accident, refused to perform an operation, fearing lest he should be obliged to make a large number of incisions amid the ligaments. The girl lost the use of her right hand, and the least movement caused her exquisite pain. Determined to extract the needle with the aid of a magnet, they chose a very feeble electro-magnet. But a difficulty arose; the needle having entered point first, it would have to be drawn out backward, the broken part in advance. The first trial lasted two hours without result. Before the third trial the girl said she felt a pricking in the palm of the hand near the place the needle ought to appear. At the ninth sitting, finally, in twenty hours after the first trial, the needle appeared, fixed itself to the pole of the electro-magnet, and came out whole, broken end first, without pain or loss of blood.

The King of Servia has just presented to the British Museum a beautifully executed fac-simile of an ancient and illuminated manuscript of the Gospels said to be the work of one Gregorius, a noted Servian scribe who lived in the twelfth century, and whose decorative borders are among the finest examples of ealy illuminations extent.

A woman always believes a statement until she hears a contradictory one.

## CYCLE RACING EXPENSIVE.

### The Three Associations Will Have to Take in Nearly $500,000.

Much speculation is being indulged in by the press of the country upon, not the prospective profits, but the prospective expenses of the three cycling racing associations promoting the sport for the season of 1898.

Two hundred thousand dollars might not cover the expense, as two hundred pacemakers, all told, will be under regular employment at an average salary of $50 a month for six months. This alone is an expense of $60,000. One hundred pacemakers will travel pretty generally all the season. Their average expense will foot $100 a month each. This adds $10,000. The one hundred pacemakers who do not travel will necessitate an expense of $50 per month, and will add $5,000 more. The pacemaking machine will cost all told not less than $12,000 for five outfits. Twelve middle-distance men will receive a salary of about $12,000, although this figure may be more than this by a great amount. Ten trainers for six months will add $6,000 expense. This is $105,000, and to this the total value of the purses must be added.

It is estimated that sixty middle-distance races will be run, for which the average purse will be $2,500. The purses will then amount to $150,000, bringing the grand total to $255,000, and this does not figure the expenses of the tracks, their maintenance, salaries of the managers and caretakers of the tracks and interest on the investment, all of which would probably bring the figure to, well, over the half million.

There is one come back to the racing team manager, namely, a sharing in the winnings of his star riders in return for the expenses and trainers with expenses and for the balance of the expense and his profit he must look to the success of his meets. The makers are called upon for a slight sum, for that is all they will stand, and this reduces the expense somewhat. The associations count upon successes or they would not be going into it. There is still another expense to add, that is preparing the teams for their season's work and this is not light. Other expenses might be added to unlimited amounts that always come up, but the above figures probably cover nearly all.

### Novel L. A. W. Scheme.

President Potter does not seem in the least inclined to favor the L. A. W. receding from the position it has taken in attempting to start a purchasing department through which league members can buy bicycles at a discount. Secretary Wardrop of the National Board of Trade of Cycle Manufacturers suggests that the trade will take a firm stand and oppose the scheme. The feeling among local retailers of bicycles is particularly bitter, and it is probable that they may all begin a campaign against the league if it insists on going into the bicycle business. The prospect does not alarm the league administration any. President Potter seems to be of the opinion that the league can get along without trade help.

### CYCLING NOTES.

Little Michael is to visit France at the close of the present season in this country, according to a French cycle paper.

Cycling, in moderation, will not have a bad effect on a weak heart, but violent riding will often produce heart disease.

A Wisconsin paper describes a five-mile cycle path that was built for $50 a mile. It is six feet wide and said to be never muddy.

There are about 650 cycle manufacturers in England, and it is computed that they are turning out no less than 2,050 different brands of wheels.

If your foot slips on your pedals try a little powdered resin on the sole of the shoe. Better still, endeavor to improve your ankle action in pedalling.

The new High School building in Detroit has been fitted with a regular cycle room large enough to contain 300 wheels. Many of the pupils ride a considerable distance to their lessons.

"There will be so much cycle racing, and it will be so expensive to carry on this year," says an old hand at the game, "that it is probable none of the racing associations will make money."

Henry E. Ducker, manager of the Charles River Track, Boston, says he will spend $26,000 for racing talent this year. He intends to maintain thirty-six pacing machines on the Grand Circuit.

Beware of "bargains" in bicycles. Often has an ignorant would-be cyclist purchased a worthless machine at a low figure without ascertaining its merits, chiefly because it "looked all right."

It looks as though the mile record will go under this year. A number of riders have announced their determination to attempt to lower it, among the number being Bald, Cooper, Michael, Gardiner, McDuffie and Maj. Taylor.

Charles Daubert is a Western wheelman who has a long record of century rides. He says his sole motive in making these is for the century bars. The bars already won he has made into a bracelet for his sweetheart, and he is now riding to obtain bars to make her a belt.

Indianapolis has settled the track question for the national meet by planning for an oval less than three miles from the center of the city, and accessible by four car lines. The track will be a third of a mile, with seating capacity for 20,000 persons. The stock company is capitalized at $20,000.


## THE CHAINLESS WHEEL.

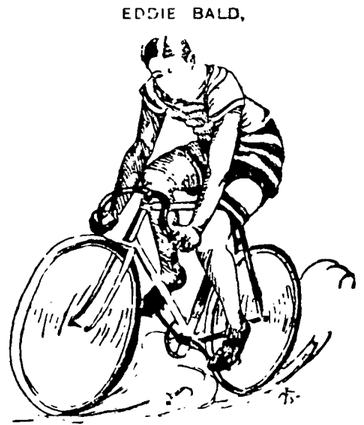
### Its Popular Success Still a Matter of Doubt.

The chainless bicycle has been on the market now for several months and there is variety enough in the makes of wheels to give quite a choice, but there has not been what might honestly be called a rush for that style of wheel. Those who have thoroughly tested the chainless wheels are pronounced in their favor as compared with the chain wheels, but few of them can see from $50 to $75 more value in the new over the old form of geering.

If the chainless wheels were listed at $75, they might go off as rapidly as the old wheels and if they were priced at $50 the doom of the chain wheel would probably have been sealed ere this, but at $125 the people do not seem to hunger for the new mounts. The greatest value ever put into a bicycle is now offered for $75 and to induce any wideawake cyclist to pay almost double that amount of money for a bicycle the wheel must be both novel and meritorious to a degree far above those now offered by the leading American makers.

It is likely that having invested a great amount of capital in machinery in producing chainless bicycles that the manufacturers will in as short a time as possible meet the demand for a chainless wheel at a price that is within the reach of the masses and at which it has been proved that chain wheels can be sold. When this is done it is likely that chainless wheels will be the only ones ridden by the up-to-date cyclers. And that this state of affairs is apt to be brought about shortly is evidenced by the rapid decline in prices of chain wheels which has taken place within the last two years.

EDDIE BALD,



CHAMPION RIDER OF AMERICA.

### New Unpaced Tandem Record.

W. F. Sager and E. Swanbrough, both of Denver, recently broke all unpaced tandem records from eleven miles to twenty-six miles, inclusive, and also the unpaced record for one hour. They rode on the new board quarter-mile track. W. L. Doty, a member of the L. A. W. racing board, acted as referee. The two riders are under a contract with the National Cycle Track Association to ride during the season. The time for the various distances was as follows:

| Miles. | Time. |
|---|---|
| Eleven | 24:34 3-5 |
| Twelve | 26:48 2-5 |
| Thirteen | 29:04 |
| Fourteen | 31:18 4-5 |
| Fifteen | 33:33 2-5 |
| Sixteen | 35:49 2-5 |
| Seventeen | 38:04 |
| Eighteen | 40:19 |
| Nineteen | 42:35 |
| Twenty | 44:53 |
| Twenty-one | 47:09 |
| Twenty-two | 49:26 |
| Twenty-three | 51:42 |
| Twenty-four | 53:58 |
| Twenty-five | 56:11 |
| Twenty-six | 58:23 |

The distance for one hour was 26 miles 1,292 yards. The last quarter mile was made in 30 seconds.

### Michael's Spunk.

Distrust has been brought about through the empty challenges issued by the racing men and which have seldom come to anything substantial. There can be no distrust occasioned by the manner of making matches followed by Jimmy Michael. Michael takes on six races against either one or six men, without knowing who the men may be, and he rides under an agreement that he will make $15,000 in the six contests. His percentage of the gate receipts may be more, and, if so, he wins; if less, he wins, owing to the guarantee, and there is no loophole left by which he may lose. No challenges will have to be issued, no challenges accepted in closing for these races, and the entire matter is a business proposition, pure and simple, brought about in a business-like way.

### Curious Effect of Hard Cycling.

A curious effect of hard cycling is reported from France. Out of the last batch of conscripts no fewer than eight well-known cyclists, some of them enjoying European renown, were rejected as physically incapable of doing duty in the ranks. Hypertrophy and other diseases of the heart were the chief causes of these rejections, which occasioned profound astonishment to the candidates themselves. One would have thought that such wrecks of athletic humanity might at all events have been utilized as military cyclists, who are not unknown in the French army.