

O'ROONEY'S FAMOUS RIDE

CRONIES ENTERTAINED BY MIKE'S EXPERIENCES AWFULLY.

Schneider and Johnson Clearly Out-classed by the Redoubtable Spinner of Yarns.

Schneider, Johnson and O'Rooney were sitting in front of a North End lodging-house the other day, when the spectacle of a wheelman passing at quite high speed brought up the subject of bicycles for discussion.

"Well, you was never see any von dot was ride so fast as a woman dot I see do odder day on de East Side. I was watching de schneider dot vos lay in de river, ven I hear a sound about like music, und I look round, and dere was a woman so quick come mit her veel do it was hum like a top. Dere was nudgings like it dot bike went so fast. I could no spoke, und ven she vos come to de bridge I was sure she go in de river, for dot draw her was open, but de gate was agrose. Virst, she vent right aginst it, und den she vas go about two feet in de air and land in front of some horse. It break her veel, und I vood tink it was break her."

"Well, it yooost bout right of it did," remarked Johnson.

"Will, b'ys," said Mike, as he shifted to a new position. "It's O'Rooney that don't agree with either av ye. It's not the lolk av me to be after rakukin' ye, Johnson, but O' could never be washin' any woman so moosh harm. It's Mike that the spade av de lolk. It's Mike that can till ye av a rolde O' took meself wan time, that bate the good woman's all at paces."

"I tink you most y'allly come out best in yarns, O'Rooney," answered Johnson.

"You was shoost right dere, Shonson," chimed in Schneider.

Mike cast a withering look at them an instant, then, lifting his chair against the building, replied:

"Ye never heard me till a yam yet, but if O' should iver happen to try me hond at wan, it's yeres that are right with ye. I admit O' could bate ye. It's not O'Rooney that would be after littin' either a Doochman or a Swade get the bist av him on any thing so story. But, O' till ye, b'ys, it's a great alisy, but O' till ye about meif and the whale and never lave the thruth.

"Ye see, O' was after goin' out for a rolde wan afternoon, and so O' hoired a bokke. Ond O' sia, 'Moike, if ye are goin' to roide, ye may as will roide hard.' So O' sharted in in earnest, ond, if yeell believe me—"

"Well, O'Rooney, vot you tink ve vas, ven you was ask us to do dot?" broke in Schneider.

Mike's chair struck the sidewalk with a thud, and he straightened himself up to his full six feet. As he towered above the short, plump Schneider, I shivered for the Dutchman, and I gazed for a little chilly himself, for he hastened to exclaim:

"Mine Gott, O'Rooney, can't you take shoost von kettie shoket mit you was look dot yam?"

"It's O'Rooney that will be after takin' a joke any day, Schneider," returned Mike. "ond O' was eunly lookin' a joke at ye this. But O' loike ye to bear in mind, both av ye, that O' not tillin' ye wan. No, solr, it's the blissid thruth O'm shpakin' about the whale and meself."

Mike's features relaxed into a smile, which may have been the result of his present victory or from happy reminiscences of his ride, as he sat down again and continued:

"As O' was after tillin' ye, O' sharted in for me pleasure on no small scale. O' kept tillin' facts, and so O' was meif pappie all along the shtrates shopped to look at me ond me bokke.

Shows Them How to Ride. So O' si to meself, 'O'ill joost lit him see what a little foine roidin' is loike,' siz O'. So O' wiggled me fave a foime or two again, and O' wint so fast they couldn't see anything but meself going through the air loike there was nothin' under me. Thin, they wint after shakin' their mouths open to look at me movin' with sooch speed.

"If their callin' this fast roidin'," siz O'. "O'ill show them what a fair spade rally is. So O' put a little more av me moosle on dot boycolde, ond thin, bliss ye hear, they couldn't see me nor me bokke, we were goin' so fast, but they could hear most beautiful music! That music Schneider heard was loik an infant's toy whistle, but the music av me bokke was loike the shtrains av a brass band at a Fourth av July celebration. Yis, solr, the air vibratin' through thin spokes so fast made swate moidly the oopid, meif heard for many moiles, and the people poured out in great crowds to hear thin fone shtrains.

"O' was afraid O' might run aginst some everlittin' the westerly Jan' wind. So O' siz, 'O'Rooney,' siz O', 'ye moost be goin' a little faster, for if ye shoost happen to run over any fan, they might hove ye arrested for a scorcher."

"So O' turned on a little more shtrains from me two fate, ond, howly St. Patrick, b'ys, it was a great soight! The wind was so great from me whale, the pappie began to blow av way in iverly direction jooast loike a Kansas cyclone was after thin.

"Yis, solr, they wint in cloomps ond singly, ond iverly way, but they all wint some way, ond O' dot know when they were after shoppin'. There was wan mon hod an uncommon big mouth, ond he moost hov hod an uncommon big impy place about him somewhere, for when O' come along side av him, he opened his mouth, ond the wind poofed him out, jooost loike a balloon. Thin, whiff! ond he was gone, ond when O' last heard av him, he was circled around the North Pole, waitin' for Lieutenant Henry to get there, ond till him what toime it was.

A Trifle Nervous. "When O' rached the first river, O' fitt a troifle narvous, but that bokke hadn't got through running yet, so when it come to the wather, it never hisitated. To till ye the blissid thruth, O' shut me eyes for a moment, ond when O' opened thin again, that illigant whale had me on the other side av the shtrains, as d'ry as iver ond heddin' shtrahit for New York.

"When O' come to the great city O' found the shtrates ond pooble square full av pappie, thryin' to foind the great musician that was after makin' sooch angille shtrains av music, for news av it had preceded me on several moiles. O' had about O'ld better not be stoppin', as O' am moosh naded in Portland to kape thrack av the grafters, so O' was soon lavin' me admorrers behold, ond—"

TWO WOMEN DOING GOOD

HOME MISSIONARY WORK PRODUCING PRACTICAL RESULTS.

Praiseworthy Kindergarten Undertaking, Under Sensible Auspices, in St. Mark's Parish.

CLEVER ESKIMO DOGS.

Steal Food From Strangers' Tents, but Not From Their Own.

"Talk about dogs," said the old Alaska miner to a New York Sun reporter, "why, these curs-of-high and low degree in the East are not in it when compared with the Alaska mamaloot. 'Musha' him and a broad smile spreads over his face, while his tail curls majestically over his back, and, with head and ears erect, every step he takes is a poem in arctic mowms."

"From puppyhood up he takes to harness like a duck to water. He goes at it with vim and vigor characteristic of his ancestors. Rig the pup in any old harness, and it's amusing to see how good-naturedly he buckles down to business, staying with it like an old stager, never tiring, never feeling discouraged. One becomes very much attached to these exceedingly useful and companionable animals, and they always improve on acquaintance. The longer you know them the better you like them. With white men they are at first disposed to be a little shy, but they gradually make advances, and ultimately take the visitors into full confidence."

"When we pitched our tents on Nome beach last summer we had a little experience with huskies from the Eskimo huts. In our absence from the tents these dogs were inclined to take liberties with our provisions, but they did it in such a scientific manner that we felt more amused than outraged. The dogs would form a skirmish line on the outside, and then send their most skillful and boldest to reconnoiter for meat and bread. If this thief failed, they would send another, and if he was successful they would divide the plunder in an intelligent and equitable manner, as dogs thieves are capable of doing. These dogs were honest Injuns at home, but they would pilfer from the stranger. When they became better acquainted with us we could leave the meat chests open and they would never touch anything; they were on their dog honor and never violated it, only accepting food when it was offered to them."

"I'm led to these remarks," said the old miner, "from seeing men and boys on the streets endeavoring to break all manner of domestic dogs to harness. They can't do it; it's utterly impossible, because the poor brutes were not born that way. The Newfoundland or St. Bernard don't appear to have any interest in their new calling, and they show it in their down-cast tails and dejected countenances. You must remember that dogs have very expressive faces, and their feelings are capable of degree; they are the only animals that laugh and cry. They have shared my joys and sorrows in the bleak arctic, and this is why I have a tender heart for dogs."

BEST WORK AT MATURITY.

Fame Comes to Most Novelists After Youth Has Passed.

Mr. W. P. James writes in the St. James's Gazette of Mr. Kipling's opinion that, "though short stories may be written in youth, the novel must be the work of maturity." He says:

"There are undoubtedly great examples to cite in support of his view. Richardson wrote 'Clarissa Harlowe' when he was near 60; Fielding, 'Tom Jones,' at 42; Goldsmith, 'The Vicar of Wakefield,' at 38, and Sterne, 'Tristram Shandy,' after 48. Cervantes published the first part of 'Don Quixote' at 58, and the second at 63; Defoe his 'Robinson Crusoe' at 55; Bunyan his 'Pilgrim's Progress' at 59, and Addison was going on 49 when he created Sir Roger."

"Scott published 'Waverley' at 43; Galt, 'The Annals of the Parish' at 42; Peacock 'Crochet Castle' at 45; Thackeray 'Vanity Fair' at 36; Trollope began his Barchester series at 40, and Charles Reade wrote 'The Cloister and the Hearth' at 46. Mr. Blackmore did not write 'Lorna Doone' till he was about 44, and it may surprise some to be reminded that Stevenson was about 40 when he wrote 'Prince Otto'; Disraeli wrote 'Vivian Grey' when he was only 22, but he was 49 when he published 'Coningsby'; and if Lytton began equally early with 'Pelham,' his best work as novelist was the work of his later maturity. On the other hand, 'Roderick Random' was written at 25 or 27, and 'Pickwick' at 24. Probably the most precocious novel in its way ever written was 'The Ordeal of Richard Feveril,' written when Mr. Meredith was about 20."

"Nor are the ladies much more precocious in their work. 'Pride and Prejudice' was written by Jane Austen when she was only 19, and she was already 40 when she wrote 'Emma,' and she was 47 when she wrote 'Persuasion.' Little was undeniably rather a small one. Little

EXPERIENCES IN GOTHAM

WEALTHY WESTERN GIRL ACQUIRES INFORMATION.

Finds That There Are Some Things Money Will Not Buy in Greater New York.

A Western girl, whose father owns a mine and a ranch and a quarter of a county, and who has recently been seeing New York, relates her experiences in entertaining fashion to the New York Press. She took with her the unalloyed self-confidence which the respect paid to her

having seen the last one of her infant charges properly bonneted and dispatched homeward, resumed her seat and drew a long breath, preparatory to answering my question.

"The idea came to me all at once," she said, "I hardly know how or why. One evening, early in March, I think it was, I came down here to help with the singing at the mission service. This district is all in St. Mark's parish, and Mr. Simpson established the mission and conducts night meetings in this place."

"Your kindergarten, then, belongs to the mission," I remarked.

"Oh, no; distinctly, it does not. It has no connection with, and is not dependent upon any church or organization. We are entirely independent, are we not, Ethel?"

"And Ethel, who is a tall, graceful girl, with an exceedingly quiet manner, replied, in her sweetly earnest voice, 'We are.'"

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The death of Mr. F. A. Cummings, of Bangor, Me., occurring on December 13 last, after a brief illness, recalls the case of the author of "David Harum," who died before the realization of his success as a novelist. Mr. Cummings was the author of "The Path Beyond the Levee," the powerfully written novel, the first installment of which, a serial, preliminary to its proposed final publication in book form, appears in last Sunday's issue of The Oregonian. His career was an adventurous one, and served to illustrate the fact that the new type of writers of fiction apt to be met of action rather than recusers of the study.

Cummings was, by turns, a sailor, a soldier, a railroad builder, a woodsman, a politician, a Mayor and a Postmaster. At 17 he went to sea as a sailor before the mast, and he once said, in speaking of this experience: "I have been shipmate with every class of men that poverty, crime or inclination drove to a sailor's life."

One would think that sea-faring under these conditions would not be particularly dull life, but to "vary the monotony," in Mr. Cummings' own phrase, he finally enlisted at New Orleans in a military company, recruited to support the filibuster, William Walker, in his endeavor to make a conquest of Nicaragua. The United States Government interposed and the company was not permitted to join Walker.

Cummings thereupon made his way into the woods of Canada, his time of it there; managed finally, by some desperate device, to make his way down to Portland, Me., and then went to sea again. He cruised about in various directions, and the Winter of 1859-60 found him in Cardenas. Thence he shipped as second mate in a brig bound to New Orleans with a cargo of molasses.

Enters the Union Army. Arrived at New Orleans, he tried his fortune on land again, and became boss of a gang of laborers on a new railroad that was building from some point in Louisiana into Texas. Here he remained until the break-out of the Civil War, when he made his way northward and secured a place in the Commissary Department, acting for a time as Captain and Commissary on the staff of General C. D. Kearn's Division, Heintzelman's Corps.

After the battle of Williamsburg he returned to his home in Maine and helped to recruit a company for the Eighteenth Maine Regiment, and was appointed Lieutenant. He was soon promoted, and finished the war with the rank of Captain; he was wounded at Spotsylvania.

After the war Mr. Cummings was made Mayor and Postmaster of Bangor, Me.; explored and surveyed timber and mineral lands in Maine, Virginia and Texas, and also made a venture or two on his own account in the development of such lands. The literary impulse that seemed to inherent in him prompted him to write occasionally for his various experiences for the local newspapers, but "The Path Beyond the Levee" was his first serious literary undertaking. While it is not strictly a work of fiction, yet it is based largely on fact.

It is the story of two young men who undertook—as a purely business enterprise, so far as they were concerned—to run off negro slaves from Louisiana and deliver them to an abolition society in the North. All the ground over which the story moves was as familiar to the author as his native town, and his own adventures and encounters on sea and land suggested when they did not directly supply, the incidents and the characters.

Not a Young Writer. While Mr. Cummings was a new writer when he wrote the novel given in today's issue, he was no novice in the literary world. He had been called a young man; when he died he was about 59 years old. Indeed, he must needs have been at least that old to have seen and done as much as he did, to have carried out his literary career, to have written a novel, to have written for literary use that he put in "The Path Beyond the Levee."

He was always an out-door man. During the yachting season he sailed about in a yacht, and he was a devotee of the sport of himself; "I have caught sable, mink and loup-euver in traps; I have caught all kinds of fish, from salmon to smelts and cod to herring, in fresh and salt water; I have been out in the woods, and I have walked hundreds of miles on snow-shoes, and slept alone in the woods many times."

Certainly a man who was equal to so "strenuous" life as all this was a sturdy fellow for a novelist. We may be pretty sure that in what has come from Mr. Cummings' pen there is no flavor of cadence.



THE SPIRIT OF SPRING.

CARICATURE PORTRAITS—MEN IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

ism which impelled that exclamation made an impression that does not fade. Confessing, though I must, to a limited acquaintance with angels, my experience and knowledge of kindergartners is of a nature to convince me that the two are very close akin, if, indeed, they are not identical. Recent observation tends to strengthen this conviction, and if you would like a practical demonstration of what to me has become a self-evident fact, you can go down to North Twelfth street some Monday morning and get it first hand.

Number 288 is not particularly inviting, viewed from the outside. It is a very small, very dingy-looking cottage, once painted a dull brown, and its narrow veranda sits flush with the sidewalk. But when you have pushed open the door and passed through the tiny entry and the bare front room into a still tinier hall and caught the sweet babble of baby voices, you forget the outer sparseness, in a sudden anticipation of sunshine within.

Transformation. And you will not be disappointed, for what was once a squalid tenement kitchen has been purified by soap and water, and transformed, by means of paint and whitewash, into a cheerful little school-

father's fortune had bred in her, and a breezy self-assertion, which had its root in the same source. She learned in a few weeks a great many undreamed-of things, that money will do, and what surprised her more, some things it will not do.

She carried a letter to some uptown people, who, for a generous consideration, receive a few persons into their family, but who expect the favor to be appreciated as if there were no money in the transaction. "Heaven knows what I should have done if I hadn't a letter to them," says the girl; "for the best hotels and boarding-houses seem to cherish the principle that a woman traveling alone must be a thief, an adventuress, or a horrible creature of some sort. I never saw such a suspicious town as New York; the people have to have a guarantee for everything and everybody."

"Some of the persons in our house tried to snub me at first; but they didn't make much headway, and I guess now they wish

Others Like Him. "It occurred to me with startling suddenness that there were others like him in this neighborhood, and I made up my mind, then and there, to hunt them up and gather them into some place where I could teach them and give them some of the things they lacked."

"I don't like to put things off, you know; and I never do. Before I slept that night, my plans were formulated, and the kindergarten, so far as I was concerned, was an established fact. The next day I telephoned Ethel. She said she would help, and I got Mr. Simpson to go with me to see the mothers in this region. They favored the idea, and we rented a room and opened the school."

"Oh!" cried Ethel, with a little gasp of recollection, "will you ever forget how frightened we were that first morning while we sat here waiting for the children to arrive? We kept looking at each other helplessly and asking, 'What in the world shall we do with them when they get here?' We, neither of us, knew much about teaching, and I don't now."

"Oh, yes, you do; I could not possibly get on without you. But it was easy enough when the children came. They were so little and so helpless—mere babies, some of them—and so in need of attention that our hands were full, and we had no time to stop and wonder what to do next. Tanks crowded thick and fast, and, before we realized it, the first forenoon had passed and we were committed, heart and soul, to the work."

She paused a moment, her lovely face all aglow with earnestness and enthusiasm. She is so young, like a just-opened rose—one of the prettiest of Portland's society women, one who never does anything by halves, and who, when she undertakes a thing, does whatever nature carries it to a successful conclusion.

Generous Assistance. "We soon discovered," she continued, "that we must have funds. The place was so bare and cold and altogether unlovely. We spoke to some of our friends and they responded generously. Mr. Lindhard gave us all the paint for the doors and windows and things. Mrs. Fulton collected, on her own account, \$25 and brought it to me. Mrs. Ladd, Miss Flinders, Mrs. Good and others gave money. We hired a man to whitewash the wall, another to make our table and sandbox and benches and to put up these shelves. St. Helen's Hall sent us a blackboard, and we bought some books and slates and other working material."

"But I wanted to know just what I could depend upon regularly, and so I sent out 150 notices to as many people whom I knew could give 10 cents each month and never miss it."

"They all answered in the affirmative, of course!"

She smiled. "A good many of them," she replied, "have not answered at all. But I am sure, if they could come down here just once and see for themselves the need, they would willingly give 10 times 10 cents a month to help carry on the work."

QUININE FIENDS. The druggist was in a talkative mood, says the New York Mail and Express. In the last hour he had sold quinine to nine customers, and he felt called upon to make a mild protest.

"It is strange," said he "what simple faith most persons have in the virtues of quinine and whisky as a cure-all. If you buy a lot of quinine, capsules and a pint of Jersey lightning and goes to bed with it. He washes 10 or 12 grains of quinine down with half a pint or so of the whisky and the next morning he gets up feeling old, bedraggled and generally unfit for publication. He might better have had the cold than to subject his system to such a course."

"People don't seem to realize that quinine is a drug which should be handled with as much care as any other. Why, some customers of mine are regular quinine fiends, and they will buy the stuff on the slightest pretext. Perhaps they want some excuse for getting away with the whisky. But it's a pretty small man who would look at it that way. What people don't seem to understand is that quinine has certain, defined uses, and is not a

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CARICATURE PORTRAITS—MEN IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



CECIL RHODES, ENGLAND'S "EMPIRE MAKER."

Fanny Burney, too, knew her world early, and published 'Evelina' at 28. As for the Brontes, critics, whether for praise or blame, agree that they had to draw on their imagination for their worldly knowledge. On the other hand, George Eliot did not commence novelist till she was nearing 40, nor did Mrs. Gaskell; Miss Mitford began 'Our Village' at 28, and Mrs. Oliphant her 'Chronicles of Carlingford' at 43; while Miss Edgeworth published 'Castle Rackrent' at 25.

room, where the morning beams come pleasantly in, to be matched in brightness by the faces of the two young kindergartners and their shy but eager pupils.

"However did you happen to start it?" referring to the school, of course—I asked, when the 20 human buds whom these enthusiastic young women are encouraging to flower had recited their A B C's in chorus, and fled out on the stroke of twelve. The head of the institution,

CARICATURE PORTRAITS—MEN IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



THEODORE ROOSEVELT, GOVERNOR OF NEW YORK

they hadn't. I found out it was because I didn't have a chaperon. I just informed them that I had managed to get along pretty well for 18 years, without any old

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"And do you think," I asked, "that you will keep it up; that you will not tire or it?"

"Tire of it?" she cried, with just a touch of indignation in her tone, "do not know me, if you dream that I will. Besides, it is not a thing that can be dropped at will."

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