

O'ROONEY'S FAMOUS RIDE

CRONIES ENTERTAINED BY MIKE'S EXPERIENCES AWHAILE.

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, vnd I hear a sound about like music, vnd 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, vnd ven she vas come to de bridge I vas sure she go in de river, for dot draw her vas open, but de gate was agrose.

"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 lokke av me to be after rakukin' ye, Johnson, but O' could never be washin' any woman so moosh harm, and as to de spade av de lokke, it's Mike that can till ye av a rolde O' took meself wot time, that bate the good woman's all a paces."

"I tank you most y'all 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 wot, it's yerselves that are right wahn ye admit O' could bate ye. It's not O'Rooney that would be after littin' ather 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 aisy, but O' till ye about meif and the whale and never lave the thruth.

"Ye see, O' was after goin' out for a rolde van 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 an arnest, and, if yeell belave me—"

"Vell, 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 at a little chilly himself, for he hastened to exclaim:

"Mine Gott, O'Rooney, can't you take shoost von lesste 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 van. 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, until me papple 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 wot a little foine roidin' is lokke,' siz O'. So O' wiggled me fate a toime or two again, and O' wint so fast they couldn't see anything but meself going through the air lokke there was nothing under me. Thin, they wot after shintin' at me, and their mouths open to look at me movin' with sooch spade.

"If their callin' this fast roidin'," siz O'. "O'ill show them wot a fair spade rally is." So O' put a little more av me moosle on dot boycycle, ond thin, bliss ye heart, 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 lokk an infant's toy whistle, but the music av me bokke was lokke the shtrains av a brass band at a Fourth av July celebration. Yis, solr, the air vibratin' through thin spokes so fast made swate windy, and the people heard for many moiles, and the people poured out in great crowds to hear thin fone shtrains.

"O' was afraid O' might run against some everifin' the wotter and not tillin' ye van. 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 soocher."

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

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

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

"Wahn O' come to the great city O' found the shtrates ond pooble square, ful av papple, 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' heard 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—"

"I bet von dollar you vas never wind any more," cautiously muttered Schneider, in an undertone, too low to attract Mike's attention. "O' got back here so airly that same afternoon, they told me sooper wouldn't be riddy for a couple av hours. But the news-ys were all after callin' out the account av a monether wind storm that dot rached from Oregon to New York ond back again. Ond as it was after blowin' away many papple, they belaved it hod taken severn illigant brass bands with it, for it was playin' wonderfuhl music."

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 are thieves 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."

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 34. 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 'Fanny Hill' the wotter and the son, who wrote 'Pride and Prejudice' as soon as she was of age. She at all events already knew her world, but her world 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."

WELL EQUIPPED FOR TASK

ADVENTUROUS CAREER OF NOVEL- WRITER F. A. CUMMINGS.

Was Sailor, Soldier, Woodsman and Politician.

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 serves to illustrate the fact that the new type of writers of fiction apt to be men of action rather than recluses of the study. Mr. 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."

THE SPIRIT OF SPRING.

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 trial."

QUININE FIENDS.

People Are Too Free and Careless With the Drug.

"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 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."

"I don't like to put things off, you know; and I never do. Before I sleep that night, my plans were formulated, and the kindness 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."

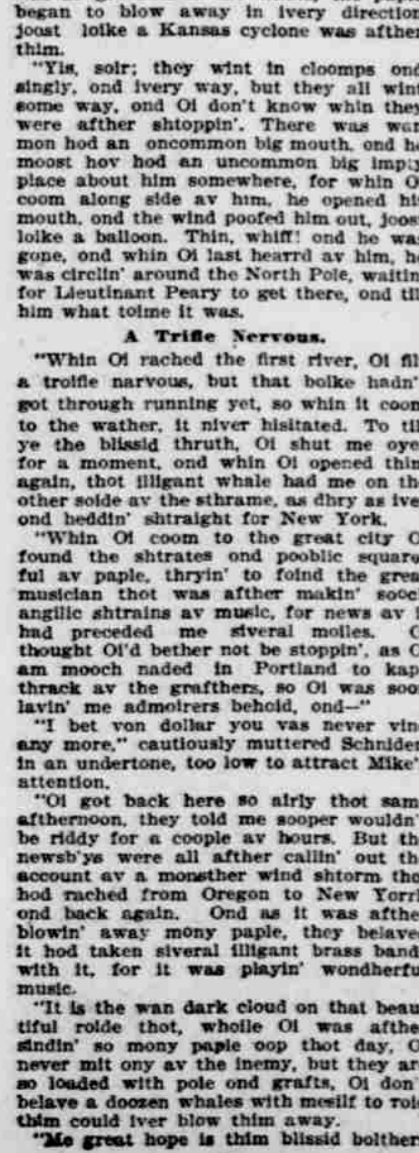
CARICATURE PORTRAITS—MEN IN THE PUELIC EYE.

How to Open Bottles With Knives or No Tools at All.

The talk turned on the opening of bottles without the aid of a corkscrew, and the freshest man in the party called for two pen-knives and a bottle with a cork tight in it. Everybody else pushed back from the table and gave him plenty of room. He opened the biggest blades of the two knives and then inserted one between the glass of the bottle and the cork. He pushed it down as far as he could. Then he took the other knife and shoved it down the same way on the opposite side of the bottle. Holding the handles of the knives he pressed them together and pulled upward. Up came the cork with them.

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 29 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,

They all answered in the affirmative, of course! "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, "had no answer 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."

"That's a neat trick," said the Kentucky Colonel, "but where are you going to go if you don't have two knives? Here, now, I'll show you how to open a bottle without any paraphernalia. You know we occasionally get caught out in Kentucky with nothing on us but our guns. Give me a bottle."

The talk turned on the opening of bottles without the aid of a corkscrew, and the freshest man in the party called for two pen-knives and a bottle with a cork tight in it. Everybody else pushed back from the table and gave him plenty of room. He opened the biggest blades of the two knives and then inserted one between the glass of the bottle and the cork. He pushed it down as far as he could. Then he took the other knife and shoved it down the same way on the opposite side of the bottle. Holding the handles of the knives he pressed them together and pulled upward. Up came the cork with them.