

# THE FAMILY STORY

## FIVE THOU

My dear girl, you'll have to let me off. I'm awfully sorry, but the Governor won't give way. Really fond of you, and I think you're a mo. but—

Why didn't I want to marry a barrister, a doctor, or even a small, instead of an Earl's younger son? said Miss Muriel Mallett, with a toss of her pretty face, and a tear in her large, limpid eyes—eyes which made all the men think, wrongly, that she was poetical and sentimental.

"But, seriously, can you give me the Hon. Bob Martindale looked at her. She was just his ideal—tall, well-built, with a saucy face in which bright black eyes seemed out of place. Fascinating. There was in her countenance the strangeness which, according to Bacon, is necessary to great beauty. She affected a tailor-made gown and was always well groomed; though her dress was a trifle mannish, in the brusque movements which showed that she was dignified, glimpses of gossamer stocking and fine Valenciennes revealed themselves, and showed that she had a conscience in costume that would have delighted the hero of Diderot's novel with the famous prologue.

My dear girl, if it were a question of my life, or anything like it, I wouldn't hesitate; if it were even one of those affairs of fellows who die a few hours of—well, you know, I'd be there; but—but I can't do a cad. They have brought me up as a swell without any profession, and a bit of a fool, and I couldn't live on your earnings as actress, so there you are.

Miss Muriel sighed. Bob was a handsome fellow and manly, and he would have the title and estates some day if no obstacles were to disappear.

"I did like you, Bob, and do, and were always straight. I should like to have been your wife. If only we'd had some money to run a theatrical company with."

"Yes, if I hadn't been such a juggins to blue the five thou, old Uncle Tom. Me—I didn't know you then."

"Now then, write this—" she handed a little. "You will marry me ever I have 5,000? O, you'd have work, have to be my manager."

"Honor bright?"

"Yes, of course, if—"

"If I run straight? Well, look here, I've been engaged—honorably—and you want to break it off."

"I'm young, only 24 even at Somerset House. I'd like to have married you, and I should have been a good wife, too. However, some day I may want to marry some one else."

The man shuddered.

"A broken engagement isn't a certificate of good character; you must get me one. That's fair."

He got up and wheeled to him a crocodile-skin writing-pad, with silver pen, and found—a pen and ink.

"Now then, write this—"

"My dear Miss Mallett: It is my painful duty to tell you that I have made fruitlessly a desperate effort to win my father's consent to our marriage. He utterly refuses, saying that he is so old-fashioned as to object to have an actress as daughter-in-law. Therefore, I am compelled to break off my engagement with a woman whom I still love and esteem."

The Hon. Bob signed the letter sad.

"Now, be off. I've to go to rehearsal. You mustn't drive me down. Once more, if within two years I have five thou, as capital, you promise you will marry me."

"Yes, darling, on my word of honor!"

With a swift movement she threw her arms around his neck and kissed him passionately. A minute later he found himself in the street, sad and bewildered.

That evening there was rejoicing in the big mansion in Belgrave square, and the Earl of Hexham drank too much in honor of the return of respectability of the prodigal Bob.

"Well, soon find you a wife, my boy," said, over the port, which he drank in honor of the affair and in defiance of god and doctor's orders. "None of your rich American trash, but some of our decent family and the sort of old, reasonable dowry that a younger son deserves."

"Done what?"

"Look; the beastly thing says. The lawsuit claims damages for breach of promise of marriage."

"Bring me my slippers!" shouted the Earl; "damn the horse! send round the brougham!"

"Off he went to Lincoln's Inn Fields. "You'd better settle," said Mr. Ponder, the old family lawyer.

"Settle!" he shouted, "settle! I'll show you the baggage, the—I'll put every detective in London on the job. I'm not afraid of court, and when the jury hears what she really is—"

"But the scandal?"

"Don't talk about scandal; enter an appearance, and leave the rest to me." My dear Governor," interrupted Bob, who had accompanied him, "be fair to the girl. I didn't think Muriel would have done it; but she's perfectly straight—Pd stake my life on it."

"Nonsense, Bob! You're an idiot, and you'd better stay abroad till the affair's over. I'll attend to it. I'll show her how to fight." The Earl's eyes gleamed. "Well, teach her, won't you, Ponder, what litigation means?" Then he told a lengthy, stale tale of his suc-

"Will you marry me?" she repeated, her lips an inch from his.

He replied affirmatively without a word.

There is now one obstacle the loss between the husband of the fascinating Muriel Mallett and the earldom of Hexham, for his lordship died suddenly from apoplexy on getting a telegram from an old club friend concerning his son's marriage with the fascinating actress.—The Sketch.

### ILLITERACY IN THE NATION.

Percentage Now Greater in New England than in the West.

The report of the Commissioner of Education presents some curious and interesting facts with regard to illiteracy in the United States. This illiteracy is derived mainly from official records and deserves careful attention. It appears that the number of persons over 10 years of age who cannot read and write is 6,324,422, or 13.8 per cent. of the total population, according to the latest statistics. In 1880, the rate of illiteracy was 17 per cent., and a decrease of 3.7 per cent. since that time is gratifying in the sense that implies gradual improvement, but the situation is still lamentable, and no good citizen can contemplate it without experiencing a certain degree of humiliation.

The government is based upon the idea of popular intelligence as an assurance of political safety and prosperity, and vast sums of money are expended for educational purposes. There is really no excuse for ignorance in a country where free schools abound and instruction is within easy reach of all classes. Nevertheless, over thirteen out of every 100 of the people are unable to read and write. This great army of illiterates is a standing reproach, as well as a menace, and there is no more important duty than that of reducing it as rapidly as possible.

There was a time when New England led all the rest of the country in the general average of popular intelligence, but this is no longer true. It is now in the West, and not in the East, that the best showing is made of the education of the masses. Nebraska stands at the head of the States in point of illiterates, only 3.1 per cent. of its population being unable to read and write. No State west of the Mississippi River, with the exception of the four Southern States, ranks as low as Massachusetts in the number of illiterates in its population. This means, of course, and the fact is a very significant one—that a large percentage of the educated element of the East has removed to the West, thereby materially modifying its "wild and woolly" condition, and it means furthermore that the West has been doing a great deal in the enlargement of its educational facilities.

The public schools of such States as Minnesota, Iowa, Kansas, Nebraska, and the Dakotas are equal in every respect to those of any of the Eastern States, and their academics and universities are rendering effective service in the sphere of higher learning. So far as the South is concerned, allowance must be made for the presence of the colored race, the illiterate members of which constitute nearly one-half of the total number of illiterates in the United States, but even with this serious drawback, the Southern States are making substantial gains in education, and the conditions promise an acceleration of such progress from year to year.—Minneapolis Times.

### WILL NOT SUBMIT TO DICTATION.

The subject of renewing the privileges of the Bank of France will shortly come up for discussion in the chamber, after having been in abeyance since 1892, when the senate approved a bill for the purpose.

The bill has not since been modified and the provisions included in it will, it is thought, be adopted without material alteration. One of them, which was to empower the bank to increase its note issue from 3,500,000 francs to 4,000,000,000, was passed as far back as 1883. The charter expires on Dec. 31, 1897, and the proposal is to extend it for a period of twenty years from that date, in consideration of the bank making certain concessions to the state.

Among these concessions is one by which the bank is to forego all future interest on the government debt, 140,000,000 francs, and not to demand repayment of the capital so long as the charter is in force. The bank is to undertake the service of the national debt and transact other business for the treasury, both at the head office and branches, free of charge, and make an annual payment to the latter for 2,000,000 francs during the first year of the currency of the new charter and 2,500,000 francs per annum subsequently. It is to open several new branches and make advances to agricultural co-operative societies.

It is not improbable that an effort will be made to convert the bank into a state institution, but such a project does not command support either in financial or ministerial circles, and is not in the least degree likely to meet with success.—Edinburgh Scotsman.

### A LONG SHOT.

James Shields was elected to the Senate in 1848, defeating his predecessor, Senator Breese. Shields had distinguished himself in the Mexican War, and at the Battle of Cerro Gordo he was shot through the lungs, the ball passing out at his back. His recovery was one of the marvels of the day. Shields' war record is believed to have secured to him his triumph over Breese. When the news of Shields' election was received, a lawyer named Butterfield was speaking of it to a group of friends, when one of them remarked: "It was that Mexican bullet that did the business." "Yes," retorted Butterfield, "that was a great shot. The ball went clear through Shields without hurting him, and killed Breese one thousand miles away."

### HEARD WHILE WAITING.

A passenger, while waiting at a railway station for his train, amused himself by watching the queer looks and antics of a tailless cat as it played about on the platform. The stationmaster happened to pop out of his office, the intending traveler pointed to the cat and said, "What kind of a cat is that—Manx?" "No," replied the stationmaster, with a sly smile, "Brighton Express."

Lots of people are afraid of a cyclone who are not afraid of the devil.

It is not a sin to steal things at a grocery store where you "trade."



**Saw a Meteoric Stone Fall.**  
Mr. J. F. Black, a farmer, living about nine miles from Ottawa, Kan., saw a small meteorite fall on his land, late in the afternoon of April 9 last, and going to the spot where it fell, picked it up. It weighs thirty-one ounces and contains a little iron, but consists in the main of stony material.

**New Zealand's Gems.**  
Agate-hunters from Germany are now exploring New Zealand with very promising results. Blue and white topaz and splendid specimens of amethyst have been discovered by them, as well as large pieces of quartz so filled with slender, rutile crystals as to resemble masses of matted hair.

**Java's Man-Ape.**  
Prof. Marsh, of Yale, has recently announced his opinion that the remarkable remains of a skull, teeth and other fossil bones found by Dr. Dubois in Java belonged to an animal that "was not human, but represented a form intermediate between man and the higher apes." This opinion confirms the belief of the discoverer of the bones, who called the animal pithecanthropus, or "ape-man." The bones were found in ancient volcanic deposits, and belong, Prof. Marsh thinks, to the age known as the Pliocene.

**New Kind of Kites.**  
Meteorologists are now trying to study the atmosphere high above the ground with the aid of self-recording barometers and thermometers, etc., sent up in kites. This has resulted in a great improvement in the forms of kites, which are now constructed on scientific principles. At the headquarters of the Weather Bureau in Washington box-shaped kites, with open ends and sides partly covered with silk, are used. Instead of twine or cord, fine piano wire is employed to hold the kite. At the Blue Hill Observatory, near Boston, box-shaped kites have been sent up to an elevation of almost a mile above sea-level.

**A Phosphorescent Party.**  
Monsieur Henry, of the Paris Academy of Sciences, has invented a phosphorescent starch which, when used as a face-powder, it makes the countenance glow in a dark room with mysterious radiance. Recently a "5-o'clock tea" was given in Paris after dark, no light being employed except that supplied by phosphorescent starch sprinkled over everything in the room. The carpet, the ceiling, the pictures on the walls, the furniture, the tea-cups on the table, the faces, shoulders and dresses of the ladies all glowed and gleamed, making a spectacle that was at once startling and beautiful.

**Oldest Man in the World.**  
According to statistics collected in Germany the oldest man known to be living anywhere on the earth is Bruno Cortin, a negro born in Africa, but now living in Rio Janeiro. Up to the same authority is based the seemingly incredible statement that there are 3,883 persons living in Bulgaria, each of whom has reached, or passed, the age of 100 years, making one centenarian to every 1,600 inhabiting that country! Germany, with a population of 52,000,000, claims only 78 centenarians, and France, with a population of 40,000,000, 213 centenarians, while Ireland, whose population numbers only 4,900,000, has 578 centenarians.

**Destroying Friction.**  
After calling attention to the fact that man was content with the use of oil to keep machinery in running order until he began to ride the bicycle, when he demanded some better labor-saver and invented ball-bearings, the Scientific American proceeds to illustrate and describe some recent applications of such bearings. They are employed for wagon wheels and carriage wheels, for the carrier-wheels of cable roads, and for the shafts of swift-running machinery. They practically dispense with the use of the oil and greatly reduce the amount of friction to be overcome, thus adding to the effective power of all machines in which they are used. The singular fact is noted that Prof. Boys, of London, showed experimentally that ball-bearings, when properly constructed, are practically proof against wear. He demonstrated this fact by weighing the balls of a bicycle-bearing when they were new, and again after they had been subjected to long service. They showed no loss of weight.

**American Soapstone.**  
In the Ragged Mountains, in Albemarle County, Virginia, the scene of one of Poe's weird tales, exists a great deposit of soapstone which is said to be the finest in the world. It was discovered only about twelve years ago, but now a small colony exists at the spot and three quarries have been opened. The stone, which is very hard and fine-grained, is cut out in blocks averaging nine tons in weight, and afterward is sawed into slabs. It is employed, among other things, for tanks in chemical laboratories, tubs and sinks in laundries, linings for fireplaces, griddles, which need no greasing when made of soapstone, tables and fittings in hospitals and dissecting-rooms. Acid is said to have no effect upon the stone.

**Does Woman Earn Her Keep?**  
Thousands of women work in the mines of Belgium, England and Cornwall. In the first named country they formerly worked from twelve to sixteen hours a day, with no Sunday rest. The linen thread spinners of New Jersey, according to the report of the Labor Commissioner, are "in one branch of the industry compelled to stand on a stone floor in water the year round, most of the time barefoot, with a spray of water from a revolving cylinder flying constantly against the breast; and the coldest night in winter, as well as the warmest in summer, these poor creatures must go to their homes with water dripping from their underclothing along their path, because there could not be space or a

few moments allowed them wherein to change their clothing." Yet women are "excepted" from labor attended by hardship!

Despite these washerwomen, miners and linen-thread spinners, we are told "it is woman's privilege generally to be exempted from the care of earning her livelihood and that of her offspring."

It would seem to be time that this liberal woman should be scorned by fair minded men. From all antiquity the majority of women have been faithful workers, rendering a full equivalent in labor for their scant share of the world's goods. The origin of every industry bears testimony to this. In our own era, while women were still homekeepers, did they not earn their livelihood? What was the weaving, the sewing, the cooking, the doctoring, the nursing, the child care "the work that was never done," if it was not earning a subsistence? Ever in these days, when woman goes forth and receives the reward of her labor as publicly as man, she is no more worthy of her title. Her unnessess-sweet and salutary soul—did not dream of recompense. But was it not her due, and shall we refuse to credit it because man was then a self-sufficient ignoramus who deemed himself the only one fit to acquire property?—Popular Science Monthly.

**He Could Shoot.**  
The Marquis de Mores, who was murdered by his native escort, while on an expedition in Northern Africa, was an intrepid and adventurous Frenchman, and many characteristic stories are told of his experiences in the Bad Lands of Western Dakota, where he carried on an extensive cattle business fifteen years ago. One day when the marquis returned to his plantation, according to one narrator, he found a couple of cowboys conducting themselves in a lawless manner around the place. They gave the Frenchman the laugh on his horseback, and one of the pair, nicknamed Broad Back Morris, mounted his pony with the remark that he would show the marquis how to ride. Digging in his spurs he began circling about the Frenchman, his companion following his example, the two bringing their Winchester rifles and cursing the marquis to the best of their ability as they rode. The latter calmly rolled a cigarette and began puffing it.

"Drop that, you tenderfoot!" roared one of the invaders, pulling up his Mustang with a jerk; "drop that, or I'll clip it out of your mouth." At the same moment he lifted his Winchester.

De Mores turned half way in his saddle, took a deep inspiration and blew out a cloud of smoke. As it cleared away the cowboy took deliberate aim and fired. The cigarette was sent flying in fragments.

In an instant De Mores had drawn his long-barreled French revolver from his belt and pulled the trigger. The Winchester dropped out of the cowboy's hands. He had been shot through both wrists. The other cowboy was then on De Mores' flank. As soon as he saw him pull his gun he grabbed his rifle, but hadn't time to raise it before the marquis fired a second time, just as his bronco gave a lunge and a buck. The man tumbled off with a bullet in his shoulder. De Mores then rolled another cigarette, lighted it and continued the conversation.

**What's In a Name?**  
The story of their trouble is easily told. There was William J. Brown, who had an office on the seventh floor, and W. Joseph Brown, who had an office on the sixth floor. Each tried to stick to his own method of parting his name but many labor-saving correspondents insisted upon using only the initials and that made a good deal of trouble. It was annoying to one W. J. Brown to see a check sticking out of a letter, as he opened it, only to find that it belonged to the other W. J. Brown, and it was annoying to the other W. J. Brown to pay express charges on packages belonging to W. J. Brown on the floor above.

William J. tossed a letter into W. Joseph's office one day with the suggestion that it would be a good scheme for him to pay his bills, as he (William J.) was tired of receiving them.

It was not until W. Joseph's wife made the mistake of addressing a letter to him as "W. J." that the real trouble began. William J. handed the letter to W. Joseph and asked with righteous indignation: "Why don't you supply your wife with enough money when she goes visiting?" He got away before there was a chance for an explosion, but it came the next day when W. Joseph drifted into his office and handed him a letter with the remark: "I wish you'd marry that girl. You've been engaged long enough, and besides, her letters are getting sickening."

The police finally succeeded in restoring order.—Chicago Post.

**Interviewing Casey.**  
A reporter of a New York daily once went to the office of the late General Casey to get some information concerning the Lydecker tunnel story. General Casey looked at the young man rather sternly at first, and the reporter expected but scant detail to follow. "Come in, sir," he exclaimed, in a tone of almost unpleasant command. The two doors of his office were open. The reporter was standing. The general, without a word, went to one door and closed it with the utmost precision; then he went to the other door and closed it with the same precision. The reporter was in doubt. The two were in the room alone. Coming up to the newspaper man, he pointed his index finger straight at his eye, and said: "Sit down there, young man, and I'll tell you the—at story you ever heard." And he did.

**Microphones.**  
A recent invention consists of an apparatus by means of which a microphone suspended over a child's crib automatically rings an electric bell situated at any convenient point on the least noise made by the child. The microphone, as is well known, is a very sensitive form of a telephone transmitter, capable of detecting the faintest sounds.

**A Vacuum.**  
A perfect vacuum is a perfect insulator. It is possible to exhaust a tube so perfectly that no electric machine can send a spark through the vacuum space, even when the space is only one centimetre.

### SUPPOSE WE SMILE.

#### HUMOROUS PARAGRAPHS FROM THE COMIC PAPERS.

**Pleasant Incidents Occurring the World Over—Sayings that Are Charming to Old or Young—Funny Exclamations that Everybody Will Enjoy.**

**Wise Tommy.**  
Tommy—Mamma, I wish you were interested in foreign missions.  
Mamma—Why?  
Tommy—'Cos Billy Barlow's mamma is, and she doesn't notice when Billy does naughty things.—Harper's Bazar.

**Any One of the Sex.**  
Mrs. Wickwire—These clairvoyants' advertisements are so ridiculous. Here is one that begins: "Mine X tells every thing." The idea.  
Mr. Wickwire—Tells every thing? Any woman can do that?—Indianapolis Journal.

**Inspiration.**  
Friend—Do you always wait for inspiration before you write a poem?  
Author—No. I always need \$10. Somerville Journal.

**A Queen.**  
"Why does Mrs. Webster always refer to her daughter as a queen?"  
"She married a cattle king."—Detroit Free Press.

**A Seasonable Hint.**  
Small Brother—Mr. Guest will you and sister be married before summer?  
Mr. Guest—Why do you ask, Johnny?  
Small Brother—Because I heard her say it would be a cold day when she married you.

**At Home.**  
Caller—Is Mr. Swigham at home, madam?  
Madam—I have a suspicion that he is.  
Caller—A suspicion. Don't you know?  
Madam—Not definitely, but if you will go to the café on the corner you can find out; that seems to be the only place where he is really at home.—Boston Courier.

**Something New.**  
Hoax—I've got a great scheme for warm weather.  
Joak—Let's have it.  
Hoax—I'm going to keep a small boy near me sharpening slate pencils. It always makes my blood run cold.—Philadelphia Record.

**Like a Hen.**  
Kicky—Wife, can you tell me why I am like a hen?  
Mrs. Kicky—No, dear; why is it?  
Kicky—Because I can seldom find anything where I laid it yesterday.—San Francisco City Argus.

**Fighters.**  
Bill—But them Egyptians ain't much good at fightin', are they, Tom?  
Tom (the pothouse oracle)—Oh, yus! Ain't ye never 'eard tell of the Egyptian mummies? They fight like the very devil.—Fun.

**Insulted.**  
"What street do you live on?" asked the police judge.  
"I don't live on the street," responded Perry Patotic, with warmth. "I live on this sidewalk. Do you take me for a horse?"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

**Delicately Put.**  
Genealogist—How old is my family?  
Genealogist—It was in the year 1180 that your ex-cousin's ancestors chose to give up their lineage.—Flegende Blaetter.

**Generous.**  
Old Gent—Now, do go away, my good man. I have nothing for you. I'm a poor man myself.  
Dead Beat—Well, I'm sorry to see ye hard up too. Here's a nickel for yer—St. Paul's.

**Kind Offer.**  
Highwayman—Your money or your life!  
Post—Money I have none, but if you will tell me some of your adventures I will write them down and divide the profits with you.—Flegende Blaetter.

**Successful Doctor.**  
Dr. Emdee—Don't be discouraged; your son will be a successful physician before you know it.  
Graduate's Father—What indications of this have you observed?  
Dr. Emdee—He has just the face for hothouse whiskers.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

**The Illustration.**  
Editor—Your story is too intelligible for our readers.  
Author—I supposed, of course, you would illustrate it.—Detroit Tribune.

**The Politician's Visit.**  
"Twas just a social call," quoth he  
That phrase is quite enough;  
There's no use going on to say  
He called my little bluff.  
—Washington Star.

**Great Many of Them.**  
"Dah an' a good many folks," said Uncle Eben, "dat seems ter 'ink dat when dey's made er good resolution, dey's done tinned out er day's work."—Washington Star.

**Gave Him Satisfaction.**  
"Jenkins claimed that I insulted him."  
"Did you give him satisfaction?"  
"Guess I did. He pounded me until he was tired."—Omaha World-Herald.

**Those Innocent Graduates.**  
She—I have been shut up in a boarding school for such a long time that I hardly know what to do with my hands.  
He—Let me hold them for you.

**Sensible Constance.**  
Mr. Crimmonbeck—When Constance was younger she used to ride a wheel and I tell you she'd take nobody's dust.  
Mrs. Crimmonbeck—You don't say so?  
"Yes, but now she has reached the marrying age she's willing to take almost anybody's."—Yonkers Statesman.

**Perfectly Fiendish.**  
Husband—Don't you think you are rather unreasonable to expect me to take you to a ball, stay awake until 1 o'clock and then get up at 8 to go to work?  
Wife—I may be a little unreasonable, but it's perfectly brutal of you to mention it.—Odds and Ends.

**A Good Start.**  
Freddie—Pa, do you know that a lot of us boys have really made up our minds to start a college?  
Pa—Ha, ha! That's a fine idea. And what necessary move have you already made toward the establishment of this college of yours?  
Freddie—Well, we've got the college yard already made up.—Yonkers Gazette.

**Supreme Joy.**  
Watts—Don't you wish you were happy as that whistling boy out in the street?  
Potts—I'd be a whole lot happier than the kid if I could lay my hands on him.—Indianapolis Journal.

**Laying Down the Law.**  
New servant girl (at the house telephone)—No, the master is not in, and he and the mistress cannot come to your house next Sunday, because I am going out myself.—Tit-Bits.

**The Remedy.**  
Cholly—I can't make this beastly cigawette draw.  
Boy—Why don't you get out and push, mister?—Ally Sloper.

**Delights of Topbit.**  
And the soul of the wicked one was sent condemned to fall through space at the rate of a mile a minute for 10,000 years.  
"Say," he shouted as he passed the 10,000th ghostly milepost, "this beats any coasting I ever tried!"—Indianapolis Journal.

**A Love Story.**  
Her father leaning suddenly into the room—Eh, what is this?  
Her lover—I was telling Miss Budd a story.  
Her father—With your arm around her waist?  
Her lover—Er—yes, sir; it was a love story.—Tit-Bits.

**Great Luck.**  
Will—Bikerly has just inherited a fortune of \$1,000,000.  
Jill—Isn't that splendid? Now he can travel around the world or buy palaces or—  
Will—Or what?  
Jill—Or keep his bicycle in repair.—Kansas City World.

**Leathery Humor.**  
Sharpe—Say, aren't you afraid some one'll steal those shoes?  
Hardlupce—Why?  
Sharpe—The patent has expired.—New York Press.

**Vice Versa.**  
A letter from a lady at an inland watering place to her husband contains the following passage: "In your last epistle you sent me 200 marks and 1,000 kisses. I should be glad if in future you would send me more money and fewer kisses."—Dorbarbarier.

**No Improvement.**  
"Say, it was a great idea to put the district messenger boys on wheels. I saw one going like the wind to-day."  
"Huh! He probably struck a good bicycle road and was trying to complete a century run before delivering his message."—Truth.

### DOG-CATCHING BICYCLE ATTACHMENT.

