

## SOME WHEEL NOVELTIES

Members of the Thompson Street Bicycle Club Give Their Thoughts to Invention.

When the routine business of the regular Saturday night meeting of the Thompson Street Bicycle Club had been disposed of, President Toots introduced the Hon. Castaway Jones, of Toledo, who is known as "The Hurricane Bikist of Ohio." The honourable stranger made his bow and said he did not intend to make a speech. He had read and heard of the club, and was glad to see the coloured man coming to the front. He was, he believed, the first coloured man in Ohio to mount the bike. When he began riding he had public opinion and the declaration of all scientists to overcome. It was contended that no man with a heel six inches long could work a pedal, and that the kinks in his hair would lift him out of the saddle. He had proved that scientists did not know their business. When he began riding his left leg was six inches short, he had a cataract on his right eye, and his backbone was at least six inches out of plumb. How was it now? That short leg had come down, the cataract had disappeared and he stood as perpendicular as a lamp post. He had other reasons to bless the bike. It had renewed his youth, made peace in his family, made him believe in a hereafter and cured his taste for chicken meat. He hoped the day was not far distant when every coloured man and woman in America would be gliding about on the silent steed, and it was his opinion that it would do more to elevate and educate than all the cuckoo clocks which could be turned out.

### THE PATENT CHICKEN CARRIER.

Brother Abraham Higginbottom, who had been asked to investigate and report on the subject of riding the bike at night, announced that he was ready with his remarks. In order to get at bottom facts he had practised night riding for the last four weeks. Up to ten o'clock and so long as he had a lighted lantern and the police were about, he had felt no peculiar sensation. After that hour he had. The bike had instinctively taken its way toward the suburbs. The lantern had gone out and the thoughts of its rider turned to chicken pot-pie—chicken on toast—chicken served up in various ways. His eyes began to search the darkness for alleys and hence-cops—his ears were strained to catch the suppressed crow of the chancier—he found the taste of water-melon in his mouth. The result was inevitable. By and by the bike stopped and bounced him off. A shed was close at hand. Within the shed roosted a score of Leghorns. It was needless to say more. But he desired to call the attention of the club to the fact that he had invented a chicken carrier, to be attached to the bike—an arrangement which would hold four fat chickens and still preserve an innocent look in the eyes of a policeman. Brother Higginbottom was greeted with applause as he closed his remarks and sat down, and though nothing was said about adopting his report, it was plainly evident that the large majority of members leaned that way.

### THE DOG KILLER AND THE RAZOR HANDLES.

The Hon. Cataleptic Tompkins, an active member, who had been on a visit to the West, was called upon for a few remarks, and he arose to say that he had found coloured genius at work improving the bicycle wherever he went. One man had invented a handle bar with a razor in either end; another had invented a saddle which would restore gray hair to its original colour; a third was attaching to the hand wheel a music box which plays "Old Dan Tucker" for two hours without stopping. In Buffalo he saw a patent pedal which would reach out and kick a dog, and in Cleveland he rode on a bike with cork tires. The coloured genius in this country would in time remodel the wheel and make it a real blessing to humanity. His own inventive thoughts just now were turned toward a bicycle which could take to the woods and be made useful to hunting rabbits, coons, and possums, and he believed that success would ultimately be his.

### A BROTHER RULED OFF.

The case of Brother Ginger White was then called up for disposal. His record as a rider was a bad one. In three months he had run over a number of people and had been arrested seven times. Two weeks ago a committee was appointed to examine and investigate and report. Doctor Napoleon Jones, chairman of the committee, and the physician of the club, now reported that they had first examined Brother White's legs. They were found to be so bowed that he could stand with one foot on each side of a pork barrel. One of his shoulders was lopped twelve inches below the other and he was stone deaf in the right ear. The state of his eyes caused the most surprise, however. He was not only cross-eyed but blind in the left eye, while the squint of his right eye could not tell the difference between a handcart and a street car. How he had ever managed to ride a distance of even ten feet without a calamity was a source of amazement to all the committee. As a man Brother White was honest and industrious and well liked, but as a bicyclist he must be regarded as a dangerous man. The committee did not recommend any particular action, but President Toots said it was evident that something must be done to preserve human life and personal property in the United States of America. Brother White was riding a rented machine, and would not therefore be out of pocket, and he would take upon himself the authority to declare his suspension as an active member. He might stand upon the curbstone and squint at the riders on public parade days, or

might take a wheel out into the country, and hire a twelve-acre lot, but the club would be no longer responsible for damages or stand beholden for funeral expenses in case he broke his neck.

### NO LIMIT.

Brother Warlock Smith arose to ask for information. His wife was a woman weighing 300 pounds, and wanted to learn to ride the bike. He had persistently discouraged her, on the grounds that she was too fat and would not present a graceful picture. He had a mother-in-law seventy years old. She also wanted to ride, but he had objected to her age and leanness. Was there any limit to age, fatness, or leanness? If there was he wanted the club to support him in his objections; if not, he was prepared to give in.

The president replied that the bike had come for all and would be made use of by all. No matter how fat, no matter how lean—no matter whether the person was twenty years old or ninety. A dumpy woman weighing 300 pounds might not look as chic on a wheel as one weighing 120, but she would look as chic as she could, and the public must put up with it. An old lady, with false hair, spectacles, and a cracked voice, had rights, the same as a daisy of a girl, and no one should seek to abridge them. In his family circle the fat and the lean, the aged and the youthful, and even his father-in-law, who had stiff knees, a bald head, a humped back, and had lost his voice for the last ten years, rode a wheel and headed the procession.

## SOME CRUEL SPORTS.

How People of Different Countries Amuse Themselves.

Societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals have prohibited many popular pastimes in the United States and Great Britain, and badger-baiting and cock-fighting can only be conducted in concealment. But in Continental Europe the people permit no interference with their traditional forms of amusement by the authorities.

The bull-fights in the south of France are too well known to need more than a passing reference here, but among the lesser known amusements that inflict pain upon dumb animals is what is known as "the rabbit game," much in vogue in and around Perpignan. Every Sunday morning the members of the so-called Rabbit Club assemble in some open square or public place, bringing along with them one or more live rabbits.

A stout post about four feet high with a short piece projecting, gibbet fashion at right angles to the front, is planted in the ground at one extremity of the square. The rabbit is hung by one leg to the projection, while in front of it another post is planted in the ground in such a manner as to shield the animal's body with the exception of about three inches of the leg. The "sport" consists in throwing a bar of heavy wood or iron so as to strike the unprotected portion of the rabbit's leg with force enough to cut it in two, the prize being awarded to the man who succeeds in bringing down to the ground minus one leg. The sport is one which requires great practice and skill, and sometimes as many as a couple of hundred of the javelin-like bars are hurled before the rabbit loses his leg.

In other parts of France the same game is played, but with this difference, that instead of a rabbit it is a live goose or else a duck that is suspended to the post by its neck which the winner is called upon to slice in two with his bar.

### CRUELTY TO BIRDS.

In Belgium linnets and thrush singing matches are almost of equal celebrity. On certain days of the month people assemble in the villages and market town from the surrounding districts, bearing cages containing linnets and thrushes. They are thereupon ranged in long rows.

The prize is awarded to the bird that produces the largest number and the loudest and sweetest notes in a given time. To qualify the birds for the match and to develop their powers of song their eyes are either burned or gouged out. The Government has endeavored to put a stop to this particular form of cruelty. In China hundreds and even thousands of dollars are staked on fierce combats between crickets. Two well-chosen combatants are put into a basin and irritated with a straw until they rush upon each other with the utmost fury, chirping as they make the onset, and the battle seldom ends without loss of life or limb. Equally sanguinary fights between quails is a favorite sport in India. In the Holy Land and in Egypt the Syrians gather rats or mice, soak them with petroleum and place them in a pit. A light is applied to one, and the "sport" consists in watching how in his frantic struggles and agony he sets fire to his companions.

## OUR APPLES IN AUSTRALIA.

With Proper Precautions a Good Trade Could be Established.

A shipment of Canadian apples to Australia in 1895 was not considered to be a success. Crossing the equator appeared to have been fatal to the fruit, only about a third of it arriving in merchantable shape. What was salable was entrusted to Mr. Fountain A. Winter, a Canadian in Sydney, and was disposed of by him. There was no disposition to repeat the operation, but Mr. Winter was convinced that it was possible to do better. His statements interested his brother, Mr. Chas. A. Winter of Preston, Ont., and nine cases of apples were sent to Sydney as a Christmas present to the brother. There were one present to the brother, five cases of Northern Spies, and one case each of Baldwins, Golden Russets and Seekonfurs. They reached Sydney in due time, and Mr. Winter reports that he sold the apples, and the proceeds after every charge was paid was \$2 10s. He believes that if certain precautions are taken a trade could be established.

## HOUSEHOLD.

A FOOLISH ECONOMY.

Money is a good thing only when comfort and happiness are to be derived from it. Without that what does it profit a man if he had the wealth of Croesus? There are parents who will scrimp and save all their lives in order to lay away money. Some economize in the food and pay to the doctor what should have been used to make strong bodies. Others economize in clothes and still others sacrifice health by working harder than their strength permits. In their zeal to obtain money many parents unconsciously sacrifice their children—the older ones especially—by putting them to work at a very early age. Unless they are blessed with remarkably strong constitutions, these little ones become old long before their time, and they never know what youthfulness is. Now, it is a different thing if a child is given some light employment which is a pleasure to him and which will keep him out of mischief. It is well to encourage a boy or girl to work, but to expect hard, steady labor from little folks will surely be at the sacrifice of their strength.

Two unhappy parents must now realize this, but it is too late to remedy the trouble. The family is a large one, numbering eleven, among whom is one daughter about nineteen years of age. Nowhere would help have been better appreciated, but the purse strings were always drawn too tightly by the paternal hand. Ever since this girl was but a mere child she had to struggle with heavy work. Every year or two brought a new member into the household—and added care and work. When the mother was able she, of course, did as much as she could, but, nevertheless, the washing, ironing and cooking for such a family would tax the strength of a giant. The poor child worked patiently from early morning to late at night. She never had a childhood, nor a girlhood—the happiest time of a girl's life. She is as old and sedate as her mother, but her days are numbered. If she had not had the wonderful constitution she possessed she would have succumbed long ago, but as it is she is now afflicted with an incurable malady, brought on by the work to which her strength was not equal.

What money will compensate for the life of such a daughter. We would give all we possess if her life could be spared to us," cry her parents. But that should have been thought of years ago. If this family had not been prosperous it would be a different thing, but what money is equal to a strong body and sound health? Mothers, too, should not overtax their strength. There will surely come a day of reckoning, and those who are responsible for the broken health will be over-come with remorse that things were not arranged differently when they could have been. Money is a great thing in this world, but oh! how much folly it is responsible for.

### RAISED CAKES.

A subscriber wants a rule for old-fashioned raised cake. Some cooks make this kind of cake but little richer than buns while others put in enough butter, sugar and fruit to make it as good as fruit cake with the same long keeping qualities. Mrs. Lincoln in her cook book gives directions for making the richer variety. She says: At night mix one pint of milk, scalded and cooled, one tablespoon of salt, half a cup of yeast, five or six cups of flour, or enough to make a soft dough. In the morning prepare one cup of butter creamed; add two cups of brown sugar one tablespoonful of mixed spices—cinnamon, nutmeg and allspice—and four eggs, yolks and whites beaten separately. Add this mixture to the beaten dough and beat well. Add two cups of stoned and chopped raisins or one cup of raisins, one cup of currants and half a cup of sliced citron. Flour the fruit. Let it rise in the bowl till lighter; stir it down and pour into two deep cake tins, making them two-thirds full. Let it stand in a warm place fifteen or twenty minutes, then bake one hour or longer in a moderate oven.

Miss Parlova uses for three loaves two generous cups of raised dough, two generous cups of flour, two cups of sugar, one of butter, four eggs, two tablespoonfuls of milk, one teaspoonful each of soda, cinnamon, grated nutmeg, half a pound of currants and half a pound of raisins chopped. Beat the butter and sugar together, then add the beaten yolk of the eggs and the spice. Now add the dough cut into bits and work well together. Next add the milk; also the soda dissolved in three tablespoonfuls of water. Work very thoroughly and when all the ingredients are blended, add the flour. Continue the mixing gradually working in the fruit. Finally add the whites of the eggs beaten to a stiff froth. Put the batter into well buttered pans and let rise for one hour. Bake an hour in a moderate oven.

### SUGGESTIONS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

Salt, pepper and all spices measured by the spoonful should be measured level, not rounding, and if you are to use only half-spoonful, fill the spoon and divide it lengthwise. The tip of the spoon is shallower than the other part, and by dividing across the bowl less is used than has been directed.

In making mayonnaise the first point is to have everything cold as possible. Have the eggs and oil chilled, and all the dishes used also cold. The excellence of a mayonnaise is directly proportionate to the amount of stirring given it. Lemon juice instead of vinegar is advised by many teachers for their preference being that more acid can be used without thinning the mayonnaise, and that a fruit acid is more healthful than a manufactured one.

Cranberries that have been kept in a dry place are apt to look shriveled.

Put them in cold water for a few hours and they will plump up considerably. Sugar should not be added to cranberry sauce until the fruit has cracked open, then put in the sugar and boil for ten minutes. A nice way is to put the stewed fruit through the colander which enables you to reject the tough and indigestible skins, then add the sugar to the residue, which will be a delicious, half jelly-like mass.

A very old and tough chicken may be made tender and fit for a stew, etc., by the following process: Cut it up, put the joints in a basin with sufficient slightly salted water to cover, set the pan in the oven and let remain until the bones can be easily drawn out. This will require three or four hours. As the water boils away more must be added, so that the meat may be always covered. After the bones, skin and sinews are removed the flesh can be used for stews, chicken pie, patties etc.

### MAKING FEATHER BRUSHES.

Given the feathers, the old handles from soup ladles, vegetable spoon, or from worn-out feather dusters, paste and a bit of leather and you can turn out brushes of all sorts. Take one of the old handles, some tail feathers placed in a row around it; tie these firmly in place and daub the paste well in. Put on another row in the same way. When the brush is large enough, or nearly so, put on a row or two of the nicest feathers and then let them dry. When ready to trim, a glance at a sale brush will show how to put on the leather, or whatever the top is finished with.

When the modus operandi of making one is understood, the manner of all is understood, and the size of the handle and the kind of feathers used constitute the main difference in the brushes. The coarsest brushes may be used for heart brushes and kept, with a dustpan, near the stove will save many a step. Several grades of brushes may be made from the feathers that will not work into the cushions at all.

## THE BUILDING OF SHIPS.

Returns for the Past Year in Great Britain.

The returns of shipping built in the United Kingdom during the past year have been published and show a considerable revival of the industry. At the present date the tonnage under construction in this country is 784,711 (755,995 steam, 28,736 sailing). This total is 73,000 tons more than the total at December, 1895. During 1896, 628 steamers of 1,113,831 tons, and 68 sailing vessels of 45,920 tons, have been launched in the United Kingdom. In addition to this tonnage, the war-ships launched during 1896 were 55, of 163,958 tons displacement. The total output for 1896 of the United Kingdom exceeds that of 1895 by 208,000 tons. The sailing tonnage in 1892 was 24 per cent. of the output; in 1896 the sailing tonnage was only 4 per cent. of the output, suggesting the steady extinction of sailing merchantmen. Curiously, in France there is a reaction towards the building of sailing vessels, where 13 sailing ships of 1,900 to 3,300 tons, are under construction. The Clyde still retains the lead in the building of sailing ships, furnishing 77 per cent. of the sailing output of this country for 1896. With the close of 1896 Japan takes the lead among the foreign customers of the ship-builders of the United Kingdom. At the end of 1896 two first-class battleships were built for Japan, besides 62,000 tons of steam shipping. But since the Japanese are building in Japan three steel steamers from 1,492 to 5,714 tons, orders from Japan may be limited. Some ten years ago the Japanese started building three-masted schooners for coasting, recognizing in the American rig advantages over other rigs. Germany comes next to Japan as a customer, over 10 per cent. of Britain's total output for 1896 being for German owners.

### AND THIS IS WAR.

Horrible Picture of a Recent Battle in Cuba.

War is a grotesque reversal of every civilized instinct. A steamer going up a Cuban river is blown out of the water by a submerged torpedo. Scores of poor wretches are thrown into the water, and those of them that are not helplessly maimed start to swim for the shore. Their struggle for life is witnessed from both banks by men who lie concealed there. Do these indulge the natural instinct to lend a hand to the unfortunate? Not a bit of it. They turn their firearms on the hundreds of bobbing heads and rain bullets on them till not a floating object remains to excite their wrath. Why they should feel wrathful against these despairing swimmers would puzzle the mind of the profoundest philosopher. A few short months many of the latter were careless, curly-headed youths, whistling in their teams in far-away Andalusia, and had never even heard of Cuba or its concerns. They now seem fated to feed its fish, while mothers, sisters, and sweethearts mourn dumbly in antique Spanish villages for the rustics who will return no more. And this is one of the items that go to make up the sum of military glory!

### HE MEANS BUSINESS.

What do you mean, sir, roared the irate father, by bringing your trunk to my house and ordering a room? I'm adopted as one of the family, coolly answered the young man. Your daughter said she would be a sister to me.

### ALL THE CHARACTERISTICS.

Tommy—Mother, what is an angel? Mother—An angel is a thing that flies. Tommy—But, mamma, papa calls my governess an angel. Mother—Then, my dear, she is going to fly immediately.

## YOUNG FOLKS.

NUMBER ONE.

"Let's keep at the head," said James to his cousin Paul. "Then we can crowd in and get the best seats."

"I'm afraid we're too late to get very good ones," said Paul.

"Yes, all because we had to wait for Fan and Laura. If I could have had my way I would have come on long ago."

"Then they couldn't have joined the party," said Paul. "You would have been sorry for that."

James did not trouble himself to say whether or no his sorrow would have been very deep.

Reaching the hall in which the entertainment was to be given, they found, as had been feared, that it was already full. There was little outlook for seats for a party of eight.

"A few seats off at this side," said an usher.

"I look out for number one," said James, as he joined in a scramble made for them by two or three young people who had closely followed their party. Contriving, as was usual with him, to be the first, he was soon crowded against the wall, to realize with great vexation that he had scarcely any view of the stage. But this he concluded was better than no seat at all.

"Why didn't you hurry along with me?" he said in a loud whisper to Paul as the latter stood near uncle Harmon, who was escorting the party. "There," he continued, "they'll probably have to stand up the whole time, just because uncle Harmon didn't crowd in and get seats."

But just then he saw that the ushers were carrying chairs to the front. Again uncle Harmon did not crowd his way, but waited to take his chances with twenty or thirty others. And Paul, that stupid blockhead of a Paul! James mentally styled him as he watched, gave way to others until every seat was occupied.

"They've got the best seats in the house," growled James to himself. "I wish I'd stayed with the others."

Paul stood for most of the evening, for the remainder of the time poising himself on the edge of a seat. But he enjoyed everything with the enjoyment which belongs with a heart free from selfishness, and thus able heartily to rejoice in the happiness of others. His time was divided between the stage and exchanging smiles of sympathetic delight in what was going on with his well seated cousins.

"It's been a tip-top number one show, hasn't it?" he cried with a beaming face as he rejoined James.

"Humph! there hasn't been much number one in it for me," was the growling answer.

### AUSTIN VAUGHN'S PURCHASE.

Austin Vaughn was the proud owner of a bright fifty-cent piece. Fifty-cent pieces didn't often tingle in his fingers and this was his, to do what he pleased with.

Didn't uncle Eben say: "Buy what you like with it?"

That was two days ago, and every hour when he was awake his hand went down into his trousers pocket to feel it. The things it had bought in imagination, would have cost some hundreds in reality. Pretty much every boy in school knew about it, and it wasn't in boy nature not to feel envious.

"Hallo! Aust, spent that money o' yours yet?" Andrew Knox greeted him on the third morning.

"Cause of you aint, I've got suthin' mebbe you'd like to buy. Don't get a chance like this every day."

He held up a new knife, two-bladed, both blades open and glittering in the sun.

"My cousin he sent it from New York, an' I expect it cost mor'n a dollar—ivory handle, see? But I had a pretty good knife afore, an' I 'druther have the money, even if I do sell it at a sacrifice, as the newspapers say."

Now the only thing that rattled against the half-dollar in Austin's pocket was a battered old knife with one broken blade. A new knife was one of the imaginary things his bright coin had purchased. This chance was not to be lost. That night he showed the treasure to his father. Mr. Vaughn looked at it, felt the edges of the blades, and said:

"You paid how much?"

"The fifty cents uncle Eben gave me, papa."

"Well, well. Better have consulted me. A fool and his money are soon parted." You gave at least twice what it's worth. Andy Knox is a tricky youngster. The handle isn't ivory, it is bone, and the steel isn't hard. The blades'll be battered in no time. Worth just about twenty-five cents. Never mind now, my boy. Live and learn, that's what we all have to do."

Austin felt rather crestfallen, for experience is a severe teacher.

### A FEW DON'T'S.

Don't find fault.

Don't believe all the evil you hear.

Don't jeer at everybody's religious beliefs.

Don't be rude to your inferiors in social position.

Don't repeat gossip, even if it does interest a crowd.

Don't underestimate anything because you don't possess it.

Don't go untidy on the plea that everybody knows you.

Don't contradict people, even if you are sure you are right.

Don't conclude that you have never had any opportunities in life.

Don't believe that every one else in the world is happier than you.

Don't be inquisitive about the affairs of even your most intimate friends.

Don't get into the habit of vulgarizing life by making light of the sentiment of it.

Don't express a positive opinion unless you perfectly understand what you are talking about.