

The Silent Steed.

This world we live in has been materially changed since the advent of the bicycle. Things are not what they were before it came along, glorious in its nickel-plate brilliancy, its tires filled with air and its passage swift and almost silent along our streets.

What good has the wheel wrought anyway? somebody asks.

Well, in the first place, it is everywhere the disciple of good roads. It is the voiceless but powerful advocate which incites people to the mending of their ways. No town likes to be left out in the cold by the army of bicyclists. It is a sort of a boycott on that town's self-respect and importance.

And the authorities improve the roads, and free them from ruts, and stones, and the old truck horses, and the humble pedestrians, as well as the bicyclists, thank their stars for the change.

The wheel has, to a great extent, done away with the cruelty to animals institution known as the livery stable, from which every Sunday the reckless young blood hired some wretched old beast, and lashed him through a day of misery and pain. Now, that man straddles his wheel, doubles himself up like a hoop-snake, drops his under jaw, and "scorches" for all he is worth, and it doesn't hurt any one but himself.

The wheel has induced women to go out of doors. It has taught them that fresh air and sunshine are not by any means fatal to beauty and refinement. It has freckled their faces, maybe and browned the whiteness of their swan-like necks, but it has given them lungs, and loosened their corsets strings so that those lungs may have a chance to grow.

It has made them independent, and taught them that a woman may depend on herself, and still be womanly and sweet. It has filled the life of many a tired, dispirited housewife with blue sky and sunshine, and the fragrant breath of summer winds.

People who have never known the country have seen it in the grand glory of its freshness and bloom—in the majesty of its autumnal tempests. They have felt the inspiration of the forests, and the uplifting of its mountains. They have watched the shadows of the white clouds in the clear waters of its lakes, and listened to the music of the brooks singing ever on their way to the sea. They have got near to the heart of nature, which is ever kind and loving to those who come close enough to feel its warmth.

Then, the wheel has fostered habits of economy. Men and women who used to spend their money on confectionery and flashy clothing, save it up to buy wheels. It may require considerable self-sacrifice but self-sacrifice is good for everybody. No one thoroughly enjoys it, but the medicines which benefit us are mostly a little bitter.

Then, only think what a wonderfully prolific subject of conversation the bicycle is. Why the old hackneyed theme of the weather is nowhere beside it. The most bashful young man in the world can "make talk" about the bicycle. There are whole volumes to be said about it, and the half has never yet been told.

We no longer hear the young girls when they get together, discussing beans and new bonnets. The general topic is "my wheel." The varied and numberless adventures and misadventures connected therewith, and the account of the hairbreadth escapes, while on some momentous trip, are told with interest, and listened to with pleasure. The learner is fond of recounting the falls and bruises sustained, and there seems to be a sort of honor in having had a great many of these casualties.

The professional listens, mildly sympathetic, and is full of suggestions as to how all these accidents might have been easily averted.

The women of maturer years meet at some sewing society, or club, and they don't talk any more about how Mrs. So-and-So makes her pudding sauce, or how Mrs. This-and-That flirts with the grocer—their theme is "my wheel," and perhaps the relative merits of divided skirts, knickerbockers, and, whisper it low, bloomers.

Just so with the other sex. They talk wheel everywhere and everlastingly. The young man takes his "best girl" out to ride, and they go on their wheels. The steady-going old horse, that could be safely driven with one hand, is at a discount in these days of progress. The wheel requires no hitch rein, and it is not liable to go lame or develop a ring-bone, or have the colic, or the blind staggers, and it doesn't have to be watered, and it doesn't eat oats, nor wear blankets, and you don't have to give it a hot "mash" when it has been out in the cold. You can put it in the woodshed, or behind the dining-room door, and once in a while you can limber it up with oil, and rub it down with chamouis skin.

Yes, the wheel is a great and glorious institution—and nobody disputes it. But there is a reverse side. Scientific men tell us that it is developing an entirely new class of diseases and that it is responsible for many deformities. There is the bicycle face, and the bicycle back, and the bicycle leg, and the bicycle a good many more evils. The hands they say, becomes coarse, the back crooks and stays crooked, the eyes protrude, and the face gets to wear constantly an expression of distress and anxiety.

But why need this be? There is no especial reason why any man should feel constrained to ride a certain number of miles in a certain number of minutes. It is not vitally important that you should ride ten miles in the same length of time that it

takes Mr. Smith to ride seven miles, is it? Why not be temperate in riding a wheel as well as in other things? There is no necessity of doubling up into a circle, with your chin on the handle bars, when you go out for a spin. You needn't saw away on the pedals as if your eternal salvation depended on the number of times a minute you could make your motive instigators flop up and down.

You needn't look wild when you hear another cyclist coming behind you, and use up all your breath in keeping ahead of him. What matter is it if he does go by, if he wants to? Don't ride with your mouth open. You can't secure the earth that way; and your throat will feel as if it had been shingled with sole leather if you continue the practice.

Don't look so distressed. As the photographers would tell you—"look pleasant and natural." There is no call for wearing an expression as if you thought that the whole world was conspiring against you.

If you are young and pretty, everybody will admire you on your wheel, and they will say "What an invention the bicycle is to be sure!" but if you are old and fat then you had better tell the young folks with all the dignity you can command, that "A horse and carriage are good enough for you," and refrain from mounting the silent steed.—Kate Thorn.

THIS IS A BIG SALMON YEAR.

Fish Are Swarming Up the Columbia and Fraser Rivers by Millions and Are Caught by Carloads.

Advices from the Fraser and Columbia Rivers, as well as from Alaska, indicate that this will be the largest salmon year within a quarter of a century.

The fish are running upstream literally in swarms; so close do they run, in fact, that a canoe paddled over the surface becomes an instrument of death killing hundreds of salmon in its passage. In the upper tributaries of the Fraser the crash is tremendous, and the certain result will be the practical damming up of these narrow mountain torrents with solid masses of dead fish. But, while the waste is expected to be very large, the canning output will also greatly exceed that of previous years.

It may confidently be asserted that British Columbia and Alaska will this year beat the record with their fish output. The conditions for salmon have rarely been so good and reports of a mammoth rush upstream come pouring in from the Northwest. It is stated that so tremendous is the influx of fish that hundreds are actually forced out of the water and into the boats.

John A. Fraser, R.C.A., the well known landscape painter, spent many years on his namesake river while preparing a series of views at the instance of the Canadian government. Asked concerning the fisheries he said:—"To begin with, boat fishing does not exist for more than a few miles above the delta of the Fraser. Beyond that point all fishing is done from the shore by men, and sometimes in exceptional years,

WITH THE AID OF HORSES.

"The net used differs largely from the seines used in Alaska. I can compare it to nothing better than a huge hammock slung by both ends to a pole. Night is the time for fishing operations. The men arrange among themselves for certain stretches of river. Below the delta line they cast their nets from boats with high platformed sterns. Further up, the river being un navigable on account of its fierce current and sunken rocks, they cast from the bank.

"Nobody who has not been in the Northwest can have any notion of the awful inrush of salmon during a very big year, like the present. A single illustration from my personal knowledge may suffice. On one occasion I crossed a tributary of the Fraser River literally over a bridge made of salmon. The fish were quite dead, and had begun to putrefy. It was quite easy for my Indian driver to take the horse and buggy across this extraordinary natural bridge, while I followed on foot.

"The night fishing is very picturesque. You see the dark figures of the fishermen standing in bold relief against the moonlight. Then high in air whirls the big net, sweeping at the end of its iron bound pole. Deftly, silently almost, it cuts into the swift current of the Fraser. There is a minute or two of waiting, and then, with a swish and a great scattering of spray, up comes the net, dank and dripping from the river, having described a rapid semicircle under water. Once more it is whirled across the moonlight, and this time keen eyes can see within its meshes the silver scales of the salmon wriggling and struggling for a freedom that is his no more. Then comes the quick blow of the killing club, and the dead fish is tossed into the creels."

The work of canning usually lasts about two months. The Chinese can clean about 1,000 fish in a day. Sometimes the canners turn out 75,000 cans in twenty-four hours.

MISTAKES ABOUT MOUNTAINS.

Ninety-nine people out of a hundred appear to be under the impression that Mount Blanc is in Switzerland, whereas it is wholly within the French frontier province of Haute Savoie. Next, Mount St. Elias is not the highest mountain in North America, but the peak, which is 15,111 feet higher, named after Sir William Logan, founder of the Canadian Geological Survey. And what is more, the assertion that both mountains are in British territory has been confirmed since 1887 by the Canada-Alaska boundary survey. And of another mountain—Ararat: The usual statement that this was the place on which Noah's Ark rested has no foundation in the Hebrew text, which reads: "On the mountains of Ararat." Ararat was the ancient name of a district in Eastern Armenia, and has been used for all Armenias.

THE FARM.

FALL PIGS AND HOW TO START THEM.

Just now there is a good deal said and written about two little litters a year, writes John M. Jamison. The second litter generally being termed the fall litter. It is generally understood that the first litter a sow farrows should be farrowed in the spring and this is right. We would not want to start a young sow with a fall litter because she would not have grass or other succulent foods to aid her in recuperating her run-down system after the litter was weaned. The best start then that can be given fall litters is to have good strong, aged sows for their mothers. In the latitude of south central Ohio pigs should not be farrowed later than the middle of October. If they are later than this they should be styled winter pigs, and the owner should be prepared to give them winter keep. Fall pigs farrowed in September can be started with less care, and weaned at less expense than March pigs, granting that the sows are large and strong, and in good flesh. The several litters should be farrowed as near the same time as possible; if not, to do well by them in winter they must be assorted and lotted according to size, and this every farmer is not prepared to do. During September there is nearly always sufficient pasture for the cows to get the grass needed to keep up the flow of milk, without the former feeding with the special care in that direction required in the spring. Then during the month of September and often during the whole of October, the scrupulous care is not required in regard to shelter that must be given during the early spring months. The fall pig can be given much more liberty than his spring brother. He can finish up the imperfect gleanings of the spring pig, which is more lazy and quiet because nearing market. We like to have good clover or bluegrass pasture for the fall pigs.

This fall we will have both, besides a rye field with the grain, volunteer rye and young clover, that we can use if we wish. With all these for the pigs to walk in, we will not have to give much attention to feeding soft foods till cold weather settles, and after we have our crops gathered and in store for winter. Neither will they require much corn to keep them round and plump. The farmer makes a serious blunder when he allows fall pigs to go into winter quarters in stock condition, as usually termed by feeders. Sows nearly always succeed better with fall than they do with the spring litters, because they have taken more exercise, have had grass, and their systems are cooler and more open. If the pigs farrowed in September can have an abundance of the green food mentioned, and what pumpkins they can eat, they will require but little grain. A limited allowance of new corn will line up the lean and put them in better shape to feel like playing when the frost and snow comes, rather than crawling away in shelter to keep warm. While we have all these toothsome things for the pig to induce him to feed himself, we must not forget the dam and her needs. We want her to be in good flesh, what some would call fat, when she farrows the pigs. Then we have a good foundation to start on and it should be our aim to keep the sow in good flesh. It is for the benefit of the pigs that we do it, and in the interest of our pocketbook. A pig gets but little nourishment pulling at a walking skeleton. The sow has the same feed that the pig has, but she should have more. It must be remembered that she furnishes the most desirable and nourishing food to her litter, and on this account should have extra attention and extra food. We have never been able to feed a sow with whole grain, and grasses so well that she would not run down in flesh as the pigs grew older, and their demands became greater. Consequently we have found it necessary to feed soft foods, something that is easily digested, and will encourage milk secretions. Middlings and bran have always suited us best for this, and besides the abundance of other foods that it is so easy to give in the fall, we feed liberally with this. The pigs are apt to get too much grain or carbonaceous food, and it is necessary that they have nitrogenous foods to balance the demands of their systems. This they get from the mother's milk, when she is well fed with middlings and bran. A pig farrowed early in September has two of the best months in the year to make a start in. And if the owner adds to this his skill in feeding the pig should go into winter strong and healthy, and make as much for the care given him as the spring pig that every farmer dotes on and tries to grow.

MAKING FAMILY CHEESE.

In making cheese by the dairymen at home, where they do not have a vat with a heating arrangement underneath, the milk can be heated in a tin heater set in a kettle, in which there is a quantity of water. A dairy kettle is the best, that is, a kettle and stove combined. If you do not have this, you can use a cauldron kettle, set in an arch, if there is draft enough so that it will not smoke, as the smoke would taint the milk; then by filling the tin heater with milk, and warming it up to about 100 degrees Fahr., and turning it in the vat and filling it up again and heating it, and continuing to do so until the temperature of the milk in the vat is 86 degrees Fahr., it could all be warmed. Then add rennet extract, reduced with one quart

of cold water, at the rate of three ounces to 1,000 pounds of milk, thoroughly stirred, so that it will be evenly distributed through the whole mass of milk, says George A. Smith in Farm Journal.

When the curd is hard enough so that it will cleave from the side of the vat when pressed away by laying the back of the hand upon it, cut it, using the perpendicular knife, and cut as even as possible. Then stir it until the whey begins to separate quite freely. Then dip off whey, and fill the tin heater, and warm up to about 100 degrees Fahr., and turn in the vat, and continue to do so, until the temperature is brought up to 98 degrees Fahr., at which point it should be kept until the curd becomes firm, and when squeezed up in the hand it will fall apart readily, and by taking and squeezing the moisture out of it, and touching it to a hot iron, it will draw out fine threads about one-half inch in length. Then draw off all the whey, and stir the curd until the whey is thoroughly drained out of it, and then stir in salt at the rate of two pounds of salt to 1,000 pounds of milk. Pile up the curd on the side of the vat, and cover up with a cloth, and let it remain about one hour, stirring it up occasionally, then put to press, and press lightly at first. In twenty-four hours the cheese may be taken out and a muslin bandage put about it. The cheese should be kept in a cool room, and be turned, and greased, and rubbed every day.

CHICKEN CHOLERA.

This is an exceedingly fatal contagious disease, which is widely distributed over this country, and causes enormous annual losses, especially in the central and southern sections. The first symptoms of the disease, say an exchange is, in the majority of cases, a yellow coloration of that part of the excrement which is usually white, quickly followed by violent diarrhoea and rise of temperature. Other common accompanying symptoms are drooping of the wings, stupor, lessened appetite, and excessive thirst. Since the disease is due to a specific germ, it can only be introduced into a flock by direct importation of this germ, generally by fowls from infected premises. As soon as the symptoms of the disease are observed "the fowls should be separated as much as possible and given restricted quarters, where they may be observed and where disinfectants can be freely used. As soon as the peculiar diarrhoea is noticed with any of the fowls, the birds of that lot should be changed to fresh ground and the sick ones killed. The infected excrement should be carefully scraped up and burned, and the inclosure in which it has been thoroughly disinfected with a one-half per cent. solution of sulphuric acid or a one per cent. solution of carbolic acid, which may be applied with an ordinary watering pot. Dead birds should be burned or deeply buried at a distance from the grounds frequented by the fowls. The germs of the disease are taken into the system only by the mouth, and for this reason the watering troughs and feeding places must be kept thoroughly free from them, by frequent disinfection with one of the solutions mentioned. Treatment of sick birds is not to be recommended under any circumstances. The malady runs its course, as a rule, in one, two, or three days, and it can only be checked with great difficulty.

VAGARIES OF GENIUS.

Some of the Marked Peculiarities of Men Well Known in History.

Macaulay, the historian, always used to eat his Sunday dinner alone and at a restaurant. When he had finished, he generally built up a pyramid of wine glasses, which he delighted to see topple over. When he left the restaurant he used to pay liberally for the broken glass as well as for the dinner.

Cowper, the poet, was a great hand for pets. At one time he possessed a squirrel, a cat, two dogs, several canary birds, a starling, a jay, a magpie, two guinea pigs, three hares and five rabbits.

Whenever the soldierly Duke of Epernay saw a hare it made him sick, and once he kept his bed for a week after one of these little animals touched him.

It is said that Rembrandt, the great artist, loved his pet monkey next to money; that he shed tears when the creature died and painted a portrait of it from memory.

Tradition hath it that Philip, the Duke of Burgundy, devoted much of his time to contriving trap doors in his house and grounds for the purpose of housing unwary strangers in water holes underneath them.

Cardinal Richelieu loved cats as much as he hated children. When he died his favorite Angora cat refused to eat, and soon died also.

When travelling, Handel, the composer, used to order dinner for three; if very hungry for five, and then eat the whole himself.

Pigs were the favorite pets of Harris, the poet. He used to teach them to follow him about and one of unusual intelligence he taught to drink beer out of a mug.

A NATURAL LAMB.

Oh, do look at that dear little lamb said Frances, on seeing a young lamb for the first time in her life.

Isn't it pretty? asked mammy. Yes, and it is so natural, too. It squeaks just like a toy lamb, and has the same sort of wool on its back.

BY THE ROADSIDE.

The trouble with your machine, said the scuffer in the buggy, probably is that it was tired when you started out.

Yes, sir, answered the cyclist by the roadside, still plying his air pump vigorously, but "it's getting its second wind."

NEWS OF MERRY ENGLAND.

ABOUT WHAT IS GOING ON IN THE MOTHER LAND.

Investigation Into the Money Lending System — Left his Money to his Nunservant—Odd Custom Observed at Dunmow.

The most incredible greed, rapacity and cruelty of the English usurer that the investigation of the present money-lending system by a special committee of the House of Commons has revealed is tending to bring these Shylocks into even more than ordinary disfavor. The other day, for instance, in the Lord Mayor's Court, Thos. Palmer, a money-lender, summoned James Brockinton, a mechanic, for the payment of eleven pounds two shillings and eight pence, the balance of a sum of thirteen pounds two shillings and eight pence, which had grown out of a loan of three pounds and ten shillings, and for which judgment had been previously recovered. Brockinton said that he had been ill and had been compelled to borrow the three pounds and ten shillings to support his family. He had already paid two pounds and four shillings, when Palmer brought an action against him that brought the debt with costs to thirteen pounds ten shillings and eight pence. The money lender admitted these circumstances, but said that the money was due to him, and he would leave it for the judge to say if he was not legally entitled to an order from the court enforcing payment. The judge was not without humor. He observed that while the law allowed money-lenders to charge what interest they liked, it also allowed what interest they exercised his discretion as to the order he should make for re-payment, wherewith he exercised that discretion by making an order for the payment of the eleven pounds ten shillings and eight pence by monthly instalments of sixpence, at which rate the payment will be extended over a period of thirty-seven years.

Considerable astonishment has been caused in military and social circles in Plymouth and Devonport by the announcement that Captain James, an old military officer and keen golfer, who died recently at an advanced age after many years' residence at Plymouth, has left the whole of his property, amounting to £10,000 together with his house and furniture, to his manservant, excluding his nearest relatives, a married sister and a nephew, who is a doctor in North Devonport. The terms of the will provide, however, that upon the death of this attendant, a portion of the money will go to some of his, Captain James', relatives; but as the lucky legatee is by no means old, these relatives' chances of deriving much benefit under this clause seem rather remote. Captain James had served in the Crimean war. He was never married, and lived alone, attended only by his manservant, who is an old soldier, and the latter's wife, until the wife died, when a niece succeeded her.

A few months ago a young Londoner was the confidential clerk to a millionaire, who was in failing health. In his will his employer was generous enough to devise him the whole of the property on the terms that a quarter of a million sterling was to be paid to the executors. The rich man died, and the clerk at once came into possession of a property worth nearly a million even on the most moderate estimate. A curious incident in connection with the bequest is that he was only confidential clerk for a short while, and that his predecessor would have come into the fortune had he not fallen ill during the distiller's last days. In fact, the deed prepared for the one did service for the other, with the single exception that the name was altered.

A peculiar action for slander and damage has been taken in the London courts. The plaintiff is the keeper of a pork pie shop in South London, and he alleges that the defendant—a trade rival—came into his establishment one Saturday evening when it was crowded with customers and flung down a dead cat on the counter, with the words "There, that makes the dozen!" The result was the immediate clearing of the shop, which has remained empty of customers ever since. Heavy damages will be claimed.

The old custom of presenting a fitch of bacon to couples who can swear that they have "never made nuptial transgressions since they were married man and wife" was observed at Dunmow the other day. Seven couples had put in a claim, but this number was weeded down to two. They were Mr. and Mrs. Josiah Lambert, of Medway Road, Islington, both septuagenarians, and Mr. and Mrs. George Taylor, of Great Leigh, near Chelmsford. Both couples were awarded a fitch.

The Countess of Carlisle, who has for some time past been acquiring public houses, in the vicinity of Naworth Castle, Cumberland, whenever the opportunity presented itself, has purchased by private contract, the old historic inn known as The Plough, at Banks, Lanercost. In almost every instance the property acquired has been turned into a temperance refreshment house on a more or less elaborate scale.

Orchid lovers will be interested in the details of a marvellous bouquet presented to the Queen by permission at Buckingham Palace. Over 50,000 orchids were grouped together in its composition, some of the spikes being almost priceless.

AVOIDING RISKS.

Gladys—Papa's going to give us a check at the wedding instead of a present, Tom.

Tom—All right, we'll have the ceremony at high noon then, instead of at 4 o'clock.

Gladys—Why, what for dear?

Tom—Banks close at 3.