

A SULKY WITH ONE WHEEL

THE TROTTER HORSE MAY COVER A MILE IN TWO MINUTES.

It is Fitted With a Pneumatic Tire—Driver John Kelly Talks About the New Sulky but Doubts Whether it Will Be a Success—It May Be Seen on the Tracks Next Season.

A one-wheel bicycle sulky is a possibility of the 1895 trotting season. Should it fulfil the hopes of its inventors the light harness horse will undoubtedly pass the long-anticipated two-minute mark. If, as it is claimed, the one-wheel will be as much faster over the ordinary bicycled sulky as that invention was over the high-wheel type, a straight trotting or pacing record under two minutes may be expected.

The new sulky has a pneumatic-tire wheel, with a high seat resembling the ordinary bicycle seat in its mechanism. It is attached by solid steel rods to the shafts. The traces are short and the shafts are given no play at all, so the wheel will run smoothly and be as easy to ride as an ordinary sulky. There is no danger of the hoofs striking the wheel, and it is claimed that the sulky helps the horse to keep an even and well-balanced gait. The axle has ball-bearings, like a bicycle.

John Kelly, the well-known track driver, gave some particulars about the new sulky.

"Two or three inventors are figuring on a one-wheel pneumatic sulky," said Mr. Kelly. "In 1892 the pneumatic sulkies spread over the country like wildfire, and the result was that nearly every trotting and pacing record was reduced. The

HE WAS A STAYER.

An Englishman Who Wasn't Going to be Scared Off a Volcano by a Mere Eruption.

Advice by the Australian steamship Miowers give news that the adventurous young Englishman named Carr, who it is quite possible may be Lieut. Seton-Karr the most adventurous mountain climber and pioneer of the British Geographical Society, narrowly escaped destruction in a whirlwind of steam, cinders, and stones preceding the deluge of lava emitted by old Ruapehu, New Zealand's famous volcano, late in March. Eruptions still continue intermittently, and the sky for hundreds of miles has been fiery red for weeks. Carr is now at Auckland Hospital, recovering from injuries received in his strange adventure.

He had started with two guides and provisions for ten days' exploration of the five peaks forming the crest of Ruapehu and fencing its famous crater lake. He got half way up the mountain side, when his progress was greatly retarded by a fresh fall of snow, a most unusual thing at this season. The guides expressed themselves as totally unable to understand the phenomenon, and it was decided to camp on the mountain and await developments. The party had not long to wait. From 28 degrees the mercury rose within four hours to 76; the snow disappeared, and earthquakes added their rumblings in the heart of the mountains to swell the mysterious feature of the night. The guides hourly became



THE SULKY WITH ONE WHEEL.

pneumatic sulky was so close to the bicycle in its construction that it naturally set inventors calculating to adopt the bicycle in some way as a racing contrivance to be drawn by the horse. A one-wheel sulky seemed to be the ideal generally decided on.

"I have examined some queer contrivances. One Buffalo chap showed me a one-wheel sulky fashioned of barrel hoops and string, a rough-looking device, but it showed he had the main idea all right. The principle is a small rubber tire wheel, hitched close to the horse, with the driver's seat well forward, so that his feet will be on either side of the horse's quarters.

"It is claimed that when the horse is speeding the wheel, horse and man will be so perfectly balanced by the rigid shafts and the forward seat, as to make a perfect union. The inventors claim that there will be no danger of an upset or of the horse being thrown out of his stride at the turns; in fact, that it will increase the speed of both trotters and pacers fully two or three seconds to the mile.

"Personally," concluded Mr. Kelly, "I am rather skeptical about the advantages claimed. But I don't want to deny the merits of the new idea flatly, for I remember how the two-wheeled pneumatic sulky upset all the old notions of trotting-horse drivers. To my mind two wheels are needed to balance the horse, especially on the turns. At present the rubber tires run so smoothly that the horse has no friction to overcome, and is practically not handicapped by the weight of the driver. At the turns the driver's weight, however, counteracts the slight tendency to swerve of the pneumatic wheels, an important point, and at all times the action of the horse is unimpeded by tight harness or the closeness of the sulky. I cannot endorse the one-wheel idea until I have tried it.

"The outlook is that at the present rate of speed progression we will see the two-minute harness horse in a few seasons. I am willing to keep on trying for the record in the two-wheeled sulky, without taking any chances."

A number of patents covering one-wheel sulkies have been filed at Washington, and if the inventors are not too sanguine of success they will be seen on the tracks next season. Whether the speed is increased or not it will be interesting to see the experiments tried.

Well-Disciplined Soldiers.

In Altona, Germany, a private soldier, on being relieved from his duty as a sentinel, went up with firm tread to the officer in command and reported himself as having committed suicide. Sure enough, on inspection he was found to have a bullet-hole, beginning at the left nipple and ending underneath his shoulder-blade. Thirty minutes later he was dead. Lieut. von Osten-Sacken, of the hussars, while testing new weapons on the estate of a cousin, accidentally shot himself, and the physician told him he had but one hour longer to live. The young officer sat down, wrote a minute report of the accident to the Colonel of his regiment, then made his last will very calmly, bequeathing a number of mementoes over to personal friends, and then tranquilly expired.

She Got Even.

Miss Pretty (with scathing sarcasm)—You seem to prefer the company of youths much younger than yourself.
Miss Beauty (with outlying severity)—Yes I am not so anxious to marry as some girls I know.

more uneasy, and entreated Carr to break camp and descend before the eruption, which they anticipated would overwhelm them.

"You think the mountain will give fireworks for our benefit, do you?" was Carr's comment. "This is glorious; we will not disappoint old Ruapehu of his audience." But the guides were not so enthusiastic, and finally announced that they were going, whether he would or not.

"Very good," was Carr's reply, "I will stay." Then he paid them their wages for the portion of the trip only that they had actually performed. They hastily retraced their steps, and the very next day showers of mud, which invariably precede active eruptions, commenced. The guides decided that their late employer must be overwhelmed, and great was their surprise two days later to be rejoined by him at the base of the mountain. He was scolded from head to foot; his left arm was broken, and there were bruises and cuts on every part of his body where he had been struck by stones which rained from the mountain top.

Hardly had the party reconnected when the eruption proper commenced, and for days the sight was a magnificent though awful one. Ruapehu first sent a great column of steam like a geyser many thousand feet in the air. Then there was a pause. The steam ceased and was replaced by smoke and ashes which continued to belch forth for many hours. Ruapehu is 9,000 feet high, and one of the most rugged and picturesque mountains in the Southern Sea. Crowned by feathery columns of smoke and ashes, through which at times midnight rainbows played, its aspect from sea during an eruption was at once terrifying, magnificent, and indescribably beautiful.

Since the eruption Carr ascended on the west side, which had hardly been affected at all, owing to continued wind from that quarter, and it has been found that the famous crater lake has entirely disappeared, having been literally blown out and replaced by a bubbling field of lava, the depth of which cannot be estimated. The great mountain is now clear of snow for the first time since the memorable eruption of 1836, when Tararua, too, showed a grand pyrotechnic display. The later mountain also promises to repeat its performance on the present occasion.

Wall Paper Measuring.

Measure the length and height of each wall in feet and multiply. Add together the number of square feet of each wall, getting total number of square feet. Divide this total by 36, which will give you the number of pieces required for the side walls. Allow one half piece of paper for each door and window. To allow for waste in matching it is safer to divide by 33 instead of 36. To find the number of pieces required for ceiling multiply length by width, in feet, and divide by 33.

Suppose a room to be five yards long by four yards wide, which nets 18 yards around the room. This is equal to 36 half yards or breadths of paper. For each door or window allow two breadths. Our example room, having two doors and one window, we allow six breadths, which brings us down to 30 breadths. The room being nine feet high, we divide by five, which gives us a result of six double or twelve single pieces. For a room seven feet high divide by six; for a room eight feet high divide by five; for a room 10 or 11 feet high, divide by four.

ITINERANTS OF LONDON.

IN THE VERY HEART OF THE WORLD'S METROPOLIS.

Talk with a Blind Bible Reader—An Enterprising Bootblack—Stroll Into Whitechapel, Which Vomits Forth Its Sneaky Monsters Over London Every Night—Scenes in the East End.

Charing Cross, in the very heart of London! No long introduction to the reader, telling how or when we got here. The fact that we are here and the curious scenes of this busy pell-mell will, it is hoped, prove of greater interest, says a London letter. Perhaps the reader expects a comparative comment on the bustling crowds of this human bee-hive, the police protection at street crossings, etc. We will overlook all that. Municipal philosophy is more apropos away from this card-sharpening pandemonium. In this labyrinthian humdrum one longs for the peaceful, the isolated. Amid all this turmoil there sits a very old man, wrinkled, bald, and white-bearded, seemingly unmindful of the exorcising screeches of the newsboys, the rumble of the heavy wagons and cars, and the blasphemy of the drivers. It is Old Jim, the blind Bible reader. Aaron, with his Urim and Thummim, could not have looked more miserable. Only on Jim's breastplate are not the ten tribes of Israel impressed. It announces that the bearer is blind, but that this misfortune does not prevent him from reading you the contents of any page you give him the number of. The old man assures you that he makes no charges. A little tin cup, however, next to the Bible, which is conspicuously empty, makes an appeal which you cannot withstand.

"There was a time when I could read this precious book, young man," he says, "but it did not go much further than the eyes then. The good Lord has taken my sight from me so that I might read His word with my soul. How am I able to give the contents of each page? Well, it is a long story much of which would not interest you.

THE LIGHT OF DAY

was not extinguished for me at once. First, the long weeks of fever, and then day by day, for months, found my sight growing weaker. An unaccountable desire to read the precious truths of life overcame me and conscious of the fate awaiting me, my spiritual thirst seemed insatiable. Now my girl also reads for me and I know the contents of every page of my old Bible. I learned later that my old friend is the oracle of all the newsboys and peddlers of Charing Cross.

At Somerset House, where there is a constant stream of men and women of every vocation imaginable, all laden with legal documents, contracts, leases, mortgages, etc., to be stamped, a young Israelite has planted himself who is doing a thriving business with small stationery, pocket knife-knives, and spectacles. A strange combination, but he evidently knows the wants of his clients. Men and women who carry documents must have spectacles.

But what attracts our attention more than anything else is an odd-looking bootblack stand under the shadow of the St. Paul Cathedral. The stand is almost too small for one sign, but it has half a dozen. Most conspicuous of all is a placard with the royal coat of arms, on which is printed in large letters:

PATRONIZED BY H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

The royal-favored owner of the stand was asked how he came to be entitled to the use of the name of the Prince of Wales. In reply there came a volley of incoherent reminiscences. His experiences were as manifold as the wares in his stall. He has been a sailor, a waiter, an actor, a broker; and he distinguished himself in each profession. There are medals, some of fabulous origin, wherever you look. He sells peanuts, matches, candies and oranges. On his sign No. 4 one reads:

PIMTEGO
CARPETS TAKEN UP
BEAT AND
RELAID.
WINDOWS
CLEANED ON THE
SHORTEST
NOTICE
APPLY AT THE MAN AT
THE STAND.

What an army of itinerants in London. As in all other metropolitan centres, the sale of wares is but a cloak for mendicacy. A little woman, hump-backed and crippled, drags a large basket of almost withered flowers. A singular analogy. You have no heart for the flowers, but you feel that you must contribute to the prolongation of her miserable existence, though you long for the miraculous power of an apostle, so she might walk erect, healed in body and soul.

Another cripple of the opposite sex has a donkey and cart, and drives lazily along the streets selling matches, and you buy of him, even if the cupboard is stocked with them.

There is an agreeable distinction between the proletarian merchants of London and those of the Continental capitals. Their colleagues in Paris, Naples and Berlin will importune you in most vulgar fashion, and if you withhold your patronage you are not seldom the victim of wealthy imprecations. It is quite the opposite here.

Charing Cross dies out in the afternoon. Business men go home to West End, the wealthy to the suburbs and the masses to THE EAST END.

in the East End, in Whitechapel, the hotbed of English crime and misery. Their business is not thriving in Charing Cross. The well-to-do Londoner thinks it beneath his dignity to halt at their stands and gaze. Now, however, on the "dinner-pail" roads, they find willing spectators and many customers. Here near a corner stands a man who has improvised a miniature circus. Mortal enemies from the animal world have been reconciled by this crafty trainer. White mice crawl upon perpendicular yardsticks and draw small carts, and play hide and seek around a large cat. The latter is made to perform almost canine feats, and birds draw fortune planets, and all for half a penny. The audience is large, appreciative and generous.

Art also has her votaries here. An Italian kneads bust portraits out of clay in the presence of his customers. It is a tedious and lengthy process, and but few have time to study the merits of his art. It is hoped that his work is more laudable than the efforts of a horse tender on the opposite side of the street, who sings Troubadour arias to the accompaniment of an asthmatic organ. Scotch dancers display their odd terpsichorean antics.

Italians, with their dark beauties as dancers and singers; Spaniards, as fortune tellers; Moors and Arabians, as turners and acrobats. Yet here in London they all seem to have assumed a certain—well, let us call it dignity. They and their patrons are conscious of one thing. The principal thing of the whole business is "business," money-making, and on this principle all men are equal, whatever their profession. They please the public and the public pays them for it. Voila tout!

It grows later and darker. From the end of the street comes

THE MUSIC OF A PIANO.

A small instrument and a player on a piano stool, both on a small cart. Not so much discord this time in the sounds of the waltzes. Not a smooth hall floor, either, but the young people whirl gracefully—only a farthing for a round. Violin notes around the corner! An itinerant concert by three girls and a boy—it is one of the numerous "little German bands." I had the pleasure to interview the leader, apparently a very sensible young man. The father had been injured as engineer on a steamship and had settled in London with the little ones. Among the middle-class of Germany it is still believed that it is a light thing to make money in London. Light for some, but the majority live from hand to mouth.

"Father," said the boy, "lies home very sick and he now is compelled to send us out to play for the people. It is a good thing that we all took lessons on the violin when we were well off in Berlin."

Still further in the East End. Loud laughter and louder handclapping greet us as we turn another corner. A negro has drawn a target on a wall, and with sure, steady aim, throws long canes with nails on the ends in the crescent. Numerous small bets are made, in which the African does not join. He is content to pass the hat and gather his pennies. For desert he serves one of his droll minstrel songs to the tune of his banjo, meanwhile indulging in some seemingly impossible musical and physical contortions. But his audience is not as genteel as those we met earlier in the evening. Questionable characters dot the crowd, pickpockets and swarthy physiognomies—candidates for the gallows. Whitechapel has begun to vomit its sneaky monsters over London, and the night covers with its black veil the good and the evil, the righteous and the unrighteous.

TWO LOST LETTERS.

Curious Ways in Which Letters May Be Lost or Mislaid.

An English merchant was advised by his agent that a check for six hundred pounds would be sent to him by the next mail. It did not come, and the merchant at once made complaint at the post-office. The postman on that route was called in by the postmaster, and in answer to questions said that the missing packet was duly received and delivered. He remembered it distinctly—its shape, color and postmark. As his habit was, he had poked it under the house door, with two other letters and a newspaper. The merchant's wife had picked up three packets, and was positive there had not been a fourth.

The postmaster went to the house and examined it carefully. Then he looked into the back garden. His eye lighted on a litter of puppies. A thought struck him.

"Have the dog-kennel cleared out, please."
"Nonsense! Why?"
"Kindly have it cleared."
"Well, if it must be. Thomas, take out the straw."

On the floor of the kennel, torn into a hundred bits, lay the missing letter and check. A current of air along the passage had blown the letter about; the puppies, naturally enough, had pounced upon it as a plaything, and had had a good time.

Mr. Baines, who tells this story in his "Forty Years at the Post-Office," adds another equally good. A merchant complained of the loss of a letter mailed from his office, containing some hundreds of pounds in Bank of England notes. Finally an expert from the Post-Office Department called upon him.

"Believe me, sir," the expert said: "I have an object in what I ask. Will you kindly sit at your desk and recall each operation connected with the missing letter?"

"With pleasure. I sit here. I take a sheet of this note-paper and one of those covers. Then I write my letter and fold it up so. Next I go to my safe and take out the notes, enter numbers, fold them, put them in the letter, and the letter into the cover. Then I seal them all up as you now see me do."

"Just so; and what next?"
"Why, my clerk comes in and clears off my desk for the post."

"But you wrote this one at noon, and the post does not go out before night."
"Oh yes, of course. I quite forgot to say that a money letter, for greater security, I put in a left hand drawer."

"Which one?"
"Which? Why, this one. I open it so, and I—Bless my soul! Goodness me! I am very sorry for all the trouble I've given. Here is the letter!"

ROBERT L. STEVENSON'S BURIAL

Mrs. Stevenson Tells of His Interment on the Top of the Mountain Vaia.

Mrs. Stevenson reached San Francisco from Samoa on the steamship Mariposa the other morning, accompanied by her son, Lloyd Osborne, and her daughter, Mrs. Isabel Strong. In response to the question whether her late husband left instructions as to what should be done with his unpublished manuscripts, Mrs. Stevenson said:

"He was out of health so many years that scarcely a day passed that he did not anticipate the end, and he told me many things. He also kept in close touch with such friends as he desired to perform certain tasks. His death, however, was very sudden and unexpected, for he had enjoyed better health for a longer period than at any time in his life. If he had contemplated leaving special instructions he was thus deprived of the chance of doing so, but we knew what he wanted, and we executed his ante-mortem commands."

"Was the interment on the mountain peak in accordance with his desires?"

"Yes. Vaia peak, a bold, precipitous, volcanic formation that rises to a height of 1,400 feet, was the final resting place he had selected. Some newspapers, indeed nearly all of them, named another mountain, but he is at rest on the summit of Vaia."

"How far is Vaia from Mr. Stevenson's late home?"

"It is on our estates. It rises almost perpendicularly right in front of our house."

"Is it difficult of ascent?"
"Very. Only natives accustomed to mountain climbing from their infancy can reach its summit without great labour and exhaustion. Only three white men have accomplished the task, and one of these is dangerously ill from the effects of the exhaustion that he suffered."

"Was it not a difficult task to carry Mr. Stevenson's coffin up that precipitous height?"

"It seemed an impossible task, but forty resolute and sturdy Samoans accomplished it after a journey that was full of peril. They carried the coffin shoulder high with such consummate skill that they did not shake it once during the trip. They had it so arranged for their progress that when one fell—and many did fall—another took his place, so that the march upward did not meet with a single delay. Many white men who knew and loved Mr. Stevenson set out with the pall bearers, intent upon joining in the simple religious services that were to be conducted on the summit of the mountain before the coffin was lowered into the grave, but only two of their number were successful. One of these has not yet recovered from the terrible exhaustion that overcame him when he had scaled the height."

"Then you have never visited your husband's grave?"

"Yes, I have."

"You climbed the mountain?"
"I ascended it," was Mrs. Stevenson's reply. "The natives cut out a path for me. They set steps in the rocks and, after infinite labor, made it possible for me to ascend to the grave. It was an act of touching devotion the memory of a beloved friend that deserves to be recorded in history."

"Of course," Mrs. Stevenson went on, "I had to be assisted, but if the path had not been cut for me it would have been impossible to have reached that height. The day I ascended Vaia hundreds of natives went with me. They came from every island of the Samoan group, and among them were many celebrated chiefs, who had known and loved Mr. Stevenson during his life. The women brought flowers in such abundance that they were strewn along the side of the mountain from base to summit, and these they threw into the grave. One woman, a devoted creature who had received some kindness from Mr. Stevenson's hand, brought a little tin cross that possessed a value in the eyes of the simple natives far greater than its real intrinsic worth. This cross was not flung into the grave with the flowers and others offerings, but was planted over it, and I did not have the heart to disturb it. The manner in which the cross was offered was very touching."

"Is there a monument over the grave?"

"Only the monument of rocks reared by the natives and the little tin cross surmounts these."

Very Much Out of Place.

No limit has ever been found to the uses of a small boy's pocket. One day at school a little girl put up her hand to attract attention.

Teacher, Johnny's got a caterpillar!
Johnny was of course called to the desk, made to surrender the cherished possession, and sent to his seat with a reprimand. In about two minutes the same small hand waved in the air again, and the same small voice complained:

Teacher, Johnny's got another caterpillar!

A second surrender of the caterpillar and a second admonition followed.

Hardly had silence once more settled over the room, when a frantic waving of the hand was followed by a perfect shriek of dismay:

Teacher, Johnny's got a whole pocketful of caterpillars!

This time the teacher's dismay equalled her pupil's, and Johnny was promptly sent home with his brood of strange pets.

Fishes That Cannot Swim.

More than one species of fish is met with which cannot swim, the most singular of which, perhaps, is the maltha, a Brazilian fish, whose organs of locomotion only enable it to crawl, or walk, or hop, after the manner of a toad, to which animal this fish to some extent bears a resemblance, and it is provided with a long, upturned snout. The anterior (pectoral) fins of the maltha, which are quite small, are not capable of acting on the water, but can only move backward and forward, having truly the form of thin paws. Both these and the ventral and anal fins are very different from the similar fins in other fishes, and could not serve for swimming at all. Other examples of non-swimming fishes include the sea-horse, another most peculiarly shaped inhabitant of the sea, which resembles the knight in a set of chessmen; and the starfish, of which there are many specimens, which mostly walk and crawl on the shore or rocks, both being unable to swim.