

# LIFE ON THE WHEEL.

## HUMOROUS INCIDENTS AND OBSERVATIONS OF THE LATEST CRAZE.

**Mr. Blaque Gives His Wife a Lesson, and She Is Surprised That He Can Ride So Well Until It Is Explained—The Duplicity of Man.**

Two bicycles stood in front of the Blaque mansion, and the neighbors knew that Mr. and Mrs. Blaque were to make their debut as riders that evening. Before they had watched long the door opened, and Mr. Blaque appeared.

"Now, then, come along," he was saying. "It's easy enough when you grasp the principle. Why don't you come along?"

"Oh, Harold, I'm ashamed in this skirt. Do come and tell me"—

"I've told you 16 times already that it looks well enough, and that nobody will pay half as much attention to it as you do."

"But, Harold, the skirt is so short."

"Go up stairs, then, and put on a long one."

"The ideal! I couldn't ride in a long skirt. I suppose you think my tea gown would do."

"I think that I am going to ride. You may do as you please."

"Oh, Harold, dear, wait. What if you were to fall and break your neck, and I not there? Oh, I wonder if it isn't too windy to ride today."

"Of course it isn't. Now, you settle yourself firmly in the saddle, grasp the handle bar lightly and"—

"Oh, Harold, where did you ever learn so much?"

"I just put my common sense to work. Why don't you put your foot"— But his pupil was a heap on the sidewalk.

"You moved just as I was going to get on," she cried as soon as she could get her breath.

After one more trial she was seated and grasping the handle bar. "Oh, isn't it splendid!" she gasped. "I just know I can—oh-h!"

As her husband picked her up she exclaimed: "They've sold you a damaged wheel, Harold Blaque. That's what they've done! It isn't even and it never will stand firm. Oh, is that horrid Mrs. Flyers watching me? If she is, I won't ride any more."

"Never you mind Mrs. Flyers. She can ride like 60 herself."

"Humph, if that little ninny could learn I guess I can. What must I do with my"—

That was the worst fall yet, and she didn't catch her breath for a full minute. Then she gasped: "Break it gently to mamma, Harold. I'm dying. I owe the butcher \$20, and I wore your—your best white tie last evening and spilled"—

"The Vansmith girls are watching you from their upper window," broke in her husband sternly.

"Oh, dear, is my hat all crushed in? I wish I had tried to ride in my old dress anyhow."

The next time, by their combined efforts, she was able to ride at least six feet, and she was planning a spin to Evanston and back when the collapse came. Then she sat down to nurse her bruises, while her husband gave her an object lesson.

"I'm just sure your wheel is better than mine," she groaned as he mounted, "but, oh, what a genius you must be to ride so well the very first time."

"Oh, I just put my whole mind to it, and it is not at all difficult!" was the modest reply.

But just then a passing wheelman called: "Hello, Blaque! Doing yourself proud, ain't you? Why, the last time I saw you on a wheel at the riding school I thought you'd kill yourself and the instructor too."

And that night as Mrs. Blaque's bruises became more painful she had a great deal to say about the duplicity of man.—Chicago Times-Herald.

## He's Going to Have a Wheel.

Of all the great inventions  
Of this enlightened age  
The greatest is the bicycle,  
And it is all the rage.  
There's many a queer contrivance—  
I don't know which is best—  
But just give me a cycle,  
And you may have the rest.

The telephone and printing press  
Are handy in their way,  
But they can't hold a candle  
To the cycle of today.  
The engine and the telegraph  
Both would be sadly missed,  
But if you want to have a time  
The cycle heads the list.

They're used by people great and small  
And people of all sorts,  
The doctors and the ministers,  
The lawyers and the sports,  
The crooks and cranks are riding them,  
The politicians too,  
The highwaymen of Hongkong  
And tramps of Kalamazoo.

The ladies even use them  
And wear divided skirts,  
The girl upon her cycle  
Off with her lover flirts.  
Staid matrons look askance at her  
And fain would stop the show  
Of neat propelling feet and limbs  
As maidens come and go.

Although I am not one of these  
A cycle I will get,  
But as I'm short of ready cash  
I don't know how just yet.  
I'll beg or beat or borrow,  
Do anything but steal,  
I'll peddle, or I'll speculate—  
I'm bound to have a wheel.

I may be very foolish,  
Some say I am "dead wrong,"  
But I will face the universe  
In this, my solemn song.  
No doubt I'll take a tumble  
—I may perhaps get hurt,  
But I'll have a cycle if  
I have to sell my shirt.

—Chicago Record.

## She Draws the Line.

"Bloomers!" echoed the society leader.

"I can't bear the sight of them! They are shockingly immodest!"

"May I ask you, madam," pursued the interviewer, "whether you think"—

"You must really excuse me now, Mr. Faber," she interrupted. "I have a matinee engagement and I don't want to miss the ballet."—Chicago Tribune.

## A Fest.

"I don't for the life of me see how you can uphold bloomers," said the conservative man.

"I suppose not," said the stuffy girl.

"The suspenders had been out of date more than two years."—Indianapolis Journal.

## Warnings.

"Mother, may I go out to bike?"

"Yes, my darling daughter,  
But when you reach the Schuykill pike  
Don't tumble in the water,  
For if you do you'll get a fall  
With a melancholy thud,  
And then yourself, your bike and all  
Will be a wad of mud."

—Philadelphia Inquirer.

## HOW HE LOST HER.

But the Old Man Was Lenient and Allowed Him Another Year.

I sat on the doorstep of Dan Winters' cabin, about half way up the Cumberland mountains, and Dan himself was sitting beside me, when a young man called Jim came along and halted to say:

"Look a-ye, Dan Winters, I'm a plumb up and down man."

"Yes, I reckon yo' ar'," replied Dan.

"What I sez I sez, and what I sez I means."

"Yes, that's yo', Jim. Got anything to say jess about now?"

"I hev. I'm in luv with yo'r gal Belinda."

"Shoo! In luv with Belinda, eh?"

"And I want to marry her."

"Waal?"

"Waal, Dan Winters, yo've bin a-blowin' around that a feller has got to lay yo' on yo'r back befo' he kin marry yo'r gal. That's what I've cum fur—to flop yo' down so quick that it'll make yo'r ha'r curl."

"Yo' can't do it, Jim," replied Dan as he stood up and moistened his hands.

"If I lay yo', Belinda is mine?"

"She ar', Jim. She's yo'r's till death."

"Then come out and be flopped."

There was a clear space in front of the door, and the pair took hold and proceeded to business. The struggle was a brief one, however. In less than 60 seconds Dan got his favorite hold, and Jim was lifted high in the air and then almost driven into the earth. He was unconscious for seven or eight minutes, and when he revived he got up and leaned against the cabin in a dazed way and slowly asked:

"Dan Winters, ar' I a flopped man?"

"Yes, yo' ar'," was the reply.

"And I've lost Belinda?"

"Lost her furever, Jim."

"Dan, woi't yo' gimme another chance about six months from now?"

"What's to happen then?"

"Why, I'll go out and find a b'ar and wrestle with him, and I'll find a hurricane and tussle with it, and I'll diskliver an airtquake and put fo' th all my strength, and if I can't come back y'er in six months and stand yo' on yo'r pesky gal then I'll hido in the woods till I've hated myself to death."

Dan said he'd give him a year and then break his neck in the flop, and Jim limped away in search of his b'ar and so forth.

—Detroit Free Press.

## Criticised.



"Of course I will, but it's a pity that fellow couldn't spell."—Life.

## Beyond Repair.

He entered the agency agitated and perturbed.

"Isn't this the firm I bought a machine of," he asked.

"Yes, sir, it is," replied the salesman.

"Well, didn't your man leave this card?"

Keep This In Sight.  
If Your Typewriter Goes Wrong Let Us Know.

"Yes, sir. What can we do for you?"

"That's just what I came to find out. My typewriter has copped with a chewing gum drummer."

And he sat mopping his head with his handkerchief while they gently broke it to him that they could do nothing for him under the circumstances.—New York World.

## Martha's Tan.

A little girl 5 years old, who has just been down to Kennebunkport on a visit, returned nicely browned by the sun and wind. This little girl has a firm friend to whom she is greatly devoted in a coal black woman named Martha, long a faithful servitor in the family of a neighbor. She went to see Martha after her return and called Martha's attention proudly to her tan.

"Yes, I see, honey," said Martha.

"You're gittin' pretty black. If you keep on, pretty soon you gwine ter git as black as me."

The little girl looked at her with wide open eyes.

"Marfa," said she, "you must have tanned awful fast when you was a little dirl."—Boston Transcript.

## Left to His Fate.

Some Frenchmen were boasting of their "affairs of honor," when one of them, a Marsellais, declared that he had inflicted upon an antagonist the most dreadful fate that a duellist had ever met. "How was it?" asked everybody. "I was at a hotel, and I chanced to insult a total stranger. It turned out that he was a fencing master. 'One or the other of us,' he declared, in fearful wrath, 'will not go out of this room alive! So let it be!' I shouted in response, and then I rushed out of the room, locked the door behind me, and left him there to die!"

## Something New In Crime.

A stalwart colored man, wearing clothes of a decidedly clerical cut, struggled into police headquarters the other day with a little dirl in tow.

"What's up?" asked Detective Mack, springing up from his seat.

"I charge this man with highway robbery," said the big dorky.

"Where was it committed?"

"In my residence, sah."—Buffalo Courier.

## A Departure.

"I guess," said the man with a political boom, "that it's time for me to attract some attention; to show a little originality and bring myself into the popular mind on a conspicuous footing."

"How are you going to do it?" inquired his wife.

"I'll go away from home and admit to the newspaper men that my visit has some political significance."—Washington Star.

## Not For Him.

"How did you like that cheap hotel you talked about last spring?"

"First rate. Cheapest place I ever knew."

"But your wife says it was the most miserable place she ever saw."

"Oh, I didn't spend my vacation there!"—Life.

## Methodical to the Last.

Old Bachelor (dictating his will to a lawyer)—To my housekeeper I bequeath 5,000 marks, from which there is, however, to be deducted the sum of 4½ pence for a dish that she broke last week.—Schöne Blaus Donau.

# FASHIONS

## SUMMER GOWNS.

Distinguishing Features of This Season's Toilets—Bright Colors Much Worn.

Nothing can now be too ornamental or gay. In New York, as in Paris, modistes are making up dresses and bonnets in the brightest of colors which a year or two ago would have been considered the acme of bad taste. Bright mauve, bright blue, every color of the rainbow united in one hat and bonnet—these are the distinguishing features of the modern fashionable woman and those who copy her. Amid all the garish colors of this season of 1895 the passion for black and white is quite a relief, and some charming toilets of this combination are being worn. A popular material for costumes is alpaca, either white or colored. Gray is in much favor. White gowns of various materials, thick and thin, will again characterize the mid-



FOR DAY WEAR. FOR EVENING WEAR. summer season. For the seaside are stunning costumes of white seersucker and crepon, with plain skirts and silk-lined reefers jackets or open blazers.

White and colored piques are quite as popular as duck for thick cotton gowns, and the coats of these are either short blazers, with full fluted basques six or seven inches below the waist, or the still shorter Eton coat, which reaches only to the belt, made with wide square collars. Materials for thin dresses come in greater variety than ever and are prettily made over lawn and a colored percaline. Many swiss and dimity gowns are made, like gingham, without any lining at all. Dark colored swiss and organdie, flowered in bright yet soft colors, are made over taffeta silk and trimmed with cream lace and satin ribbon. The skirts of these thin gowns are gored enough to flare well out at the foot and have the godet effect in the back.

A pretty bodice for day wear is notable for the turquoise embroidery and trimming introduced on the black brocaded revers and the lower portion of the sleeve, which is carried up in a point on the front of the large puff. This is new and singularly pretty. It is fastened with large buttons, and the points, which take the place of a basque, are becoming to those who are not too slender. The full front and collar band, with its extending bow, are made in light blue silk or chiffon to match the turquoise embroidery. In a bodice suited to evening wear ribbon is carried round the neck and thence downward to the rosettes on the front of the bodice, a



A FRENCH GOWN. treatment which has not before been seen, and the aigrets of lace that form the epaulets, matching the lace vest, have a dressy appearance, while the full sleeves, with a pagoda cuff, have much to recommend them.

A stylish French gown for day wear is to be remarked for the make of the skirt, and the pretty triple band of ribbon thereon, repeated on the large puff to the upper portion of the sleeves, which are shorter than of late. The cape of lace and muslin on the shoulders, the soft crape front, with its rosette and double ends of ribbon, opening to show the V shaped trimming at the neck, are all tasteful. It is made in pale yellow pompadour chine silk, with tiny black spots and rosebuds.

## Children's Bonnets.

Little children are furnished this season with picturesque sunbonnets, having wide full frills of swiss edged with lace or embroidery; if the bonnet is of pique, around the face, tapering down narrow at the chin and double, full, straight capes at the back. Loops of half inch gauze ribbons, in pale pink and blue are the outside decoration.

## Trimnings For White Gowns.

Velvet in the fashionable colors—golden brown, lettuce green, dark crimson and heliotrope—obtains for folded collars, cuffs and belts. They are put on with long stitches, easily removed, and the gown may have many different sets, making it appear like a different costume by the change of decoration.

## Fashion Echoes.

Sleeves are smaller and drop now from the shoulder.

With small hats, black veils with small spots are worn. With large hats white veils with applications of lace or plain black tulle.

Favorite materials for midsummer gowns are swiss muslin, plain or embroidered, duck, linen, mull and white zephyr, this last being used almost exclusively for simple morning gowns.

The dancing frocks and dressy toilet of the unmarried women are marked this season by an air of unwonted simplicity.

White parasols are exceedingly popular. The present-favor for materials for underwear is divided between white chine silk and white batiste.

## BEAUTIFUL KATHRINE CLEMMONS.

A Romance in the Early Life of Howard Gould's Fiancee.

Miss Kathrine Clemmons, whose engagement to Howard Gould is reported, is an actress who has been industriously boomed by Buffalo Bill, her financial backer, and it is shrewdly suspected in some quarters that the advertising advantages of connecting her name with the young millionaire's have not been overlooked.

Only a short time ago the public was sensationally reminded of the existence of Kathrine Clemmons, the "beautiful Californian." She figured as the cause of a personal encounter in a Washington hotel between Buffalo Bill Cody and Fred May, once the prominent figure and leader of the first set in New York clubdom.

Though neither man would explain the primal cause of the fracas, it was the gos-



MISS KATHRINE CLEMMONS.

tip of the world which fills the coffers of the purveyors of "hot birds and cold bottles" that Kathrine Clemmons was behind the sensational incident.

Ten years ago Miss Clemmons was betrothed to Mr. Frank P. Sherman of San Francisco. This was shortly after she left school, and while she was still known by her own name, Viola Dayan. She was quite as beautiful then as she is now.

Not long after the engagement was announced Miss Dayan's happiness was spoiled by the report that her sweetheart was also engaged to marry another woman—one not so beautiful as herself, but well endowed with riches.

Miss Dayan is a high strung, proud girl, and she lost no time in investigating the rumor. She found it only too true. He had wooed and won Miss Alvina Wheelan before he met Miss Dayan. She lost no time in sending for Mr. Sherman, and his fate was settled in one interview. She told him, in a dramatic way, to go his way and she would go hers, and that from that hour they would be strangers. They were.

They continued to live in the same hotel for several years, but no word was exchanged between them. Mr. Sherman married Miss Wheelan in the end and became the manager of her millions. Miss Dayan became, it is said, as a consequence, a mild man hater. She determined to go on the stage and devote her life to art.

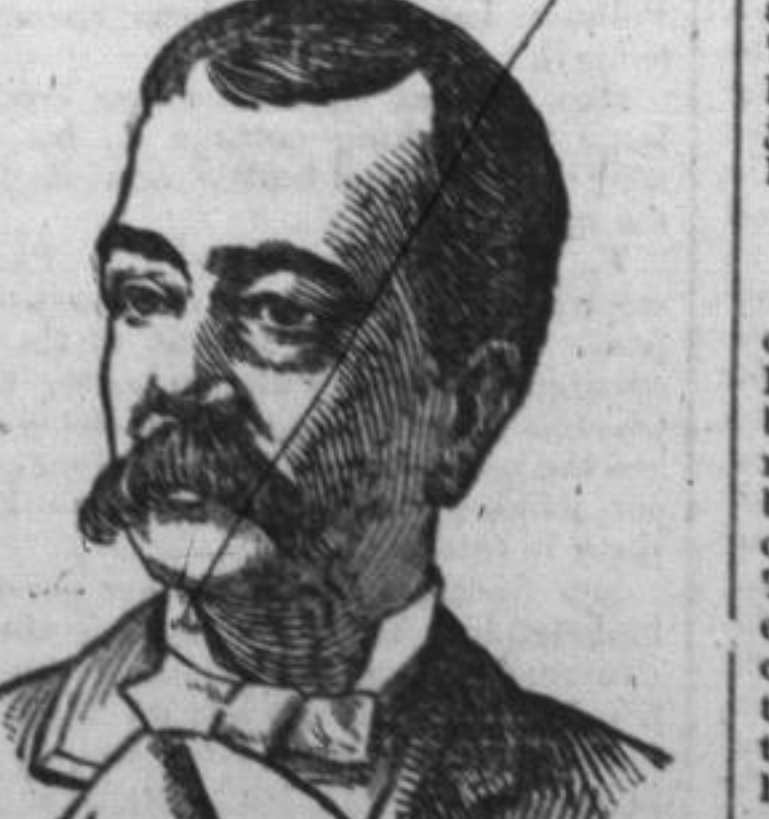
The Dayan family opposed but were unable to prevent the step. When she made her debut at the Grand Opera House as Viola in "Twelfth Night," there was one exquisite bunch of roses sent her, to which no name was attached. But as they were her favorite flowers, the kind with which Mr. Sherman always kept her supplied, she guessed from whom they came.

Mr. Sherman has prospered greatly in life and is popular and respected. Miss Dayan went to London to study for the stage under the name of Kathrine Clemmons, and Buffalo Bill became her financial manager when she made her New York debut at the Fifth Avenue theater last spring. Then she returned to London for more study, but her beauty and cleverness—she is a brilliant woman—captivated the late Jay Gould's youngest son, and it is possible that Miss Clemmons' talents may be lost to the stage forever.

## A HERO OF THE SEA.

The Brave Skipper of the Colima Stuck to His Post.

Captain John F. Taylor of the steamship Colima, wrecked off the Mexican coast in the Pacific on May 27, will doubtless be remembered among the dead heroes of the sea. He showed his Yankee valor and his American grit in the last act of his life, says the New York Sun. The ship was foundering and had begun her last plunge while Taylor stood at his post on the bridge calmly awaiting the end. Just as the final lurch came he seized the rope to the steamship's whistle and as the vessel went down blew three long blasts—a salute to those who were floating or wreck-



CAPTAIN JOHN F. TAYLOR.

age or struggling in the water for life, and a salute to death as well. Those who knew Taylor on the Atlantic as well as on the Pacific coast say a braver man never sailed under the American flag, and to prove it they point to his heroism at the moment of death. They declare that not since the American ships went down at Samoa with their bands playing national airs has such a characteristic exhibition of self control and fearlessness been seen in a sea tragedy.

Taylor was only 41 years old. He had followed the sea from boyhood, and twice he had been wrecked on the treacherous Pacific coast. Twenty-five years ago he left Massachusetts and went to San Francisco, where he entered the employ of the Pacific Mail company. He worked his way up to the command of a vessel, but left the company eight years ago to engage in business of his own in San Francisco. He had to begin service as a mate when about a year later he again entered the Pacific mail's service. Two years ago he once more secured a command, and he had been the Colima's captain ever since.

Taylor's salute, his friends say, will sound across the waves of the Pacific for many a year.

# THE CRIOITY SHOP

## CONCERNING BEARDS.

The T Beard of Queen Elizabeth's Time. Fashion Introduced by Charles II.

The Anglo-Saxons were proud of their beards, but when William of Normandy arrived he gave orders for every one to shave. Some, rather than submit to this tyrannical treatment, exiled themselves to a land where they could live with their beards in peace. William's successors, however, abandoned shaving, and we find that people did pretty much as they liked till Elizabeth came to the throne, when, in the first year of her reign, a tax was imposed of 3s. 4d. on every beard above a fortnight's growth. The law was never enforced, and so it lapsed. The poets of this golden age of literature make several allusions to the beard and the fantastic shapes which were affected by the swells of the time. The most notable instance of these is a passage in the "Queen of Corinth," by Beaumont and Fletcher:

His beard,  
Which now he puts! the posture of a T—  
The Roman T, your T beard is the fashion—  
And twofold doth express th' enamored courtier.

As full as you fork carving traveler.  
The T beard, explains The Gentleman's Magazine, is supposed to describe the manner of wearing the mustache and beard pointed without the whiskers, a fashion which originated in Elizabeth's reign and became exceedingly popular during the reigns of the first James and Charles Martyr. The Puritans—to wit, Old Noll—were clean shaven. Then Charles II, fresh from Paris, with all the fashions of that city, introduced the wearing of a hideous little tuft of fluff on the chin. The beard's day was over in England, at least for a time. The tuft disappears with the second James, and Anne's courtiers appear with clean shorn faces.

## Where Buddha's Tooth Is Kept.

There no man may behold unless he be one of the great ones or armed with an order from the governor, writes a woman traveler in Ceylon. A band of yellow robed priests brought the great keys and opened the massive door, and we were allowed to enter and walk up a dim flight to the sacred chamber. The torches flared upon the carved door with its gilded handles, upon the inlaid work round it, dim with age and of barbaric richness, and upon the grotesque figures and sculptured gods guarding it. The priest led us into a small chamber, its walls covered with strange allegorical pictures, fantastic forms



SHRINE OF THE SACRED TOOTH AT KANDY. and faces gleaming in the flickering light, as did a pendent lotus flower in silver with a great white sapphire heart, a silver altar covered with flowers, which sent out a heady odor.

Behind the altar, within iron bars, stood the precious casket, or rather caskets, six being inclosed one within the other, which holds the sacred tooth. It was a gilded bell, heavily jeweled, showing uncut sapphires, rubies, a huge amethyst, diamonds and magnificent cat's eyes. In front a jeweled peacock held a large emerald in its mouth. We were sorry not to be great personages, not so much for the sake of the tooth, which is supposed to be a substitution—a base crocodile's molar—for the original relic, but that we might see the jewels the rajahs kept in this place. But we found consolation in contemplating the images of Buddha, all with the same full eyes and mysteriously sweet smile, one made out of a single crystal and inclosed in an exquisite cabinet of ivory and silver, being especially fascinating. The whole effect of the shrine, the torchlight, the yellow robed priest, the barbaric jewels and the scented flowers was curiously weird.

## Origin of Widows' Caps.

According to one authority, widows' caps are accounted for in this way: The Egyptians and Greeks shaved off their beards and cut off their hair in times of mourning. The Romans did not cultivate beards, but cutting off the hair as a sign of mourning was common to both sexes. To supply the want of a natural hair covering the men wore wigs and the women caps. This practice fell into disuse after the Romans abandoned Britain. Nevertheless widows studiously concealed their hair during the whole period of mourning.

## The Life Plant.

A remarkable growth called life plant is found in Jamaica. It is said that it is almost impossible to kill it or any portion of it. When a leaf is cut off and hung up by a string, it sends out white, threadlike roots, gathers moisture from the air and begins to grow new leaves. Even when pressed and packed away in a botanist's herbarium it has been known to outgrow the leaves of the book in which it was placed. The only way to kill it is by the heat of a hot iron or of boiling water.

## The First Lawyer's Plea.

The Chicago Herald is disposed to believe that the first plea made by a lawyer for a client was in the year 788, when Ethelard, a hunter of stags, was charged with claiming the quarry of a rival, which it was proved had fallen by the rival's crossbow. The advocate asserted that the accused had refused to pay protection money to the keeper of the forest; hence the prosecution.

## Antiquity of Chess.

Excavations at Sakkara, in Egypt, have brought to light a wall painting in which two men are playing chess in the time of King Teti, whose reign Professor Brugsch puts at the year 2860 B. C. The game evidently is thousands of years older than has been supposed. It was thought to have been introduced into India from Persia by the Arabs in the sixth century A. D.