

	burned as if ste
Bicycling for Life.	ed my teeth and
Dicyching for Life,	bare life, and at I seemed to hea
I intended to break the record, as the slang	
phrase goes-no very difficult matter, I re-	At last I did
flected, so far as a Canadian winter record on	
the bicycle was concerned. To do so, how ever, required judgment. I knew I had the	
long rise into the forest before me and ]	him closely, the
must reserve my strength for that. I went steadily on.	abandoned the
I had crossed the level at last, and I knew	up the hopes of
I had done well. The light was bright	ver from my bel
enough to see the time, but I decided to wait till I entered the forest. It was no longer	
quite so easy to keep the bicycle up to speed.	the bridge I tur
There was more effort in the pressure on the	With a sharp he and fell half as
pedals, a little more sensation in the muscles of the legs as I did so. I looked around.	
Yes, I had already made a rise of a good	whitely as he pl
many feet. The slope was regular, but not steep enough to greatly reduce my speed.	Exhausted as I make an effort a
As I went I glanced from side to side-for I	of the wolves, b
was conscious of the oppressive solitude of	
the forest; but my pace was not retarded for a moment. One of the sleighing party	
had been talking of wolves. The winter, it	me-I could eve
seemed, had been an early one, and it cer- tainly had been severe. The wolves, he said,	of their feet on t stream fell acro
had been showing in packs not 20 miles to	sound of voices
the north. There was not a sound but the	away; there wer
low crisp crunch of the snow under the wheels of my machine, and even that semed	they looked like My bicycle swep
hushed and distant. Yet what was that?	control it. Ex
Was it fancy, or did I hear something shrill, piercing, yet faint, in the far distance on my	eyes, my limbs r I felt that I was
right hand? Surely there was something-if	arms, -Scribner'
it was only the wail of a distant gust of wind	
moaning through the frozen pines! I bent over my bicycle and concentrated my ener-	A Subterrane
gies upon facing the long ascent. There it	Four
was again! It was no wail of the northern wind-no swaying of the frozen forest. It	A RIVER THAT
was the cry of a living thing. It was na-	STRANGE SY
ture's savage complaint against the pangs of hunger!	ARE ENTERE - THE LATE
On and on I flew. There was not a	PLORATION.
breath of wind to stir the lightest snowflake	After a series of explorations the
on the tenderest spray, yet my hair was blown back from my brow, where great	system of cavern
drops of perspiration now gathered and be-	Padirac is to be a
gan to trickle down my face. On and on! without a hope but that of pressing forward,	This subterranea a region called th
without a hope but that of reaching the de-	Department of th
scent of the slope, and the edge of the forest. And as I went I knew that I was followed.	far from a fam Rocamadour.
From the dim arcades on my right came from	A company has
time to time a short gasping howl, cut short	well by which en cavern and the
in the moment of utterance by the exertions of the chase. They had seen me, and now	form one of the s
it was a race for bare life. I leant forward,	in the world. It
and threw every energy into the one effort to press on. The trees flitted past me like	ways, to make pa on the river.
chosts. The long hanging branches nearly	This enterpris
brushed my face as I swept past. The cold	form of amuseme
air blew in my face and carried even the neavy fur of my coat behind me as I	of travel and hav to spend. All pa
ushed through the night. And yet my pur-	worth seeing are
uers did not lose ground. On the contrary, hey were gaining. Not quickly, not with	pleasure-seeker y All the mountain
rush; but slowly, foot by foot, with a cer-	There is, therefor
ainty that was deadly; with a monotony	earth left to be exion. When a sub
hat was ghastly beyond expression. I lenched my teeth with fierce determination.	and beautiful as t
kept my eyes fixed on the line of light	available the amu
hat stretched on and on in front, as if it would never end!	very attractive. The work of ca
The strain was telling on me now. There was a wild buzzing in my head, there was a	has been carried
was a wild buzzing in my head, there was a reary feeling growing in my limbs, there	courage for severa men of science, bu
vas a despairing sense of the uselessness of	It is now time to p
fort growing stronger in my mind. At	When you look you come upon a
ny rate it was now that for the first time I aw something of my savage pursuers. There	hole in a level fiel
vas a shadow, on my right-only a shadaw,	ling because you o
ut no longer the shadow of a tree or branch. t was a head—a long, sharp muzzle—the	its edge. The op ter 300 feet in circ
	And the American

more sensation in the muscles did so. I looked around. ady made a rise of a good le slope was regular, but not o greatly reduce my speed. need from side to side—for I f the oppressive solitude of my pace was not retarded One of the sleighing party g of wolves. The winter, it en an early one, and it cer- severe. The wolves, he said, mg in packs not 20 miles to ere was not a sound but the ch of the snow under the achine, and even that semed tant. Yet what was that? r did I hear something shrill, int, in the far distance on my rely there was something—if wail of a distant gast of wind	and fell half across the parag- turned over, and I could see his whitely as he plunged into the Exhausted as I was, I found t make an effort still. I could h of the wolves, but yet for aught might be following still. Imag plied the place of my dulled se could fancy I heard their pan me—I could even imagine the sh of their feet on the snow. Sudd stream fell across the road. T sound of voices which sounded s away; there were the figures of they looked like the men we see My bicycle swept on, but I coul control it. Everything swam eyes, my limbs refused to move i I felt that I was falling—falling arms.—Scribner's Magazine.
h the frozen pines! I bent	A Subterranean Wonderla
and concentrated my ener-	Found in France
the long ascent. There it was no wail of the northern	
ng of the frozen forest. It	A RIVER THAT IS UNDER TH
a living thing. It was na- mplaint against the pangs of	STRANGE SYSTEM OF CAVE ARE ENTERED BY DESCENDED - THE LATEST TO BE POPUL
I flew. There was not a	PLORATION.
to stir the lightest snowflake	After a series of perilous but
st spray, yet my hair was	explorations the enormous and
om my brow, where great	system of caverns known as the Padirac is to be made accessible
ation now gathered and be- own my face. On and on!	This subterranean wonderland is
but that of pressing forward,	a region called the Causse de Ga
but that of reaching the de-	Department of the Lot in France
e, and the edge of the forest.	far from a famous place of p
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cades on my right came from hort gasping howl, cut short	well by which entrance is obtain
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e ground. On the contrary, g. Not quickly, not with	All the mountains, too, have been
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deadly; with a monotony	earth left to be explored and that
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h with fierce determination.	and beautiful as the Gouffre de
fixed on the line of light a and on in front, as if it	available the amusement of sport very attractive.
l and on an money ad II It	The work of cavern exploring
telling on me now. There	has been carried on with much
ng in my head, there was a	courage for several years by a small
owing in my limbs, there	men of science, but they are pro- It is now time to popularize the p
sense of the uselessness of tronger in my mind. At	When you look for the Gouffre
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