

LONG-DISTANCE RIDE

YOUNG FRENCHMAN'S REMARKABLE FEAT OF HORSEMANSHIP.

Travels From Vienna to Paris, 785 Miles, in Twelve Days and Fourteen Hours, Without Accompanying His Mount—How He Accomplished the Latter Remarkable Feat—His Own Condition.

A very remarkable feat of horsemanship has just been accomplished by a young Frenchman of good family, M. Charles Cottu. He rode the whole of the way from Vienna to Paris, 785 miles, in 12 days 14 hours, using only one horse and, what is still more noteworthy, brought his mount into Paris in thoroughly good condition. As everyone knows, 63 miles is a good deal more than the average horse can be expected to accomplish in a day, and to keep up this average for 13 days at a stretch, with 188 pounds weight on the animal's back, implies not only great stamina in the steed, but altogether exceptional care and management on the part of the rider.

M. Cottu's main object was to beat Lieut. Zaitzevitch's record of 15 days 6 hours over the same road, and he set about his preparations with the utmost thoroughness. He began to train his mount—a half-bred Irish mare, Irish Lass, 7 years old, standing just under 16 hands—on Easter Monday, beginning with a gentle ride of 15 miles or so, and gradually increasing the daily distance up to 40 miles. After a fortnight of this preliminary work, M. Cottu started for Vienna, had previously taken a course of lessons from a blacksmith, so that in the inconvenient moment he could put on another before any damage was done to the foot. The journey to Vienna occupied 14 days, the Austrian capital being reached on May 11. Irish Lass and her owner kept in steady training until June 1, when they started on the long ride to Paris. By this time M. Cottu and his mare were "hard as nails," and accomplished the journey with only one hitch, the mare's food temporarily upset by the change of food after crossing the German frontier on the third day.

In conversation with a Paris correspondent, M. Cottu explained that the great secret of success on long-distance rides is to avoid overheating your mount. "I never," he said, "kept Irish Lass at a trot for more than a mile and a quarter. I was always dismounted when we came to a hill and led her up it. Some days I walked at least 30 miles. When we came to our stopping places, I let her stand a few minutes to cool, and then unsaddled her and gently rubbed her back with the bare hand, to restore the circulation in the parts weighed upon by the saddle. Then I groomed her carefully, took her into her stable and gave her her food. As soon as she had taken it she used to lie right down at once, but she was always ready for the road again. I gave her between 20 and 24 liters of oats every day, with 16 and 18 liters of milk every day, with a fair amount of water whenever she wanted it, provided the water was not too cold. I gave her from four to six hours' rest in the middle of the day, so as to escape the heat, and only about two hours at night. I always slept in the stable with her and did not once take off my clothes from leaving Vienna to arriving at Paris. There was no time for baths or anything of that sort. As we never did more than 25 miles a day, we never over levelled our horse, so that a good many hours a day on the road."

Questioned in regard to his own regimen, M. Cottu said he had taken dark wine in preference to white meat whenever he could. He smoked very little and drank no alcohol, except light beer, and rarely ate. He rode at a steady pace, and in preference to chocolate. During the last two days he was obliged to drink large quantities of coffee to keep himself awake, with the result that for some time after his arrival in Paris he suffered from cerebral cloudiness and inability to collect his thoughts. Otherwise his long ride had not the least effect on him. M. Cottu is only 20 years of age.

EDISON'S NEW LAMP.

Filament Covered With a White Coating of Rare Earth.

In the recently patented lamp devised by Thomas A. Edison the filament consists of a highly refractory, porous, non-conducting material, such as carbon, which is incorporated in the body thereof are isolated particles of carbon, between which are interspersed, whereby high tension currents, either alternating or continuous, may be conducted from particle to particle of the carbon and thus raise the filament to incandescence, the filament is of a highly refractory, non-conducting, porous material, the interior will be subjected to the effect of the vacuum in the globe which will assist in the conduction of the current through the carbon particles, says The Electrical World. The highly refractory material consists of an oxide or oxide of rare earths, such as oxide of strontium or thorium. In order to provide an exterior surface for the filament which will radiate light it is momentarily dipped in the salt of oxide, such as acetate, which will leave no carbon upon carbonization, and provide a white radiating surface. In making the filament a compound, such as a solution of sugar, asphaltum or a barite of the oxide itself, is mixed with the refractory material, a residue of carbon thus resulting upon carbonization.

The mixture is forced by heavy pressure through a small opening and guided to form a filament of the desired cross-section, which is then bent into proper shape, carefully dried and carbonized. Owing to its high resistance, a voltage of several hundred is necessary in operation. The filament may also be formed by soaking threads of cotton in the salt of the oxide, such as acetate, and carbonized to form a deposit of the oxide thereon; then resaked and reheated successively until the desired quantity of oxide has been deposited, after which the filament may be soaked in the carbonizing substance. After being dried it is dipped in the solution of a salt of the oxide of a rare earth, such as strontium or thorium, preferably an acetate of such oxide, to form the white radiating coating desired.

An Evening Up.

Yes—I saw a man throw a banana skin on the sidewalk to-day. Crimmon—Well, that evens things up; I saw a banana skin throw a man on the sidewalk yesterday.—Yonkers Statesman.

TALE OF A DYING MAN.

He Had Concealed His Identity For Forty Long Years—Found His Wife Married Again.

The death of Leonard B. Bleeker, aged 72 years, which recently occurred at Yates Center, Kan., has revealed a case of self-sacrifice seldom heard of outside the domain of fiction. Three years ago Bleeker went to that country peddling a few cheap articles and, too old and weary to proceed farther, a kind-hearted farmer took him in and cared for him until he died. To the family which befriended him he told the story of his life, reserving for the grave the specific names of persons and localities. He stated that in 1861 he left a wife and five children in Michigan and answered the distant call for volunteers. The fortunes of war were against him and for months he lay a prisoner in Andersonville Prison. From the prison he was led to believe that a certain other batch of prisoners would soon be exchanged. Among them was a dying man and the two comrades exchanged names and military designations. The soldier died and the death was reported as that of Leonard B. Bleeker and he was released after a time, rejoined his regiment and served until the close of the war without communicating with his family. Then he went back and found his wife married to another man. He ascertained that his children were well cared for and then left the community without revealing his identity. Throughout his life he carefully guarded his secret and since coming to Kansas was often urged to apply for a pension, but stoutly refused. Even when near death he would not reveal the location of his former home or permit anyone to communicate with his old associates. He was a man of more than ordinary education and the truth of his story or the possession of a noble purpose in his long sacrifice cannot be doubted.

GODS IN BATTLE.

Greek Statues Taken Prisoners and Condemned to Death.

Mr. Gaston Maspero, the well-known French Egyptologist, has recently written an interesting article on the "speaking statues" of ancient Egypt. He says the statues of some of the gods were made of joined parts and were supposed to communicate with the faithful by speech, signs and other movements. They were made of wood, painted or gilded. Their hands could be raised and lowered and their heads moved, but it is not known whether their feet could be put in motion. When one of the faithful asked for advice, their god answered either by signs or words. Occasionally long speeches were made, and at other times they were simply an inclination of the head. Every temple had priests whose special duty it was to make the statues speak. The priests did not make any mystery of their parts in the proceedings. It was believed that the priests were intermediaries between the gods and mortals, and the priests themselves had a very exalted idea of their calling. They firmly believed that the souls of divinities dwelt in the statues, and they always approached them with religious fear and reverence. These priests would stand behind the statues and move their heads or hands or speak for them, never doubting that at that moment the most important messages were being implied by the divine spirit dwelling in the statues. The statues were regarded as so very much alive that in war they shared the fate of the soldiers and died with them. They were taken prisoners, condemned to death, or given into slavery—in other words, they were returned to their own temples, they bore the inscriptions testifying to their defeat and imprisonment.

SENSATIONS OF HYDROPHOBIA.

A Victim in a New York Hospital Tells His Feelings.

Captain George M. Bookoven of the tugboat Corona died the other morning at the New York Hospital of acute hydrophobia. Captain Bookoven was a man on whom both the Pasteur and Buisson treatments were tried without effect. During his lucid intervals he evinced an extraordinary fortitude under the excruciating pain which accompanied the disease, and at times he related his feelings to the physicians attending him. He said that bright lights appeared before his eyes, and that there was a continual scintillation of bright sparks. As he approached death his agony increased, and he said that most of the pain was centered in the brain and the muscles of the face. The physicians said that the pains in the head and the flashing lights which the patient saw were evidences that the general center of the disease was in the brain, and that Bookoven was past all possibility of cure. Just before the man died he dictated the following note to his wife.

"My Dear Wife—I know that I have not more than a day to live. I realize that I must die. I understand well that I am suffering from hydrophobia. So don't grieve. You and I have been happy many years. Now let's talk matters over. I will leave you well provided for. Our son will take good care of you. But please don't cry."

INTERESTED IN BIBLE.

Emperor of China Manifesting Great Interest Over Its Scriptures.

Rev. T. J. N. Gattrell, who for ten years has been a collector of the American Bible Society in northern China, has returned to the United States. In his last report to the society he says: "Ever since the presentation copy of the New Testament went to the Dowager Empress our depository has been visited almost daily by officials of the court. They say the Emperor observes 'worship' (Sunday), and that he frequently goes to a lonely place to pray to 'Ten Chu' (God), and that when he is thus engaged no one dares disturb him. Some time ago he came through our agency a large number of scientific and Scriptural books, and we hear he is delighted with some of the stories of the patriarchs, and particularly with the illustrated life of Christ, which he has ordered to be bound in velvet and to be put in a convenient place in the library. He has applied to our store for copies of books treating of the differences between the Catholic and Protestant churches."

Gift to the French Library. The British museum has presented \$0,000 worth of books relating to the French revolution of which it had duplicates to the French National Library in Paris.

A HISTORICAL RIDE.

IT WAS WORTH THREE STARS TO THE AMERICAN FLAG.

Marcus Whitman's Wild and Perilous Journey of 4,000 Miles From Oregon to Washington and the Results Which Followed His Walk.

The ride of Marcus Whitman was over snow-capped mountains and along dark ravines, traveled only by savage men. It was a plunge through icy rivers and across trackless prairies, a ride of 4,000 miles across a continent in the dead of winter to save a mighty territory to the Union. Compared with this, what was the feat of Paul Revere, who rode 18 miles on a calm night in April to arouse a handful of sleeping patriots and thereby save the powder at Concord? Whitman's ride saved three stars to the American flag. It was made in 1842.

In 1792, during the first administration of Washington, Captain Robert Gray, who has already carried the American flag around the globe, discovered the mouth of the Columbia river. He sailed several miles up the great stream and landed and took possession in the name of the United States.

In 1805, under Jefferson's administration, this vast territory was explored by Captains Lewis and Clark, whose reports were popular reading for our grandfathers, but the extent and value of this distant possession were very slightly understood, and no attempt at colonization was made, save the establishment of the fur trading station of Astoria in 1811.

Strangely enough, England, too, claimed this same territory by virtue of rights ceded to it by Russia and also by the Vancouver surveys of 1792. The Hudson's Bay company established a number of trading posts and filled the country with adventurous fur traders. So here was a vast territory, as large as New England and the state of Indiana combined, which seemed to be without any positive ownership. But for Marcus Whitman it would have been lost to the Union.

It was in 1836 that Dr. Whitman and also by the name of Spaulding with their young wives, the first white women that ever crossed the Rocky mountains, entered the valley of the Columbia and founded a mission of the American board. They had seemed to go to Christianize the Indians, but Whitman was also to build a state.

He was at this time 35 years old. In his journey to and fro for the mission he had seen the vast possibilities of the country, and he saw, too, that the English were already apprised of this and were rapidly pouring into the territory. Under the terms of the treaties of 1806 and 1824 the United States held that whichever nationality settled and organized the territory, that nation would hold it. If England and the English fur traders had been successful in their plans, the three great states of Washington, Oregon and Idaho would now constitute a part of British Columbia. But it was not destined to be.

In the fall of 1842 it looked as if there would be a great inpouring of English into the territory, and Dr. Whitman took the alarm. There was no time to lose. The authorities at Washington must be warned. Hastily bidding his wife adieu, Dr. Whitman started on his hazardous journey. The perils, hardships and delays he encountered on the way we can but faintly conceive. His feet were frozen, he nearly starved, and once he came very near to losing his life. He kept pushing right on, and at the end of five terrible months he reached Washington.

He arrived there a worn, bearded, strangely picturesque figure, clad in furs and buckskin and fur, a typical man of the prairies. He asked audience of President Tyler and Secretary of State Webster, and it was accorded him. All clad as he was, with his frozen limbs, just in from his 4,000 mile ride, Whitman appeared before the two great men to plead for Oregon. His statement was a revelation to the administration. Previous to Whitman's visit it was the general idea in congress that Oregon was a barren, worthless country, fit only for wild beasts and wild men. He opened the eyes of the government to the limitless wealth and splendid resources of that western territory. He told them of its great rivers and fertile valleys, its mountains covered with forests and its mines filled with precious treasures. He showed them that it was a country worth keeping and that it must not fall into the hands of the English. He spoke as a man inspired, and his words were heeded.

What followed—the organization of companies of emigrants, the rapid settlement of the territory and the treaty made with Great Britain in 1846 by which the forty-ninth parallel was made the boundary line west of the Rocky mountains are matters of history. The foresight and the heroism of one man and his gallant ride had saved three great states to the Union.—Omaha World-Herald.

The Wise Man.

The wise man will not expect too much from those about him. He will bear and forbear. Even the best have foibles and weaknesses which have to be endured, sympathized with and perhaps pitied. Who is perfect? Who does not need forbearance and forgiveness?—Samuel Smiles.

The flesh of young giraffe, especially that of a young cow, is extremely good, somewhat like veal, with a game-like flavor. The tongue, from 15 to 20 inches long, is also very good. But the marrow bones afford the greatest luxury to the South African hunter.

A PAIR OF BIG FEET.

They Brought War to France and Changed the Map of Europe.

The Princess Bismarck changed the political history of France unwittingly, and but for her the Franco-Prussian war might never have been waged. Bismarck was unfriendly to France, but the Empress Eugenie hoped with her beauty to influence him so that the little trouble with France and Germany might be smoothed over. She therefore invited the German prince and his wife to visit the court of France, and the Prince and Princess Bismarck arrived in great state at the Tuilleries.

That evening there was a grand reception, and Eugenie received the guests in a gown which made her so ravishingly lovely that even Prince Bismarck, German, stolid and in love with his wife, stood and gazed upon her with admiration. And Eugenie was not slow to observe the effect of her beauty upon him. She called him to her side, and Bismarck came with his wife upon his arm.

That settled the matter. Eugenie was not slow to observe the effect of her beauty upon him. She called him to her side, and Bismarck came with his wife upon his arm. Eugenie an amiable titter was heard along the line of ladies. Bismarck, who was quick as a flash, followed the glance of their eyes and saw them rest upon the feet of his wife.

A year later, when Paris was besieged, Bismarck himself fired a cannon over the ramparts, and those who were near him heard him shout: "Take that for the feet of the Princess Bismarck!" The slight was avenged.

THE MYSTERY OF DREAMS.

A Case in Which the Coincidences Were Remarkable.

On an occasion during the civil war I dreamed that I was standing beside a road when there came marching along a strong column of prisoners, with guards at intervals on the flanks. I asked one of these guards who the prisoners were and where they had been captured. He informed me that they had been taken in an engagement with the enemy on the day before and that there were 1,900 of them. I then asked some bystander what day of the month it was and was told that it was such a day of a certain month, some six weeks later than the date of the dream. The whole dream has the appearance of a general case of strong impression on me. I related it to a number of my comrades within the next few days and then thought of it no more.

Six weeks later, on the morning of the very day that had been mentioned in the dream as the date when the column of prisoners had passed before me, I was on picket two miles distant from the point where I had seemed to be when I saw them. It was soon after breakfast, and I was standing by the side of the road at the fire talking to the officer of the picket when an American horseman, dressed in general riding down the road. He had been a schoolfellow of our officer's at West Point and related upon when he recognized his friend. He told us that he had good news, that there had been a sharp engagement with the enemy the day before, and that our people had captured 1,900 prisoners, who had just passed the headquarters that morning on the way to the rear.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Slow Trains.

Slow railroad trains are probably not peculiar to any locality. The story of the conductor who waited for the hen to complete the dozen of eggs for the market is a part of the folklore of widely diverse regions. There is a story told over a Vermont road—and also, it may be remarked, over a Wisconsin road—that the "huckleberry train," the best thing that it was so slow that passengers could jump off at the front end of the train and pick huckleberries for awhile and then get on at the rear end as it came up.

The engineer of the Vermont train of this title is a meteorologically declared to have shot two partridges one day from his cab, which the fireman "slowed up" without any additional "slowing up."

Exasperating, Truly.

Mrs. Higley—Clara, I must insist that you send young Mr. Granley earlier. It was long after 11 o'clock last night when you closed the front door after him. Clara—I know, mamma, and I have made up my mind a dozen different times to make him leave early, but he has a way, somehow, of always giving the impression long after the shank of the evening has passed that he is just about to say something one has been waiting for. It's awful exasperating.—St. Louis Republic.

A Snow Hurricane.

The buran, or snow hurricane of the Pamirs is a meteorological phenomenon of great interest. Even in mid-summer the temperature during a snow buran frequently falls to 14 degrees F., while in the winter of 1862-3 it dropped to 45 degrees below zero at the end of January. The buran comes with startling suddenness, the atmosphere growing dark with whirling snowflakes where scarcely a minute before the sky was perfectly clear.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

At the Bottom.

"What happens when a man's temperature goes down as far as it can go?" Smart Scholar—He has cold feet, ma'am.—Sydney Town and Country Journal.

WHEN LIGHTS ARE LOW.

The rooms are hushed, the lights are low. I sit and listen to the distant mill. That comes and crosses in an undertone of alien regions vast and lone. Of pleasure lost in a land unknown, Then steals away, and all is still. 'Tis good to listen to the wind When rooms are hushed and lights are low. When those we love have come and gone, 'Tis weary to be left behind— To miss sweet eyes where late they shone, To look for what we may not find, Long cherished forms that haunt the mind, Soft voices that were once too kind; To live and mind as they did so their work, Who'd stay behind When those we love have come and gone? —New York Times.

A TRAGEDY IN A PICTURE.

His Snap Shot of a Drink That Killed Two Men.

"The most remarkable snap shot picture in the world is owned by a friend of mine in a town in Georgia," said an enthusiastic amateur photographer. "His story is extremely curious. It seems that he went one day to a blacksmith shop to get a shot at the men at the forge. The smith was engaged on a difficult piece of ironwork and had two helpers. Just behind them on a shelf was a pint glass full of yellowish white liquor, evidently the corn whiskey for which the native Georgian has a peculiar liking.

"As my friend was preparing to take his picture one of the helpers caught sight of the bottle and communicated his discovery by dumb show to his companion. The smith's back was turned at the moment, and the first man reached stealthily for the prize while my friend, unnoticed in the corner, quickly aimed his camera. It was a comical scene, and in his mind he had already named the photo 'The Stolen Drink.'

"The helper uncorked the flask and took a swift gulp, and his comrade snatched it and did likewise. Then for a brief, breathless instant they looked at each other, and as they did so their foolish grin gave way to such a stare of questioning horror as I never saw before upon a human face. I know because it was then that the camera clicked, and the picture is as clear as crystal. The flask contained carbolic acid. Within an hour both men were dead.

"When my friend took one print, he broke the negative so as to make the photograph absolutely unique. It shows the forward end of the shop. In the foreground is the anvil, with the smith bending over his work. Behind him are the two helpers, one still holding the flask, looking at each other as plain as print. It is a frightful and dramatic tableau that could not be duplicated by any sort of art."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Chant of the Cyclone.

Ever see a cyclone, say? Bite the world and munch away? Eat up houses, fences, trees, just as easy as you please? Get a hustle on its jaws? Swipe the earth with fendish claws? Hump its back and take a run through the orchard just for fun? From a hill to hollow fit, seeming to get strength from it? Never seen one? Well, I jing! It's a peasy sort of thing. Ever see a cyclone, say? Take its track and speed away? Switch its tail and snort and bound, just like lightening on the ground? Get a swift move with its feet, racing for the winning heat? Then cavoring up and down, heeding no laws of the town? Pushing everything aside? Out upon a gayly ride? As though owning all the track, ever onward, never back? Never seen one? Well, I swear! It's a buster, ayuhw!—Kingsley (La) Times.

Yachting on Salt.

Save during the rainy season Lake Lefroy, in western Australia, is quite dry. But as the water evaporates so the hot weather approaches a smooth, glassy floor of crystalline salt is deposited. Those living on the shores have found a means of utilizing this. All boats which sail on the lake when possible are, during the rainy season, fitted with four wheels, and thus are enabled to continue their travels. As Lake Lefroy has an area of 100 miles, and the surrounding country is extremely rough, this means a great saving in expense, labor and time. The speed attained by these wheeled yachts is very considerable, though not quite equal to the pace of the ice yachts so popular in Canada.—Cincinnati Inquirer.

A Senatorial Slander.

Two ladies visiting in Washington during one of the sessions of congress went to the capitol to hear the proceedings in the United States senate. Most of the galleries being filled, they approached the doorkeeper of the senators' gallery, where admission is by card. As they did not possess this passport, the doorkeeper suggested that they procure one from any senator they might be acquainted with. "But we do not know any senator," they replied. "Well, it is very much to your credit," said the doorkeeper. "Pass right in, ladies."—San Francisco Argonaut.

High Art.

"Oh, yes, he is a follower of one of the higher arts." "Well, he doesn't look it. What does he do?" "He's a professional flagpole painter."

Belgium is the home of the racing pigeon. There the sport is a national pastime, and a good pigeon frequently wins for its owner large sums of money, the prizes being considerable, to which heavy pools are added.

The earliest pottery with printed designs of American subjects was made at Liverpool at the end of the eighteenth century.