

HERDING ON BICYCLES.

Cowboys Put Upon the Universal Bike on a Western Ranch.

Experiment of R. B. Moseley is Amazing If Not Entirely Successful - What the Herders Think of It.

The cowboys on R. B. Moseley's ranch, north of the north fork of the Cheyenne river, are speeding after their master's heads on bicycles.

Cattleman has always considered Moseley a crank and dreamer of dreams, but they conceded that he had outdone himself when he resolved to furnish a part of his herdsman with bicycles.

He read some time ago of their introduction into the army, remarked on the testimony of the experts, who said they could go anywhere that a horse could and promptly declared they would do for work on the ranges if such statements were true.

His men say they have actually done better work in some cases than with horses. They are of opinion—and Moseley agrees with them—that in the long run horseflesh discounts them.

The margin between the usefulness of the bike and that of the bronco is not a wide one. The former certainly covers more ground in a day than the latter. It is never vicious, never frightened and never strays from the spot where the rider leaves it, no matter how long may be his absence.

One man who attempted to rope a grey with the end of his lariet tied to his handlebar and was incompetently yanked into an adjoining county says the experiment is a flat failure.

Another tried to turn a stampeded herd and met with poor success. A pony would have stood its ground while the rider got the frightened animals under control. When the wheelman saw the maddened herd bearing down on him, however, and realized that he would be directly under their hoofs if he tarried, he turned tail without loss of time and scorched for safety.

The wheels will probably be abandoned after this season—perhaps sooner—as their use has been somewhat expensive, but Moseley says he has had the full worth of his money in watching the cattle punchers master their machines and in listening to their comments as they discussed the merits of the experiment in which they were engaged.

SEARCH FOR THE SOUTH POLE.

Belgian Expedition Started from Antwerp July 25.

The Belgium, a steam whaling vessel, on July 25 sailed from Antwerp with a scientific party on board to explore the antarctic circle and endeavor to locate the south pole.

The greatest latitude which has ever been reached in the antarctic zone is 78 degrees, reached by Sir James Ross. If the north pole is hard to reach, the difficulties surrounding the discovery of the south pole are innumerable. Phenomena occur there which no human being has yet been able to account for, and continents and mountains appear and disappear in a twinkling; fogs and sunshine alternate in startling rapidity.

Sir James Ross surveyed the antarctic continent for hundreds of miles, but unfortunately never found an opening where he could land. This much is known of the south pole: Nobody has got nearer than 720 miles of it; mountains exist, some of which are active volcanoes, no human being lives farther than 46 degrees and no quadruped beyond 66 degrees. It is a land of mystery and wonder.

CAPTURE A BIG SHEEPSHEAD.

New York Fishermen Make an Exciting Time Off Coney Island.

There was great excitement in the neighborhood of the old iron pier at Coney Island, N. Y., the other day when Commodore Harry Sturdevant sent word to Lundy's hotel, near the pier, that a school of mammoth fish had just been sighted off the steamboat landing.

Among those who heard the news were Capt. Lundy and Capt. Andy Sheehan, and a party was at once organized to capture the mysterious monsters of the sea. After a hasty search several big hooks and fish spears were brought to light, and a party of a dozen gallant fishermen started for the pier head.

It was not long before a big head came to the surface and Capt. Lundy called for a spear. With a swift stroke he drove the three-pronged weapon at the big fish, which darted for a fathom below with a swiftness which pulled Lundy from his perch and into the water.

ANGRY FOR THIRTY YEARS.

Because His Wife Sewed the Wrong Button on His Vest.

Because Mrs. Marion W. Hatton threw a stool at him and sewed a pants button on his vest nearly 30 years ago, Theodore Hatton wants an absolute divorce, says the Syracuse (N. Y.) Herald.

The action is brought in the state of Illinois, and evidence is being taken in this city, both for the plaintiff and the defendant. The parties are well advanced down the toboggan of time, the defendant being upward of 50 years old and the plaintiff at least as aged.

There are some interesting things about the case. Until about 1872 the Hattons lived near Amboy, supposedly happy, as all married people are to be considered until they reach the courts.

One day the plaintiff, after a quarrel with his wife, which neither claim was regarded more than a trivial matter, left his home and went west. He was heard from at various times, but no contributions to the support of his wife and child were received.

A short time ago Mrs. Hatton heard that her husband had brought suit for divorce, and that judgment was about to be entered by default. The matter looked irregular, as Mrs. Hatton had never, she says, received a service of the papers or an intimation of the litigation until informed by an acquaintance.

An answer was put in denying the charges made and alleging the facts as Mrs. Hatton and the people about Amboy remember them. It is said that Hatton, since living in Chicago, his present residence, has accumulated some property.

LINCOLN'S MOTHER'S GRAVE.

A Lonely Tomb on a Wooded Hill in Indiana.

The recent communication between President McKinley and Gov. Mount in which the former called the attention of the latter to the neglected grave of Nancy Hanks, mother of Abraham Lincoln, has attracted attention from all over the country to the grave.

It is located on a hill of gradual ascent and is right in the middle of the woods, about a mile from Lincoln City, a little station on the Air Line road in Spencer county, Ind. It is inclosed by an iron fence, which separates it from a number of other graves around it, and has a neat headstone which gives the name, age, etc., of the occupant.

In order to fittingly honor the dead the people of that vicinity suggest that the remains be taken up by the state and reinterred at Indianapolis, or that the United States relative interest should be placed over it where it now stands and ten persons in a year would not see it unless they made a special trip there.

NEW WESTERN IDEA.

Girls Who Give Gold Models of Their Little Fingers.

"Do little girls here give gold models of their little fingers to their fiancés?" asked the western girl of the Gothamite, reports the New York Sun. "Heaven, no!" answered the Gothamite. "It seems to me that that is a rather greivous souvenir."

"Not at all," answered the western girl. "It is decidedly dainty, and I'm a little surprised that New York is so far behind the times. The fad started in this way: When the daughter of one of our big western politicians was six months old he had a model of her little finger cast in gold.

HONEST, BUT CUTE YANKEE.

His Hancock Straddles the Line Between Arizona and Mexico.

There is a funny case of international honesty down in Arizona, just on the line between that territory and Mexico, says the Washington Times. A Yankee farmer lives there, one Amasa Barrow by name, and it is his business to raise chickens.

Chicken feed is cheap in Mexico and chickens bring fine prices in Arizona, but to raise fowls in Mexico and bring them across the boundary, or to buy the feed and bring it across, would involve the payment of a considerable duty, which would eat the profits about as fast as the hens could eat the corn.

Amasa is a Yankee, and he is so honest that his neighbors say he wouldn't take advantage of a man in a horse trade. But he is also full of Yankee ingenuity, and after deep cogitation he built a long, slim hencoop, one-half of it in Arizona and the other in Mexico.

On the line there is a gate. Over the line there are barns containing feed. At feeding time the gate is opened, and the chicken fancier shoos his flock into Mexico, where they eat their meal. Then he shoos them back to the protection of the American flag, where they digest their Mexican grain, lay their eggs and carry on their family affairs.

Mr. Barrow saves about 50 per cent. on his grain, and makes about that much on his chickens, and if there is any smuggling done it is done by the innocent and irresponsible kiddies.

HE HAD A GLASS EYE.

Blunder of a Physician That Caused Much Concern.

Several victims of an accident were taken to the hospital one day lately, says the Cincinnati Enquirer. Two of them were thought to be called Smith, a man, who may be called Smith, was badly cut and bruised, and internal injuries were feared.

"Which eye was it you looked at?" queried the friend. "The right eye." "Well, there's a peculiarity about Smith's right eye."

"That so? What is it?" inquired the young doctor, with scientific interest. "It's a glass eye," said Smith's friend, and the next day Smith was discharged from the hospital.

SPLENDORS OF A PALACE.

Russian Rulers Are Surrounded with More Than Oriental Magnificence.

No western imagination can easily conceive the idea of the splendor with which the Russian rulers are habitually surrounded, says the London Mail. Chairs and tables of solid silver, ivory thrones, ablaze with brilliant and sapphires, walls of amber and floors of mother-of-pearl—these things sound like an eastern fable, but the czar has them all.

At Moscow, in the great palace within the sacred Kremlin walls, there are not only crowns and scepters covered with diamonds, but also swords, stirrups and sets of harness covered with similar gems. There are hundreds of swords, daggers and scimitars, the sheaths of which are literally masses of pearls, rubies and turquoises.

Rare tapestries, marvelous china from Serev and Japan, flawless gems from Asia, priceless antique manuscripts and jeweled book covers—these are a few of the objects scattered about the czar's 12 palaces with a royal prodigality.

Gaiusina Grow's Eyesight.

Ex-Speaker of the House and Representative Gaiusina A. Grow, of Pennsylvania, is 73 years old, but he writes without glasses as readily as a boy of 15.

CHEMINS DE FER.

Heures d'arrivee et de depart. DEPART. LOUISVILLE AND NASHVILLE.

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ANNONCES JUDICIAIRES. Cour Civile de District pour la paroisse d'Orléans. Atteudo que John A. Tracy a présenté une pétition à la cour à l'effet d'obtenir un ordre de saisie.

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