

IT WAS A BEASTLY BORE.

A HALIFAX WHEELMAN MEETS AN UNSCULPTURED COW.

He Chooses a Horn of the Dilemma, Which Is Not the Horn of His Adversary—An Adventure Which Terminated in a Manner That Surprised Both Parties.

The enthusiastic Halifax wheelman, who had the little disagreeableness last week with an unsophisticated country cow, is understood to wish that the matter should not get into the papers. In deference to this not unnatural desire on his part, we carefully refrain from giving him away.

He was out of town on a holiday tour, and was pleasantly surprised to find good roads in the neighborhood of one of those secluded settlements which seem to have caught something of the slumberous air of Nova Scotia's capital. His surprise at finding the road so passable is probably due to the fact that he has lately been inquiring into the expenditure of the road moneys. However that may be, and it is a point on which the Herald and the Chronicle will perhaps differ with their customary pleasantness, a little ahead of him on this surprisingly good road, our enthusiastic wheelman saw a cow.

There was nothing objectionable in that. The objectionable part of the affair, as it turned out, was that cow saw him. Now, the cow was in the grossest ill-humor that morning, and never having had the advantages of city life, she didn't know how to disguise her feelings. She took note of the advancing wheelman on his bicycle, and resented in the fact that she had never seen anything like it before.

It is more than probable, judging from the ignorant creature's conduct later on, that she took the man and his wheel for a phenomenon one and indivisible, in which case his excitement and consternation ought to be judged leniently. After a brief inspection, during which the Halifax man pedaled forward in heedless serenity, she lowered her head with a most ill-bred and noisy remark, and charged furiously upon the now thunder-stricken wheelman.

Now, in such an emergency, it is probable that a citizen of any other than a military city would philosophically run away. But our wheelman remembered the illustrious example of some of his fellow-citizens on a certain occasion when their services were needed in the North West, and thus stimulated he advanced to meet the foe.

Before the meeting actually took place, however, our wheelman swerved nimbly to one side, and dashed triumphantly past the furious cow. After this achievement he felt justified in continuing his journey, as fast as he could, even if it did look like running away. Certainly, he couldn't be expected to await the convenience of a mere casual cow.

But the cow was not thus to be evaded. She was bent upon the solution or destruction of the phenomenon. In the race that now ensued, our wheelman held his own, at first, without any difficulty. But in a few minutes he came to a bad piece of road. Whether it was sand, or mud, or ruts that checked his course, the eagle eye of the press has not yet been able to determine; but his speed was so much retarded that the cow began to gain upon him rapidly.

After a plucky struggle with his adverse circumstances he had to acknowledge himself beaten. The inconsiderate animal was now close on his heels, as it were, and he had scant time to take counsel. He saw a gate at the side of the road, and rode his wheel straight at it. He couldn't conveniently spare time to check himself, so when he reached the gate the wheel stopped with a certain abruptness, while he himself went right on over, without pausing to consider dignity, or even comfort.

As for the cow, when she observed this sudden division of the phenomenon, she appeared dumbfounded. She stood still, gazing now at the prostrate and gleaming wheel under her nose, and now at the equally prostrate Halifax wheelman in a stone-heap on the other side of the fence. The surprise took all the heart quite out of the foolish animal. So subdued was she, in fact, that when the wheelman bruised and bled, and with all the beauty of his countenance for a time obscured, took courage to get up and throw a stone at her, she incontinently retired; whereupon the wheelman went boldly forth, and rescued his wheel.

What became of the cow, and what were her thoughts upon the whole affair, we have been unable to learn. The wheelman considered the affair a beastly bore.

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TALK OF THE THEATRE.

I notice that Marshal P. Wilder's book, The People I've Smiled With, has at last reached the city, and is for sale at the bookstores. The gifted author of this unpretentious volume possesses in a remarkable degree the face and the brain of an actor; but—

"Curtailed of this fair proportion, Cheated of feature by dissembling nature, Deformed, unfinished."

—too sensitive to parade his misfortunes in the glare of the footlights, and too proud to convert them into sympathetic capital, he had to seek another channel in which to display his abilities and earn a livelihood. So he took to parlor and concert readings. His success was more than satisfactory, but it was not sufficient to secure for him the much sought after and better paying commissions in the gift of Ward McAllister's noble 400. But the form of a cripple covered an indomitable will that was bound to succeed. He knew that while his countrymen might loudly and proudly boast of their republicanism and jeer at "the effete society of the old world," yet if he could but gain the ear and the praise of that much derided body, every parlor in America would be open to him and his purse would grow correspondingly large.

He crossed the Atlantic and sought an interview with the Prince of Wales. It was refused. He tried again and again with a like result. The lackeys of the court turned away with a smile of ridicule from the ugly little fellow who, without any legitimate excuse, would dare to trespass on the time of their master. Still he was not discouraged. In his lexicon there was no such word as "fail." He followed the prince to his club and accosted him.

"What do you want?" demanded the prince, vexed at his importunities. "Just to tell you a story," was the modest reply. "Proceed then."

The story was told, another and another followed, England's heir apparent burst into fit after fit of immoderate laughter as he listened to the grotesque tales the young man narrated, and watched the facial grimaces that accompanied them. The next day the story was all over London. Wilder sprang at once into popular favor; he was lionized and invited everywhere, and he had gained his point for he returned home to find that "the smiles of a butterfly aristocracy" had open the gates his own unaided exertions could not. Now he describes in a very taking manner, in the above book, the celebrated people, including nobility, actors, managers, and other lights, whom he met and with whom he conversed during his professional travels. Some critics have objected to the title, as apt to convey the idea that those meetings were more bibulous than convivial, but I think that it merely shows that the little joker was in the pack.

Another book. Leander Richardson, editor of the New York Dramatic News, has written a novel, entitled Lord Dunmersey, in which it is alleged he endeavors to idealize the character of Maurice Barrymore, of the Madison Square company. I have not yet seen the work, and may have something more to say about it when it comes to hand. So far, however, the critics have "slated" it with a good deal of energy.

A still more interesting book, to me at least, than either of the above, is one promised from the pen of Charles Townsend. It will deal with the art of play-writing, and is to be dedicated to Allen Forman, of the Journalist.

"An actress of ample experience, pronounced dramatic instinct, and heroic proportions," is Nym Cruikie's description of the English actress, Helen Barry, now starring in this country under the direction of J. M. Hill.

Wilkie Collins, like Thackeray, Dickens, Reade, Howells and Bret Harte, had a great ambition for dramatic authorship and like them failed at it. The mere evolving of plot and painting characters will not suffice to make a play; construction and action are just as necessary.

Egonard Mahe, the Parisian critic, will deliver several lectures on "Ethics of the Drama" in America during the coming winter.

The elder Dumas wrote in Madame Patti's album: "Being a man and a Christian, I love to listen to your singing, but if I were a bird I would die of envy."

The dramatic papers announce that Miss Hope Booth, a member of Minnie Madern's company, was recently married at Buffalo to Hon. Mr. Gibbs, of the Canadian Parliament.

Margaret Mather is playing for the first time in the Southern States. William Redmond and Mrs. Thomas Barry are jointly starring again this season. The veteran English playwright, Edward Layman Blanchard, is dead.

E. A. McDowell has left Clara Morris' company, and is looking for an engagement. Beatrice Lieb, who made such a pronounced success in The Paymaster, has resigned from that company.

It took 21 weeks last season for Bill

Nye and James Whitcombe Riley to make \$21,000. On Oct. 21 they start out together for another season.

The report that London McCormick and his wife, Maud Miller (daughter of Joaquin Miller), are in destitute circumstances is denied by them.

Old Homestead began its second year in New York on last Thursday.

Geo. M. Wood and Walter J. Brooks are preparing for the use of the Wood-St. John company a new version of Roger la Honte.

Thomas E. Shea has secured Domnick Murray's well known Escaped from Sing Sing.

Jay Rial has signed J. H. Gilmour for the Grand Opera house, San Francisco, Stock company.

To the gentleman whose somewhat antiquated feats of magic were noticed in this column two weeks ago, and who so lost his temper on the head of it that he made several mentions of it at a subsequent performance, I desire to say that the theatrical criticisms of this paper are not for sale and to remind him that while he was venting his wrath on PROGRESS and its humble scribe the people knew that one honest, conscientious opinion of his show had been given by OWEN T. CARROLL.

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202,899	10 "	A. Horton.....	Pawtucket, R. I.....	5,000	5,699	3,226	2,473
64,134	23 "	A. E. Riege.....	Brooklyn, N. Y.....	5,000	7,794	3,533	4,261
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