

HOW TO RIDE BAREBACK.

SOME ADVENTURES IN THE LIFE OF CHAMPION FISH.

How Boys are Trained to be Riders—A First-Class Horse for the Business—Practically Invaluable—Fish's Mishap While Doing a "Twister."

Charles W. Fish, the champion bareback rider of the world, died at Chicago a few days ago.

Fish was probably the best known rider in the world, and held the championship for years, doing many remarkable feats which the younger men in the profession never excelled. He was born in Philadelphia in 1839. He came of good old stock. The following interview with him, published in Philadelphia in 1880, will be interesting at this time, especially to circus men and lovers of the tent show:

"What is necessary, Mr. Fish, to become a first-class performer?"

"Well, there are a good many things necessary. To climb to the top of the tree—or on the back of the horse, properly—a child's training, boy or girl, should begin at the age of 5 or 6, not later than 7 or 8 years anyhow. The first steps are to give the body that elasticity so essential, and this is done by practising all kinds of tumbling on the ground. 'Somersaults, backward and forward, hand springs or flip-flips, in fact, all that tumblers do in a circus. When a boy becomes thoroughly proficient in this sort of thing, the next step is to put him on the back of a horse and teach him how to keep his balance. There are two ways of doing this to keep a juvenile from mastering it at the risk of a broken neck. One is by the 'mechanic,' a modern invention, by which the rider is held suspended in the air if he leaves the horse's back while going around the ring. The other is to have a rope attached to the boy's waist which passes through a ring on the side of the pad, the end being held by the teacher. As soon as the boy begins to topple and is seen to be going, a strong pull on the rope brings him up against the side of the horse, and keeps him there until he can clamber back again. This is the better way. In the end it gives a youth more confidence in himself, and enables him to keep his balance much longer. That is, I think so. I learned that way. The 'mechanic' is a recent invention, and those who learn by its aid lack that certainty and precision essential to first-class professional riding.

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"Ever try it again?"

"Oh, yes," was the winding-up sentence of the interview. "I do it now."

GLADSTONE IN RETIREMENT.

His Views as to the New Woman and Other Matters of Interest.

"I should like so much," I implored, "to hear how Mr. Gladstone passes his days just the programme of one of the days which telleth another." The Grand Old Man smiled. And it is something to have lived for, to have seen him smile. It is as though a rare porcelain lamp were suddenly illuminated with a clear radiance within, so white is the livid face, so brilliant the deep-set eyes.

"If you are really good enough to be interested in so small a thing," he said, "it is easily told, and in a few words. During our trip abroad the physician's orders were merciless. Breakfast was to be taken in bed, at the late hour of half past eight. All necessity for such a lazy habit of life has now passed away, however. We rise about half past seven, attend morning service at the village church, to which, as it is scarcely a mile away, we usually walk. After that we breakfast, although, I am ashamed to say, I have sometimes of late felt the necessity for a cup of tea or coffee, which is kindly given me at the rectory if I require it. I do not know that I would recommend the habit, but I am myself very fond of reading a book as I dress in the morning. It was thus that I read a couple of months ago, the life of Prof. Owen, with extreme enjoyment and profit. I have found my pleasure in some attempts at literary labor, and therefore I can scarcely refer to it as work when I say that I spent some hours before luncheon in writing. I am at present engaged upon a new edition of Bishop Butler, who, to my mind, was one of the noblest men and wisest writers who ever blessed the earth with his influence. This work, it must call it so, has brightened my few holidays for the past ten years. I have heard that another book on much the same lines will soon be ready for publication, probably before my own can possibly see the light, but I do not for this reason allow myself to be discouraged. I shall persevere until the end is reached."

"You sometimes read novels, do you not, Mr. Gladstone?" one of us asked.

"Yes, I allow myself some light reading usually each day, after dinner. I think the two, perhaps, which have seemed to me the most worthy of reflection during the past year have been 'Ether Waters' and 'The Year of Jubilees.' Both seemed to me strong and able works, which ought to live, when many of their contemporaries are forgotten."

"It is wonderful that you find time to do so much," I said, amazed.

"Perhaps it is because he is so punctual, and expects everybody else to be so," smiled Mrs. Gladstone. "He is always ready for everything and does everything very quickly. For instance he can dress for dinner, quite fully, in less than five minutes. I cannot myself conceive how he does it, though I am not one to waste much time, or encourage others to waste it, on personal adornment."

"I wonder if we may dare to ask whether you ever glance at any of the—er—pictorial representations of yourself in the newspapers and magazines?" I asked, trembling.

"Caricatures, you mean," he said, smiling again. "Well, you see one cannot do everything, especially so old a man as I, and so, as I must give up something, I have of late years given up the newspapers almost entirely. Even when I do make an exception to my general rule by reading one, I find other subjects far more interesting than what may have been said of me. But I fear that Mrs. Gladstone does sometimes look to see how the journals have represented me. I think, at one time, she had even gone so far as to make a small collection of sketches, with what object I am somewhat divided in opinion. However, I am quite sure that she has ceased so to amuse herself long ago."

"Do you ever go to the theatre, Mr. Gladstone?" I asked.

"I seldom find myself equal to or inclined for theatre-going of late, but I cannot go so far as to say that I have given it up. I confess, however, that a quiet game of backgammon in the evening, when I have laid aside a book, has for me a great charm. It is a game which can scarcely be excelled by any modern invention—assuredly not superseded."

"Will you tell me what is your favorite study?" I enquired, emboldened by his good nature.

"There are many answers which I might be tempted to give to such a question," replied Mr. Gladstone. "Yet the one which

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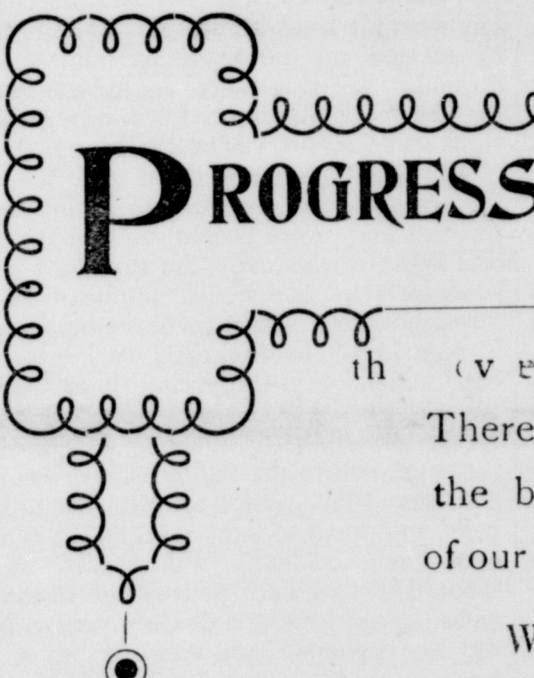
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I would regard afterwards with the most satisfaction would be—*theology*. It has been the study of my life, though I am at eighty-five but on the threshold, as a learner. Over that threshold, I may only pass with death."

I was wondering, knowing what a linguist Mr. Gladstone is, whether he would not mention the study of languages. But evidently he did not care to rank it with *theology*. And so, without questioning him further on that subject, I ventured hastily to ask what was his opinion of the "New Woman" and the stir she is creating in the world.

"I am too old a man," he returned, "to have an opinion of any kind on the 'New Woman,' as I consider that the exponent of certain doctrines is erroneously styled. My ideal woman has not altered in the past three score years and ten, and I may affirm positively that it is not probable she will do so in the time that is left."

Wonderful Electrical Demonstration.

Prince Henry of Prussia stood the other day with tongues of flame more than a yard long shooting forth from his hands in quivering zig-zags, accompanied by incessant cracklings. It was in the lecture-room of the scientific society, Urania, at Berlin. He had offered himself up as a subject to Professor Spies to demonstrate the fact that alternating electric currents of high power

and great frequency passed through a human body, far from causing death, produce no ill-effects. The Prince declared that he felt no inconvenience whilst Professor Spies was passing through his body a discharge of 100,000 alternating currents a second with a tension of 100,000 volts.

THAT ACHING HEAD

What Causes it and How Overcome.

How often the remark "Oh, my head aches," and there are so many varieties of aches and pains the head is subject to all along the line from the dull and heavy and oppressed feeling over the eyes to the persistent, racking and torturing misery of Sick Headache. The cause is in most cases the same, the overflow of poisonous uric acid is not extracted from the blood by the kidneys, and accumulating in the blood causes high and irregular pulse, headaches, mental depression, nausea. Chase's K. & L. Pills ton and restore the kidneys, excrete poisonous matter from the blood, sending it on its way pure and health-giving, curing Headache, and removing all the attending symptoms from its wake. Mrs. G. Bird, Harriston, Ont., while attending the 1894 Fall Exhibition at Toronto was taken very ill with Sick Head-ache and dizziness. She was subject to these attacks for years, compelling her to take to her bed. In this

case by using Chase's Pills relief was immediately obtained, and the usual days of misery and prostration avoided. Thousands of such cases can be referred to where Chase's Pills have cured Sick Head-ache and its attendant symptoms. 25 cents a box. Of all dealers, or by addressing Edmondson, Bates & Co., 45 Lombard Street, Toronto.

Woman's Rights in Alaska.

Alaska is essentially a woman's country. He is boss there without the shadow of a doubt. If there is a political meeting to be held the wife tells her husband to go and catch some fish or do up the chores; then she sees to it that two or three dogs are left where they can get at the supper dishes, and off she goes to pass upon the affairs of state, after having carefully locked the doors of the house. When she returns she knows that her good man will be patiently waiting for her and that the dogs will have the dishes cleaned. To the Alaskan mind this method of clearing dishes backs to the average American, especially if one is urged by the lady of the house, who may happen to meet you on her way home, to take dinner with her. The men are absolutely ruled by the women. For instance, a certain woman's husband desires to take a canoe and go fishing. You would naturally suppose that all there would be about it would be to have his lines

in order, jump into a canoe and paddle away. But he must first ask his wife for her permission, then get the consent of his mother-in-law and of all his wife's female relations within reach. That programme holds good in every case. The wife, too, is the financier of the family. She always carries the pocketbook, and the husband cannot spend one cent unless she knows just what it is for, and then she uses her own judgment, as one of them naively explained it to me, whether she gives him anything or not. More than that, after he has made a purchase it is his bounden duty to report to the head of the house, and he does it without fail."

A Tattooed English Lady.

Lady Randolph Churchill is the only woman in the English peerage who can boast of having been tattooed. The operation was performed when travelling in India, and was suggested by noticing the process being done by a British soldier on a sailor. She had the artist brought before her, and asked for some designs. He suggested the symbol of eternity—a snake holding his tail in its mouth. Lady Churchill liked it, and the result, according to hearsay, is a beautifully executed snake coiled round the arm above the wrist. As a rule, a broad gold band covers it, but personal friends have seen it, and heard the story of the tattooing. L.T.S. T.F.S. T.F.S.