

of the prominent Cherokees were in prison, and that portion of Georgia where the tribe was located was secured by armed squads of militia, who had orders to arrest all who refused to leave the country. While Ross and Payne were seated before the fire in the hut, one day, the door was suddenly burst open, and six or eight militiamen sprang into the room. The soldiers lost no time in taking their prisoners away. Ross was permitted to ride his own horse while Payne was mounted on one led by a soldier. As the little party left the hovel rain began falling, and continued till every man was drenched thoroughly. The journey lasted all night. Toward midnight Payne's escort, in order to keep himself awake, began humming 'Home, Home, Sweet, Sweet Home,' when Payne remarked:—'Little did I expect to hear that song under such circumstances, and at such a time! Do you know the author?' 'No,' said the soldier. 'Do you?' 'Yes,' answered Payne. 'I composed it.' 'You did?' was the reply. 'You can tell that to some fellows, but not to me. Look here—you made that song, you say. If you did—and I know you didn't—you can say it all without stopping. It has something in it about pleasures and palaces. Now pitch in and reel it off, and if you can't I'll bounce you from that horse and lead you instead of it.' Payne immediately repeated the song in a slow, subdued tone, then sang it, making the old woods ring with tender melody. It touched the heart of the rough soldier, who was not only captivated, but convinced; he ordered that the composer of such a song should never go to prison if he could help it; and when the party reached Milledgeville they were, after a preliminary examination, discharged, much to their surprise. Payne insisted that it was because the leader of the squad had been under the magnetic influence of Ross's conversation, and Ross insisted that they had been saved from insult and imprisonment by the power of 'Home, Sweet Home,' sung as only those who feel can sing it. The friendship existing between Ross and Payne endured until the grave closed over the mortal remains of the latter.

Mr Ashcroft Noall gave one of his enjoyable concerts in the Theatre Royal, Napier, last Thursday, when the programme included the 'Cradle Song' (Kjerulf) and 'Il Tremolo' (Gottschalk), which were played with great artistic perception and much technical proficiency. As his solo pieces Mr Noall also played a 'Nocturne' (Chopin), 'Minuetto di Boccherini' (Ketter), 'Hungarian Dance' (Brahms), 'Grand Polonaise' (Chopin), 'Caprice' (Pabst), and 'Etude' (Heller). The vocalists of the evening were Mrs Owen and Miss Jago, the former of whom sang 'Help Me to Pray' (Tosti) and 'Hush Thee, My Baby' (Pease), the latter giving the song, 'My Dearest Heart.' Messrs Noall, Humphries, and Dickin performed the Reissiger trio for violin, 'cello, and piano with conspicuous success. Mr T. R. Cooke was enthusiastically encored for his violin solo, 'Scène de Ballet' (De Beriot), 'The Courier' (Armstrong), a banjo solo, which was one of the favourite items at the Banjo Club's concert, was repeated by Mr Macfarlane. All the accompaniments were played by Mr Noall.

The Roman Catholics of Hastings gave an enjoyable concert and social in the Oddfellows' Hall, Hastings, on Wednesday night. The programme consisted of a solo, 'When the Heart is Young,' by Mrs Bolan, which was enthusiastically encored. Miss Donovan was greatly applauded for her clever and humorous recitations, 'At the Bar,' and 'The Squire,' which greatly entertained her audience. Miss Boyle and Miss Lee also contributed songs, and the former also assisted in a duet in conjunction with Miss Pickett. A trio by the Misses Adair, Boyle, and A. Boyle was sung with power and pathos. Mr Fernley sang 'My Sweetheart When a Boy,' and was encored. Mr J. F. Shanly sang 'Ever of Thee,' and was also encored. Messrs James and Cosgrove gave songs in character, and Mr J. Miller danced the hornpipe. Miss Lee played the accompaniments with considerable execution.

Duse's opinion of her own profession is not high. She consented to do the other day for *Le Figaro* of Paris what she has never done for an American newspaper—be interviewed. This is part of what she said: 'The life of the theatre is the least intellectual in the world. Once the part is learned the brain need work no more. The nerves, the sensibilities, the struggles for emotion, they are what colour and what occupy the actor. It is for this reason in general there are so many stupid actors and actresses; and who says "stupid" often says "gross and immoral." I have never, up to the present time, found a true friend in the theatre. It would be as well to put aside the narrow envies, the little rivalries—in a word, to become like other people.' Duse says that with her costume she takes off all remembrance of her performance, and that as soon as possible after a performance she gets far away from the theatre. Her popular authors, to judge by the books seen in her room, were Maeterlinck, Carlyle, Æschylus, Sophocles and Petrarch.

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## CYCLING.

ON Saturday afternoon the members of the Nelson Wheel Club met and went for a very pleasant ride along the Wakapuaka Road. On the homeward journey a stop was made at Mrs Ledger's pretty residence, where delicious afternoon tea was ready for the travellers, all of whom were very glad to accept their hostess' well-known hospitality. The Misses Ledger (two) assisted their mother to entertain her guests. The rest of the ride home was hardly as pleasant as before on account of a heavy shower of rain, which came on rather unexpectedly, and drenched those who were out at the time.

### HOW TO TRAIN FOR CYCLE RACING.

#### OPINIONS OF THREE CHAMPIONS.

All the world knows how fighters and other athletes train, but bicycling is, in a measure, a new sport. Here is what some bicycle champions say of the way to put one's self in condition for racing:—

'It is advisable before commencing to train (says one) to consult a physician, and to be carefully examined, to see that you are thoroughly sound; if you are not, it would be folly for you to begin. Be careful as to diet, retire early, and abstain from smoking and alcoholic drinks. Smoking depresses the heart and shortens the wind, while drinking strains the blood. I have beaten many a man who would have had a far better chance, and perhaps beaten me, if he could have let liquor alone.

'Most men should commence training on the road at least a month before the first race, but I take a much longer time to get fit. My consolation is that I keep in form longer than usual, generally right through the season. This preliminary road riding, like everything connected with training, must be done in a systematic manner. The morning exercise should be taken from one and a half to two hours after breakfast. I do not believe in taking any exercise before breakfast, as some advise. I have tried it, but it was not a success; it seemed to me like trying to run an engine without fuel. One and a half or two hours after breakfast ride from eight to ten miles on the road.

'Train for the distance which, after experience, you find the best adapted to your capabilities. Some men have the power to stay long distances at a moderate pace, but cannot sprint at all, while others can do just the opposite. A very few can do both.

'When you have found out the distance which suits you best, try it about once a week. Let some one hold a watch and time each quarter of a mile. At each succeeding attempt try to improve the previous quarter a little, but hold enough in reserve to ride the last quarter the fastest.'

Another cycle racer says:—'I began to prepare for the racing season in the spring. My preliminary consists of a ten mile spin about ten o'clock, I ride at a slow but steady pace; after I have finished I get a good rub down and rest quietly for a couple of hours, when I enjoy a two mile walk at an ordinary gait. Coming back to my training quarters, I again mount my machine and reel off about twenty miles, going free and easy. The early part of my ride is confined to slow pace, which I gradually increase and finish with a sprint at top speed. This work I continue for another month, when I begin to sprint quarters and halves. Having satisfied myself that I am thoroughly fit, that my wind is good and I am willing to wind up with a strong sprint, I start for the race meets. After that the work you get in your race will be quite enough to keep you on edge, provided you diet yourself. I eat everything and anything I like except

pastry. I never use liquor, but am an inveterate smoker.'

A third racer gives it as his opinion that before doing any work at all the stomach must be got into shape by a thorough physicking, which relieves the system of all biliousness. This leaves the body in a very weak condition, and it must be strengthened gradually by keeping very quiet and eating light food, such as milk, toast, soft boiled eggs, etc., for a few days, after which more strengthening food may be taken.

The first three days very little exercise is sufficient—three to six miles a day, at a very easy pace. This should be gradually worked down day by day, and at the same time the distance should be increased; till about the end of the third week the miles will be done at 2 minutes 20 seconds, and the distance will be lengthened to about nine miles each day.

A little faster work may now be indulged in, and half a mile can be reeled off at one minute (paced), to show the condition of the man in regard to endurance. If he is found wanting he must again return to his former practice; but if he has the required endurance, he may start to sprint a short distance.

It is at this point that the trainer should get in his fine work, turning the superfluous flesh into muscle. After each work-out the man should have a thorough drying with coarse towels, followed by a thorough massage, every muscle being worked and manipulated.

### THE RUBBER BOOM.

Nothing seems more certain than that the great rubber industry will be partially paralysed through exhaustion of present sources of supplies, and that the fortunate owners of rubber plantations, be they few or many, will reap huge fortunes. It is this certainty, proved by the rubber statistics, which is at the bottom of the great efforts now being made to obtain plantations in Mexico and elsewhere, but chiefly in the former country. Mexico is the home of the *Castilloa elastica*, acknowledged to be the best of the rubber-yielding trees from the planter's point of view. Hevea brasiliensis gives the most valuable rubber—Para—now worth 31 7d per lb, while that from the *Castilloa* only realises 25 4d. But the difference in value is greatly owing to the better methods of preparation which obtain in Brazil. When the *Castilloa* milk has been taken in hand by a skillful British chemist, as it shortly will be, we shall, without doubt, see a marked improvement, and the price will be levelled up to within measurable distance of that of 'fine' Para. The prospects of the rubber planter in Mexico, even at present values, are more rosy than those of any other arboricultural industry. And this applies, more or less, to every country in which the *Castilloa elastica* will thrive. A profit of 300 per cent in the eighth year is what the experts are promising, and the figures are based in one instance on a selling price of 15 per lb for the rubber, and in another on 25, the first being less than half the market value of *Castilloa* rubber in London to day, and the second 4d below it. That rubber can be grown cheaper than it can be purchased from the native collectors is an absolute fact, and it is obvious that the quality must be far superior to any wild product, except, perhaps, Para, the method of preparing which does not seem capable of improvement. For joint stock enterprise the cultivation of rubber trees in Mexico offers a fine field, as there is no substitute for rubber worthy of the name, and small probability of there ever being one. At present adulteration is rife, greatly to the detriment of the trade. We hear of powdered flint and cement being used to eke out the supply, and the demand for old worn out rubber goods is very great. The only apparent remedy for this disastrous state of things is cultivation on an enormous scale.

### REFLECTIONS OF A BACHELOR.

A WOMAN never forgives a man for understanding her. Acanias and Sapphira had probably got used to it with the tax assessor.

Love is back of half the fool breaks a man makes, and indignation is back of the other half.

A girl always seems to think the men won't think she has a happy disposition unless she shows all her teeth when she has a photograph taken.

A widower is always afraid that if he doesn't act broken hearted, all the women will talk about him, and if he does, none of them will look at him.

When the minister says there will be no marriages in heaven, all the old maids look pleased, because they think they will have the laugh on the other women.

A woman never completely loves a man unless he is sometimes brutal to her.

Every married man knows a girl that he thinks he might marry if his wife died.

Every girl has a belief that she can cure a certain man's headache by stroking his forehead.

When a girl wants to get married she always likes to show a man how well she can hold another woman's baby.

When some women get to heaven the first thing they will ask will be how the rest of the angels have agreed to treat Mary Magdalen.