

She: Oh, thank you.

He: And I have loved you from a child.

She: With interludes by Clara Knox.

He: She is going to South Africa.

She: And you to Warsaw?

He: Will you?

She: To teach you diplomacy?

He: To teach me to be a good man and a loyal husband.

She (very softly): I know no just cause or impediment.

THE WOES OF A WHEELWOMAN.

To the Editress of the "WHEELWOMAN."

DEAR EDITRESS,—I am sure you will assist me! You are so awfully nice to young ladies!

I am a young lady—my friends say with a good figure, my glass says more. Of course we want to see and be seen. My sisters and myself, that is—well, we live in the country, and it is a necessity of life for us to have to cycle into Reading. But—the opposite to Sterne's starling—"we can't get in!" The roads are too dreadful, and their rules too ridiculous. On every side may be heard "the groans of the Britains." The stones drive us to the pathways; the police, on the pathways, drive us back to the stones!

Only the other day three of us were riding along an excellent pathway most steadily, and ringing our bells most politely to a policeman to get out of the way; but I regret to say the myrmidon of the law not only would not do this, but also in other ways showed great want of consideration.

Do, dear Editress, come to our assistance! Why should not the authorities provide by every roadside a nice bicycle track? It would be so awfully nice! Or, at any rate, let us ride on the pathways, where roads are bad and there are no foot-passengers, out in the country. It has been ordered in Galway that the police are not to interfere unless bicycle-riders cause a pathway obstruction. Now, why should Ireland be more gallant than England? If County Council hearts were not more flinty than their flints, and Town Council hearts colder than even their causeways, certainly something would have been arranged for us long before this!

My feelings will not admit of more. Sadly I sign myself,

"BEAUTY IN DISTRESS."

December, 1897.

A CAUTION.

WHEN returning from a wet ride do not, on any account, place your bicycle near the fire. The rapid drying has a very destroying effect on the tyres. The fabric which backs the outer cover becomes hardened and eventually cracks. This runs through the cover in a very short time, and the whole is split.

* * *

CRUEL.

YOUNG PAPLEY (the minor poet): "I usually carry a notebook to jot down my ideas, but I forgot it to-day."

She: "Would a visiting-card be too large?"

THE NEW WOMAN'S BICYCLE SONG.

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN.

I.

CHANGED in a trice you find me,
Man, my Master of yore!
Vainly you seek to bind me,
For I'm your Slave no more.
Fast as you fly behind me,
I now fly on before!

II.

Out from my prison breaking,
Wherein so long I lay,
Into my lungs I'm taking
Draughts of the glad new Day—
Out! where the world is waking!
Presto! up and away!

III.

Praise to the Luck which sent me
This magical Wheel I ride,
For now I know God meant me
To match Man, side by side!
Wings the good Lord hath lent me,
And oh, the world is wide!

IV.

Scornful of all disaster,
On to the goal I flee!
My wheel grows faster and faster,
My soul more strong and free!
Pedal your best, good master,
If you'd keep pace with me!

V.

Bees may hum in the clover,
Sheep in the fold may cry,
My long siesta is over,—
Onward at last I fly—
He who would be my lover
Must now be swift as I!

VI.

All that I missed he misses
Who lags behind distressed, —
Sweet were the old-time blisses
But Freedom and Life are best—
Still, there's a time for kisses,
When now and then we rest!

VII.

And now I heed not a feather
The chains I used to feel—
Soon in the golden weather,
Edenward back we'll steal!
Adam and Eve together!
Throned on the Double Wheel!

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

—Morning Leader.