GREAT NAVAL VICTORY.

"Fighting Bob" Evans Graphically Describes the Annihilation of Cervera's Proud Fleet.

The battleship Iowa was the first ship to see the Spanish fleet coming out of the harbor on the morning of July 3. Somebody on the bridge shouted: "What's that black thing coming out of the harbor?" A moment later the Iowa was at general quarters and the signal was hoisted that the enemy' ships were coming out. A gun was fired to attract the attention of the fleet at 9:33 a. m. "Fighting Bob" Evans, the commander of the Iowa, was sitting in his cabin, talking to his son, a cadet on the Massachusetts, who, luckily, had been left behind in a picket launch when the Massachusetts went to Guantanamo to coal at dawn.

"FIGHTING BOB" EVANS.

Capt. Evans' Story.

Capt. Evans' account of the battle, as told in the cabin of the Iowa to a correspondent of the Associated Press, is intensely interesting. He said:

"At the time 'general quarters' was sounded the engine bell rang full speed ahead, and I put the helm to starboard and the Iowa crossed the bows of the Infanta Maria Teresa, the first ship out. As the Spanish admiral swung to the westward the 12-inch shells from the forward turret of the Iowa seemed to strike him fair in the bow, and the fight was a spectacle. As the squadron came out in column, the ships beautifully spaced as to distance and gradually increasing their speed to thirteen knots, it was superb. The Iowa from this moment kept up a steady fire from her heavy guns, heading all the time to keep the Infanta Maria Teresa on her starboard bow and hoping to ram one of the leading ships. In the meantime the Oregon, Indiana, Brooklyn and Texas were doing excellent work with their heavy guns. In a very short space of time the enemy's ships were all clear of the harbor mouth, and it became evidently impossible for the Iowa to ram either the first or the second ship on account of their speed.

Fighting at 2,000 Yards.

"The range at this time was 2,000 yards from the leading ship. The Iowa's helm was immediately put hard to the starboard and the entire starboard broadside was poured into the Infanta Maria Teresa. The helm was then quickly shifted to port and the ship went across the stern of the Teresa in an effort to head off the Oquendo. All the time the engines were driving at full speed ahead. A perfect torrent of shells from the enemy passed over the smokestacks and superstructure of the ship, but none struck her. The Cristobal Colon, being much faster than the rest of the Spanish ships, passed rapidly to the front in an effort to escape. In passing the Iowa the Colon placed two 6-inch shells fairly on our starboard bow. One passed through the cofferdam and dispensary, wrecking the latter and bursting on the berth deck, doing considerable damage. The other passed through the side at the water line within the cofferdam, where it still remains.

The Duel with the Oquendo.

"As it was now obviously impossible to ram any of the Spanish ships on account of their superior speed, the Iowa's helm was put to the starboard and she ran on a course parallel with the enemy. Being then abreast of the Almirante Oquendo, at a distance of 1,100 yards, the Iowa's entire battery, including the rapid-fire guns, was opened on Oquendo. The punishment was terrific. Many 8 and 6 inch shells were seen to explode inside of her and smoke came out through her hatches. Twelve-inch shells from the Iowa pierced the Almirante Oquendo at the same moment, one forward and the other aft. The Oquendo seemed to stop her engines for a moment and lost headway, but she immediately resumed her speed and gradually drew ahead of the Iowa and came under the terrific fire of the Oregon and Texas.

Torpedo Boats Sighted.

"At this moment the alarm of 'torpedo boats' was sounded, and two torpedo boat destroyers were discovered in the starboard quarter at a distance of 4,000 yards. Fire was at once opened on them with the after battery and a 12-inch shell cut the stern of one destroyer squarely off. As the shell struck a small torpedo boat fired back at the battleship, sending a shell within a few feet of my head. I said to Executive Officer Rogers: "That little chap has got a lot of cheek." Rogers shouted back: "She shoots very well, all the same."

Daring of the Gloucester.

"Well up among the advancing cruisers, spitting shots at one and then another, was the little Gloucester, shooting first at a cruiser and then at a torpedo boat, and hitting a head wherever she saw it. The marvel was that she was not destroyed by the rain of shells. In the meantime the Vizcaya was slowly drawing abeam of the Iowa, and for the space of fifteen minutes it was give and take between the two ships. The Vizcaya fired rapidly but wildly, not one shot taking effect on the Iowa, while the shells from the Iowa were tearing great rents in the sides of the Vizcaya. As the latter passed ahead of the Iowa she came under the murderous fire of the Oregon. At this time the Infanta Maria Teresa and the Almirante Oquendo, leading the enemy's column, were seen to be heading for the beach and in flames. The Texas, Oregon, and Iowa pounded them unmercifully. They ceased to reply to the fire and in a few moments the Spanish cruisers were a mass of flames and on the rocks with their colors down, the Teresa flying a white flag at the fore.

Enemy's Crews Jump Overboard.

"The crews of the enemy's ships stripped themselves and began jumping overboard, and one of the smaller magazines began to explode. Meantime the Brooklyn and the Cristobal Colon were exchanging compliments in lively fashion at apparently long range, and the Oregon, with her locomotive speed, was hanging well on the Colon, also paying attention to the Vizcaya. The Teresa and the Oquendo were in flames on the beach just twenty minutes after the first shot was fired. Fifty minutes after the first shot was fired the Vizcaya put her helm to port with a great burst of flame from the afterpart of the ship, and headed slowly for the rocks at Acceradores, where she found her last resting place. As it was apparent that the Iowa could not possibly catch the Cristobal Colon, and that the Oregon and Brooklyn undoubtedly would, and as the fast New York was also in her trail, I decided that the calls of humanity should be answered and attention given to the twelve or fifteen hundred Spanish officers and men who had struck their colors to the American squadron commanded by Admiral Sampson.

Saving the Beaten Spaniards.

"I therefore headed for the wreck of the Vizcaya, now burning furiously fore and aft. When I was in as far as the depth of water would admit I lowered all my boats and sent them at once to the assistance of the unfortunate men, who were being drowned by dozens or roasted on the decks. I soon discovered that the insurgent Cubans from the shore were shooting on men who were struggling in the water after having surrendered to us. I immediately put a stop to this, but I could not put a stop to the mutilation of many bodies by the sharks inside the reef. These creatures had become excited by the blood from the wounded mixing in the water. My boat's crew worked manfully and unflinchingly in saving many of the wounded from the burning ship. One man, who will be recommended for promotion, clambered up the side of the Vizcaya and saved three men from burning to death. The smaller magazines of the Vizcaya were exploding with magnificent cloud effects. The boats were coming alongside in a steady string and willing hands were helping the lacerated Spanish officers and sailors onto the Iowa's quarter-deck. All the Spaniards were absolutely without clothes. Some had their legs torn off by fragments of shells. Others were mutilated in every conceivable way.

Blood Deep in the Boats.

"The bottoms of the boats held two or three inches of blood. In many cases dead men were lying in the blood. Five poor chaps died on the way to the ship. They were afterward buried with military honors from the Iowa. Some examples of heroism, or more properly devotion to discipline and duty, could never be surpassed. One man on the lost Vizcaya had his left arm almost shot off just below the shoulder. The fragments were hanging by a small piece of skin. But he climbed unassisted over the side and saluted as if on a visit of ceremony. Immediately after him came a strong-hearted sailor whose left leg had been shot off above the knee. He was hoisted on board the Iowa with a tackle, but never a whimper came from him. Gradually the mangled bodies and naked well men accumulated until it would have been almost difficult to recognize the Iowa as a United States battleship. Blood was all over her usually white quarter-deck, and 272 naked men were being supplied with water and food by those who a few minutes before had been using a rapid-fire battery on them.

Receiving Capt. Eulate.

"Finally came the boats with Capt. Eulate, commander of the Vizcaya, for whom a chair was lowered over the side, as he was evidently wounded. The captain's guard of marines was drawn up on the quarterdeck to salute him, and I stood waiting to welcome him. As the chair was placed on the deck the marines presented arms. Capt. Eulate slowly raised himself in the chair, saluted me with grave dignity, unbuckled his swordbelt and, holding the hilt of the sword before him, kissed it reverently, with tears in his eyes, and then surrendered it to me. Of course I declined to receive his sword, and as the crew of the Iowa saw this they cheered like wild men. As I started to take Capt. Eulate into the cabin to let the doctors examine his wounds the magazines on board the Vizcaya exploded with a tremendous burst of flame. Capt. Eulate, extending his hands, said: 'Adios, Vizcaya. There goes my beautiful ship, captain!' And so we passed on to the cabin, where the doctors dressed his three wounds. In the meantime thirty officers of the Vizcaya had been picked up, beside 272 of her crew. Our wardroom and steerage officers gave up their staterooms and furnished food, clothing and tobacco to those naked officers from the Vizcaya. The paymaster issued uniforms to the naked sailors, and each was given all the corned beef, coffee and hardtack he could eat. The war had assumed another aspect.

Found Cervera on the Gloucester.

"As I knew the crews of the first two ships wrecked had not been visited by any of our vessels, I ran down to them. I found the Gloucester, with Admiral Cervera and a number of his officers aboard, and also a large number of wounded, some in a frightfully mangled condition. Many prisoners had been killed on shore by the fire of the Cubans. The Harvard came off and I requested Capt. Cotton to go in and take off the crews of the Infanta Maria Teresa and the Almirante Oquendo and by midnight the Harvard had 976 prisoners aboard, a great number of them wounded. For courage and dash there is no parallel in history to the action of the Spanish admiral. He came, as he knew, to absolute destruction. He he knew, to absolute destruction. There was one single hope—that was that the Cristobal Colon would steam faster than the Brooklyn. The spectacle of two torpedo boat destroyers, paper shells at best, deliberately steaming out in broad daylight in the face of the fire of a battleship can be described in one way—it was Spanish, and it was ordered by Blanco. The same must be said of the entire movement. In contrast to this Spanish fashion was the cool, deliberate Yankee work. The American squadron was without sentiment, apparently. The ships went at their Spanish opponents and literally tore them to pieces. But the moment the Spanish flag came down it must have been evident that the sentiment was among the Americans, not among the Spaniards.

High Praise for Cervera.

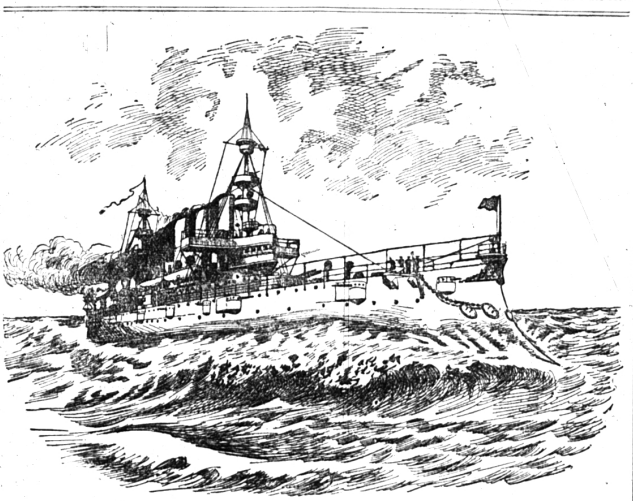
"I took Admiral Cervera aboard the Iowa from the Gloucester, which had rescued him from the dead, and received him with a full admiral's guard. The crew of the Iowa crowded aft over the turrets, half-naked and black with powder, as Cervera stepped over the side bare-headed. Over his undershirt he wore a thin suit of flannel, borrowed from Lieutenant-Commander Wainwright of the Gloucester. The crew cheered vociferously. Cervera is every inch an admiral, even if he had not any hat. He submitted to the fortunes of war with a grace that proclaimed him a thoroughbred."

Capt. Evans is intensely proud of his ship and her men. The Iowa fired thirty-one 12-inch, forty-eight 8-inch, 270 4-inch, 1,060, 6-pound, and 120 1-pound shots.

Fearful Havoc on the Vizcaya.

The officers of the Vizcaya said they simply could not hold their crews at the guns on account of the rapid fire poured upon them. The decks were flooded with water from the fire hose and blood from the wounded made this a dark red. Fragments of bodies floated in this along the gun deck. Every instant the crack of exploding shells told of new havoc. One of the 12-inch shells from the Iowa exploded a torpedo in the Vizcaya's bow, blowing twenty-one men against the deck above and dropping them dead and mangled into the fire which at once started below. The torpedo boat Ericsson was sent by the flagship to the help of the Iowa in the rescue of the Vizcaya's crew. Her men saw a terrible sight. The flames leaping out from the huge shot holes in the Vizcaya's sides licked up the decks, sizzling the flesh of the wounded who were lying there shrieking for help. Between the frequent explosions there came awful cries and groans from the men pinned in below. This carnage was chiefly due to the rapidity of the American's fire. The Spaniards say that no torpedo boats ever came out to attack Admiral Sampson's fleet. The Pluton and Terror, they say, kept guard every night inside the harbor.

The Indiana was hit only twice. She fired no armor-piercing shells except from the smokeless-powder six-pounders. The Oregon was hit three times, twice by fragments of shells. The Iowa was struck nine times.



THE BATTLESHIP IOWA.

FADS OF FASHION.

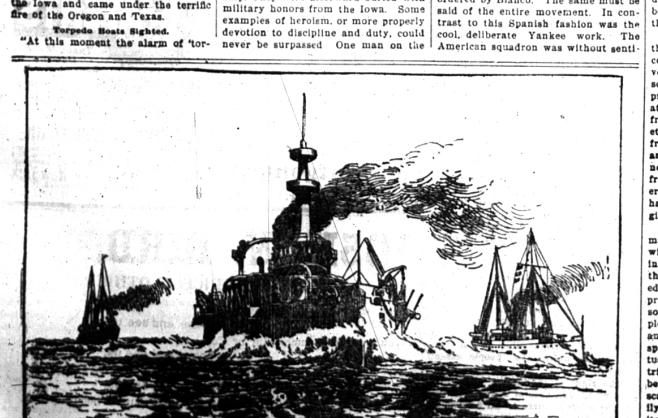
Spangled fans, painted in water colors, are the most a la mode, unless, indeed, one is lucky enough to be the possessor of the lace ones.

Some of the newest French toques have empire combs sewn into them securely at the back, so that they can be worn just as they are when the hair is drawn up in loops on the top of the head in the now prevailing fashion. Another new idea which, needless to say, emanates from Paris, is to have the toque made as it were with a hole of fair size in the center of the crown, so that the loops of the hair can be drawn through it at will, instead of being crushed down and depressed as they now so often are.

Elaborate collar effects promise to be the distinguishing note of some of the coming costumes, and are but a development of the yokes that have been so universal in recent creations. A pretty silk collarette has a blunt point at the back between the shoulders, and from there curves up into small epaulette tabs over the top of the sleeves. In front the collar reaches to the bust and finishes in two square ends. The neckband has little tabs, springing from it with petal-like effect, and everywhere, at the edges, this collarette has a quilling of ribbon and a narrow gimp laid just above this.

The latest thing in neck scarfs are made of chiffon, spangled at intervals with black or colored sequins, and having a light design in sequins worked at the ends above the small picot lace edge that finishes the hems. In these pretty neckties, which we have taken so fondly to our hearts, or, to be completely accurate, to our necks, we have an immense choice. Those in plain spotted net, trimmed simply with selftucks, are to be preferred above those trimmed with cheap lace, but in the better qualites some lovely chiffon scarfs are shown, trimmed very daintily with Honiton lace sprays and Honiton lace braid.

Never put your hand out farther than you can draw it back.



THE BATTLESHIP OREGON.

WONDERFUL ORE SPECIMEN.

Contains Ten Pounds of Gold and Is Worth $2,160.

The finest specimen of quartz gold ore ever sent to the State Bureau of Mines, the finest specimen ever seen in Colorado, and probably the finest specimen in existence for that kind of ore was received from the Smuggler-Union mine, Telluride, San Miguel county, last week. It was immediately sent to the lapidary's, from where it emerged neatly cut in two sections, says the Denver Times. The shape of the specimen is that of a triangle, being 8½ inches on a side and 4½ inches thick, maximum dimensions. Its weight is 18½ pounds, of which, experts say, 10 pounds is pure gold. This, at $18 per ounce, makes the value of this one piece of ore $2,160. The cutting required three whole days—Saturday, Monday and Tuesday—and four carats of diamond dust were use on it. This, at the wholesale cost of $5 per carat, which the lapidaries pay, makes the actual cost of cutting $20, exclusive of time and labor, which will, of course, swell that figure considerably. The managers of the mine loaned this piece of gold to the State for use during the Trans-Mississippi Exposition only, but it is probable that, in view of the commotion which it is causing among mining men in the city—no less than twenty having been in this morning to look at the find—they will allow it to remain on exhibition in the Bureau of Mines for some time after the return of the exhibits from Omaha. Messrs. Lee, Langley and White of the bureau are warm in their praises of the state feel-

In the Name of the Prophet.

In Morocco everything is sold in the name of the Prophet. The storekeeper, the auctioneer and even the peddler calls upon Mohammed or one of the saints to aid him in disposing of his wares. The auctioneer who sells a slave girl or a rug interlards his talk with many allusions to the Moorish deities. In the streets it is no uncommon thing to hear such cries as, "In the name of Mulai Idrias! Roast chestnuts!" "In the name of our Lord Mohammed Al Hadji! Popcorn! Popcorn!" "In the name of Sidna Ali-ben-Rhaleh! Melons! Nice, sweet melons!" "God is gracious! Beans! Fried beans!" "There be no might or majesty save Allah! Water! Water! Cool water!" To the stranger it would appear as if peddler and prophet were partners in business.

Knew One of Them.

One day a pompous little fellow at a dinner table was boasting of the great men with whom he was on intimate terms. He had been in constant correspondence with Longfellow, had lunched with Tennyson, was in friendly relations with the Prince of Wales, and, in short, knew everything and everybody. At length a quiet individual at the further end of the room broke in on the conversation with the question: "My dear sir, did you happen to know the Siamese Twins when they were in this country?"

Our hero, who evidently had a talent for lying, but no real genius, at once replied:

"The Siamese Twins, sir? Yes, sir, I became very intimate with one of them, but I never had the good fortune to meet the other."

No Profanity in Japan.

There is one peculiarity about the Japanese that is not particularly known—they never utter an oath. The reason for this is that there is no word in the Japanese language which is equivalent to an oath. Even the vast number of foreigners who have gone to that country during the last ten years and the thousands of new words added to the language have not in the least affected the Japanese in swearing. In this respect the Japanese stand alone, for all other inhabitants of earth can, when they step on a tack, use a stronger expression than the one used in general conversation.

"Doctor, do you treat rich and poor alike?" "No; circumstances alter cases."—*Life.*

GRANDPA'S COURTSHIP

"So you youngsters want me to tell a story," sighed Grandpa Sawyer, glancing fondly over the merry group of children and grandchildren that had assembled to celebrate his sixtieth birthday; and wondering what he could possibly say on this august occasion that had not been repeated at least a score of times.

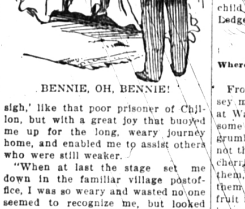
"You might tell them about the time you fainted dead away," suggested grandma, with her tender pensive smile, as she bent caressingly over his latest namesake fast asleep in her arms.

Yielding to the clamorous entreaties of more than a dozen young voices, the veteran slowly proceeded: "You see, I was just out of Andersonville, and a little shaky even on an ordinary occasion, and this was a most extraordinary occasion, being the day your grandma graduated at Holyoke.

"I first enlisted for three months, full of fight and sure of victory, and I looked so fine and tall in my blue uniform. I thought I'd go and say good-bye to Dr. Miller's daughter. I was only a common farmer, and she had another beau, a student at Amherst, but I remembered once at a party, when she had to choose a partner she selected me instead of Jim; so I thought I'd go and tell her I was off for Dixie in the morning. I thought maybe she'd cry a little as my mother did, or say something fine about my laying down my precious life for the dear old flag; but she didn't say much, and I didn't stay long, for Jim was there.

"Martha went with me out to the gate. I reached out my big sunburned hand, and she took it in both her own and held it quite a bit, and she said: 'Bennie, I'm sorry you're going to the war; you're too young a man, and too good a man to stand up and be shot at.' Then Jim appeared on the scene, and I went away half cursing my honest hand for being so brown, while Jim's was as white as a lily with a great flashing diamond on the smallest of his slender fingers.

"Talk about standing up as a target for bullets; that's nothing—nothing at all compared with lying down to starve in a foul prison. As the days passed into weeks, and the weeks so long into months so much longer that I lost all count, how many and many a time I looked at my white bony hands and wished they were as big and as tanned as they used to be, and when I would have prayed for an ending of my misery, how well I remembered that Martha had said I was too young to die, and the way she had held my hand still thrilled me, and kept me alive and out of the clutch of old Giant Despair, and I said over and over to myself a thousand times, with grim determination, what Dr. Miller had so often repeated, 'While there is life there is hope,' and at last I was exchanged and discharged. Oh, how happy I was to be set free! I did not 'regain my freedom with a



BENNIE, OH, BENNIE!

sigh,' like that poor prisoner of Chillon, but with a great joy that bounded me up for the long, weary journey home, and enabled me to assist others who were still weaker.

"When at last the stage set me down in the familiar village postoffice, I was so weary and wasted no one seemed to recognize me, but looked at me in a pitying way I could not understand, and so I did not speak to any one, but staggered down the hill to the old farmhouse, trying in vain to scent the supper, or the clove pinks. I did not know my precious mother had been dead for almost a year, but when I reached the gate I felt the change. It hung by one hinge, and swayed and creaked with a dismal sound that seemed to me like the groaning of a ghost. It weakened me so that I had to rest awhile before going down the long walk still lined by my mother's flowerbeds; but oh, how neglected they looked; as I neared the porch I saw a red calf tied to a lilac bush, one that my mother had herself planted on the very day she was a bride, and then I seemed to know that she was gone. War kills women as well as men. She thought her only boy was dead, and she had nothing to live for—nothing but an empty home.

"That was too good a house to be long unoccupied, and Dr. Miller had rented it to a needy family of foreigners, requesting that my room should be left just as my mother had last arranged it.

"Oh! how I had cheered myself with a picture of that waiting tea-table; but I didn't drop down into my accustomed place, for even the table had been moved into the little, overcrowded kitchen, and the robust woman who did her best to serve me could not understand my simple language, but she did comprehend my sorrow and weariness and bitter disappointment, and after I had taken a glass of milk she allowed me to go right up to my own airy chamber, where everything was sacredly familiar. How deliciously soft and clean the bed seemed, and I cried myself to sleep like a tired, homesick baby.

"The first thing I heard on the morning was, not the chirping of the robins, as in the olden time, but the loud bawling of that steer calf under my window. I covered my head with the bedclothes and was the poor, weak baby over again. When I woke later in the day, good Dr. Miller was sitting by my bedside. He helped me dress, and took me home to breakfast, where the talking, as well as the cooking, was all United States; but somehow I wasn't hungry, and longed to ask what had become of Martha.

"I soon found out. Her father was going to Holyoke one very next week to hear her valedictory, and he took me along with him. It was a long drive, but we took it slow and easy, and I had my fill of fresh air, and recovered my appetite. We were a little late for the exhibition, and we found the chapel already crowded, but with good doctor finally succeeded in getting a seat well up in front, and there, right before us, was Amherst Jim, just as slim and white as ever. He mustered his watch chain and petted his latest namesake and made his diamond glisten and deported himself with his eyes, just as he used to in the old red school house when Martha was going to spell her piece. Now he was a full-fledged physician, and Dr. Miller's partner. We had a long time to wait. The essays were lengthy and learned, and Martha's was the very last. The other graduates wore white, but she was all in black with a crape collar. I looked questioningly into her father's face. He put his arm around me, and whispered: 'She was mourning for your mother and for you.'

"For my mother and for me—for the pain of it! oh, the joy of it! and whether it was the pain or the joy, or the crowded room or the way Jim looked at Martha, I cannot tell, but somehow everything slipped away into nothingness.

"When I came back to consciousness, the folks were all gone, all but Dr. Miller and his daughter, and Martha was holding me as handy as she is holding that blessed baby now, and I was just as quiet and submissive.

"I didn't know much of anything but submission for a long time after that. I didn't know when I was taken up in the Miller mansion with Jim for night watch, mixing the medicine to suit himself, and always telling Martha I was slowly improving, and I could not see the noiseless hand that was stretching a pontoon bridge over the last river, but when my hand was wet with the cold surf, I reached it feebly toward Martha's, and she took it firmly just as she did when I was going away to the war, and she said: 'Bennie, oh Bennie! you are too young to die; if only you will live, my mother shall be your mother,' and then she laid her warm cheek down on that cold hand and it thrilled me back to life again, and the good old doctor whispered, 'While there's life there's hope,' and after that he was the night watch, and Martha was the day watch, and Jim dropped out, and Martha's mother was my mother.

"Martha's children are my children; her grandchildren are all mine, too, and poor Jim never had any. I have outlived him by a quarter of a century, and I'm good for twenty-five years more, but I'm not going to volunteer distinctly to understand this is my last war story—positively the last."

Two chubby arms were wound around grandpa's neck, and a reproving little kiss was dropped upon the veteran's forehead. Little Mattie well remembered that had been one of those very words, "positively the last," on his very last birthday, and so her grateful caress must needs be a little reproving, for had he not often consoled her "Tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," and did not grandma sometimes say, "Consistency is a jewel!"

Possibly the tender rebuke was quite lost upon grandpa, but the others all appreciated it, and truly, a little child shall lead them.—New York Ledger.

FRESH FRUIT IN JUNE.

Where It Comes from—Fruit Projects Are Good This Year.

From New York Sun: The New Jersey man who, on his way home, stops at Washington Market and, buying some cherries, continues his journey, grumbling at the price he has paid, does not think of the 3,000 miles those same cherries have traveled before the saw them, or how much it cost to bring them that distance. All early June fruit is expensive because it has to be brought from a long distance. The peaches come from California and Georgia now, and later on the Maryland and New Jersey crops come in. Cherries and apricots also come from California, and the plums, while they are brought along with the rest of the California fruit now, will be the product of this vicinity next month. Strawberries are brought from Maryland in June, but the Long Island and New Jersey berries will be in market by the first of July. Pineapples and grapefruit are the only fruits that the April frost did not affect them as it did the oranges, which now come from California. Florida also provides us with early watermelons and some muskmelons, but Georgia produces more of the latter than does Florida.

The banana crop imported by New York people is brought direct by boat from Jamaica. Lemons have been good all the year until very lately. Now they are scarce, poor, and expensive. The skins are thick and phthy. The lemons come from Messina. Fruit promises to be good and abundant this year. The fruit dealers say that August and September are the best months for fruit, as it all comes from the immediate vicinity of New York in these two months. New York fruit is better for preserving. A few pears are in market now, but they are green and poor. Beginning with July, pears will come in abundance. The first come from California. Grapes are due about the first of August. The early grapes are from California. Currants are not in market yet, but will make their appearance in July. Fresh apples are not to be had yet. What remains of last year's crop has been kept in cold storage since last fall.

Power Required to Drive a Bicycle.

The driving of a bicycle at ten miles an hour has been ascertained to require about one-twenty-third of a horsepower. An expert rider for a short time may exert one-third of a horsepower. For rapid work, not scorching, one-seventh horsepower is needed. These figures are the result of scientific investigation.

There is trouble ahead of the man who sets as a baby-carriage motor.