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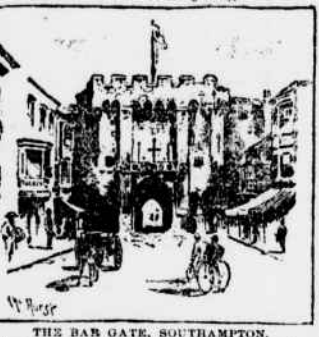
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ACROSS THE ISLAND.

FROM SOUTHAMPTON TO PORTSMOUTH AND BACK.

From There to the New Forest, Thence to Salisbury—Then Back to the New Forest Again—Story of the Bicycle Journeys of Mr. Robert P. Porter. [Special Correspondence.] LONDON, Aug. 2.

We had now been on the road four days and were thoroughly used to the work. All stiffness and soreness arising from the first two days' exploits had disappeared and we began to thoroughly enjoy ourselves. The weather was clear and warm, the roads were good, the scenery enchanting, the roadside inns picturesque and clean, and the people cordial and obliging. There was a feeling of independence about this manner of traveling which I had never before experienced. We could come and go at pleasure. We could stop and enjoy a pint of shandy gaff and a smoke and resume our journey, or we could stay to lunch, or stay all night. Our shapely iron steed stood at the door ready at a moment's notice. It needed neither rest, nor food, nor harnessing. And then we were not alone in the saddle. A tramp passed us without asking for a copper, not a countryman without a greeting, and oftentimes we were leisurely paddled along beside a good natured peasant, conversing and learning curious and interesting facts about the section of country we were passing through. I began to realize the charms of bicycling.



THE BAR GATE, SOUTHAMPTON. Southampton is the paradise of cyclists. The roads are so flat and smooth that half the population seem to own machines. On entering the town we met at least a dozen ladies, some of them young and pretty, others discreet matrons, on tricycles. They had recently been to market, for on the luggage holders were strapped, not a shopping bag but a basket, and they were laden with their purchases. Southampton itself is a happy combination of the ancient and the modern. The old quarters of the town and the surrounding country are brimful of historic places and historic memories, while the new town and splendid docks display the life and energy of a Nineteenth century city.

We had a most polite consul at this point, Mr. Henry H. Peniston, of West Virginia. Though recent appointment, he has found out all the interesting nooks and corners of the old town, and we spent a delightful day together inspecting the remains of a palace occupied by King Canute, no more, but a stable; the wonderful city walls and towers, which have stood many a bloody siege; the church where Queen Mary of England married King Philip of Spain, and which such other curiosities as were attractive and authentic. In the evening, accompanied by Mr. Peniston, I paid a visit to famous Netley abbey. The distance was about three and a half miles and the road perfect. Crossing the Itchen above the docks by a steam ferry, which took the tricycle and its occupants, we followed the mill road. The road runs close to the water's edge all the way to the abbey, and the view of the Southampton water are soft and beautiful. I think Netley abbey one of the most beautiful ruins in England, and I have seen a great many. The sun had gone down when we reached the porter's lodge, and the scene was enlivened by the lights of the abbey. The magnificent towers rich in foliage, the lofty grey walls, the stately pillars, the well shaped arches, the grand tracery of the windows, all robed in waving masses of ivy, and half buried in towering ash and oak trees, was a sight hardly to be seen out of England, and to be remembered as one of the most enjoyable experiences of my tour across England on a bicycle. The American consul gave me the history of this fascinating old ruin, but space prevents a recapitulation. It was nearly dusk when we returned to Southampton. That evening I went to the theatre and made a study of the audience. If those present may be taken as a fair sample they are a bright, wide-awake people, a great contrast to the inhabitants of Winchester, who are too much puffed up with their ancient importance to mingle with the progressive age. I observed that the walk of the ladies of the Theatre Royal, Southampton, including the stalls and pit, were covered with advertising boards. While there is a Yankee enterprise about this it must shock the county families of Winchester if they ever attend the theatre there.

The next day I made up my mind to make a good run, namely, from Southampton to Portsmouth and back. There are two good roads from Southampton to Portsmouth: the upper one via Botley and Fareham, and the lower via Bursledon, Titchfield and Fareham. By one road the distance is twenty-six miles, by the other twenty-three. We decided to go by one road and return by the



THE AVENUE, SOUTHAMPTON.

other; near Portsmouth and return to Southampton that night. Making an early start, we reached Portsmouth about 11 o'clock, by the lower road, riding the distance of twenty-three miles in about three hours and a half. The country we passed through was flat and chalky. A good deal of trade is done in corn, slate, coal, etc. We crossed the Hamble at Bursledon and took some refreshment at Fareham, a long, straggling place of about a mile. This is a manufacturing place, and among other things pottery is made here. Part of the way we went along by the water's edge. The surrounding country was very flat and reminded me of the Norfolk broads. The harbor at Fareham was picturesque, and we passed through some pretty lanes. The first peculiarity about Portsmouth is, that unless you go by train you are in a state of ignorance as to when you get in the town or when you get out again. This uncertainty

could seem to have arisen from the fact that the founders of Portsmouth could not make up their minds as to exactly where they wanted to locate the place. And so Portsmouth has become an agglomeration of towns of distinct divisions and tendencies, connected with each other by streets and tram cars. It would be impossible for me to unravel the mystery of what is and what is not Portsmouth.



NETLEY ABBEY.

No stranger could do that. Southsea, Milton, Portsea, the Dockyard, Landport and Gosport all contribute to the 150,000 population thereof, and which is generally known as Portsmouth. The odor of fish and the presence of sailors indicated that we had arrived at England's famous southern seaport and naval station. Portsmouth proper is essentially the garrison and barrack town, as distinguished from Portsea, which is the dockyard town. The roads being exceptionally good, we were enabled to examine the five sections of town on the tricycle, and must have ridden ten miles in this way. Portsmouth proper has but few interesting buildings. It is largely made up of small houses in which sailors live. These houses have curious little protruding windows, which are built of wood, grained in oak, and hung with yellow blinds. Another peculiarity is that the brick work surrounding the doors and windows of the majority of the houses is painted green. Why, I was unable to ascertain. A stranger is also struck with the high sounding names given these funny little houses with the yellow windows and green stripes around the doors. In Portsmouth, if you own a bay window, a yellow blind up stairs and a door with a green stripe of paint down stairs, they call it "Chateaufort house," "Cambridge villa" or "Brierwood lodge." The effect is often spoiled by placards over the transoms, announcing

Lodgings for Single Men.

The shops of Portsmouth are as unattractive as the town and its inhabitants are. They chiefly consist of gloomy outfitters' establishments, enticing public houses and soldiers' and sailors' eating places. There is nothing bright about the place except the red coats of the soldiers, and nothing picturesque save the real old British tar, who may be seen here to better advantage than in any place outside of Greenwich. The view of the Isle of Wight from the bay is magnificent, and here you can see the harbor, the water, and the surrounding hills and enjoy surroundings bright and cheerful.

It was late in the afternoon when we resumed the journey back to Southampton, and nearly 10 o'clock when the yard of the old fashioned Dolphin Inn was reached. That was our promised day's work. Portsmouth and back, 49 miles, at least, miles riding when there—total nearly 60 miles. We had really reached half of the "moderate" daily run of 120 miles, and had multiplied by three the estimate of those intimate friends who had pictured me up on the roadside after twenty miles a day. In five days we had seen several interesting towns and passed through a good many quaint villages. The total distance traveled was about 180 miles. The road runs close to the water's edge all the way to the abbey, and the view of the Southampton water are soft and beautiful. I think Netley abbey one of the most beautiful ruins in England, and I have seen a great many. The sun had gone down when we reached the porter's lodge, and the scene was enlivened by the lights of the abbey. The magnificent towers rich in foliage, the lofty grey walls, the stately pillars, the well shaped arches, the grand tracery of the windows, all robed in waving masses of ivy, and half buried in towering ash and oak trees, was a sight hardly to be seen out of England, and to be remembered as one of the most enjoyable experiences of my tour across England on a bicycle. The American consul gave me the history of this fascinating old ruin, but space prevents a recapitulation. It was nearly dusk when we returned to Southampton. That evening I went to the theatre and made a study of the audience. If those present may be taken as a fair sample they are a bright, wide-awake people, a great contrast to the inhabitants of Winchester, who are too much puffed up with their ancient importance to mingle with the progressive age. I observed that the walk of the ladies of the Theatre Royal, Southampton, including the stalls and pit, were covered with advertising boards. While there is a Yankee enterprise about this it must shock the county families of Winchester if they ever attend the theatre there.



IN THE NEW FOREST.

Next morning, bright and early, we started for the New Forest, intending to make our headquarters at the Crown Hotel, Lyndhurst, while we explored the ancient hunting grounds of William the Conqueror and his line. The road was superb. Leaving Southampton, we followed the water until Totton was reached, in the vicinity of which village is an extensive area of salt marsh with a curious sight of grazing attached to it—namely, that it is open to all, except for a fortnight in August. At Totton we took the Lyndhurst road, and were soon surrounded by the forest. In less than two hours from the time of leaving Southampton we reached the little town of Lyndhurst, the center from which excursions to the New Forest should emanate. Before exploring the New Forest I decided that this was a good point from which to take a dip into Wiltshire, by spending a few hours in the famous cathedral of Salisbury. On the way to Salisbury, about twenty-five miles from Lyndhurst, we passed through the town of Romsey, near which place Lord Palmerston used to live. There are two roads from Lyndhurst to Salisbury, but that by way of Romsey is the best. I was not much impressed with Salisbury. It stands on a high hill, and the surrounding country is very chalky. In olden times they used to say of this place that it was supplied with everything but water. Hence the poet of that age sang:

Here water's scarce, but chalk is plenty here;
And those sweet notes that Pheasant sings,
The warbler music of the wind supplies.

ROBERT P. PORTER.

What Altered the Young Man.

"Have you never felt that vague yet wonderful feeling, Mr. Grimshaw," said the Boston girl ecstatically, "that you are passing through some thrilling experience that you have gone through before, long ago, with precisely similar surroundings and circumstances, and that you anticipate every stage of it before it quite comes to pass?"

"Dozens of times," replied the Milwaukee young man; "there is nothing in this world that will give a fellow such a high old nightmare as a supper of pig's feet and cider."
—Chicago Tribune.

As long as there is one hair left on a man's head, the barber will have sufficient courage to recomman a restorer.—Bazar.

Tandems are on the increase in London.

OLD RAGGLES.

(Written for this paper.)

How long old Raggles had been with the paper no one, not even Sharp, the managing editor, knew.

Tradition had it that his appearance was coeval with its birth, and that at that prehistoric period Raggles constituted in himself the entire local staff.

But so far back as any one now connected with the paper could remember, Raggles had been a fixture at the telegraph editor's desk. It was admitted on all sides that he must have some hold on the powers, which it was dimly hinted was the possession of certain shares of stock, in order to account for the deference that was always shown him by Sharp, who had no hesitancy about rating everybody else about the establishment.

There were three of us in the telegraph room in those days, Elwell, Raggles and myself. Whatever tricks we might play on the old man, and they were numerous, I admit, in spite of his gentle kindness, there always existed deep down in our hearts a feeling of the deepest respect for Raggles.

Never a kinder pair of eyes gleamed from human head than those which from under their portico of shaggy eyebrows peered through Raggles' tortoise shell glasses. Everybody in trouble always went to Raggles. He was the silent repository of more life histories than a firm of fashionable lawyers.

Yet, strangely enough, no one was ever able to say they were acquainted with even a skeleton of Raggles' history.

I was the only one who was ever allowed to penetrate behind the curtain. The privilege was due to a serious fit of illness through which Raggles cared for me as if I had been a younger brother. One day when I was convalescent he came with a carriage and took me home with him for the afternoon.

Then, for the first time, I learned he had a daughter, a fresh, fair girl, rich with the charming beauty of a pure maidenhood uncommingled by outside influences. I had met her in the house in minutes before I was cognizant of the laboring workshop in which the old man regarded her. And it was clearly returned.

I was never asked there again. When I once met her in the park weeks later and attempted to renew the acquaintance, Raggles gave me to understand firmly, but in a gentle, inoffensive way, that I was not to press on in that direction. I did not, and I mentioned the incident at the office, and young Perkins, who did the city hall work, broke in with, "Yes, I've seen her. She's a daisy. Raggles keeps her locked up in true Oriental style: won't allow her to speak to a man and all that sort of thing. Some day the bird will learn the use of its wings and then we will have a sensation."

Months elapsed, and as nothing occurred to justify his prophecy it was gradually forgotten. Raggles, bent but rugged, kept up his work without a break, barely taking the week's vacation which the rules of the office graciously permitted the slaves of the lamp who were expected to labor on unconplainingly the remaining fifty-one.

One day Raggles, bent but rugged, kept up his work without a break, barely taking the week's vacation which the rules of the office graciously permitted the slaves of the lamp who were expected to labor on unconplainingly the remaining fifty-one.

While the chief had been busily ministering to the old man and kept up his interjectory "My head is aching with this telegraph paper that had been tightly clamped in Raggles' hand when he fell. It was a part of the dispatch relating to the railroad disaster. As I opened the scrap the following caught my eye: "Among those supposed to be fatally injured is a young lady, recognized by means of papers on her person as Miss Gertrude Raggles. The gentleman who was with her was instantly killed, his body being crushed into a shattered mass in the wreck."

I suddenly handed the scrap of paper to Sharp and turned away my head to hide the tears, of which I was ashamed, but could not suppress.

"Great God! How terrible! Poor old Raggles! I'm afraid it will kill him." I could hardly believe my ears. It was the managing editor's voice, but as tender and pitiful as that of a young mother. Sharp had a heart, after all.

Before anything more could be done the doctor arrived. It took a good half hour's work before his head was restored to consciousness. His first words were, "My little Gertrude!"

It was Sharp's arm now that was under his head and Sharp's voice answered tenderly "Don't give way so, old fellow. Perhaps there is a mistake. You know how often they get people mixed up in the earlier reports."

"It is no mistake. It is my Gertrude. I must go to her."

"Of course you shall," replied Sharp, as he assisted the old man to a seat. "Leavitt, get your coat and hat and call a carriage."

The carriage was at the door in a few minutes and the old man placed inside.

"There, Raggles, there you are, and Leavitt shall go with you. No, never mind the work. I will arrange that." Then, in a gentle undertone to me: "Leavitt, don't leave him a moment. He is bound to go to his daughter at once, and he knows it is for the best. I'll look after your work. If anything happens wire me immediately. Here, take this; he may not have enough. Go now."

I found myself pressed into a seat by Raggles' side with a big roll of bills in my hands. Little time was wasted in preparing for the journey. The old man seemed to have entirely lost his former self. Nothing could be done quickly enough, and it was not until

we were whirling southward at the rate of forty miles an hour that he became reasonably calm.

I was endeavoring in a blundering way to administer a soothing tincture to the old man's bleeding heart, when he suddenly turned and said, with a quick, searching glance, "Leavitt, I believe I can trust you." Before I could reply he thrust into my hand a crumpled note with the words, more like a groan than anything else, "I found it in her room."

Seeing he meant I should read it, I opened the sheet and in a square, angular, girlish hand was the following:

"DEAR OLD PATER—I left on the afternoon train with Oscar for the metropolis. By the time you read this we will be married and waiting anxiously for your forgiveness—here were three or four spots that looked like tear stains, then the note continued—"my precious darling, you must forgive me. This is the first time I ever went contrary to your wishes. But I do love him so. He is so kind and brave and good. Please write to your loving but distracted child."

"I will tell you the whole story, now you have a part," said Raggles, as I handed back the crumpled paper. "No, I shall feel better for doing so," he continued, as I made a deprecating gesture. "I must talk. The instant the lines in that special flashed in my eyes I knew what had occurred. This Oscar Brasen, of whom my poor little girl speaks, is a gambler, a thief, and a blackguard of the lowest description. How she became acquainted with him I was never able to learn. In some way he met her. The rest was easy, for his face and manner were so fascinating as his heart was black. A few weeks ago I first learned of my darling's entanglement. I went to Brasen and begged him with tears in my eyes to spare my little girl. He laughed in my face. Then I went to Sharp. He stirred up the police, and the result was the fellow had to leave the city very suddenly. I thought then we had seen the last of him. I was happy in the thought, and happier still, for I knew I saw the roses again to bloom again close to my darling's cheeks. Poor fool that I was! This was caused by Brasen's return. He remained in hiding, but managed to see Gertrude several times. Today, when I left home, she said she was going over to spend the day with a girl friend on the west side and would not be back for supper. I thought he had gone to the office with a light heart. Then came what dispatch. Curious on the villain! I know he's a blackguard, no one saved from his snares I ask no more. What I fear is that they stopped at some small town and were married, or possibly he they left the city. God help us all, but it is hard." And the muscular hands gripped the rail of the seat as if to wrest it from its fastenings, a fresh pallor crept into the gray cheek, and for a moment I thought Raggles was about to faint again.

Just then his eyes rested on a bit of bright ribbon projecting from the sack in the opposite seat. It had been picked up accidentally with other traps. At the sight of this the fountains opened and the tired brain received a grateful cooling from the shower.

After that Raggles was much calmer. I did not attempt to intrude on his grief. Besides, by this time a reaction set in, and before I knew it was a "mid, mid noddin'" and oblivious to surroundings.

When I awoke the sun was creeping over the distant trees, gilding their tops as they passed in review in seemingly endless procession. My head was resting on a traveling shawl belonging to Raggles, and that person sat faintly smiling as I sprang bolt upright. I had slept half the night, while the old man sat quietly fighting the pain in his heart. Even in the midst of his misery the tender hearted man had found time to think of my insignificant affair.

It was a beautiful day, and the sun was shining brightly when we reached the scene of the accident. A temporary track had been built around the wreck and trains were running as usual. Off to the left of this track a few trucks, mixed in with tangled wreckage and half hidden by piles of ashes, were all that remained of the brave train that had dashed off the rails but a few hours before.

From a bystander I learned that the young woman, supposed to be Miss Raggles, had been carried to a farmhouse about a quarter of a mile away. On learning this we started across the stubble, stiff and crispy from the night frost. Although counted a sharp walker, it was all I could do to keep up with Raggles as he strode over the ground.

For a moment, when we reached the farmhouse, with its corner windows, he halted, and his face lifted as if in prayer. The yard was filled with teams and people drawn thither by curiosity, few of whom paid any attention to us. After this moment of hesitation Raggles opened the door and we entered the living room of the house, then filled with a motley crowd of slightly rumpled tenants, the family and railroad officials.

"You ask," whispered Raggles, shrinking back, as a man with a shining knife and a little saw whose teeth had to my eyes a cannibalistic look, approached.

"Is there a lady here named Raggles? I inquired, as I did so I could feel Raggles lean heavily on my arm.

"Yes, one of the first ones removed from the car. Badly hurt, probably fatally. Crushed about the body, spine injured."

"Can we see her?"

"Relatives?"

"This gentleman is her father."

"Certainly." The sharp, professional look dropped like a mask, and taking Raggles gently by the hand, the physician led him through a low passage way into another room.

I heard a sob, the word "father," and then in a tone almost a groan "my daughter," and the door closed.

What passed at that interview I never knew. Raggles came out presently, and crossing over to me, seized my hand and, wringing it, whispering: "All is well. My darling is as pure as when she left her home. Even death has no terrors now. Praise God for his mercy. I can say that whether she lives or dies."

But she did not die. It was weeks before the poor girl could be moved; weeks before the physicians could give the faintest hope. At last one day, when the strain had grown almost too great to bear, came the announcement that she would live, but be a cripple for life. She would never again be the use of her lower limbs. This decree was received by Raggles with a smile of utter content. She would live, that was enough, and he would have his little girl once more.

I left them then and returned to my work. Weeks ran into months, and then one day old Raggles took his seat again at his desk. The kindly old face had aged greatly, and the gray had undisputed possession of the tangled locks, but aside from this it was the same old Raggles.

He is there yet. "The office would look awful lonesome without Raggles," said Elwell the other night. Elwell despises sentiment, and his remark surprised me. But it is true.

I often meet Raggles and his daughter in the park now, she in her comfortable little chair and he walking by her side. They make a charming picture. Their idolatrous love for each other is so palpable that even those they pass in their rambles often pause and gaze after them, and in that brief moment catch a glimpse of the world beyond the golden gates. GEORGE PICKERING.

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