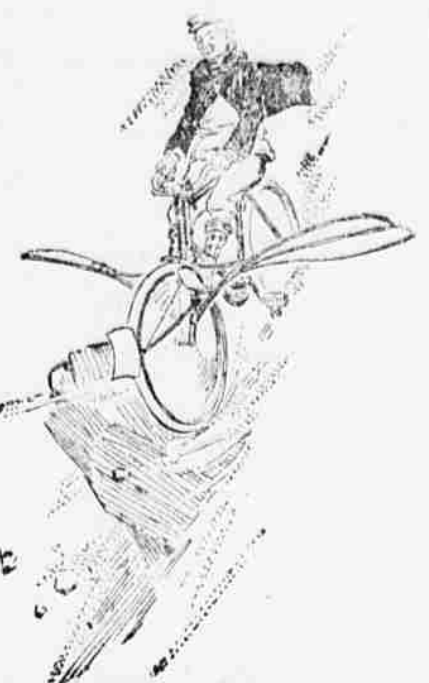


VALUABLE INFORMATION RECEIVED

AMAZING FACTS GATHERED BY CYCLISTS ON THE SUBJECT OF CYCLING BY ROBERT BARR

"Travel makes a full man," said Lord Bacon. I am not sure that I have the quotation right; perhaps it is "reading"; that makes a full man, or, probably, "drinking"; anyhow, a man picks up a good deal of information while traveling which he would not acquire had he remained at home. Nearly everything I know I have picked up on the road from one tramp or another, and although I have met scientists who sneer at my acquisitions, I put their contempt down to jealousy, because the learning they possess has been gathered slowly and painfully from much reading of books, while I arrive at my knowledge through a few minutes' pleasant conversation with an utter stranger. Scientists naturally do not like another man to take a short cut across the fields of knowledge; they stick to the broad roundabout beaten highway of education; a dry and dusty road, while I take a pleasant path across the fields and arrive ahead of them.

For instance, I was returning from Switzerland while ago, and in the same railway compartment with me were three cyclists who had been enjoying themselves among the mountains. They were quite evidently bushy countenances, while I, being from the city and knowing most things, spoke condescendingly to them, just as if they were



"IF YOU STRIKE A ROCK YOU JOIN THE AVALANCHE LOWER DOWN."

my equals, so as to put them at their ease with me, which in my inevitable custom when meeting non-cyclist strangers. They were naturally very much gratified at this, and proceeded to tell me all they knew.

"Yes," said John W. Simpson, leaning toward me with thankfulness for my gentleness, "I have been riding since I was a boy, and I can tell you a very successful time, although I didn't go so much for the cycling as to try my new avalanche wheel."

"Your avalanche wheel?" I cried in amazement. "I never heard of such a thing."

"It is a little invention of my own. Nothing has been published about it yet and I tell you this in strict confidence. Some people have studied avalanches and some have not. Perhaps you have made avalanches a specialty."

"No," I replied with some reluctance, hating to admit my ignorance. "I can't say that I have investigated avalanches to any great extent, my sole care being to get out of their way as quickly as possible."

"Quite so," retorted John W. Simpson; "that is the usual attitude of mankind toward an avalanche. Of course people can't study the habits and customs of avalanches while running away from them. Now I



"YOU GET AN EXCELLENT IDEA OF THE CATARACT BY SIMPLY TURNING YOUR HEAD AS YOU GO DOWN."

have estimated that 20,000,000 horse power goes to waste every year through the avalanches. Here, where the water has made any effort to use this tremendous power and avalanches are allowed to slide down, in utter idleness, all over the place. Of course, when people grow wiser this wasted force will all be utilized and at present I am doing a little in my humble way to show how useful an avalanche can be to a cyclist. It takes a man, roped to a couple of guides, ten hours to descend from the top of the Jungfrau to the level ground below. The distance is, with the zigzagging they must do, something under eleven miles. Now I have done it in two minutes and sixteen seconds on my avalanche bike. Look what a saving of time that is, not to mention the comfort."

"Comfort?" I cried. "Good gracious, do you mean to tell me you have cycled down an avalanche?"

"I have cycled down forty-seven of them this season and never had an accident, except once I punctured the tire of the front wheel."

"But how do you know when an avalanche is going to start? As I understand you, you must travel with it from the beginning. There are no avalanche time tables in Switzerland that I ever heard of."

"No, I don't want for avalanches; I make my own. You see, at the top of a mountain, if a man starts a snowball down hill, it becomes an avalanche on very short notice. My bike is so constructed that it throws up a bit of snowball as it goes along. I start from the top of a peak in any direction and the first thing I know I am in the midst of a tremendous avalanche. On the front of the machine are a couple of fins, if I may call them so, which spread out automatically, and they keep the cycle steady. The great point is, of course, to remain upright in your saddle and keep your machine

on the surface of the avalanche. There is lots of room on top, as the philosopher says, and that applies to avalanches as well as to things else. There are three dangers to a man coming down without a machine on an avalanche; first, he may be smothered in the debris; second, he may be smashed against a rock; third, he may get ahead of the avalanche and the wind which it causes will kill him. More people are killed every year in Switzerland by the wind of an avalanche than by the avalanche itself. Now, you see, going with the avalanche you are out of the wind; then the fins on my machine keep you from sinking in the snow, and if you strike a rock the wheels revolve and send you up into the air, where, after a most delightful flight, steered by the patent fins I have spoken of, you join the avalanche lower down. I know of nothing more exhilarating than going eleven miles in two minutes and sixteen seconds. When the avalanche quits business at the bottom your momentum carries you out of it until you strike some path and then you cycle along as any ordinary man would on an ordinary wheel. I intend to get up avalanche parties in Switzerland next summer, and I would be very glad to have you join us."

There was a deep silence after John W. Simpson had concluded. I mopped my brow and thought deeply for a while; then I said to the man who sat next Simpson, Laphorn Davis by name.

"I suppose you have been avalanching with your friend, haven't you?"

"No," said Davis with a sigh; "I'm afraid I am rather a reckless person, and tame, plain, ordinary avalanche cycling, such as my friend Simpson delights in, has few attractions for me. I have been practicing with my aquatic bicycle, which has quite justified all the expectations I had of it."

"Dear me!" said I, "and what is an aquatic bicycle?"

"Well, perhaps you have been over in Havre and have seen the new roller steamer, the Ernest Babin, invented and built by an engineer of that name. As doubtless you know, it goes on six wheels, which are simply exaggerated pneumatic tires made of steel. There are three on each side and Sir Edward Reed says that he believes this wheeled boat will mark a new era in navigation. It struck me that a bicycle on two wheels could be made somewhat similar. I accordingly ordered two gigantic pneumatic tires a foot and a half through. I had these fitted on my wheel and practiced for while on a pond at home in a bathing suit until I got thorough control of my machine."

"Do you mean to say you venture on the surface of the water with that machine—how do you keep afloat? Doesn't it turn over and sink you?"

"Yes, it is liable to do that until you get accustomed to it. Of course you turn the wheel toward the direction you are falling and by and by you go along on the surface of the water as if you were on a smooth road. Of course, I don't advise any one to practice in an ordinary suit, but even here there is little danger, because the two wheels form life preservers when the machine goes over. At first I intended to take off these huge covers when I was cycling along the road, but after I found they made the machine easy riding I didn't trouble to remove them, but simply allowed the wheels to form life preservers when the machine goes over. At first I intended to take off these huge covers when I was cycling along the road, but after I found they made the machine easy riding I didn't trouble to remove them, but simply allowed the wheels to form life preservers when the machine goes over. At first I intended to take off these huge covers when I was cycling along the road, but after I found they made the machine easy riding I didn't trouble to remove them, but simply allowed the wheels to form life preservers when the machine goes over."

"That is just the trouble. As my wheel is now constructed, you can't go very fast on the water, but I think that might be easily remedied by sort of fl-shaped paddles, like my friend has on his aquatic bicycle; still, it was not for smooth water I wanted it. You see, there are great many cataracts in Switzerland, and owing to their situation, it is impossible to get a complete view. My pleasure consisted in looking over the cataracts."

"Good gracious!" I ejaculated.

"It is well to have a good water-proof on if you are particular about getting wet. After practicing on the lakes of Switzerland until I had full control over my machine, I took the train up the Gochschen and from there went to Andermatt and started down into the air a good deal. You know, it is very turbulent stream. I found a good deal of difficulty in keeping upright, especially in such turns as when we dashed under the devil's bridge, but it is safe enough if you keep your head and don't get excited. You launch up into the air a good deal when you strike the rocks, as my friend does when coming down an avalanche, but on the whole it forms a very pleasurable trip to start with. Then I tackled my first fall, the Handeck on the Grimsel pass. It is hardly possible, except from the top, to obtain a good view of this fall, but as you go over it on the bike you get an excellent idea of the cataract by simply turning your head as you go down, taking care, however, to strike fair at the bottom. After that I was over the Grimsel pass and the Tosa river. The Tosa falls are 470 feet high and 55 feet wide; that is a trip worth doing, but you ought to look over your machine very closely before you start it; be sure there are no punctures in the big covers, and tighten the screws a bit. I have no patience with cyclists who are careless about their machines when taking a trip like this."

"Then you got safely over the Tosa?" I ventured.

"Oh, certainly several times. The last time I went over backward so as to get a better view of the falls as I went down, but this is a very dangerous experiment, and I do not recommend it to any one but experts. Still, you do get a much better knowledge of the falls, and it is preferable to crawling your neck round as you have to do when you descend face forward. But it has its drawbacks, because when you get down to the bottom and have to turn your head to circle round and turn your bike the situation presents many difficulties which I would not advise an amateur to encounter. I intend to go to Niagara when I reach home, but won't try it backward at first."

Again there was deep silence in the railway compartment and it was some moments before I could command my voice sufficiently to make myself intelligible. I looked at the third man, George Washington Verity, he said his name was. He came from Maine and I knew by his innocent countenance that he could not tell a lie. He admitted that himself when he began to speak. He said:

"Of course if I had not seen my two comrades do what they say they have done I might have some difficulty in believing their narrative."

"O, no," I said; "truth is stranger than fiction, especially in bicycling, as your two comrades bear witness. I have no difficulty in believing every word they say, but that perhaps is because I have been living in Switzerland and feel particularly robust in my ordinary state of health I don't know that I could have swallowed the avalanche,

even when washed down by the Tosa falls. But have you had no adventures on your cycle, Mr. Verity?"

"No," he replied, "not one; that is not one worth speaking of. I kept to the ordinary roads and did the plain everyday cycling. I did have a little excitement coming down the Stelvio pass. Perhaps you know that road, the highest pass in Europe. It runs between Italy and the Tyrol."

"Yes, I have been over it."

"Then you know on the Tyrol side how the road zigzags down and how frightfully steep it is. At the spot where the man threw his wife over you are doubtless aware there is a sheer cliff a mile deep. I resolved to cycle down the Stelvio pass and in order that this might be done in safety I bought a tree from a wood cutter up at the top and tied it with a rope to the back part of my bicycle, so that it might act as a brake and a drag as I went down the steep incline."

"I have heard of such a thing being done."

I said, glad to be on familiar grounds once more.

"Yes, it is a very old device. You hitch the rope round the butt end of the tree and let the branches scrape along the ground. Unfortunately there had fallen a little snow and the night before had been a sharp frost, besides being steep, the road was exceedingly slippery. By and by, to my horror, I found the tree was chasing me, but forward, and instead of acting as a drag on my wheel, I had to pedal like one damned to keep clear of it. There was no going to one side and getting out of its way, because, you see, I was tied to it with a rope, and my only salvation was to keep ahead of it. I thought I was going to succeed, and did succeed until we came to that sharp turning near where the Watsons committed his murder. There, to my horror, the trunk of the tree struck against the granite rock, and bounced over, dragging me and the bicycle after it."

"Suffering Peter!" I cried, "what a situation! Nothing but a mile of clear air between you and the bottom of the granite cliff!"

"Exactly," said George Washington; "I see you know the spot. Now it takes a good deal longer to drop a mile than most people think it does, and I believe, in fact, that a man in such a position spends the time in

completing the glorious task he had set for himself."

The name of Farragut was henceforth to be enrolled among our leading naval heroes, and the splendid old Hartford is designed to possess the same historical importance to the American people as Nelson's flagship, the Victoria, to the British. The victory's fighting days are over. Its old age is being passed peacefully in harbor amid no more exciting surroundings than the ordinary hum-drum of commerce provides. Its sole mission now is to stir to patriotic fervor the feelings of those of the queen's subjects who climb aboard the gray old ship and marvel ecstatically on the glory of Britain as they gaze at the brass plate on which is inscribed: "Here Nelson fell." A more useful life is ahead for the Hartford. American patriots can proudly walk its gun deck, as the new vessel is being built with guns of the newest type, a more formidable craft by far than that from which Farragut flung his famous defiance to the enemy's explosives. It should be a gala day throughout America when the Hartford turns its prow seaward once more.

A Bill to Erect a Monument to Old John Bull.

Captain William C. Miller of Carlisle, who represents the Adams-Cumberland district in the Pennsylvania state senate, has introduced a bill appropriating \$2,000 for the erection of a monument to John Burns, the civilian hero of the battle of Gettysburg. It will doubtless reach the governor and be approved. The monument will be erected on the battlefield in whose glory Burns had a large part, relates the New York Sun. He it was who conducted General Reynolds and his escort down a by-street of Gettysburg back to the Emmitsburg road, the old man running ahead of the cavalcade and pointing the way at the critical juncture when the southerners were preparing to strike. He then watched the pioneers move down the fence for the advance of the Union troops, Reynolds having determined to strike across the fields by the most direct route to the seminary. Soon after Stone's brigade had come into position an old man with hair of gray and dressed in a long, sea-worn, tattered coat, and a stiff, badly battered and worn, carrying a musket, came up at a rapid walk through the wheat fields, in the direction of the town, and desired permission to fight. Colonel Wister, to whom the old man presented himself, inquired how he should be shot. He answered that he would show them whether he could or not if they would give him a chance.

"Where is your ammunition?" inquired Wister.

"Sticking his hand upon his pocket, he replied: "I have it here."

Colonel Wister told him that he could have a chance to fight, but advised him to go to the woods, where the Iron brigade was posted, as he could then shelter himself. According to Gates, the historian, this didn't suit the old man's idea of a fight, and he persisted in going forward to the skirmish line at the fence, upon the extreme front, and here he fought as long as he could. He was shot in the head, his arms and legs were shattered, but he refused to be taken prisoner until peace was declared. He also enlisted for the war with Mexico, but his company was not accepted. At the beginning of the rebellion he enlisted in McPherson's company of Gettysburg men, but was rejected as being over 40 years of age. He went on account of his age and sent home. He subsequently walked to Hagerstown and joined a wagon train, remaining in the column of Banks for seven months, when he was again sent home. His fellow townsman, appreciating his patriotic impulses and thinking that by giving him employment in which he should hold responsibility he might be kept from the field, elected him constable of the borough. This had the desired effect and until the invasion of the state he devoted himself diligently to his official duties. On Friday, June 3, 1863, Early's division reached Gettysburg, and the old constable, showing himself too conspicuously, perhaps, was taken prisoner and marched upon the frontier two winters and held in custody until Sunday, when Early departed on his way to York. The old constable made several arrests of suspected spies and filled the jail with them. He halted with joy the appearance of Buford's men and the following morning came Reynolds, leading the First corps. It was not long until he obtained a musket from a wounded Union soldier and took his place on the firing line. He was a sharpshooter and watched especially for hunted men. His unerring aim attracted the attention of the soldiers and officers of the Tenth Wisconsin, with whom the old man was fighting.

He was struck several times and was left on the field for dead. Hours afterward he managed to crawl to a building where some wounded were being cared for, and he secured attention from a surgeon in person. Two officers entered the house and Burns admitted that he was fighting them. His questioners left the scene and in a little while two riflemen ascended to the chamber in the house opposite and fired two shots at the old man. The shots struck the bed, and it was not until they were sure that he was dead that their purpose was to kill him, the aged hero rolled to the floor

and managed to crawl into another room. Several shots were fired into the bed, but hearing nothing the cowardly riflemen supposed they had accomplished their design. During the night the enemy retreated and the next day the old man was taken to his home in the town. When President Lincoln arrived in Gettysburg to dedicate the National cemetery he expressed a desire to see Burns, and the old man was brought to him. Later they walked through the streets of the town arm in arm to attend a public reception at a church. Burns soon became a national hero. His bravery was the theme of many a poem and song, and he was the chief attraction in many a parade in larger cities of the country. He was voted pensions by congress and the legislature of Pennsylvania. He obtained a place in the state senate, which he held for several years. He died February 4, 1872, and was buried at Gettysburg.

FAMOUS OLD HARTFORD.

Admiral Farragut's Flagship to Show Its Teeth Again.

The glorious old sloop of war Hartford, from whose wooden sides thundered the broadsides of Farragut, is to be made an effective part of our navy once more. The venerable vessel, which was built at the Boston Navy yard in the year 1858, and has lately been thoroughly overhauled, repaired and redited at the navy yard, Mare Island. A modern battery has been placed on board, and an additional deck added. It will be used in the main battery from the weather, as well as from injury from small gun projectiles during action. The beams and stringers of this deck are of steel, with steel angles and fastening connections to the wooden hull, it will be covered with a substantial deck of California wood.

On this upper or spar deck, around the rail, is mounted a secondary battery of four 6-pounder and one 3-pounder rapid-fire guns, and the main battery consists of two 12-inch guns on the center line. Below this, the gun deck, are mounted twelve 6-inch rapid-fire guns. This battery of modern guns is in strong contrast to the ancient "smooth bores" that made the Hartford so famous under the command of our invincible admiral in the civil war. It is also superior to any of the batteries placed on our steel gunboats, and but for the danger that our steel guns will act in action, due to splinters and fire, owing to its wooden hull, it would be more than a match for any of our iron vessels, also those of foreign navies of near its displacement.

The vessel is sheathed with copper, and having also a large sail spread, it is capable of making long voyages, without being obliged to linger near coaling stations. With new boilers, and the engines put in thorough repair, a speed of twelve knots on 2,000 horse-power is expected, while under sail alone, with a stiff breeze, it is expected to make a speed of nine to ten knots.

There is no need of congress; money was appropriated to keep this historic vessel in repair and in active service—a most commendable provision. It is noted that foreign governments keep their celebrated naval vessels aloft and in service for generations. Nelson's flagship, the Victoria, is one of these.

The dimensions, etc., of the Hartford are: Length between perpendiculars, 235 feet; breadth, 44 feet; mean draft of water, 18 feet 2 inches; masts, four; rig, full-rigged ship; complement of officers, 32; complement of crew, 212.

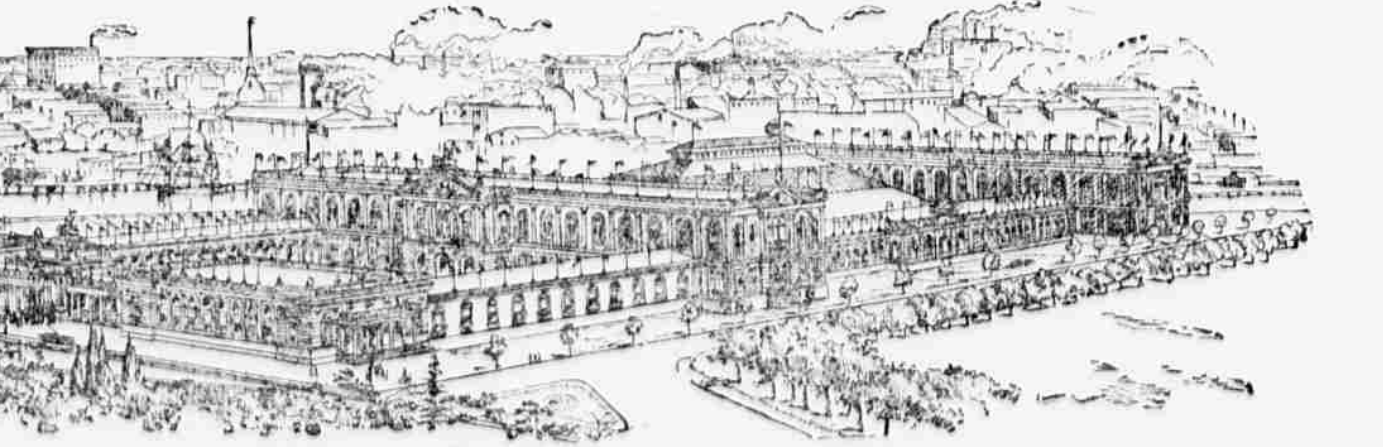
It is expected that the vessel will be ready for sea about September 30, 1899.

History of the Hartford.

The Hartford was just four years old when Admiral Farragut, commanding the Western Gulf blockading squadron, of which the famous sloop of war was the flagship, determined to force the passage of the forts and take New Orleans. The feat was unquestionably the most brilliant achievement in naval history, and has only recently been paralleled by Dewey's glorious victory at Manila Bay. The course that Farragut's fleet had to follow to reach the forts was known to be thickly mined, and all manner of terrors were apprehended, but there was no wavering. "D— the torpedoes," cried Farragut, "go ahead." And the robust language of the old fire-eater took its place among sentences historical.

Led by the Hartford, from whose sides there belched forth fire, smoke and metal in a continuous stream, the squadron passed the confederate forts, Jackson and St. Philip, and took New Orleans on the following day. They then sailed for the Gulf and captured the principal Gulf ports of Texas,

and managed to crawl into another room. Several shots were fired into the bed, but hearing nothing the cowardly riflemen supposed they had accomplished their design. During the night the enemy retreated and the next day the old man was taken to his home in the town. When President Lincoln arrived in Gettysburg to dedicate the National cemetery he expressed a desire to see Burns, and the old man was brought to him. Later they walked through the streets of the town arm in arm to attend a public reception at a church. Burns soon became a national hero. His bravery was the theme of many a poem and song, and he was the chief attraction in many a parade in larger cities of the country. He was voted pensions by congress and the legislature of Pennsylvania. He obtained a place in the state senate, which he held for several years. He died February 4, 1872, and was buried at Gettysburg.



Main Buildings of the Philadelphia Exposition of 1899. Opens September 14, Closes November 30, 1899.

The Philadelphia Exposition of 1899 is for the development of American manufactures and the expansion of the export trade of the United States, and it will be the first national exposition of that character ever held in this country. It will be under the joint auspices of the Philadelphia Commercial Museum, the Franklin Institute, and the University of Pennsylvania, and will display manufactured products of the United States especially suitable for export, and, for the purpose of comparison, collections of samples of goods made in the commercial countries of Europe and successfully sold in the markets of the world. The exposition will open in September and run through November.

An area of eight acres of ground will be covered by the main group of buildings, and the available exhibition space will be at least 200,000 square feet. The buildings are to be erected on the west side of the Schuylkill river, within fifty feet of the water, and will thus be within the exhibition grounds and adjacent to the city. The main group of buildings will thus be within the exhibition grounds and adjacent to the city. The main group of buildings will thus be within the exhibition grounds and adjacent to the city.

The department of manufactured products of the United States, which will occupy four-fifths of the exhibition space, will comprise everything which is, can or might be exported, from locomotives and heavy machinery to the smallest novelties.

The department of foreign manufactured goods will comprise a very comprehensive collection of samples of goods made abroad and sold in all foreign markets in competition with American goods, and in foreign markets in which American trade has not yet been developed. In many respects this department will be the most important of the exposition.

TOLD OUT OF COURT.

A nervous and irritable lawyer was one day arguing a case before Judge William P. Cooper of Tennessee when some one on entering the court room slammed the door very hard. The lawyer, startled by the noise, said: "If the court please, I wish that door were in hell, and I wish that you would proceed with your argument," was the prompt reply of Judge Cooper.

LABASTINE'S CIVILIAN HERO.

Law Notes makes this comment on a Nebraska case: The tear-compelling pathos which some lawyers can instill into an apparently unromantic case is frequently amazing. In State against Moores (Neb.), 76 N. W. Rep. 530, which was a proceeding in quo warranto to compel a clerk of court to show his title to office, the counsel worked up a lachrymose melodramatic effect which was little short of the "East Lynne" standard. In referring to this the court said: "The proceeding at law is not a criminal action, and yet, from the tearful and pathetic argument of the counsel one would be led to suppose that the respondent was being tried for a murder or treason, and the argument is based upon the false assumption that his client is to be hanged without the intervention of a jury."

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LABASTINE IS A CE-MENT.

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LABOR AND INDUSTRY.

Our potato crop last year yielded \$89,542,000.

North Carolina is to have a textile school at Raleigh. Proprietors of the state's cotton mills have agreed to contribute the necessary funds.

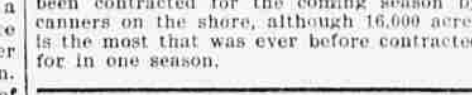
"Gossamer iron," the wonderful product of the Swansea iron mills, is so thin that it takes 4,800 sheets piled one on the other to make an inch in thickness.

In 1840 there were but seven occupations open to women in the way of wage-earning, whereas now the field includes several hundred branches of industry. About 64 per cent of the women of Massachusetts between the ages of 15 and 35 years are wage earners, domestic servants forming a much smaller class than other occupations.

The census of 1890 values the entire capital then employed in the manufacturing and mechanical industries at \$5,525,000,000, which includes all the minor or retail work done by small individual proprietors. This means that the total capitalization of these combinations is equal to about 90 per cent of the entire manufacturing investment in the United States.

Of the 5,000,000 bushels of tomatoes annually packed in the United States, 1,800,000 are packed by canneries on the eastern shore of Maryland. Thirty thousand acres have been contracted for the coming season by canners on the shore, although 16,000 acres is the most that was ever before contracted for in one season.

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