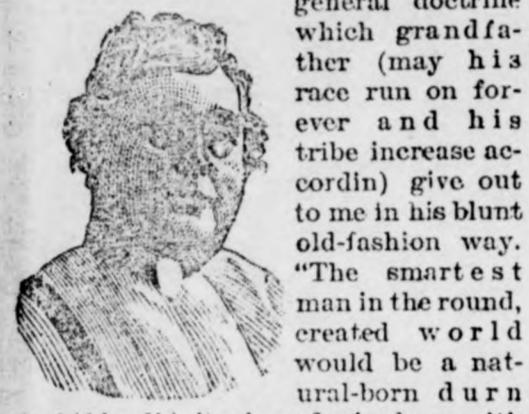


“OVER IN GEORGY.”

The Sage of Rocky Creek Still Lives to Learn.

How Bob Chadwick “Learnt to Live”—A Natural Born Fool—Men and Politics and Things in the Goober State.

“You will have to live to learn before you learn to live.” That is the plain, general doctrine which grandfater (may his race run on forever and his tribe increase accordin) give out to me in his blunt old-fashion way.



The smartest man in the round, created a world would-be a natural-born durn fool if he didn't mix and mingle up with the human race, and see and hear, and live and learn.” That good old man would go on and say, “Mortal man, if you take him single and alone by himself, Rufus, is powerful small potatoes, with but very few in the hill and the rows six feet apart.”

The Smart-Looking Man.

“A man's mouth is most in generally his open enemy, Rufus,” the dear departed old man were wont to tell me, “but his eyes and his ears are more than probable to be his best personal friends. The good Book says something about a man puttin a bridle on his tongue, or wearin a padlock on his lips—or words to that extent—but you can use your ears and eyes for all they are worth. You never can learn anything to speak of from your mouth, Rufus, and it is tremendous doubtful if anybody else can. But him that has got cars to hear and eyes to see with let him hear and see and live and learn.”

“Now there was my friend and fellow-citizen, Bob Chadwick—Col. Robert W. Chadwick, as other people used to call him—he never did have many brains. To be plain straight and plain about it, Bob was born and bred a fool, and he lived and died a fool on general facts and principles. You see I had went to school with that boy—we use to run together considerable in our young and rowdy days—and as to book learnin, they never could git Bob to take any of that in his'n. They didn't have no foundation to start on, and consequently they couldn't do any buildin to speak of. But Bob he used his eyes and his ears to see and hear with and didn't talk much with his mouth. In that way he lived to learn and he soon learnt to live. He was a rare handsome youngster, and when he growed up I do naturally think he was about the smartest lookin man I ever saw. He was the same durn fool that he always was to me, but I didn't say nothin about it, and of course Bob wouldn't give himself away, and the people in general never did tumble to the naked facts in the case. They just simply took the man on his general apperments, and as I said before, he could look the smartest of any blame fool I ever saw.”

“In the run of time Bob got into a race for the legislature, and was elected by a smashing large majority. And when he got up there he didn't do a blessed thing but wear fine clothes and look smart. He didn't talk and he didn't act. He didn't do a blamed thing to make anybody mad—he was way yonder the most handsome and smartest-looking man in the district—and consequently everybody was for him and he win the race in a dog walk.”

“When finally at last Bob Chadwick—ripe in years and full of honors—took sick and died, the people give him the grandest biggest funeral that has ever come to pass in this country. By that time he was still Bob Chadwick, the natural-born fool, to me and a few more that knowed him in his younger days. But to the people in general he was Col. Robert W. Chadwick, and the smartest-lookin man in the district. He lived to learn, Rufus, and he had learned to live.”

Some “Georgy Politics.”

So gradually by degrees I have lived to learn. And so in the fullness of time I hope I will learn to live. I wouldn't make any brags about what I know—which they tell me though that brains always did run in the Sanders family—but this little bit I do know. What I know I know, and I know I do know a whole passle more than I use to know. I have now lived a right smart whet amongst the people in this lonely strip of country—seen and hearin a heap and sayin but precious little with my mouth—and I have learnt a little somethin in the main time.

I took a trip the other day and went over into the hills of Georgy, and I learnt something over there. I learnt that they have plain American citizens and red-hot politics somewhere else besides right around here in the regions of Rocky Creek. They have had some polities over there in Georgy here lately. They had a scorechin hard fight and a close finish, and they had burnt the woods and sifted the ashes for voters exactly like we sometimes do down here in this plain and pleasant country. The native air was so hot and so blue

over there in Georgy till blamed it it didn't make me think of good old times back here at home.

When I first landed over there they had got things worked up to where the fight was powerful entertainin to a stranger. They had just opened up with the cussin and the bettin. And I soon learnt that they sometimes bet on the elections in Georgy, whilst all the variegated fools in America don't live right around Rocky Creek.

A Strange Election Bet.

In the settlement where I had took out and put up for a few days I held the stakes in the dadblaindest, most strangest election bet you ever heard tell of, perhaps.

Maj. Gafney was a shoutin temperance man and tooth and toenails for the prohibition candidate for governor, whilst Vick Hudman was a screamin democrat and for the democratic candidate first, last and forevermore. The major is as straight as a shingle, as sober as a judge, and stands way up in the church, whilst Vick is about the wildest and roughest and toughest customer in the settlement. The major wears a silk plug hat, calfskin boots, a double-breasted Winchester coat and a stake-and-ridered shirt, whilst Vick wears rare shabby clothes and but precious few of them. The major leads the prayer meetin, whilst Vick does the cussin and drinkin and fightin for the settlement.

Anyhow, one day Vick and the major they got into a red-hot argyfication in regards to politics, which of course they both felt like they held the winnin hand. The more they talked the hotter they got, till presently he went to cussin a little around the edges and the bettin time had come.

“I will bet you \$50 my man wins the race—50 to 20, major,” says Vick.

“You know good and well, Vick, that my walk is upright and blameless, and I can't bet on the election,” says the major.

“Fifty to ten that the democratic war horse swings down under the wire first—50 to ten, major, says Vick.

“I wouldn't bet money on anything at any odds, and you know it, Vick,” says the major.

“Fifty to five, major—fifty to five—put up or shut up,” says Vick.

“Tell you what I will do with you, Vick,” says the major. “You know I couldn't bet, but I will go into a wager with you to this extent. I will solemnly agree if your man wins I will go to town the next day and git drunk and have a street fight with a free nigger—which you know I wouldn't do that right now for a hundred dollars—providin, Vick, if my man wins you do likewise solemnly agree to dress up in good clothes like I wear the next Sunday and go to church and lead the prayer meetin. Now, Vick, you can put up or shut up,” says the major, as he leant back on his dignity.

“By gads it's a go, major—it's a go,” says Vick.

“Remember, Vick, if I win you will have to wear a double-breasted Winchester coat and a silk plug hat,” says the major.

“I have got your company, major,” says Vick, “and the Winchester coat, plug hat and everything goes. But if in case I mought win, major, remember it must be a genuine drunk and a rare street fight with a free nigger.”

So they went into a solemn agreement to that general extent, and then put up ten dollars—five to the side—in orderment, as Vick said, to make the vager stick. It then come my way—been a blank stranger in them parts and talkin no particular stock in the election—to hold the stakes. So I held the money and remained over to see the show out.

When the Horse Mats Come In.

Now then. When finally at last the boys at the confluence of the streams had spoke on election day, and the horse mats come in from the four corners of the grand old state of Georgy, lo and behold the prohibition candidate had took a trip up the snaggy fork of Salt Creek, whilst the democratic candidate was still in the saddle with spurs on both feet.

Consequently Maj. Gafney he lost, whilst Vick Hudman win the pile. It was just as natural like and easy as beatin two pair, queens up, with three aces and a pair of tens.

But the major he was dead game. He never flinched nor flickered. Him and Vick they met up together and went to town the next day. And I went along with them. The major and Vick they proceeded at once to change their breath as reglar and frequent as they could convenient, and in little or no time the major he was tanked up to the general ratio of six bits in the dollar.

Along in the shank of the evening—to the general astonishment of all the people that didn't know the mainest facts in the case—Maj. Gafney showed up in public as happy as a sunflower and as mellow as a May pop. And then presently, accordin to his melancholy understandin with Vick, he went forth and raised a rucus and had a genuine street fight with a free nigger.

One thing I am bound to say in regards to the major—he was a whole team and a holy terror when he onest got ripe and mellow, with his fightin clothes on. And to the best of my recollection when we left town that evenin there was one colored voter in Georgy which looked like he mought of rode a thrashin machine through a hurricane.

Now, as for me, I didn't have nothin to do with the case, only I held the stakes and remained over and tarried around there in Georgy long enough to see for certain which way the cat would jump. It suited me all right for Vick's man to win the race. But otherwise I did hide mortal bad to see the major lose the wager. It would look strange enough to see Vick Hudman dress up and go to church and play good for one time. But it was a whole lot worse to see the major limber up and come down so low as to have a rare, genuine street fight with a free nigger.

RUFUS SANDERS.

ARP WANTS RICHES.

Bartow Sage Says It Is Commandable to Acquire Wealth.

Thinks Bryan Sure to Win—Fond of Work the Philosopher Puts in Time Driving Up the Cow and Mending the Fence.

It seems to me that the demagogues are underrating the intelligence of the people when they denounce a candidate because he is rich, or because he owns some stock in a national bank. That is all I have seen charged against Mr. Sewall. Seaborn Wright, who was the choice of the populists, spoke honestly and frankly when he said: “I regret to say that I have no stock in a national bank.” I don't suppose there is a reputable populist in the country who would refuse to own some if he could get it fairly. This effort of the demagogues to excite in the poor envy and hatred of their more fortunate fellow citizens is shamefully disgusting.

If a man acquires wealth honestly, he should be commended for it. Abraham was rich, and so was Joseph and Laban and Job and Solomon, and Joseph, of Arimathea, who laid the body of Christ in his own new tomb. Every man who is any account is trying to better his condition, and would get rich if he could. So I don't believe that the populists are opposed to Sewall because of his wealth, and when I hear any of their leaders say they are, it is my opinion they are lying. They talk glibly about plutocrats, and some of them seem to think that wealth and Pluto and hell are all mixed up together. The fact is that Pluto, who was the god of wealth, was a very different person from Pluto. For a long time he gave riches to the good only, but Jupiter did not like that, and smote him with blindness, so that he could not tell the good from the bad, and ever since then everybody has had an equal chance to get his favors. Mythology says he was club-footed and slow in movement when approaching a man to give him money, but when he took it away his feet took wings and he fairly flew away.

They must have gotten that idea from the Scriptures which say riches have wings and fly away. Pluto was a good-hearted, clever, generous god, and I don't like to hear him slandered. The boy with the cornucopia was his mark, his ensign, and I never see that picture but what I think of him and wish he would come this way and empty his horn of plenty. I would like to feel the feeling of a plutocrat before I die.

But the long agony will soon be over and it will be a great relief to us all, whether we lose or win. Once I heard Bob Taylor, who was running against his brother, make a speech, and in closing he urged his hearers to vote for him, but said he: “If you can't conscientiously do so, then vote for my brother Alf.” If Bryan is not elected it will be a grain of comfort to know that some of my good neighbors are gratified. If I possibly can I am going to rejoice with those who rejoice. But there are some signs that I do not like. Who is backing up this anarchist, Lauterbach, in his treasonable utterances? He says that if there is not one way to prevent Bryan being president there is another. Does he mean to have him counted out by bribery as Mr. Tilden was? Has he got the scheme fixed, and is it to be done with Hanna's barrels of money? I read some time ago a boast that \$10,000 apiece would buy every election manager in Chicago. That would take only a million to buy 100 managers, and they say they have got \$10,000,000 at their command. Is it possible that so good, so honorable a man as McKinley would consent to such iniquity? I don't believe it. Maybe the conspirators have plotted a scheme through the courts to get a bill of injunction and let Cleveland hold over pending the litigation. I wish I did know what Lauterbach means to do in case Bryan is elected. It is getting very close now, close in time and close in count. The betting is about even. Two months ago it was fifty to one on McKinley. From time to time it dropped to ten to one, and then five to one and three to one and two to one. And now is about even and few takers. I know a New York man who writes for a republican paper and sacrifices Bryan awfully, but says in a letter to me: “It looks now like he is going to be elected.”

Well, we will wait a few days longer and see. I am prepared for the worst, and for the best too. I have my convictions and my hopes, but both may be wrong—but I am no pessimist. I do not fear that the nation will be ruined if things do not go my way. Man is naturally a vain, conceited creature, and when he forms an opinion he wants things to happen that way whether it is the right way or not. He delights to say: “I told you so.”

Now I am going to quit thinking about politics, for a day or so at least. For my wife has forsworn me that it is the right time to take up the plants and bulbs and pot them and put them in the pit. She is very careful about the kind of soil I plant them in, and so I have to take the wheelbarrow, which is the unicycle now, and get some leaf mold from the corners of the fence. Then I have to get some fertile from the barnyard and mix with it and some sand to go on top. She bosses it all very kindly, and I have nothing to do but the work. I like that. It relieves me from responsibility. If a plant dies in the pit I can say: “I fixed it just as you told me.” She has given the heifer calf to one of the children, and now the old cow is lowing all the day long and the calf is bleating at its new home, and my wife is so sorry for both that she wants them brought together again. I believe she sympathizes more with the cow than the calf, for she says that children soon get weaned from their mother, but the mother never forgets her child. That is so with human beings, but not with animals. Their affection is strong, but their memory is weak. In a few days that cow will forget that she ever had a calf. Provid-

dence has arranged all these things. It is astonishing how many little things there are to do about the house and home. It took all day yesterday to put down the carpets for the winter. They were shaken and beaten thoroughly last spring, when taken up, but my wife wanted them shaken again. The furniture had all to be taken out and the books in the bookcase dusted, and the old sofa mended. The paper matting and a lot of newspapers had to be spread on the floors before the carpets were put down. The window glass was washed and everything renewed and brushed up for the coming winter. That is all right, and I am glad that it is all done, for it is a power of work. I didn't do much of it, for now I am like the clown in the circus, who always gets there just too late to help move things out of the ring; but I had the back fence to fix up. The old cow had broken it down to get to her calf, and I had to go after her and drive her home. I used to have boys to do these things, but they are all gone and I am the only boy left on the premises now. It is hard, but it is fate, and I am not complaining. The old mare is 28 years old and can hardly travel, the old dog lies in the piazza and can hardly wag his tail, the big old oak in the backyard is dying at the top, and man cannot escape the common infirmity. The poet says that “man was made to mourn,” but I do not think so. He is born to trouble, but he needn't mourn about it. Let him fight the battle of life bravely.—Bill Argp, in Atlanta Constitution.

“TWO BITS.”

The Story of an Army Horse as Told Over His Grave.

“Hello, you've got a grant here,” I said to my blue-coated guide as I wandered through the little military graveyard at Camp Downing and stopped by a big mound all alone in one corner.

The old fellow touched his cap in salute before the tall white head-stone, and dropped a handful of smoke-bush blossoms on the grave.

“Tain't no man, sir—it's a hoss; it's old ‘Two Bits.’”

“But why is he buried here with the soldiers?” I questioned.

“Buried here, sir? Why you must be a stranger sure; I thought everybody knew about old ‘Two Bits’ an' his savin' company A.”

“It was two years ago when them Apaches, that eastern folks think so much of, was raisin' the devil. They raided the ranches below here an' killed a lot of women an' children, an' run off all the stock; an' company A was sent out after 'em.

“They ambushed us at Dirty Creek, more'n twice as many of 'em as we thought was this side of San Carlos; but we managed to git into a little clump of scrub oaks an' held 'em off till sundown.

“Then our cap'n see it was all up with us if help didn't come from the post; an' he called for a volunteer to ride old ‘Two Bits’ past them devils an' carry the word.

“‘Two Bits’ had been on the track in his young days, an' held the belt for long-winded runnin'. Many's the time I've seen Cap clean up a half of Mexican dollars rapin' him ag'in the cowboys' ponies. He was a big chestnut sorrel, with white feet an' a white face; an' him an' Cap'n loved each other like twin brothers. I've knowed Cap to go hungry lots o' times scoutin', so's old ‘Two Bits’ could have his hard-tack; an' he'd hold up his head an' drink out of a canteen like a reg'lar—you bet it was mighty dry times if that old hoss didn't git his share.

“Well more'n a dozen of the boys of us went to go, but Cap picked out ‘Curly’ White, the toughest and lightest man in the lot, to do the ridin'.

“While they was gittin' him ready ‘Two Bits’ just stood an' rubbed his nose on Cap's arm like he was sayin' that if we didn't hear the old troop bugles before mornin' it wouldn't be his fault.

“Then ‘Curly’ grabbed his gun an' swung into the saddle; an' we all holloed an' yelled an' made a break for the Injun lines on the side away from the post like we was bound to go through. That give ‘Curly’ a chance, an' he took it, you bet. Old ‘Two Bits’ shot up that valley like a streak—but there was a trail of Apaches behind him. We see ‘Curly’ drop the reins an' turn in his saddle an' go to shootin', an' the Injuns fell back a little.

“The race was nip an' tuck for a mile, an' once we see old ‘Two Bits’ stagger like he was hit; but he kept his feet an' passed out of sight in the hills. Then the dark came down an' we waited. No, we wasn't Injun bait that time—the bugles of the old Third was a-ringin' in the valley by daylight, an' them Apaches got a lesson they'll be a long time forgittin'.

“An ‘Curly’ an' ‘Two Bits’? Well, ‘Curly’ was shot clean through, but he lived an' is wearin' shoulder straps to-day. An' old ‘Two Bits’? Poor old ‘Two Bits’! He carried the word, an' he carried two big balls from an Apache rifle till he fell dead at the colonel's door.

“The men he saved put him here; an' I don't reckon none of them that's sleepin' long-side grudges him his room.”—New Behemian.

New Styles.

A white satin skirt and bodice has the latter covered with silk mousseline embroidered in silver and pearls.

Boleros of white chiffon embroidered in silver, pink, blue and faint green with an edging of chiffon frills.

A deep garnum pink ribbed silk is trimmed with bodice draperies embroidered in coral, pearl and silver, and has a corselot of water-green velvet.

Lavender moire velours has the seams outlined with an embroidery of amethysts and silver. The sleeves and corselot are of white gauze similarly decorated.

A costume of white Pekin in alternate inch-wide stripes of satin and taffeta has a demi-train skirt and low round bodice. Short sleeves of lace and Pekin.—Chicago Record.

THE NATIONAL ELECTION.

Sam Jones Takes a Look Over the Field.

The Personal Integrity and Character of the Candidates—The Crowds Arrayed Behind Each—Why We Do Not Prosper.

More than 12,000,000 voters are thinking and reading and talking and discussing the issues involved and the interest at stake in the election. Perhaps in the history of America but one election meant so much to the future of this republic. The personnel of the two candidates, Mr. McKinley and Mr. Bryan, is without flaw so far as the records go. There have been no railing accusations brought against either. One I understand (Mr. McKinley) is a local preacher in the Methodist church. The other, Mr. Bryan, is a devout deacon of the Cumberland Presbyterian church. The personal integrity and character of candidates was never better. The issues and lines were never so closely drawn as in this battle. One is the champion of monometallism and high tariff; the other the champion of free silver and low tariff.

There are two sides to this national election, and it is interesting to look behind the curtain and see the crowds arrayed behind each candidate. The moneyed men of America, with only an exception here and there, are backing McKinley for all there is in it. The democrats or popocrats declare that every monopoly in the financial, commercial and industrial world is with McKinley. Among these we find the heartless millionaires, the grinding corporations, together with the national banks. Greed and avarice stand by McKinley in this campaign. Of course I do not mean to say that there are not millions of patriots, faithful, honest, conservative, good men, in the ranks of monometallism. Then we look at the crowd backing Bryan. The anarchists, the communists, the rabble, are with him from snout to tail. Of course I don't mean to say that every Bryan man is an anarchist, a communist, or a tramp. Millions of good men and true will stand with Bryan. I don't think either crowd ought to poke fun at the other. I am sure McKinley is not proud of some of his crowd; and if Bryan is proud of all his gang he is not fit to be president of an island of goats.

Business has been at a standstill for weeks. Money is timid, from the little country merchant up to the millionaire manufacturer. They seem to be waiting with uncertainty and indefiniteness of plan and purpose till the election is over. I am one American citizen not looking for much to happen. I am not among the free silver crowd who expect to wake up on the morning of the 4th of November and find silver piled up as high as my head on my front porch. I am not looking for a cyclone of prosperity if McKinley is elected. I am one of those who believe that the prosperity of this country is dependent neither upon monometallism or bimetalism. I believe the sins of extravagance, the sins of deception, the sins of fraud, the sins of rascality, the sins of rum, all stand up like a bulwark between us and prosperity. I believe in God and I believe God keeps His hand on this world. I believe in the truth of the Bible; and I believe God will suffer no nation to prosper whose sins multiply as our sins multiply.

This great nation is in league with the liquor traffic. This great nation is in sympathy at headquarters with monopolies that grind the life out of the people. This nation at headquarters has either lost its voice or lost its conscience. With \$23 per capita we have money enough to do the business of the country. If we had as much confidence as we have got money things would move along in right channels and in right proportions.

The student of history can see history repeating itself. Belshazzar had his feast, with the handwriting on the wall. Babylon is no more! Rome was the brightest star of empire the world ever saw when she ruled all the earth. Now her glory has departed forever. There are problems which threaten the ruin of this country upon which politicians do not touch at all. McKinley and Bryan know as well as any God-fearing men must know that the \$120,000,000 we spend for whiskey every year is equal in amount to all our coined gold and silver, and that we can better afford to dump all our coined money into the Atlantic ocean and dissolve copartnership with and obliterate whiskey than we can afford to let matters go on as they are; and yet these two leading Christian men would no more open their mouths on that issue than they would deliberately retire from the race for the presidency.

A free ballot and a fair count is another problem which stands at the very basis of all good governments. The buying and selling of votes, the coercion, the stuffing of ballot boxes must stop or the day will come in America when there will be thousands of men killed at the polls. Every state in this union should adopt the Australian ballot and affix penalties and enforce the law upon every man who buys or sells a vote, tampers with the ballot boxes, or interferes with the election returns. Another great problem which lies at the very basis of America is this immigration question. If we do not close our ports against undesirable immigration we will soon take on a load we can't manage. In the assimilation into American life of the millions who have already come or we have got our stomachs out of fix, our blood diseased, and we have broken out here and yonder with chill-blains and boils and pimples. Keep afflicting the blood and yonder with chill-blains and boils.

Another great problem with this country is to put official position out of the reach of influences which have so long dominated. Lobbying ought to be a felony. The legislator ought to be

as unapproachable as the judge on the supreme bench of the United States. A lobbyist ought to be as much out of place in the capitol at Washington as he would be out of place in the United States supreme court room. These are some of the things which threaten the overthrow our republic and the wreck of our institutions. These questions will remain unsettled after the issues of this campaign have been settled. I declare it to be the honest conviction of my heart and mind. Mr. McKinley will not bring prosperity to this country. The conditions of prosperity must be met and they are not and will not be met by the continuance of the gold standard or by the weird, wild, foolish vapors and views of the free silverites. Free silver and monometallism will no more meet the conditions of prosperity than vaseline will cure a cancer or rain water will cauterize and take off a wart. We must grapple with the issues that really threaten the ruin of our republic. The devil wants no better joke on this country than to see us take off at tangents and run these side issues and let the things that are really cutting the foundation away go on at their work. The man who is looking for a cyclone of prosperity the day after the election of November 3 is going to be woefully disappointed. There are some other things to do. There are many things we must not do again if we want prosperity to come to us.

I am no free silver man and I am not going to vote for Bryan. I am no republican and I am sure I won't vote for McKinley. I am a prohibitionist and I will vote for Levering and Johnson. I may throw my ballot into the air, but I won't throw it into the mud. I am sure my candidate won't be elected, and as far as I am personally concerned if my man is to be left I care very little which other one of the candidates gets in. I always liked Tom Watson. Personally, he is a clever fellow. I admire him now. After the democrats in the Tenth district have counted him two or three times out of congress and treated him like a dog, I glory in Tom's spunk. If I was Tom I would give the democrats all the trouble I could. They thought they had Tom buried once, but Tom has turned out to be the liveliest corpse that ever came tumbling out of a graveyard. If I was Tom I wouldn't come down, and if I was fooled with me I wouldn't fuse; but every opportunity I had I would turn the business end of a mule towards the whole gang and kick the filling out of them. I am for Tom Watson against the whole gang. He is a better man than any of his maligners. He is a purer politician than any of his companions and got more sense than any of the big men in either party. Tom Watson can never act as badly towards the democrats as the democrats have acted towards him, I don't care what he does.

Fight it out, gentlemen. I am a prohibitionist. Our crowd don't have to fight. We are gentlemen. Yours truly, SAM P. JONES.

A PORTABLE BICYCLE.

It Can Be Folded Into a Case and Carried by Hand.

The “pocket bicycle” is not a toy or plaything, but a full-sized machine, with pneumatic tire, regulation handle bar, brake of latest pattern, ball bearings, and the thousand and one things that go to make up a high-grade machine. It is full size, and can be unscerled, taken apart and folded up.

It looks like a seemingly hopeless task for anyone but a skilled mechanic to put a bicycle together, but the “pocket bicycle” is said to be so simple that anyone can master the process after once seeing it done. The fastening springs and tiny bolts are, for the most part, so deftly fitted into the framework as to be unnoticeable to the casual observer. They are, however, made of the finest tempered steel, strengthening instead of weakening the machine.

The framework of the machine is attached to the handle of the fork by fitting into slots, and being clamped into position by a spring. The axle pins are somewhat longer than in an ordinary machine, and fit into a notch in the ends of the fork, and at the points of the frame where the rear axle joins it. The seat lifts out of a deep groove which holds it firmly in place while the rider is on the machine, and the handle is held in place by a similar device.

Perhaps the most curious part of the whole machine, however, is its wheels. In no way can they be distinguished from ordinary wheels when in use, but they develop curious features when it is desired to pack the machine. These wheels are made in four quarter sections, each section being complete in itself. When the tire has been slipped off, a spring concealed in the hub is pressed, and the wheel falls into four parts, each of which can be closed like a fan, and the wheel becomes apparently four straight sticks.

The frame is jointed in three places, and here again springs hold it in shape when it is desired to use the machine. When it is to be packed for transportation, the pressure of a spring in the handle loosens every spring in the machine, which simply falls to pieces almost ready for packing into the smallest possible space. Every spring works automatically, and putting the machine together is hardly more trouble than taking it apart. When in sections and folded for transportation, each portion of the machine is about of equal length and weight.

These machines have been introduced into France, and they are soon to be brought to this country.

Consumption of Alcohol.

Frenchmen consume more alcohol than other Europeans, according to figures put before the Basle congress for alcoholism. In the computation the amount of alcohol in light wines and beer is included. The average annual consumption of alcohol per head of population is 13 quarts in France, 10 in Switzerland, Belgium and Italy, 9 in Germany and England, 4 in Sweden, 3 in Norway and 2 in Canada.