

## A NIGHT RIDE.

BY LUKE SHARP.

The bicycle is a queer instrument. You think you know all about it, then suddenly you find there are still things to learn. The other evening I got on my bicycle and worked my way for five or six miles through one of the prettiest lanes in England to a country village where a friend of mine lives. The lane which leads to this village is one in which I did a good deal of practicing when I first took to the bicycle some months ago. It is bordered by hedges and trees on each side, and looks like a long green tunnel through which the sun sends some fluttering, flickering rays down on the excellent roadway, making a sort of dancing carpet of light and shade, eternally weaving themselves together, and mimicking in shadow and sunshine the inter-lacing of the trees above.

But there is, alas, along the side of this lane a ditch with which I have before now made acquaintance while teaching myself how to ride. It is always a pleasant experience for a bicycle to revisit a spot where he has had his conflicts with the machine. It gives him a sense of having accomplished something. I recognized all the places where I had been thrusted through the hedge. It was nice to know that these exciting days were past, and that I now rode the machine as if I were a part of it.

The lane is a lonely place at any time of the day; broader roads and more direct ones lead to the little village I have spoken of, but whose name I need not mention. My friend proved so entertaining that I stayed on and on. I was invited to stop for dinner and I did. I was afterwards censured for this when I ultimately did reach home. People in the country, I was told, were not always prepared to receive unexpected visitors to dinner. It was not the thing to drop down with my bicycle upon a helpless man in the country and then hang around the premises until I was invited to dinner. I am always putting my foot in it this way. It makes me feel guilty afterward, but what is a man to do?

It was pitch dark when I left the house, and when I came to the entrance of the lane it was even darker than pitch, if such a thing be possible. I lit my bicycle lamp for the first time in my life. The lamp had cost me a lot of money and was said to be the best in the market, but when it tried to compete with the appalling darkness of the lane I saw what a futile thing it was. It shed a dim circle of light a long way ahead, that didn't seem to me to be of much practical use. I pushed the machine along and sprang lightly on its back. Now I thought I knew how to ride perfectly, but I was to find out that riding in the broad daylight and riding in the darkness are two entirely different things. The machine gave a wobble first in one direction and then in the other, and my heart came into my mouth when I found that unless I saw the wheel I did not know how to balance the concern. Sitting down a moment afterward, fortunately not on the side where the ditch was, I had some time to meditate on the situation. The wheel was on top of me, and the lamp was out. This was old times over again, and I had not seen the chance in the darkness to select the spot on which to fall. I did not like the idea of trundling the machine all the way along the lane when I ought to be able to do so much better time on its back, so I rose slowly, placed the machine upright again, and relit the lamp. The lamp hung on a couple of vacillating flanges which apparently are actuated by springs and give the lamp a wobbly motion when you joggle unexpectedly over a stone. I got once more upon the machine, this time with better success, and we went along nicely for some distance; then I got off again. Coming along that road in the daylight the lane seemed perfectly smooth and unobstructed; yet I suddenly came against some unseen obstacle that appeared to me as I alighted to be a boulder lying on the road. It was in reality a stone about the size of my fist. The lamp had gone out, of course, simultaneously with my fall. This one I have gone out whenever I joggle over anything. I have been told that it was on account of the oil I was using, but I have since secured the most expensive oil in the market, an oil with a beautiful name, but the lamp joggles out just the same.

After going over the stone I saw that I had to do something definite with the lamp. I took out my handkerchief and tied down the springs, so that the disk of light touched the front wheel. This wasn't so bad, as it showed me plainly the stones in the road, but hardly in time for me to avoid them, although I did dodge some by performing acrobatic feats that usually led to the ditch. In my evolutions and anxiety about the lamp I had forgotten the existence of that ditch, but it was there, just the same, lying low and saying nothing. I found it without the least trouble. The lamp went out again, of course, and I began to fear that I would not have matches enough to last until I got into the radius of street lamps. I crawled out of the ditch, righted the machine and once more applied a match to the wick. I had lost the handkerchief, but I tied the lamp down with the oiling cloth. I was bowling along at a rapid and satisfactory pace, through the bright circle of light in front of me, when all at once, within an incredible short distance, there appeared before me a young man and young woman, strolling along together with their arms about each

others waists. Their backs were toward me, and the lamp did not shine far enough ahead to let them know I was coming. Of course, if I had had presence of mind I could have steered around them and passed on, but they had become so suddenly silhouetted against the darkness, just as a magic lantern picture is thrown upon a screen, that the unexpected sight drove what little sense I had clear away from me, and I gave one terrific yell fit to rouse any recently dead man and flung myself from the machine.

The girl complicated matters by wildly throwing her arms around the young man's neck and calling upon him to protect her, which he had no chance to do, because the next instant the machine climbed his back. We three were in a heap in that silent lane before any of us knew what had happened, and, of course, the lamp went out. By way of excusing myself, and saying something conciliatory, I shouted out:

"What in the name of the Prince of Darkness are you two dawdling along this lane in the middle of the night for?"

The young man turned to me in rather harsh language that if I would be good enough to wait there until he found his stick he would show me what he was doing. However, I found my machine first, and being in an utterly reckless mood I sprang upon it without examining it to see if anything were broken or not, though I knew that no ordinary fall would injure that machine, and away I went and left them there. I did not see that any explanation on my part would help matters, so I thought it best to leave well enough alone, which I did. Little use as the lamp was, I found it had its advantages, because the lane turned a short distance ahead; in fact, it was always turning, even in the daylight, although I had never noticed that particularly before, and this time I ran squarely into the hedge on the side opposite the ditch. I extricated the machine and once more lit the lamp. I thought perhaps it was safer not to attempt to ride any more, and so walked along, trundling the wheel, for I knew there was a bridge some distance ahead that had no parapets and I did not want to enter into an encounter with it. As I walked along beside the bicycle I saw something more on the side of the road and within the circle of light. A stalwart, unkempt tramp, who had been making the roadside his bedroom, rose up on his elbow and said menacingly:

"Say, marster, can you oblige me with a match?"

"Yes, I can," I said, climbing up on my machine and putting the wheels in motion. "Get on your bicycle and we'll have a match. Come along!" He merely stood up and cursed me in loud and forcible language. I thought my troubles well over on coming to the street lamps. I was bowling along within half a mile of my own house when suddenly a policeman stepped out into the middle of the road.

"Stop!" he cried, and having a respect for the law I stopped and got off the machine. "What are you doing," he demanded, "travelling with your lamp out?"

"Good gracious!" I said, "my lamp isn't out," but on looking around I found, alas, it was, and I had not noticed the fact, so well was the street lighted. I assured him that it had been lighted a moment before and that it must have joggled out.

"If you will put your hand on the lamp," I said, "you will find it is quite hot."

He did so and shook his head. I touched the lamp myself, for it, when lighted, becomes uncomfortably hot (it smokes worse than I do), and, would you believe it, it was as cold as a rich relation from whom you want to borrow money.

"You will have to come with me," he said.

"Won't a cash payment down save me the trouble of appearing before a magistrate?"

"No, it won't," said the policeman, "I must do my duty."

I detest a policeman who has to do his duty, so I said:

"Oh, very well; I juggled some money out of my pocket as I dropped off. You took me so by surprise. I'm going to light my lamp and look for it."

I lit the lamp and backed the machine up a bit. The policeman kindly helped me to look for the coins, but when his back was bent I pushed my machine forward a bit and sprang on it. My lamp was lit. He blew his whistle, but I managed to turn down a side street, then down another and so managed to get safely home. But much as I like the bicycle I have made up my mind that night rides are too exciting for me until I get a lamp that, like that policeman, will do its duty.

### Great Blast.

Seven tons of gunpowder were employed in a great blast at Penrhyn Quarries, Bethesda, North Wales. The object in view was the demolition of a huge pinnacle of rock, which has been a picturesque object for generations, and which must be a familiar memory to the thousands who visit the spot every year. Some idea of the gigantic dimensions of the place may be gathered from the fact that the rock face between the different terraces is some-where about sixty feet in depth. The peak rose in the midst of the amphitheatre formed by the quarries—it is estimated to have contained over 125,000 tons. Quite a crowd gathered to witness the effect of the blast, and certainly those present were not disappointed in the spectacle afforded. On the signal being given, the gunpowder was ignited, and amid the curling smoke the pinnacle was seen to totter, and then to fall in fragments to the bottom.

## AFTER THE BEAR ATE KENNEDY

A Story of Terrible Suffering by the Man Who Was Not Eaten.

Ira P. Smith, commercial agent of the north and south road, returned yesterday morning from a trip along the line. He tells a story which verifies the saying that truth is stranger than fiction.

While he was going to Ash Fork a young man stepped aboard the train at Jerome Junction who looked like the second edition of Rip Van Winkle. The strange and uncouth being was undoubtedly young, but his face was pinched and drawn with hunger and his eyes large and haggard. His clothes hung about him in shreds, while the flesh that showed through the rents was lacerated and bruised. The aspect of the young man was one to excite pity. Mr. Smith spoke to the young man and asked him the cause of his forlorn appearance.

The young fellow stated that nearly three weeks ago he and another young man named Kennedy left Williams to go to Jerome to get work in the mines. Not having an abundance of money they concluded to walk the entire distance. They experienced nothing out of the ordinary until the third day on the trip. On that day about noon they were descending a mountain when a commotion in their rear caused them to look around, and to their horror they beheld a large cinnamon bear making directly for them. To think was to act, and the young man who tells the adventure dropped to the ground and rolled down the hill over brush, cactus and stones to an arroyo below. When he arrived at the bottom he was nearly insensible from his contact with stones and cacti. He painfully picked himself up and could distinguish the agonizing cries of Kennedy on the hill above, and he felt certain his companion was in the clutches of the animal.

The cries soon ceased, and the young man set to work picking the cactus points that literally covered his person. The process was slow, tedious, and attended with great agony. After he had rid himself of most of the cactus points he literally covered the wounds with mud to keep down the inflammation, and started up the arroyo. Each succeeding day brought him no sign of a human habitation, and his lacerations made progress slow. He subsisted on berries and the fruit of the cactus, which he sucked to obtain moisture when water was not to be found. Each night he lay down thinking it was his last on earth, but would awaken in the morning, stiff from the bruises and weak from hunger, but he staggered on, and on the ninth day struck Jerome Junction, more dead than alive. He was taken care of by the railroad people and given proper nourishment and was sent north on the next train. He stated that he was going to Flagstaff to organize a party to search for the remains of Kennedy.

Con Kennedy, a brother of the missing man, has also started out from Williams with a large party to discover the remains.

### Art in Sign Painting.

Perhaps one of the most unique signs is located high up on the almost perpendicular side of Ruch's Hill at the big "S" bar on Fifth avenue, just above Soho. Coming in, the pedestrian or cable-car passenger sees a shed with a small window, out of which is thrust the head of a lean, hungry-looking horse. The first thought of a person looking at it is why anybody should build a stable in such an inaccessible place, surrounded with nothing but rocks, with no apparent way for the horse to get to and from it. While the person is pondering over the question he passes around the curve, and he is in a position to get a side view of the supposed shed, when he discovers it to be nothing but a board sign with a picture of the stable and horse skilfully painted upon it.

The sign looks so realistic at the distance at which it is placed that it has fooled many people, some of whom to this day have not discovered the deception, and are wondering why that horse is always looking out of the window. So there was some excuse for the old colored man, aside from his eyes not being as good as they used to be, when he went to Superintendent Ned Dorente of the Anti-Cruelty Society and made serious complaint against an unknown man who kept his horse in a shed on Ruch's Hill, who to his certain knowledge had not fed or watered the animal for weeks. He said the horse must be famished, as its head was continually looking out of the window in a most pathetic way.

With the Anti-Cruelty Society's usual promptitude, Mr. Dorente sent an agent to investigate the complaint, but after searching the hill diligently he had to give up his quest. As he was waiting for the cable car he saw the old colored man who had made the complaint and he asked him for more specific directions. The old man pointed to the sign on the side of the hill, and when told by the agent it was merely a sign and no stable, he would not be convinced until he had walked around the bend and "seen for himself."

### Queer Pranks of Lightning.

The Paducah (Ky.) News says that lightning played some queer pranks in that good town the other day: "It wrapped itself around the spire of the First Presbyterian Church like a snake, and took off the slate covering in strips. It burned the hair from one side of Mrs. M. J. Williams' head, on Clay street, yet did not injure the woman nor the child which she held in her arms at the time. It knocked Abe Stone, colored, senseless, as he sat in a stable loft, and when he recovered he found that it had removed nearly all his clothes. It jerked an umbrella from a young man's hand and left his arm paralyzed for an hour. It scared a negro into convulsions at the People's Electric Company's plant on Second street. The erratic bolts performed all sorts of funny freaks, in fact.

## REMEMBER THE ALAMO.

Heroic Defense of the Texans Against the Mexicans.

Soon Santa Anna approached with his army, took possession of the town, and invested the fort. The defenders knew there was scarcely a chance of rescue, and that it was hopeless to expect that 150 men, behind defenses so weak, could beat off 4,000 trained soldiers well armed and provided with heavy artillery; but they had no thought of flinching, and made a desperate defense. The days went by and no help came, while Santa Anna got ready his lines and began a furious cannonade. His gunners were unskilled, however, and he had to serve the guns from a distance, for when they were posted nearer the American riflemen crept forward under cover and picked off the artillerymen. Old Crockett thus killed five men with one gun. But by degrees the bombardment told. The walls of the Alamo were battered and riddled; and when they had been breached so as to afford no obstacle to the rush of his soldiers, Santa Anna commanded that they be surrendered.

The storming took place on March 6, 1836. The Mexican troops came on well and steadily, breaking through the outer defenses at every point, for the lines were too long to be manned by the few Americans. The frontiersmen then retreated to the inner building, and a desperate hand to hand conflict followed, the Mexicans thronging in, shooting at the Americans with their muskets, and thrusting at them with lance and bayonet; while the Americans, after firing their long rifles, clubbed them and fought desperately, one against many; and they also used their bowie knives and revolvers with deadly effect. The fight raged to and fro between the shattered walls, each American the center of a group of foes; but for all their strength and their wild fighting courage the defenders were too few and the struggle could have but one end.

One by one the tall riflemen succumbed, after repeated thrusts with bayonet and lance, until but three or four were left. Then these fell, too, and the last man stood at bay. It was old Davy Crockett. Wounded in a dozen places, he faced his foes with his back to the wall, ringed around by the bodies of the men he had slain. So desperate was the fight he waged that the Mexicans who thronged round about him were beaten back for the moment, and no one dared to run in upon him. Accordingly, while the lancers held him where he was, for, weakened by wounds and loss of blood, he could not break out through them, the musketeers loaded their carbines and shot him down, for Santa Anna declined to show him mercy. Some say that when Crockett fell from his wounds he was taken alive and was then shot by Santa Anna's orders; but his fate cannot be told with certainty, for not a single American was left alive. At any rate, after Crockett fell the fight was over. Every one of the hardy men who had held the Alamo lay still in death; yet they died well avenged, for four times their number of foes fell at their hands in the battle.

Santa Anna had but a short while in which to exult over his bloody and hard won victory. Already a rider from the rolling Texas plains, going north through the Indian Territory, had told Houston that the Texans were up and were striving for their liberty. At once in Houston's mind there was kindled a longing to return to the men of his race in the time of their need. Mounting his horse, he rode by night and day, and was hailed by the Texans as a heaven sent leader. He took command of their forces, 1,100 stark riflemen, and at the battle of San Jacinto he and his men charged the Mexican hosts with the cry of "Remember the Alamo!" Almost immediately the Mexicans were overthrown with terrible slaughter. Santa Anna himself was captured, and the freedom of Texas was won at a blow.

### "STAATSBURG PUSHER."

Novel Feature of the New York Central Railroad.

Midway between the town of Rhinecliff and that of Staatsburg there stands, on the edge of the Hudson River bank, a small, covered shed, large enough to contain a locomotive engine, and a cabin perhaps seven feet square. It comprehends one of the most novel features of the New York Central Railroad, or of any other.

At this point begins a heavy up grade with a sharp curve, which, while it offers no special difficulty to passenger trains—though these sometimes comprise as many as eight or ten sleepers and drawing room cars—works differently with regard to the enormous freight trains that come in from the West. For a single engine to draw such trains up the Staatsburg grade is almost impossible. So the "Staatsburg Pusher" was devised and put into operation.

It lurks in the little shed, a powerful, sixty-ton engine, No. 80, designed to pull out on receiving the proper signal from the engineer of a down freight train. When the latter is about one hundred yards from the "pusher-house," and slowed down to a speed of ten miles an hour, the "pusher" scurries after it. After being attached to it by a brakeman on the rear platform, it "pushes" the train up the grade, which ends at Staatsburg, where it is unhitched and returns to its house again. Of course great care, skill and judgment are necessary on the part of the engineer of the pusher to catch the retreating freight train before it loses way on the grade, and, equally, to

avoid striking it with too much force.

The Staatsburg "pusher" never sleeps day and night, Sundays and holidays, it stands always with steam up, ready to start off on its flying errand.

When the easily recognizable sound made by an approaching freight train is heard, engineer and fireman stand ready by their engine for the call which may, or may not, be made upon them for aid. This call is two blasts from the approaching engine, when near the "pusher-house," and it is at once answered by two similar blasts from the "pusher." The headlight of the approaching engine is now seen, engineer and fireman are at their posts, and the long, snake like freight train presently rumbles past. Then Engineer Leo Pan opens the throttle and pushes down the lever, and away the "pusher" dashes after the train that is rapidly retreating into the darkness. It is with tremendous puffing and snorting that the three mile grade is made and the "pusher" backs up the track to the siding, and so into the pusher house again, where she looks for all the world like a great black spider, waiting to dart out upon its prey.

### A Voyage to the Moon.

A voyage to the moon is the latest project which is seriously put forward as the crowning point of the exhibition of 1900. M. Mantois, its author, does not propose to carry passengers to the lunar regions in an aerial car, but he expects to bring down the moon to the reach of people whose vision extends, say, six miles from the earth. The plan is to construct a telescope nearly 200 feet in length. The objective glass will have a diameter of something over four feet three inches, the largest in the world. This colossal tube will be placed horizontally, and the image of the moon will be reflected by a mirror plane, six feet in diameter and fifteen inches thick. The weight would be 8,000 pounds. The special feature of the idea is that the image of the moon should be thrown upon a screen placed in a hall large enough to hold 600 spectators. Astronomers calculate that with an apparatus of these dimensions it will be possible to discern easily objects of the size of the Notre Dame Cathedral towers, and to distinguish the evolutions of a lunar regiment. Should the opening of the twentieth century be signalized by volcanic eruptions in the Mountains of the Moon, visitors to the exhibition would have a grand spectacle.

### Continuous Rails.

Several methods have been employed to accomplish this result, which seems to be very desirable and especially advantageous where the track is used as one of the electrical conductors, as in the trolley system. In one system the current from the trolley has been utilized for welding the rails. In St. Louis the method is pursued of uniting the rails at the joints by running a casting of iron around the joint, by means of a special mold and a portable furnace. The molds are heated up near the line of the track and a fire built around them, so that by the time they are to be put around the joints they are dull red. The iron is poured into the molds from a ladle. After pouring, they are allowed to remain ten minutes before being removed for use on another joint. The joint of every other section of track is cast in the morning and the remainder in the afternoon, this being done to prevent, as far as possible, the severe strain of contraction, for when the joint is hot it heats the rail for some distance on each side, and consequently there is considerable expansion.

### A Remarkable Family Group.

A remarkable family group of old people was gathered at McDonald's Point, New Brunswick, recently, to celebrate the 104th birthday of the oldest member. This was Mrs. Thos. Blizzard, and the rest of the group were her ten children. Mrs. Blizzard was born in 1792 in Queen's county, New Brunswick, her father being from New York. The oldest child present was Oliver, who is nearing his 81st birthday. The next was John, aged 78; the next Sarah, aged 77, and then they tapered down gradually to the youngest, Lucy, who is 53 years old. Mrs. Blizzard has 67 grandchildren and 103 great-grandchildren living. She is still agile and has no organic ailment.

### The Snake's Criticism.

Vancouver, the celebrated mechanician who constructed a duck that could walk, eat and drink and was all but nature itself, was invited to make an asp that would prove effective in the famous death scene of Cleopatra. He produced a mechanical asp that was a marvel of ingenuity and which seemed to be endowed with life. When the actress was about to raise the snake to her bosom, it ran out its forked tongue and hissed. In the midst of the dead silence of expectancy that fell on the house, a man in the orchestra remarked in very audible tones: "I am of the same opinion as the serpent."

The Government of Mexico is not yet quite freed from the traditional policy, according to which British influence and British capital had the upper hand in the affairs of the Gulf republic. For instance, it appears that the Mexican Government has purchased recently in England five gunboats for the navy.

## FASHION NOTES.

Items of Interest to the Fair Sex.

The coming season will be a lace season, just as the last one has been.

Satin duchesse will be sold more for skirts than any other silk the coming season.

A youthful hat with a poke shaped brim is covered with loose, soft frills of white lace.

Black satin chokers are "in" again, even when there is no other note of black in the gown.

On silk dresses there will be dear little Marie Antoinette capes of chiffon and of many new gauzes.

Fine printed flannel, known as Aglaga flannel, is the latest fashionable fabric for cool weather house gowns.

Pale golden green will be a favorite tint among evening toilets. The taffetas in this shade are called Chartreuse silks.

Changeable crepons will be used for dinner and evening costumes. A handsome model in shot green, cream, and old rose is made up with accessories of moss green satin duchesse.

Full effects are retained on separate waists for autumn wear. A popular shape shows a box pleat in front, with a deep yoke effect each side, and in the back is the yoke shape, but below this the waist is snugly fitted.

A very graceful and pretty model for a cool weather shoulder cape is formed of Havana brown velvet, silk lined and trimmed on the edge of the Stuart collar with a row of bronze bead passementeries. A silk plush circle cape twenty two inches in length has a small flaring collar and a sailor collar below made of dark mink fur. A black velvet cape nearly covered with jet arabesque garnitures has a jet trimmed Medici collar, and is lined with Highland plaided taffeta silk.

In the first importation of autumn millinery the shape in round hats as a rule was large. In bonnets the effect is broad from side to side.

The combination of two or more contrasting fabrics will be utilized during the fall season, not only for fancy waists, but in the making of new skirts, which are to retain their spreading, voluminous effect for at least three months to come, and probably during the entire winter.

The best way to set the dye of black dye through hose is to put a couple of good pinches of common salt in the washing water.

Cold storage for clothes is the latest novelty in the big down town refrigerators in the New York dry goods district. The idea is to get rid of the moths.

After dinner coffee spoons are quite the thing in the service of ices. From a hygienic point of view they are valuable, as they convey only a small portion of the frozen sweet at a time, and therefore minimize the chilling of the digestive process.

For a bride's traveling dress get covert sniting of tan brown, if the color is becoming, but if not try grayish blue. Make it with a short open jacket that can be lapped double breasted on a silk waist of changeable taffeta, either blue and black together or else brown and blue.

A great many novelties have been used for lamp shades, although pearl white silk is now the favorite, as it sheds a more delicate light than cream white or other colors. There are a holy red and a Neapolitan pink silk used for shades that produce a charming effect.

For bridesmaids' baskets the Dolly Varden shape, made of green rush, is the favorite—a novel arrangement of ribbon bows and flowers combined, carried out on the handles, the baskets to be carried on the arm, so that the ribbons and flowers will fall gracefully, forming a sort of trimming for the side of the dress.

### She Understood the Trick.

"A short time ago," said Deputy United States Marshal Harris, "a rancher up in the mountains of Lake County, Cal., grew tired of walking five miles over the hills to get the country paper from his mail box, so he felled a big tree across the road so that the stage would be compelled to travel a longer route that led past his house. A warrant was issued for his arrest for obstructing the United States mails, and I went up to serve it."

"I found the old man sitting on his back porch smoking his corncob pipe, and commenced reading the warrant: 'The President of the United States sends greeting.' Just then 'the long barrel of a muzzle-loading rifle was shoved out of the kitchen door and aimed at my head. I saw a nervous little gray-headed woman at the other end of the gun with her finger on the trigger. I could see the bright gray eye twinkling through the buckhorn sight as she remarked: "'You git, and don't you come snoopin' 'round 'hyar agin. The President sent his greetin' onst before when the ol' man cut some timber on gov'ment land, and it cost him 'bout a hundred dollars an' mighty nigh a month in jail. Then he found out the President didn't know nothin' about it. If the President wants to be friendly with the ol' man he'll have to come right 'hyar without sendin' no greetin's. Git!'"

### A Thorn on the Bicyclist's Path.

Bicyclists in the region round about St. John's, Mich., have a queer, but substantial grievance. The fields and farms thereabout are bounded and guarded with quickest hedges instead of by fences. At this time of year the farmers trim their hedges, and as a consequence all the roads in the region are strewn thickly with boughs full of briars, sharp slivers of tough wood, and short shippings of hedge points, which puncture bicycle tires as readily and perhaps more seriously than steel tacks.

The English government in India collects \$3,000,000 a year from the sale of opium.