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BICYCLE.

VATENTS | Feb. 24, 1891 | Oct. 3, 1893 | May 17, 1891 | Jan 1, 1895

more

that is simple in construction, easily taken apart and put together again

has few parts, is of such wiry material that its parts will hold-together

even in an accident, no hollow material to be crushed in by every con-

tact; a frame that cannot possibly be broken; a frame so simple that its

adjusting parts serve as its connecting parts; a one-piece crank in place

of a dozen parts; always ready to give reliable and rapid transportation.

SPECIFICATIONS AND DESCRIPTIONS.

Diamond Frame? Simply a true truss in every direction for strains

that occur in Cycles-the outline of two diamonds in its makeup. The

frames are constructed of &-inch cold rolled steel rods, the toughest and

strongest metal for its weight known, and the parts are joined together

with steel and aluminum bronze fittings in such a manner that it is

impossible to brake or any part to work loose. A marvel of novelty,

simplicity and durability, the greatest combination of ingenuity in bicycle mechanism,—to build a frame without brazen joints and tubing,

as you know that frames continually break and fracture at brazen joints

and tubes when they are buckled in cannot be repaired. We guaran-

FRAME.—Improved Double Diamond. What is a Double

A Bicycle constructed of material that is solid, tough and wiry;

THE SPHINX.

BY FRANCIS C. WILLIAMS.

"Well, of all the days this has been the worst I ever saw!" grurabled Campbell, the city editor, as he gave the copy-boy a "padded" story of a cablecar smash-up, and wheeled about in his desk-chair and addressed the office in general and no one in particular. Ten o'clock and only two display heads up, and neither of them worth its place. How much'll that shipping story make, Harris?"

"I can fill it out to half a column," answered the person to, looking up from "Make all you can of it. We'll need

every bit we can get." It was just then that Marsh came in. 'Got a good story here, Mr. Camp-

bell; how much space can I have?" he said, stripping off his coat. "All you want," returned the city editor, a half smile replacing the frown his face had worn. "Now, that' what I call luck!" he added. "What'

"You remember the Kremer mur

"Yes, well enough!" "Well, they've got them; at least, they think they have. The police in the Twenty-third precinct arrested a fellow to-day who turned out to be Boch, the German who was with Kremer the night the murder occurred; and the circumstantial evidence is strong, they say. Let's see; how long ago was it that the murder happened? Twelve years, I think."

"Just about," said Campbell, mentally checking off the time. "It ought to make a good yarn. Do your best

Marsh nodded and fell to work. For a time only the scratching of a pen broke silence in the room. Then the city editor suddenly said: "I say, Marsh, s'pose you see the Sphinx about that story. Ten to one, he has something filed away about it. If he has and can give a good history of the crime, let him do it. You do the story of the arrest and make it as circumstantial as you can. We'll see if we can't save that front page from stagna-

"All right," answered Marsh, as he dropped his pen and rose from his seat. Perhaps the old man can give us a beat on the story," he jokingly added, as he turned to go.

The city editor laughed. The idea of the Sphinx supplying such a thing as a "beat" was too absurd to take seriously, for he had never been anything but a machine, grinding out addenda and oblituary notices in nonpareil type since he became a member of the Globe staff three years before. He was, according to his fellow laborers, a "queer lot." None of them professed to know him better after that lapse of time than when he first came among them and was given charge of the newspaper clippings, which were filed away daily and made use of again whenever a new event recalled an old

operatiess and silent, always faithfully executing what was given him to do, but never offering a suggestion, and in no instance mingling in the amusements or conversation of his companions, he had been dubbed the Sphinx before he was in the office a week, and the sobriquet had clung to

him and seemed thoroughly to fit him. John Hardin was the way he was entered on the pay-roll, and the most that anyone knew of him was that he lived by himself in a bare room near the Globe building and took his meals at a neighboring cating-house. He seemed to have no relatives and no acquaintances, except of the nodding

Marsh walked over to the little eubbyhole of a room the Sphinx occupied, quietly opened the door and stepped inside. For all the jokes they poked at Hardin behind his back, there was a certain something about him which compelled respect when they were in his presence. And so Marsh, when this man looked up from some elippings over which he was bending, said, almost in the same tone he used in addressing the dreaded magazine editor: "Mr. Hardin, I have the story of an arrest here which Mr. Campbell thought you might have some informa-

"What is it, Mr. Marsh?" asked Hardin, reaching for his register wherein he had, alphabetically arranged, the titles of the subjects with which his bureau of clippings dealt.

"It's a murder," answered Marsh; "the Kremer murder."

Hardin had raised the book from the table. It fell with a bang on the floor. But he instantly stooped and picked it up, and began to fumble over the "The Kremer murder?" he said, in his quiet tones. "Yes, I must have something about that here."

He continued to run over the pages, and Marsh poticed that he twice stopped short of the letter K, under which he should have sought for the information wanted. Marsh was impatient to get back to his own work.

"Well, if you're pretty sure you have something about it, Mr. Hardin," he said, "Mr. Campbell would like you to furnish half a column, or a column, if you can, on the history of the crime. I must go back to my own story. They've arrested Boch, the fellow who did the murder, they say, and they'll end in hanging him, of course; the circumstantial evidence is strong. The Kremer murder, remember! It occurred about twelve years ago, didn't

"No," replied Hardin, "not twelve; eleven years ago to-night. That is, I think it was to-night eleven years ago. The murder made a great impression on my mind. It was a hellish crime; wasn't it?"

"Bad, as murders go, I guess," returned Marsh, lightly, wondering at this sudden spurt of loquacity on the other's part. "Well. I'll leave you." Hardin did not reply. He was fumbling over his book again. Marsh

walked up to the city editor's desk. "The Sphinx must have something wrong in his head to-night," he remarked, "or else he's rapidly going into his dotage."

"The point is, can he furnish the history of the murder?" Campbell interrupted, impatiently. He was engaged in blue-penciling a story of a society

"He thinks he can " answered Marsh. trade, then the oft-repeated escout of the war in our experience. On tion of the goldbugs that the free Tom, www.

and take a brace on that story of your own! It's close to eleven o'clock. Marsh returned to his place and re-

sumed his scribbling industriously. The Sphinx in his room was still going over the pages of the register. But he was not looking among the K's. It was through the long list of names begigning with H that he hunted. "It must be here!" he kept murmuring to himself. "It ought to be here! Why can't I find it?"

Then he ran the pages over again. They fluttered from his withered fingers-winding sheets on which were written the names of those dead and one, of events recollection of which had long since faded from the minds of most men. But they did not yield the name he sought. "It's strange," he said. "This is a complete record; it has never been wanting before. Why can't I find it? They must have known

about it when it happened." Then, all at once, one of his hands slipped from the book, and his head dropped among the leaves, crushing them flat; and tears ran between the

thin fingers outspread there. He remained there for some time. Only the clicking of the telegraph instrument in the news room, a dull hum of voices from the rooms beyond where a discussion was going on, and an occasional question asked and answered in the local room came to his ears; and even those he did not hear. Then a bell began to boom the honr, and mechanically he counted the

Eleven o'clock! The fact, dully impressed on his mind, awoke him to a sudden sense of the work before him. He raised his head. His face was drawn, and his eyes, swollen as their lids were from tears, seemed to have sunk in their sockets. He sat for a moment, looking at the book before him. The leaf that was uppermost was one that he had scanned many times before. At its top was printed

the letter II. A minute later he had drawn a large bundle of copy-paper toward him and was writing on it. He wrote slowly at first, almost laboriously. But soon his pen anoved more quickly, and sheet after sheet of the paper was covered and pushed to one side.

Hardin's pen moved unceasingly. When midnight struck he was working with a fierce energy which told of a purpose that defied fatigue. But he sent up no "copy" to the composingroom as he wrote; the pages acccumu lated on his desk in a careless heap.

It was after 12:30 when he dropped his pen and sunk back in his chair for a minute. But it was only for a minute. Then he picked up the bundle of copy, roughly rearranged it, wrote "Use all-Rush" at the top of the first sheet, and sent it upstairs by a boy.

He put on his overcoat, turned off the incandescent ligh and walked into the local room and to the city editor's desk. "Mr. Campbell," he said, in a low voice, "I have to go out. I guess you won't need me any more?"

"No, not to-night," replied Campbell You've sent up a great story of that Kremer murder, Marsh tells me. Is it

"Yes, it's a-a beat," said the other There was mingled sadness and bitterness in his tones. "Good night," Campbell answered,

not noticing anything. "Good night," repeated Hardin. Then ne turned and walked toward the door. But in the doorway he paused, and then came back to Camp-

bell's desk. "Mr. Campbell," he said, earnestly, 'I have never lied to you?"
"Why, no!" exclaimed Campbell in

"Well, and I'm not lying now. Remember, whatever you may think of me, I have told the truth."

"Of course!" said the city editor, Marsh's words recurring to him. Hardin certainly was losing his grip. The Sphinx turned away, and this time walked out the door and down the stairway to the street.

Half an hour later there was great excitement in the Globe office. The proof-reader sent down galley proofs covered with query marks, and along with it Hardin's copy. Campbell looked over it all and could not believe the evidence of his eyes. He took the proof and copy in to the managing editor, and they had a consultation.

Then, just as they had decided that it would be best to "kill" the whole of the story which Hardin had written, Marsh came in, in a state of new excitement, to call Campbell to the phone. Some one wished to speak to him from police headquarters. What the city editor heard from there deter-mined him to publish the article as it

The account of the Kremer murder which the Globe presented on its first page that morning was the talk of the town. But it was not the story of the arrest of Boch, the supposed murderer, that riveted attention. That much was common property among the dailies. It was the two columns in which was set forth the confession of a man who. for twelve long years, had borne the burden of his guilt and striven to live down a recollection that only grew more clear, and would not be forgotten. And then at last, when it could be endured no longer, and to tell it to others was the one relief, the Sphinx

had unsealed his lips. But Campbell, who, out of pity for the old man, went to the police headquarters that same morning to see him, found he was too late. Hardin's drawn face was more peaceful than it had ever been in life, and fear no longer looked from his eves. A forgiving too had locked the sphinx's lips again, and this time they were locked forever

FORTUNES IN FURS.

An English Furrier Gives Some Details of High Prices.

Coats of Fur That Cost 95,000 Altered Every Year to Sult the Latest Fashion-Fine Wardrobe of Fur Worth 815,000.

Speaking of the \$4,000 fur coat stolen from Lady Warwick, in connection with her description of herself as a "splendid pauper" under the new Eng-lish tax laws, a furrier says to the West-

minster Budget:
"As a matter of fact, \$4,000 for a lady's fur coat is absolutely nothing;

the contrary, it is rather a low price for a fur coat of a lady of means and of social position. There are large num-bers of such ladies who wear fur coats of about \$4,750 to just over \$5,000, and now and again, not so very rarely, we

make a cont up to \$7,500."
"What kind of fur are these coats lined with?"

"There are three kinds of expensive fur-Russian sable, natural black fox and sea otter. But it is not the lining only that makes a coat expensive. The trimming is another very valuable -often the most valuable-part. Take a set of Russian sable tails; that alone costs \$40,000, nor is this surprising, since we pay \$400 for one tiny skin as it comes to us straight from Russia, in

an unprepared state." "Then, what constitutes such a set?" "Simply a plain front, collar and cuffs, and a deep garniture round the coat. But remember how many tails go to such a set, and remember, also, that this is the most beautiful fur that could possibly be had."

"I suppose a coat like this lasts for-

"It does last for many years, unless ladies are careless with it. But if you give them very hard wear and neglect them, it is only natural that they should soon be spoilt." "But what about changes in fashion?

Is the \$5,000 fur coat worn whether it is made fashionable or not?" "Oh, no; a great number of these coats come back to us every year to be altered according to the latest

"Are your customers of this class very fastidious and troublesome about these coatly garments?"

"No, not in the very least. Of course, there may be exceptions occasionally, but, on the whole, these ladies are far easier to please than many. They have confidence in us; they know that the firm would supply nothing but what was thoroughly good and genuine. It is the people who want an ancient sealskin jacket altered, or something of that kind, who often prove the most troublesome. They seem to think that we can put the fur back on the animal, and turn it, from being worn and rotten, into new material. We do anything which it is possible to do; but to turn old fur into new is beyond the limitation of even the cleverest fur-

"To return to the 'splendid paupers' What constitutes a complete wardrobe of furs?"

"A long coat, a short one, perhaps a third, trimmed with fur, and a muff and cape. Such a wardrobe is worth several thousands, and you would be surprised to know how many ladies have such a wardrobe. They look upon their furs as upon their jewels, it seems. I know one customer of ours whose wardrobe of fur is worth \$75,000, and only the other day we made a coat for \$10,000, and the trimming for the coat of another lady cost \$5,000."

"Then about fur coats for men. It looks as if they were becoming more

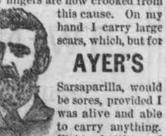
"It is, indeed. Even six or seven years ago Englishmen seemed ashamed to wear fur coats, and if you saw a man in such a coat you set him down at once to be either an actor, an artist or foreigner. That is no longer so, although there are still a good many men who are a little shy about the matter. They want a fur coat, but they don't want it to be recognized as such. So they have a coat lined with fur, but they don't have a fur collar or cuffs. And since we have made it for years a special feature to make fur coats fit, it s quite possible for a man to wear a fur-lined overcont that looks exactly like an ordinary overcoat.

"The majority of men, however, do not mind it being noticed that they wear fur coats. And why should they? Surely a man who goes out to his club or to dinner at night, in evening dress, which is much thinner than the clothes he wears during the day, requires a fur coat. But men's coats are far less expensive than ladies'. We make them up to \$2,500 or \$3,000, but we also sell good coats, lined with muskrat (which is the best fur for wear), at \$50. That is our cheapest coat. The average price a man pays is from \$250 to \$500, but there again the collar and cuffs form an important part of the value."

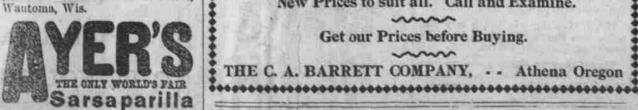
The New Hook Spoon Free to All. I read in the Christian Standard that Miss A. M. Fritz Station A., St. Louis, Mo., would give an elegant plated book spoon to any one sending her ten 2 cent stamps. I sent for one and found it is useful that I showed it to me friends, and made \$13 00 in two bours, taking orders for the spoon. The book spoon is a bousehold necessity. It cannot slip into the dish or croking vessels, being held in the plate by a book on the back. The spoon is something that housekeepers have needed ever since spoons were first invented. Anyone can get a sample soon by sending ten 2 cent stamps to Miss Fritz This is a spleudid way to nake money around home. Very truly, JEANETTE S.

A Sufferer Cured

"Every season, from the time I was two years old, I suffered dreadfully from erysipelas, which kept growing worse until my hands were almost useless. The bones softened so that they would bend, and several of my fingers are now crooked from



Eight bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla cured me, so that I have had no return of the disease for more than twenty years. The first bottle seemed to reach the spot and a persistent use of it has perfected the cure."-O. C. DAVIS,



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troubles, catarrh - cures which prove HOOd' Sarsaparilla

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one-piece crank.—Our great achievement; by its application we put two cranks, two pedal axles, two keys, six screws, six nut and four washers all in one piece. From 50 to 100 per cent. of all the trouble to bicycles is from cranks working loose and pedal axles that break from clamping connections. They get loose no matter how much pains is taken to key and tighten them. This is caused by too many parts, and it is entirely saved by our device, which is but one piece, and made from tough rolled steel rods, impossible to break. It has been proven that when other cranks break from accident, our one-piece crank

CHAIN.—Humber block pattern, best quality, hardened. SPROCKET WHEELS.—Best drop forged steel. REACH.-Shortest, 28 inches; longest, 37 inches.

GEAR.-64 or 72, as specified. FRONT FORKS.-Indestructible. Our fork crowns are simply section of gun barrel steel turned up to size, then bored and bent, forming a perfect fork crown that cannot be surpassed for strength and beauty, also giving a support to our solid cold rolled fork rods that just limit the necessary amount of springiness required in a front fork and which can only be obtained by use of our forks and crown.

HANDLE BARS .- Reversible and adjustable, a marvel of simplicity, readily adjusted to any position desired, with best cork or composition handles. In buying a bicycle it is always a vexed question as to whether you want dropped or elevated handle bars. If you wanted one kind you could not have the other. Our handle bar enables you to have either at will. Will furnish Ram's Horn handle bars if preferred. SADDLES .- Gilliam, P. & F., Reading, or other first-class make.

PEDALS.—Rat trap or rubber; full ball bearing. FINISH.—All parts are enameled with our own special enamel, rubbed down and baked, giving it a handsome black, glossy appearance. All bright parts are heavily nickle plated; these, with the jet black gloss parts, give a handsome appearance which cannot be excelled.

ACCESSORIES .- Each "Maywood" Bicycle is furnished with a leather tool bag, containing pump, wrench and patent oiler. WEIGHT .- According to tires, pedals, saddles, from 27 to 30 lbs.

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points of excellence than can be found in all other machines together.

The "Maywood" has successfully passed through the experimental stage. During the past three years we have put out over 5,000 "Maywoods," placed in the hands of riders of all classes and widely distributed through the country. Expert riders and clumsy riders, heavy men and light men, on smooth roads and on rough roads, have given this wheel every conceivable test, proving it to be the best wheel on earth for every day use, a wheel that can be constantly used over the roughest roads without showing weakness and the constant necessity of repairs. Its construction is so simple, its vital parts so strong, that the possibility of breakage is reduced to a minimum.

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