



OUR COUNTRY, MAY SHE EVER BE RIGHT, BUT RIGHT OR WRONG, OUR COUNTRY."

SIXTY-SIXTH YEAR. NO. 39.

SALISBURY, N. C., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1898.

ESTABLISHED 1832.

What is Scott's Emulsion?

It is a strengthening food and tonic, remarkable in its flesh-forming properties. It contains Cod-Liver Oil emulsified or partially digested, combined with the well-known and highly prized Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda, so that their potency is materially increased.

What Will It Do?

It will arrest loss of flesh and restore to a normal condition the infant, the child and the adult. It will enrich the blood of the anemic; will stop the cough, heal the irritation of the throat and lungs, and cure incipient consumption. We make this statement because the experience of twenty-five years has proven it in tens of thousands of cases.

Be sure you get SCOTT'S Emulsion, 50c. and \$1.00, all druggists.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, New York.

A ONE-WHEEL SULKY.

Its Lightness of Weight and Running May Revolutionize Trotting.

A one-wheel sulkies has been invented by Thomas G. Coleman, of Texas, who believes it will revolutionize trotting records. The vehicle, as its name implies, has only one big wheel. The wheel is tired with a pneumatic tube. The frame of the carriage, for the sake of lightness, strength and elasticity, is made of aluminum tubing, and the shafts are of the same construction.

A sulkies of such a pattern ought to travel at a phenomenal rate with a capable trotter between the shafts. Its weight is almost nothing, and its contact with mother earth is of the slightest. Of course it would not stand up right without help when stationary.



ONE-WHEEL SULKY.

but attached to the two shafts are a couple of hinged legs, which prevent any possibility of tipping over. When starting off, the legs, by an automatic device, fold themselves up alongside of the shafts and are out of the way.

A Curious Calculation.

Snyder, the calculating barber, has been figuring again. It seems that he said he had an afternoon off on Thursday, and in journeying to Kensington in a trolley car to see his best girl was compelled to change his position on the seat three or four times to make room for other passengers. "It's a nuisance, this sliding up and down in street cars," said Snyder, last night. "Did you ever stop to think how much energy is wasted in that way? Every time you move to make room for somebody else you edge along perhaps six inches. Every time you travel in the cars you have to move three or four times. Call it three—that makes eighteen inches. Something like 250,000,000 people rode in the trolleys last year. It only half of them, or 125,000,000 were seated, the slide up and down amounts to the extent of 2,250,000,000 inches, or about 35,511 miles. Now, if all this energy had been expended by one man he could, in the course of a year, have slid around the earth, with over 10,000 miles to spare. Does the razor hurt?"—Philadelphia Record.

The Secretary of the Insurance and Pacific Fire Insurance Company of New York, to do business in this State.

George Bryant was burned to death near Lexington by having his clothing catch fire while under the influence of whiskey.

The sinking of part of the isthmus of Panama is feared from the continued earthquakes.

Fowler's Cotton Factory at Elizabeth City has been burned. The loss is \$18,000; insurance \$12,000. Fifty persons are knocked out of employment. The plant will be rebuilt.

During January there were only two deaths of white persons in Raleigh—the smallest number in eleven years. There were fifteen deaths of negroes.

A movement for the secession and separate organization of Southern trade unionists is said to be gaining ground rapidly.

Two trains collided on the Boston and Maine Railway at Winter Hill. Twelve persons were injured, more or less seriously, one of whom will die.

Charles Kellerman, cashier for his brother, Adolph, the missing banker of Brownsville, N. Y., has been sent to jail, charged with stealing \$400.

BILL ARP AND THE INDIAN.

He Relates Some History of the Creeks and Cherokees.

THE COURTSHIP OF JOHN RIDGE.

While Attending a Mission School He Fell in Love With a Beautiful Pale Face and Married Her.

Fragments of Indian history have accumulated upon me of late and as they concern the Creeks and Cherokees and are of a romantic character, I am restrained to record them. These two tribes are our Indians and make up quite a chapter in the history of Georgia, Alabama and East Tennessee. North Georgia was especially the home of the Cherokees, for their chiefs lived near Rome as far back as we have their history, and the Creeks of Muscogees, as they are more properly called, lived south of the Tallapoosa river. These tribes are not to be classed with savages, for they were of a higher grade, and but for the greed of the white man, would not doubt have continued to advance in civilization and refinement under the lead of such chiefs as Ross, Ridge, Boudinot and McIntosh.

Everybody is familiar with the story of Pocahontas.

Longfellow wrote a beautiful story about Hiawatha and William E. Richards penned several pretty legends about the Indian girls of Tallulah Falls, and so I will pen the story of John Ridge and Boudinot as given to me by Mrs. Ellen M. Gibbs, of Crystal Lake, Ill. Her mother, Mrs. Taylor, who died in 1878, wrote this remarkable sketch in 1877, when she was 76 years of age, and left it for her children, who had heard her repeat it. By a strange coincidence I have recently received a letter from a lady, Mrs. Virginia Williams, of Bloomfield, Fla., giving the ancestry of John Ross, whose grandfather was a Scotch refugee named McDonald. The writer, Mrs. Williams, traces her lineage back to the same McDonald tree. Her mother was a daughter of William Day, who married Agnes McDonald. Mrs. Williams would like to learn more about Ross and his parents and hopes this publication may attract the attention of some one who can inform her.

And now comes a marked copy of a New York paper called Sabbath Reading, in which John Ross, a son of the old chief, appeals for preachers and teachers to come out to the Cherokee nation and help to educate and train the children in the Christian faith, and especially to teach them in their Sunday schools. This appeal is dated December, 1897, and Mr. Ross' address is No. 101 Gold Street, New York.

And here is the Vinita Leader, an able paper, published in the nation, and contains General Andrew Jackson's letter to the Cherokee chiefs, written in 1830, and which urges them to accept the terms of the treaty and to move to the territory assigned to them. And almost by the same mail comes an interesting and beautifully written sketch of the present condition of the Muscogees (or Creeks). It is written by Mr. W. W. Ramsay, of Maryville, Mo., a gifted and scholarly gentleman who is deeply interested in Indian affairs. Other fragments have come to me and if I do not abridge and compile and have them published in your paper, much valuable history of these Indians will be forever lost.

But to the story— "In 1817 a foreign mission school was established at Cornwall, Conn. It was a charity school for Indians mainly, though there were some white pupils there and some defrayed their own expenses. Students from several Indian tribes were there to acquire the English language and a rudimentary education. Some white children also acquired the Indian language and went out as missionaries to the tribes. Besides the Chippewas and Choctaws and Cherokees, I remember there were two from the Sandwich Islands.

"Mr. Daggett was the first principal of the school and Mr. Andrews the last. Every May there was a public exhibition and Indian boys spoke on the stage, first in their own language and then in ours. They were gentle and graceful in their oratory. They sang songs in their native tongue, all warring their hands in harmony with the music. They were never allowed to go beyond the limits or into people's houses without invitation. When they visited us we laid aside our work and entertained them.

"Among these students was a Cherokee youth named John Ridge, the son of a chief—a very noble young man, of fine form and features and a perfect gentleman in his manners and deportment. For two years he was afflicted with a hip disease. While he boarded at Mr. Northrup's and Mrs. Northrup had the care of him, sometimes her daughter Sarah, a sweet and lovely girl, waited upon him. One day Dr. Gould, who was my cousin, said to Mr. Northrup: "John is about well. He has no physical disease about him and needs no more medicine, but he is in trouble and you had better find out what is the matter."

"That afternoon while Sarah was away her mother took her knitting and went to sit and talk with John. While there she took notice of his melancholy and begged him to tell her what troubled him so much of late. At first he denied having any sorrow, but he pressed told her that he loved Sarah and knew that he could never marry her, for he was an Indian. "Have you ever mentioned it to Sarah?" she asked. "No," said he, "I dare not, but how could I help loving her?"

"When Sarah came home her mother

said: "Sarah, do you love John Ridge?" "Yes, I do, mother," she said. Then came the family trouble. Mr. Northrup at once took Sarah to her grandparents in New Haven and begged them to wed Sarah from her Indian lover—to give parties and introduce her to nice young men, which they did, but it was all in vain. She remained there three months and seemed to be pining away in silent grief. Her parents became alarmed and brought her home. What was to be done, for it would be an awful thing for Sarah to marry him. As a last resort Mr. Northrup told John Ridge to go home and stay two years, and if he got entirely well he might come back and marry Sarah. He did so and when the time was out came back accompanied by his father, Major Ridge, the chief of the Cherokees. They traveled in princely style and were handsomely dressed. I remember that Major Ridge's coat was trimmed with gold lace.

"John and Sarah were married and went to the Cherokee nation to live, but not as missionaries, for John had no business for the tribe. Sarah had servants to wait upon her and lived like a princess in a large two-story dwelling.

"Not long after this the little town of Cornwall had another tumult and great excitement came into its social life. There was fever heat when it was announced that Elias Boudinot, who was John Ridge's cousin, was about to marry Harriet Gould, the fairest and best educated girl in all that region. She was the nearest perfection of a girl I ever knew. She was the idol of the family. Her brothers and sisters had all married into the finest families in the country and all lived well. Kindred came from neighboring towns to intercede with Harriet. Ministers called and pleaded, but all in vain. She declared she would marry him and go with him to his people and be a missionary.

"Harriet's greatest distress was the meeting with her brother Stephen, who was nearest her age and devoted to her. She feared it would break his heart. When he came she burst into tears and refused to see him. He went away and did not attend the wedding, but after it was over he came, and the next morning he waited upon them at breakfast, and seemed in a measure reconciled. But he could not see them married. Boudinot was a very handsome man. He had a charming voice and was a splendid singer. He was a very brave and fearless man, for the roughs of the town had sworn that he should never come into it alive, and if he did, he should never go out alive, but they were awayed by his presence.

"As a result, however, of these two marriages the Cornwall mission school was discontinued. "Boudinot and his wife went to the Cherokee nation, where two children were born to them. Colonel Gould visited them there and was well pleased with their surroundings, for they lived near by to Sarah Ridge and their children were all happy together and both families had all the comforts of life and many of its luxuries. The two Cornwall girls had chosen most excellent husbands and had not regretted their choice.

"Boudinot taught school awhile at New Echota and published an Indian newspaper (New Echota is near Calhoun, in Gordon county). After the removal to the territory, in 1838, Ridge and Boudinot lived about a mile apart. Ridge had two children and Harriet six, but died in giving birth to the last. Boudinot then went to Vermont and married Harriet's cousin and she went to the territory with him. After his assassination she returned to Cornwall and the children went with her and were distributed among their mother's kindred, and were highly educated and mingled in social equality with the white people.

The remainder of the narrative as written by Mrs. Taylor and copied for me by Mrs. Gibbs relates to the story of the assassination of Major Ridge and John Ridge and Elias Boudinot, of which I have told your readers in a former letter and will not repeat it now. Boudinot's real Indian name was Kellee-neah, but while at school at Cornwall he attracted the attention of Elias Boudinot, a Philadelphia philanthropist, who adopted him and gave him his name and left him a large legacy in his will. His son, Elias C. Boudinot, became distinguished in the nation. He was born in Vanna Valley, near Rome, Ga., in 1835, and died three years ago at Fort Smith in Arkansas.

P. S.—A friend writes complainingly and wanted to know why I said in my last letter that Stonewall Jackson was not so brave a man as Lee. I did not say it. I have so broad a man, but the types got on a bender and made it brave, and they also made Wm. Wirt Van Wert, and they made protest out of profert and they jumbled up things generally.—Bill Arp in Atlanta (Ga.) Constitution.

Shaker Relic Discovered.

In the old shaker settlement at Sonoma, N. Y., a peculiar relic has been discovered. It consists of a stone about 24x4x4 feet and four inches thick which is covered with inscriptions, though most of them are so badly defaced that they cannot be deciphered. But the words "The Lord's Stone," and the date, "1847," are sufficient to identify the stone as connected with the worship of the Shakers. It was found by workmen in excavating for a building that is to stand directly on the site of the Shaker meeting-house. The stone is supposed to be a sort of "kissing stone." It has been turned over to the Historical Society of Mount Morris and will be preserved in a glass case. No doubt some process can be devised by which its inscriptions can be deciphered more fully. The characteristic reticence of the Shakers has made information in regard to them difficult to obtain, and anything of the nature of a historical relic will be highly prized.

OUR WEEKLY SERMONS.

PREPARED ESPECIALLY FOR THE FAMILY FIRESIDE.

"Giants" is the Subject of the Twelfth of the New York Herald's Competitive Sermons—Dr. Talmage Preaches on the Style of the Christian Character.

TEXT: "There were giants in those days."—Genesis, vi., 4.

This text represents the wall of the morbid man who refuses to enter into the activities of life and has no leadership among the men of to-day. He views the men of yesterday, and by comparing them with his own nothingness, calls them giants. Travelling to follow his rightful leader, he pines for the mighty men of the past.

If the wall were only the expression of dissatisfied don'ting in the world it would be of little account; but the cry regarding the ancient giants has connected with it an inference that no giants exist to-day, because there is no opportunity for giant life. This pseudo reverence for the great men of the past carries with it the poisonous reminder that says: "There can be no giants now." It is discouragement boiled down and sugar-coated with a plous worship of ancient worthies.

Now, Napoleon and Wellington were great generals, but there never will be any more; "There will never be another Peter the Great," "No more orators like Burke, Pitt and Webster," "No more preachers like Wesley, Whitefield and Edwards," "No such statesmen as Madison and Jefferson." "There is no chance for such men to-day, and no demand for them."

This is a fair specimen of the idle talk of men who pretend to adore the greatness of the fathers, and with this vicious platitude unnerve the ambition of youth. Here simply the silly talk of imbecility no protest from the pulpit would be in place, but in behalf of discouragement, with I purpose to enter an unqualified denial to the spirit of all this word. Did it not seem like impious rejection of sacred writ, I would affirm that there were no giants in those days, but that we are not so great as the men of to-day.

Physically men are better than ever before. The average man of to-day is too large for the English armor discarded by giant warriors of a few centuries back. The collegian of to-day surpasses the ancient Olympian, Cleero and Demosthenes were giants in oratory by comparison. Men of to-day are not so great as the men of the past, but they are not so great as the men of to-day.

Men are constantly placing the age of mental and spiritual greatness in times when men were conspicuous not so much for the ordinary merits as because of the lack of ordinary merit among their fellows. In a very true sense we may say that in the light of the nineteenth century men there were no giants in those days. There is a proper egotism which boasts of to-day, and imperiously declares that no such men lived in the past as our generation has produced.

Turning from this, we may bow with deference to the coming men. The time may rise above the best of their fathers. There was never a greater call for giants than now; not a giant here and there, but a race of giants. Every profession is crowded with little men and is seeking for giants. Professions, like shipbuilders, have vacant rooms on the top floor.

Editorials are anxious for first class men; editorial offices will give handsome salaries to skillful writers; pulpits seek commanding preachers; corporations seek in the present a man of quality; the nation calls for better statesmen, the collector for better salesmen, the manufacturer for better artisans. "Top floors for rent" is hung in every corner, in the boys who are willing and able to climb the old-fashioned stairs. There is no elevator for carrying idle seekers to the top of business and professional life. Men who work at the head of a profession or business must have strength, and that strength best comes by toiling up to the high places.

Giants are not born, they are made. Inhereditary nobility will have some bearing, but earned qualities will have more. Common strength, common sense, common honesty are the first requisites. The genius of hard work, frugality of time and energy, controlled by an indomitable will, must enter into the makeup of a great man. Time, money and nerve power dissipated by young men, not in true recreation and relaxation, but in idle loafing, would, if truly directed, make many great men.

Nor will we forget that "Godliness is profitable." The giants spoken of in Genesis were descendants of God; the giants of to-day are men of God. The strongest men are they that are strong in the Lord. Jesus is the giant of the age, and the nearer related to Jesus the more gigantic is man. Christian qualities are real power. Christ rules over more than all earthly potentates. Men who scoff at religion desire Christlike qualities in their employees.

Faith, hope and charity are fit emblems for the coming men. The time has come for men to present a petition to her Majesty, There are Calvarys in our midst, and to greatness; men must bear crosses if they would rise. "It is good for a man that he bear the yoke in his youth." It is more than good—it is essential; and the Christ yoke is the typical emblem by which men may work themselves, by the grace of God, to be present day giants.

JAMES A. CHAMBERLIN, Ph. D., Pastor of First Congregational Church of Newark, N. J.

KIND OF PEOPLE NEEDED.

Dr. Talmage Describes the Style of Christian Character Required To-day.

TEXT: "Who knoweth whether thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this?"—Esterh IV., 14.

Esterh the beautiful was the wife of Ahasuerus the abominable. The time had come for her to present a petition to her infamous husband in behalf of the Jewish nation, to which she had once belonged. She was afraid to undertake the work, lest she should lose her own life; but her cousin, Mordecai, who had brought her up, encouraged her with the suggestion that probably she had been raised up of God for that peculiar mission. "Who knoweth whether thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this?"

Esterh had her God-appointed work, and I have ours. It is my business to tell you what style of men and women you ought to be in order that you meet the demand of the age in which God has cast your lot. So this discourse will not deal with the technicalities, but only with the practicalities. What we want is practical.

cal, earnest, concentrated, enthusiastic and triumphant help.

In the first place, in order to meet the special demand of this age, you need to be an unmistakable, aggressive Christian. Of half-and-half Christians we do not want any more. The Church of Jesus Christ will be better without them. They are the chief obstacle to the church's advancement. I am speaking of another kind of Christian. All the appliances for your becoming an earnest Christian are at your hand, and there is a straight path for you into the broad day light of God's forgiveness. You may this moment be the bondsmen of the world, and the next moment you may be princes of the Lord God Almighty.

But you need to be aggressive Christians, and not like those persons who spend their lives in hugging their Christian graces and wondering why they do not make progress. How much robustness of health would a man have if he hid himself in dark cloths? A great deal of the piety of to-day is too exclusive. It hides itself. It needs more fresh air, more outdoor exercise. There are many Christians who are giving their entire life to self-examination.

This style of self-examination is a damage instead of an advantage to their Christian character. I remember when I was a boy I used to have a small piece in the garden that I called my own, and I planted corn there, and every few days I would pull it up to see how fast it was growing. Now, there are a great many Christian people in to-day who are self-examination men. They are pulling up the plants of which they only yesterday or the day before planted. Oh, my friends, if you want to have a stalwart Christian character, plant it out of doors in the great field of God's habitation. I have no patience with these flower-pot Christians. They keep themselves under shelter, and all their Christian experience in a small, exclusive circle, when they ought to plant it in the great garden of the Lord, so that the whole atmosphere could be aromatic with their Christian usefulness. What we want in the church of God is more strength of piety.

Again, if you want to be qualified to meet the duties which this age demands of you, you must, on the one hand, avoid reckless locomotion, and on the other hand, not select too much to things because they are old. The air is full of new plans, new projects, new theories of government, new theologies, and I am amazed to see how so many Christians want only novelty in order to recommend a thing to their confidence, and so they vacillate and swing to and fro, and they are useless and they are unhappy. New plans—secular, ethical, philosophical, and religious—have been coming long enough to make a line reaching from the German universities to Great Salt Lake City. Ah, my brother, do not take hold of a thing merely because it is new! Try it by the old standards of the Christian faith.

On the other hand, do not adhere to anything merely because it is old. There is not a single enterprise of the church of the world that has sometimes been scoffed at, and then, when men decided even of the old rule. And so there are those who have no patience with anything like improvement in church architecture, or with anything like good, hearty, earnest church life, and they deride any form of religious discussion which goes down walking among everyday men, rather than that which makes an excursion on rhetorical clouds.

Waken up to an adaptability of work! We must admit the simple fact that the churches of Jesus Christ in this day do not reach the great masses. There are fifty thousand people in Edinburgh who never hear the gospel. There are one million people in London who never hear the gospel.

My friends, there is work for you to do and for me to do in order to this grand accomplishment. I have a pulpit. I preach in it. Your pulpit is the bank. Your pulpit is the store. Your pulpit is the editorial chair. Your pulpit is the navy. Your pulpit is the house scaffolding. Your pulpit is the mechanics' shop. I may stand in my place and, through cowardice or through self-seeking, may keep back the word I ought to utter while you, with silvered tongue and brow beset with toil, may utter the word that will jar the foundations of heaven with the shout of a great victory. Oh, that we might all feel that the Lord Almighty is putting upon us the hands of ordination! I tell you, every one go forth and preach this Gospel. You have as much right to preach as I have or any man living.

remark again that in order to be qualified to meet your duty in this particular age you want unbounded faith in the triumph of the truth and the overthrow of wickedness. How dare the Christian Church ever get discouraged? Have we not the Lord Almighty on our side? How long did it take God to slay the hosts of Sennacherib or burn Sodom or shake down Jericho? How long will it take God, when he once arises in his strength, to overthrow all the forces of iniquity? Between this time and that there may be long seasons of darkness, and the chariot wheels of God's Gospel may seem to drag heavily; but here is the promise and yonder is the throne, and when omnipotence has lost its eyesight and omnipotence falls back, impotent sight is put upon the hands of ordination! I tell you, every one go forth and preach this Gospel. You have as much right to preach as I have or any man living.

And I think before the sun of the next century shall set the last tyranny will fall, and with a splendor of demonstration that shall be the astonishment of the universe God will set forth the brightness and pomp and glory and perpetuity of His eternal government. Out of the starry flags and the emblazoned insignia of this world God will make a path for His own triumph, and returning from universal conquest He will sit down, the grandest, highest throne of earth His footstool.

I prepare this sermon because I want to encourage all Christian workers in every possible degree. Hosts of the living God, march on! march on! His Spirit will bless you. His shield will defend you. His sword will strike for you. March on! The despots of the world will fall and march on! will burn its idols, and Mahometanism will give up its false prophet, and the great walls of superstition will come down in thunder and wreck at the long, loud blast of the Gospel trumpet. March on! march on! The besiegement will soon be ended. Only a few more steps on the long way; only a few more battle

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cries, then God will put the laurels upon your brow, and from the living fountains of heaven will bathe off the sweat and the heat and the dust of the conflict. March on! march on! For you the time for work will soon be passed, and amid the outshinings of the judgment throne and the trumpeting of resurrection angels and the upheaving of a world of graves, and the halleluiahs and the groaning of the saved and the lost, we shall be rewarded for our faithfulness or punished for our stupidity. Blessed be the Lord God of Israel from everlasting to everlasting and let the whole earth be filled with His glory. Amen and amen.

NEW OCCUPATION FOR WOMEN.

The Breeding of Angora Cats Presents Financial Possibilities.

Forrest Crissey, in discussing "The Breeding of Angora Cats as a Vocation," in the Woman's Home Companion says:

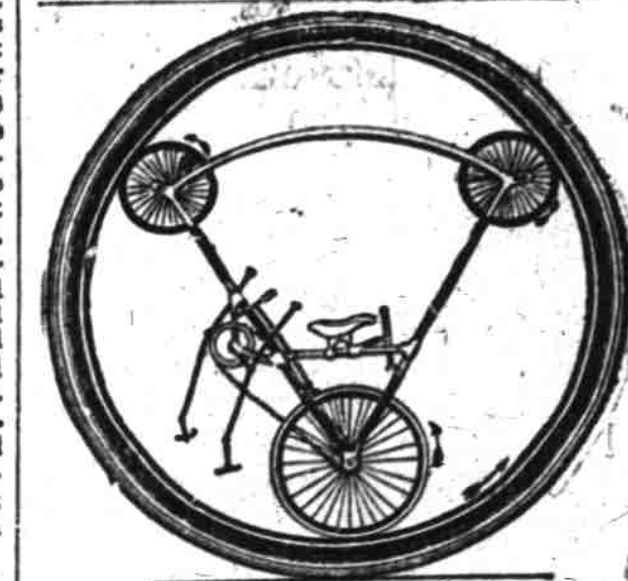
"It is the general opinion of these cat fanciers that the culture of Angoras is an occupation which any young woman with a fondness for pets and a little of the commercial instinct may pursue with profit as well as pleasure. It is an occupation in which success does not depend upon a special talent. One cannot succeed in literature, music, the arts, or in teaching, without a course of training and an inborn adaptability, but the rearing of cats calls for no mental preparation, or for any rare power in any particular direction. Capital, however, is necessary. Angora cats bring a good price, and it will cost something to establish a kennel. The amount will depend upon the magnitude of the beginning. One may expend a hundred dollars and secure, perhaps, three choice thoroughbred adults, or at an outlay of twenty-five dollars, or thereabouts, one may purchase a male and a female kitten and rear them herself. The fitting up of a suitable kennel need not cost much, but there are important points in the construction and care of the kennel which should not be neglected, and which any owner of Angora cats is always ready to explain. The essentials for a successful Angora kennel are not elaborate. Most important is an ample outdoor runway, made of woven wire, with a roof of the same material. This should connect with a cosy house or dormitory. Both apartments should be provided with elevated shelves, as the cats like to sleep as far from the ground as possible. They also enjoy the exercise of jumping up to and down from their elevated perches. Fresh grass and pure milk are absolute necessities. The Angora has been a much slandered animal. The general public believes it to be delicate in physique and surly and treacherous in disposition. This is as far from the truth as is possible. They are almost uniformly amiable and affectionate in disposition, and possess hardy and vigorous constitutions. They are full of interesting eccentricities, however."

NEWEST UNICYCLE.

Boston Man Cleverly Treats This Fascinating Subject.

Just what value there is in a unicycle has never been successfully proven, yet inventors go on turning out new examples with striking regularity. Mr. Thos. Tolson, of Boston, is the creator of the latest example in unicycles, which has been described as follows:

Within the outer rim is arranged a triangular frame, with a guide wheel at each point; the lower one of the



MR. TOLSON'S UNICYCLE.

three wheels serving as a driving wheel in addition.

Each crank of the driving sprocket has a double arm pivoted to its outer end. The downwardly extending arm has a stirrup to be operated by the foot, and the upwardly extending arm has a handle for hand service. The saddle is arranged to be moved back and forth on its carrying bar.